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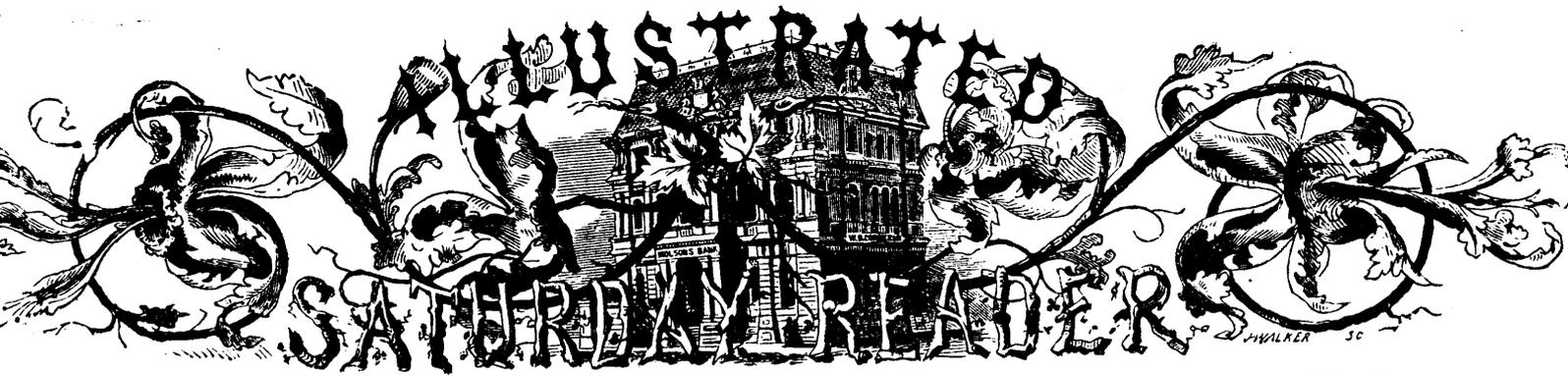
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THE POSTMAN.

EVERYBODY remembers, or if they don't they should, for there is nothing like it in the whole volume, that exquisite scene in the *Odyssey*, where Jupiter's postman, "swift-footed Mercury" enters the cave of "Calypso," with the dreaded message which parts her from the beloved "Ulysses." To my mind the masters of poetry have given us nothing so perfect in its way as that charming picture. The enchanted grotto, the sparkling fire of fragrant wood, the beautiful goddess, happy at her graceful toil, are so lovely in their sweet and unconscious repose as the messenger of evil tidings appears, that we must exert all the force of a correct mind to sympathise sufficiently with the distant and somewhat misused "Penelope," and enable us to forget the wrathful despair and passion of her rival.

But society changes its aspects, and we are become practically reconciled to the fact that beings of a different order traverse this "terrestrial ball" with the decrees of Fate. Very unlike, indeed, to Mr. Flaxman's beautiful God is that particular medium of intelligence in whose beat I at present reside. He is, to state the truth, a man of scarlet countenance, whose affable manners are quite untinged with dignity, and whose vicinity is sometimes redolent of the fumes of a more modern nectar than that supposed to have been distilled upon "Olympus."

But the nature of his business more closely resembles that of his classic predecessor, and ladies may receive as dire a sentence from his mahogany coloured fingers as that which reached the unforboding ear of the doomed "Calypso." It is even possible that the lordlier sex are not exempt from his occasional visitations in the capacity of a minister of justice.

With what hopes and terrors is he invested! What bits of tragedy, what pleasant little comedies from his moral atmosphere, shake our hearts with fear or joy, as we behold the approach of his luminous nose?

Nor is my friend of a careless or unsympathetic temper. He knows the postmarks which are welcome in my eyes, and is never unconcerned when a disappointment befalls me. He is even considerate enough to extend his interest to literature, and is well acquainted with the "magazines" and "pamphlets," in which I rejoice. Like many more of us, he takes the cover for a guarantee of the contents, and arrives at the result of wisdom by an easy process.

"Miss Margaret, Sir," he exclaims, with confidential cheerfulness, as once or twice in the week he comes up to the low open window, and hands in the usual epistles. But even in his public function, I am not vain enough to fancy myself the exclusive object of his regard. He is a man of expansive feelings, and not at all insensible to rival claims upon his sympathies. If I had been previously blind on this point, the interest he exhibits in our new neighbours would enlighten me. There is a tall, yellow-haired beauty in the family, with eyes as blue as this August sky, when its tone is deepened by the white cloud-mountains which tower in the west to-day, and it is evident that the grace and charm which pervades this nymph have roused

all the simple courtesy of his nature. He has already discovered a particular eagerness in the reception he obtains after the arrival of a certain mail, and is unselfishly glad of the pleasure in which he has so humble a share. She is always at hand at those times with a gracious word and smile for him, and he is quite willing to be one of her captives in the subordinate degree.

Nor is our kitchen maid, described upon the covers of the letters which arrive at long intervals, as "Miss Julia-Ann Murphy," and known to him thereby, beyond the range of his kindly observation. "Julia Ann" is a good girl, whose clean face and tidy young figure wins general approbation. She has withal a warm Irish heart, and eyes to match, and remembers a little hut still standing upon the borders of a peat bog in Ireland, with undiminished affection. The half-sovereigns, which she can ill spare, are regularly transmitted to the old mother, whom she left behind when she came to seek her fortune in America. Many an innocent pleasure and little bit of finery, natural and suitable to her age, does she forego to soothe the poverty of the old peat-cutter, whose lot is so much harder than her own; but is more than rewarded when some learned neighbour, who still has difficulties with the spelling-book, sends back an affectionate statement of the poor woman's gratitude and increased comfort.

My friend is of that class which has seen "better days." That peculiar condition seems always to demand a little extra kindness and consideration. He is one of the many who, falling out of their own little world, comparatively humble though it be, descend socially to a ruder sphere, and leaving behind them the old fellowships of more prosperous days, submit to a patronizing nod from their once-familiar companions, and comfort themselves under a trial which knows its own bitterness with an unconscious strength and wisdom very good to behold, and worthy the emulation of much greater men.

But the postman is threatened with extinction. He will vanish shortly from the highway of modern life, and become an historical figure, associated with his letter-bag as permanently as is the elder Mr. Weller with the stage-coach of departed time. He will walk to and fro in the pleasant twilight of tradition, the "Rip-Van-Winkle" of epistolary traffic, and make useful material for future novelists and poets. But as telegraphic wires intersect the land, and cables span the sea, and "to waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," becomes a daily-fulfilled prophecy, his fate is certain to resemble that of the Lost Pleiad "seen no more below."

Halifax, N.S.

Io.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, September 18, 1866.

BY the same sort of fiction, Mr. Editor, which calls our court the "Court of St. James," when, as a fact, nothing official is done in that ugly brick pile, is this letter said to be a "Letter from London." The truth is, I am far away from that "great wen," down in the heart of rural England, with miles of meadow on either hand, miles of such verdure as would excite

your wonder, could you see them. In my last, I told you that I expected to address you this week from the capital of poor Ireland, but "*L'homme propose, et le Dieu dispose.*" The weather has been frightful in its inclemency, and hard work ill fitted me to face it; so here I am, enjoying the profound solemnity of a little town, whose population is about one thousand strong. I wish I could describe to you the atmosphere of peace and quiet in which I now find myself. Equally do I wish that I could set before you the real old English community, one of whose members I have become for a very little while; I should then have to tell of a grand old castle, ivy clad, and grey with age, standing "foursquare to every wind that blows," just as it did when, in the time of our Second Henry, its massive walls were thrown together. I should have to tell of an equally ancient church, on the edge of the castle moat; a building rich in traditions, and bearing still, on its battered oaken doors, the marks of Cromwell's cannon. I should also have to tell of a little town, successor to the cluster of retainers' huts that stood there in feudal times, built beneath the frowning old "keep," as if for protection; of a nobleman, whose authority is as that of a king, and of a population who simply obey his behests, as did their fathers those of his ancestors. So you see that I have lighted upon a relic of the patriarchal age of England. We, who live in busy cities, are apt to think that everywhere men are tearing up the ancient landmarks as much as ourselves. We imagine that all over the country the old reverence for position, wealth, and influence, the old unquestioning obedience and dependence are fast dying out. These are delusions. Here, in this little place, there is well nigh as much of the old feudal spirit as ever, though we are within two miles of a railway, and can sometimes hear the scream of the passing engine. You in Canada, with your comparatively new society, and your habits of equality, can understand but little of the state of things in which I now find myself, yet it must be interesting to you as the relic of a past age, and a different condition of society.

I have come here, appropriately enough, from an ancient cathedral town, where has been held a grand festival of music. As something unique in its way, I must dwell upon it for a little. One hundred and forty years ago, the three cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, determined to give an annual concert in aid of the widows and orphans of the diocesan clergy. For one hundred and forty years has that determination been adhered to, and the original concert has grown into a week-long festival, to which come the first performers of the day, and the chief of our musical connoisseurs. The performances are always held in the cathedral, and it is this which gives them a special value. Only in some such grand and solemn building, with its "long-drawn aisle and fretted roof," and with "storied window richly dight," can the full influence of sacred music be felt. There, while hearing

"The pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,"

can alone be estimated the grandeur and sublimity of the strains with which the genius of

Handel and Mendelssohn has endowed us. No where else in England can they be so heard, and hence the attraction and interest of these annual gatherings.

The *Athenæum* has set agoing a rumour likely to cause anxiety about the Queen's health. According to that usually well-informed paper, Her Majesty will not undertake a trip to Germany this year, on account of inability to bear the journey. On this point I should be more inclined to accept as a reason for her not going, the very unsettled state of affairs in that country, and the general tosy-turviness which has ensued upon its being so effectively Bismarcked. Supposing she went, the Queen would find herself very much in the position of a visitor who drops in for a day or two upon a lady friend just engaged in her spring "cleaning;" and would be pretty well as much in the way. But the *Athenæum* positively asserts that Her Majesty is declining in health, and points to her just announced refusal to take part in the inaugural ceremonies of the Albert Memorials at Manchester and Liverpool, the reason for which is expressly stated to be "inability to bear the consequent fatigue." If this be so, I am sorry for the Queen; and, in any case, I am sorry for the disappointed committees, who, evidently, made full sure of the royal presence. They knew Her Majesty's devotion to the memory of her consort, and seeing that their towns lay all in her way from Balmoral, they were justified in the expectation. There are some people here, however, who are rather glad than sorry. They say that we have had enough of this Albertolatry, and that it is ridiculous to go on multiplying memorials of a man who, when living, obtained but a slight hold upon the popular affection. They may be right in this, just as they may in the further charge they make against the memorial raisers, when they taunt them with toadyism.

We begin to be seriously alarmed about our harvest.

"The rain, it raineth every day,
And the wiud is never weary"

of blowing up more from the Atlantic. So wet an autumn has rarely been known in the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." Already the low-lying lands over vast tracts of the country are under water, while in many cases very alarming floods have been the result. And yet the downpour continues. All this time much of the harvest, more particularly in the north, remains uncut, or uncarried, at the mercy of the elements. Wheat of good quality for the next winter we have ceased to expect; whether we shall get any at all of English growth is now the question. Of course, under these circumstances the loaf is getting dearer; but we hug ourselves with the notion that, let the harvest be bad as it may, there will still be enough; and thinking so, we bless the memory of Richard Cobden.

What a glorious achievement was the picking up of the old Atlantic cable? It was, of course, expected that such rewards as our government and traditions allow to the benefactors of their species would be conferred upon the enterprising men who accomplished it. So it has turned out, for Messrs. Canning and Glass are to be knighted. That is to say, the same reward will be bestowed upon them as is usually granted to a provincial mayor, or a London sheriff, for successfully managing a royal reception. When will our "powers that be" emancipate themselves from the trammels of rotten customs; and learn to reward people according to the good they do. We have had lately a lot of nobodies in particular raised to the peerage; heavy country squires, with no soul beyond the broad acres which made up their only qualification; while at the same time the discoverer of the source of the Nile goes down to death unhonoured; and the men who unite two hemispheres get a trumpety knighthood, which self-respect should prompt them to decline. They manage these things better in France, and elsewhere.

We had a remarkable murder in London lately, This was the manner of its doing:—A loose, shiftless fellow, named Jeffreys, had a son about eight years old, who was placed by his father to

live with a female relative, the mother being dead. One night a little while ago, Jeffreys took the lad away, telling the people who had charge of him that they would, probably, never see him again. From their house he seems to have made his way to a dark cellar in St. Giles, where he tied his son's hands behind his back, then took out a rope, and deliberately hung him, getting safely away. Of course the murder was soon discovered, and a hue and cry raised for the murderer, whose hunting down was stimulated by an offered reward of £100. Weeks passed, and yet our boasted detectives could do nothing, although the man was living somewhere in the north without the pretence of concealment. Probably he would not have been discovered now, had he not gone to the police and surrendered himself. He denies the crime, and most likely gave himself up through inability to bear the constant dread of arrest in which he must have passed his days. There is no doubt of his guilt, for the handkerchief with which the poor lad's hands were tied has been identified as belonging to his inhuman parent.

Two more collisions in our narrow seas. This time it was a northern steamer and a Cornish schooner that came to loggerheads, the latter, of course, getting the worst of it, and going down with the captain and two hands. About the same time two other vessels also played the now fashionable game of "ramming" with a somewhat similar result. Positively we shall soon begin to consider a coasting trip as a matter of greater danger than a run across to Montreal. The frequency of these collisions is very remarkable, and leads us almost to believe that they obey some natural law of flux and reflux, like the ocean upon which they occur.

Father Ignatius is cropping up again. But I forget that the fame of Father Ignatius may not have reached you yet. This notorious young man, then, is a deacon of the Church of England, who, some few years ago, took it into his head to revive among us the order of St. Benedict. For this purpose he began where charity should—at home. He took off his shoes and stockings, his plain black broad cloth, and his respectable hat, and straightway astonished our streets by the apparition of a sandalled, bare-headed, and serge-dressed monk. Wonderful was the sensation caused by this middle-age revival in our midst, and proportionate was the ridicule heaped upon it. But Father Ignatius cared for none of these things. He brought to his work an enthusiasm which nothing could daunt; so, in season and out of season, he went about preaching monasticism, till, having gained a few disciples, he was enabled to open a monastery at Norwich. Then began the time of trouble for poor Father Ignatius. Ernest and sincere himself, leading a blameless life, and given up entirely to asceticism, he could not tolerate the least departure from the strict rules he laid down. Very unlike him were some of his converts. They rebelled against his authority, and set him at defiance, while some returned to the world, and told strange tales about the Norwich monastery. Yet the Father struggled on till his weak frame gave way, and illness supervened; then he returned to the parental roof, but before doing so, had to resume the ordinary dress of an English clergyman, a condition upon which his father insisted. Restored to health, he has once more returned to his work, and a few days ago there came out a startling story, to the effect that the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, had recognised the order of St. Benedict, that Ignatius was to be admitted to priest's orders, and to be forthwith licensed within the metropolitan diocese. Great was the surprise and indignation of staunch Protestants at the news, to calm which the *Morning Herald* appeared yesterday with an authoritative article denying that the Benedictine order was to be recognised, but admitting that negotiations had been entered into with the Father, with the view of securing his talents and energy in the more legitimate service of the church. As, however, the article went on to say: Father Ignatius, contrary to agreement, had again insisted on the monkish dress, and the foundation of monkish houses, the Archbishop deemed it useless any longer to at-

tempt to guide his movements. So the matter stands, and the Superior of the English Benedictines is thrown once more upon his own resources. This is only an illustration of the general state of our church. It is divided against itself, and its standing will be a wonder. Low Church, High Church, Broad Church, and no Church at all, are within its pale, snarling and quarrelling one with another, and so they are likely to go on till the fabric tumbles about their ears.

A REVERIE OF AGE.

DON'T you remember, Tom,
The "long time ago,"
When we two were boys, Tom,
Hair was not like snow,
Cheeks were plump and ruddy, then,
Hearts were wondrous light,
Step was more elastic
Than it is to-night.

How a lifetime flies, Tom,
How our friends depart!
How one's little idols
Are pluck'd out from the heart!
The hopes we cherished once, Tom,
The loves we once did vow,
Scarcely any form part
Of our history now.

There was Maggie Noretan,
She was to be yours;
Don't you mind a courtin
Her across the moors?
Peggy May was mine, Tom,
I was Peggy May's;
Oh! how bright, how happy
Were those boyish days!

The master is dead, Tom,
The school-house tumbled down,
Peggy's once white cottage
Is now a musty brown.
She and Mag lie yonder,
'Neath the willow's sigh,
And the breezes echo
The loss of you and I.

Here are you and I, Tom,
All, of all the boys!
Talking of past sorrows,
Telling school-boy joys.
We were more than brothers, Tom,
Each one lost his love,
Let us still keep friends and meet
With Peg and Mag above.

Montreal.

W. G. B.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 69.

CHAPTER XVIII.—KATAFANGO THE MAGICIAN.

Mr. Brackenridge's wound, without being a dangerous one, was sufficiently severe to confine him to the house for several days. It was given out in Normanford that he had fallen and sprained his left shoulder, and as he had sufficient knowledge of surgery to enable him to dispense with the services of a doctor in the case, the secret of his night's adventure was confined to himself and his sister. Hannah tended him faithfully, and asked no questions; being, indeed, well aware, from previous experience, that her brother always "cut up rough," as he himself termed it, when cross-examined against his will. Mr. Brackenridge's temper, which was not angelic at the best of times, was by no means improved by confinement to his own room; but his fits of captious irritability were interspersed with long hours of silent, gloomy brooding, during which—so Hannah's feminine instinct told her—he was busy hatching some black scheme of revenge against his neighbour next door, a scheme which that taciturn and quietly-watchful young person determined to do her utmost to frustrate. She loved the hand-

some young photographer, this thin pale-faced girl, who was so shy and retiring, and yet who never blushed; loved him with a love which could not exactly be called hopeless, because no element of hope had ever entered into the composition of it. Hannah Brackenridge had too much cold good sense to dream, even in her wildest moments, that John English would ever seek to woo and win such a one as herself. She loved him prepositionally—with an *if*. If she had been very handsome, and very rich, and very accomplished, she would have striven to lure this wild hawk to her side, and put her jesses round him, and hold him as her own for ever. But being none of these things, being only a poor pale-faced girl, with scarcely a word to say for herself in the presence of strangers, she was fain to cherish her little dream of love as a flower on which no sun would ever shine. Mrs. Jakeway and she were very friendly, and a day seldom passed without the chemist's sister paying one or more visits to Cliff Cottage; and thus it was that she made the acquaintance of John, who had always a smile and a pleasant word for the shy, quiet girl, who was so different in every way from her blustering, loud-voiced brother.

Mr. Brackenridge was quite as glad to get about again, and look after the interests of his business, as his sister was to be relieved from further attendance on him as an invalid. There was no inhabitant of Normanford who talked, and surmised, and wondered more about the attempted burglary at Cliff Cottage, than the gossip-loving chemist, who had a long talk respecting it with the head-constable of the little town on the very day of his recovery; and who examined with much interest the bunch of skeleton keys which had been picked up in Mr. English's room, and which, it was hoped, would ultimately lead to the discovery of the offender. The affair had been a source of considerable excitement in so small a place, and when Mr. Brackenridge declared in open conclave in the smoke-room of the *Hand and Dagger*, that he had heard a pistol-shot on the night in question, but had been too lazy to get out of bed and inquire into the cause of it, he became quite an authority in the matter, and was taken by the button on the following morning, and treated to two 'sherris' and three 'bitters' by certain friends who had not been so fortunate as to hear his narrative of the previous evening. It was a fortunate thing, everybody declared, that Mr. English was not in the habit of keeping money or other valuables in his writing-desk; and that beyond having his desk broken open, and his letters and papers tossed about, no harm had been done. The head-constable gave it as his opinion, to a small circle of private friends, that the whole affair bore the mark of a practised London hand, and that before the winter was over they would probably hear of other attempts, no great distance away. A shudder ran through Normanford at these tidings, the inhabitants of which became all at once very particular in looking after the fastenings of their doors and windows, those people being, as a rule, the most careful in that respect who had the least to lose. Mrs. Jakeway had a famous time of it, you may be sure. She had no less than eighteen invitations to tea at different houses in the course of the four weeks following the attack; and a little china shepherdess, which had been broken by the fall of the whatnot, was looked upon with much interest wherever she went. But days and weeks passed away without affording any clue to the perpetrator of the offence, and the topic was gradually worn threadbare by much discussion, and fell silently into the background, yielding place to the more immediate interests of the day.

As before stated, Normanford was six miles from any railway; but a rude two-horse omnibus, built for travelling over heavy country roads, ran twice a day to Duke's Hill Station, eight miles away, to meet the morning and evening mail trains. John English having certain business to transact at the other end of the county, started one bright frosty morning by the nine o'clock bus from Normanford. About a mile out of the town, they stopped to take up a pas-

senger, who mounted to the roof, and took the vacant seat next John, and proved to be none other than Mr. Brackenridge, the chemist, also on his way to the station at Duke's Hill. The two men greeted each other with a hearty good-morning: to any one not absolutely his enemy, John English would have done no less. He disliked Brackenridge, and would have gone half a mile out of his way any day to avoid his company, and yet he had not been able altogether to shirk the intimacy which the other was so evidently desirous of forcing upon him; for it not unfrequently happened that in going to or returning from the town to his lodgings, he would be overtaken by Brackenridge, who always accommodated his pace to that of John for the remainder of the way; and unless a man is an absolute bear, he must in such a case speak when he is spoken to, even though his replies be confined to monosyllables. Then, again, John had been indebted to the chemist for finding him a trustworthy man to carry his apparatus, when photographing, about the country. There was a further bond of union between them—the bond which unites two men who are smokers, and capable of appreciating a good cigar. On two occasions, the chemist had sent Hannah into Cliff Cottage, with his compliments, and would Mr. English oblige him by accepting a dozen weeds of a choice brand? and when your next-door neighbour does that, what can you do but accept the favour with thanks? So, on the present occasion, John and Brackenridge, sitting side by side on the top of the bus, entered into conversation readily and at once.

Normanford lies in a valley, as does also, despite its name, the station at Duke's Hill. The hill itself is about a mile away to the north, and must be crossed by a road, which winds right over its summit, before the railway can be reached. From the highest point of this road, there is one of the finest views in all Monkshire; and here the bus always halts for three minutes, for the double purpose of breathing the horses, and giving the passengers time to admire the extensive prospect. From one particular spot a glimpse of the sea can be obtained over a break in the ridge of intervening downs, and this view was pointed out by Brackenridge to John. The sky was so unclouded this morning, and the atmosphere so clear and free from haze, that the distant line where sky and sea met was barely distinguishable.

"What is the name of that little island out there to the east?" said John. "I have seen it several times in my rambles along the shore, but have never learned its name."

"That is the isle of Inchmallow," said the chemist. "It lies three miles from the mainland. You have never visited it, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," said John. "Why should I?"

"For no reason that I know of, except that it can boast some interesting ruins, and you have a taste that way, I understand."

"What are the ruins you speak of?"

"Those of the Hermitage of St. Bertram."

"And, pray, who was St. Bertram?"

"Oh, one of those old Romish fellows who lived a tremendous while ago. He pretended that he saw visions; and he went and lived out on the island all by himself, a sort of half-and-half Crusoe, but without a Man Friday to bear him company."

"But how did he obtain his food so far from the mainland?"

"Oh, by cultivating a patch of ground, I suppose; and by the offerings of pious folk who went out to him in boats. He lived in a hole hollowed out of the rock; and when he died, they made a saint of him, and built what they called a Hermitage over his cave, where a certain number of monks from the old abbey just beyond Eastringham used to go and reside turn and turn about. But the Hermitage is in ruins, and has been for centuries; only people say that the arch of the great window, and one or two other bits that are left, are as fine specimens of that sort of thing as you will find in a day's ramble; but, for my own part, I know nothing of architecture."

"I must visit the little island," said John,

"and see whether the ruins are worth sketching. What means of access are there to it?"

"Only name the day you would like to go," said the chemist warmly, "and there shall be as neat a little boat at your service as you will find within a dozen miles, together with a man to pull you there and back again."

John, who had no desire to lay himself under further obligations to the chemist, would fain have declined the offer thus pressed upon him; but Brackenridge seemed so earnest in the matter, that after doing his best to back out of it, he was obliged to yield a reluctant consent.

"If convenient, you had better name an early day for your visit," said Brackenridge. "This fine weather may not last much longer."

"To-day is Tuesday," said John. "I shall be disengaged on Friday, if that day will suit you, and the weather prove favourable."

"Friday let it be," said the chemist, as he made a note in his pocket-book. "A man and boat shall be waiting for you at 10.30 a.m., at Finger Bay, rather an out-of-the-way place, by the by.—Oh, you know it, do you? Then that's all right.—And now, here we are at the station."

When Mr. Brackenridge reached home that evening, his first words to his sister were: "Send down to the *Hand and Dagger*, and tell Jerry Winch I want to see him."

"Jerry is here, waiting for you," said Hannah.

"What brings him here, I wonder? But send him in, and leave us together."

Brackenridge and Jerry were very good friends; indeed, it was through a well-simulated liking for the son that the chemist had won his first step in the affections of the mother. Jerry looked up to Brackenridge as to a man of unlimited knowledge, who wielded the power of life and death in the shape of terrible drugs; and who could, if he were so minded, cause any one who offended him to wither away and die in some mysterious manner.

He came slouching in, in his usual shamefaced way, twirling his hat between his fingers, and seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair, in obedience to the chemist's bidding. Brackenridge had studied Jerry's peculiarities, and waited till the lad had swallowed a cup of tea, and devoured a couple of muffins, before asking him a single question.

"Well, Jerry, my man, and what has brought you up here?" he said at last, as the lad proceeded to rub his sleeve across his mouth.

"Pipanta is ill, and Jerry wants a charm to make her better."

"What is the matter with her ladyship?" asked the chemist.

"She refuses to eat; she refuses to dance when her lord plays sweet music; she is no longer glad, but very, very melancholy."

The chemist turned from the table, and sat staring into the fire for a full quarter of an hour, without speaking, Jerry meanwhile sitting patiently twirling his hat, but with a furtive eye on the plate of muffins, momentarily growing colder on the table.

"Jerry," said the chemist, turning round at last, and speaking in a solemn voice, "Pipanta is not ill—she is enchanted!"

A low cry escaped from Jerry; he half started up in his chair, and then sat down again, trembling violently.

"Yes, enchanted, cursed by a magic spell," repeated Brackenridge. "Katafango, the great magician, has cast an evil eye upon her. Pipanta will never recover, unless"—The chemist paused and looked earnestly at his half-witted companion; but Jerry had not sufficient sense to fill up the hiatus with the question which would have come naturally to the lips of any one else, and Brackenridge waited in vain. "Unless," he resumed slowly and impressively—"unless Katafango, the great magician, were to die. In that case, Pipanta would certainly recover."

"Oh, tell me," cried Jerry, starting up, "where does this great magician live? Jerry will go to him, and will pray him on his knees to spare the life of his lovely Pipanta."

The chemist laughed a loud, scornful laugh, "You don't know what you would ask, my poor lad," he said. "Katafango is king of the Toads;

and when Pipanta dies, he will take her soul, and put it into the body of a poisonous toad, and it will remain a toad for ever. And then Mogaddo will follow the same fate: the spell is on them both."

The lad started up, his mobile lips quivering with white passion, and his blue eyes all aflame. He sidled up behind Brackenridge's chair, and laying a long thin finger on the chemist's arm, said in a sort of shrill whisper: "Jerry will kill him!"

"Hush! my poor boy; you must not talk in that wild way," said Brackenridge soothingly. "Do you know who he is—this terrible magician? You see him nearly every day."

"No! Who?" said Jerry in an eager whisper.

"He who lives next door, who makes the sun take pictures for him—the tall man with the long black beard." Jerry fell back a foot or two in dismay. "What stranger but he," continued Brackenridge, "ever played with Pipanta as he played with her the first time he saw her? It was then he cast his spell over her. Lovely Pipanta must die."

"Pipanta shall not die!" exclaimed Jerry, all aglow with nervous excitement. "Give Jerry some of that nice white powder out of the jar on the top shelf in the shop, and Jerry will mix it with what the magician eats, and he shall die. Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Nay, nay, Jerry, my man; that would never do," said the chemist. "We cannot prevent Pipanta dying, unless"—And again he paused, and looked earnestly at Jerry. "Listen to me," he resumed. "He of whom we have been speaking is going on Friday to the island of Inchmallow, and I want you, Jerry, to row him across."

"Want Jerry to do it? No, no, no; Jerry dare not!"

"Tush, man! he has no power to harm you, or I would not ask you to go with him. But to make everything quite sure, I will give you a charm which I have up stairs, locked up in an iron chest, with which you may set at defiance all the enchanters and witches in the world.—And now, come nearer; I want to talk to you seriously. You must be at Finger Bay at half-past ten on Friday morning. He will come there, and you will row him across to the island.—And now attend carefully to what I am about to say;" and with that, the chemist's voice sank to a whisper. Jerry, sitting motionless by his side, drank in his words eagerly.

Half an hour later, Brackenridge himself let Jerry out by the front-door, and then stood listening to the lad's retreating footsteps, as he went swiftly down the hill. "A devilish thing to do," muttered the chemist to himself; "but I'm not going to funk it now." And as he turned to go indoors, he heard with a shudder the faint sound of Jerry's weird laughter far down the road.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE ISLAND OF INCHMALLOW.

John English, walking up from Normanford to Cliff Cottage on Thursday evening, was overtaken by Brackenridge. "Your purpose still holds good, I suppose, to go off to the island to-morrow?" said the latter, after the usual greetings. "You could not have more favourable weather—mild and bright, and no frost."

"I have not forgotten my promise," said John, "and I certainly intend to keep it."

"I have arranged for a boat to be ready for you at half-past ten, as agreed on," said the chemist. "For myself, I am going from home to-morrow, and shall not be back for nearly a week."

A mild and genial morning was that of Friday, but less bright and sunny than the mornings of several preceding days had been, and John English's practised eye told him that a change of weather was impending. "It will hold fair till I get back," he said, as he scanned the clouds again; and then he set off at a rapid pace on his way to Finger Bay. The distance was only six miles and a half, and that was nothing of a walk to John English.

He had got beyond the toll-bar on the East-tingham road—beyond the toll-bar, but not quite so far as the lodge of Ashleigh Park, when he

heard the approaching clatter of hoofs on the hard road behind him. He did not look round; but the sound ceased close at his elbow, and a voice that thrilled him, a voice that he loved to hear better than any other in the world, addressed him: "Mr. English, of all people in the world! Why have you been so long without coming to see us at Belair?"

John turned, and took the little hand so frankly proffered, and bared his head for a moment, as his long brown fingers closed softly over it.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I received a polite *congé* from Lady Spencelaugh several weeks ago?"

"I know nothing of the kind," replied Frederica; "neither can I in any way account for such treatment. Sir Philip has asked after you several times, and I was obliged to put him off with some vague excuse, being myself at a loss to understand why you had never come up to Belair since the last occasion on which you dined there."

"You cannot be more at a loss than I am, Miss Spencelaugh, to account for my sudden dismissal."

"It cannot be accounted for," said Frederica. "But Lady Spencelaugh is mistress of her own house, and has the privilege of doing as she likes in such cases. And so enough of an unpleasant topic. Will you take a commission from me, Mr. English?"

John signified how happy it would make him to do so.

"I want you to obtain for me a complete set of your Roman photographs," said Frederica. "By what day can you get them for me?"

"I shall have to write to London for them; can hardly get them down before Tuesday."

"On Tuesday, then, I shall expect them. But do not send them up to the Hall, Mr. English; bring them yourself—that is, if you are not otherwise engaged. On Tuesday, between eleven and three, remember. And now I must bid you good-morning, for my way lies down here to Ashleigh Park."

"One word before you go," said John. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh—is he better than when I saw him last?"

Frederica's dark eyes turned on John with an almost tearful look. She shook her head sadly. "He is no better," she said. "He never leaves the house now. I dare not trust myself to say more. Adieu!"

John stood like one spell-bound till the last flutter of Frederica's veil was lost among the trees. He had seen her again, and she had smiled kindly on him; and he was to see her again the following week—so ran the joyous burden of his thoughts, as he went on his way through lane, and coppice, and solitary by-paths, where no human being seemed to have been for years, till the ocean burst suddenly on his view; and there below him was Finger Bay, with a man pacing the beach, and a tiny boat moored to the rocks. John found a rude footway, by which he scrambled down to the shore; and on approaching, was surprised to find that the man he had seen was none other than Jerry Winch. "Brackenridge has surely never sent *him* to row me across to the island!" muttered John to himself.

"Good-morning, Jerry," he said, as he drew near. "What are you doing at this out-of-the-way spot?"

The lad took off his conical hat, and gave one of his sweeping old-fashioned bows. "Jerry is here to row the gentleman across to Inchmallow," he said.

"I was not aware that the art of rowing was among your accomplishments," said John.

"Jerry knows how to row," said the lad quietly. "He has been to Inchmallow often with people in summer-time to see the ruins. He could find his way there and back in the dark."

"In that case, we will start at once," said John, as he led the way to the boat. He was fond of rowing, and the anticipated pleasure of a good pull had been one great inducement for making the excursion; stripping off his coat, he now took the stroke oar, and having pulled out

into deep water, Jerry set the boat's head for Inchmallow, which was only just visible this morning through the haze.

A long silent pull through the green water, swelling as gently just now as any summer sea, for there had been nearly a month of fine weather—silent, because Jerry was not talkative at the best of times, and in the presence of the great magician, which he believed John to be, it was not to be expected that he should speak, except when spoken to; while John's thoughts were too bright and busy for him to care about conversation. Once or twice, while John rested on his oar for a moment, Jerry's hand wandered into the folds of his waistcoat, to feel whether the amulet, which Brackenridge had lent him as a safeguard against the machinations of the dread Katafango, was still safe. It hung by a ribbon round his neck; and the charm itself, whatever it might be, was stitched up with variegated silks in a piece of sealskin, which smelt strongly of spices and strange drugs. Armed with this potent safeguard, Jerry felt tolerably brave, and went through the duties of the occasion without falling into a state of nervous incapacity, which was what the chemist had dreaded more than anything else.

So, after a time, the mainland began to look dim and distant through the haze; and the little rocky island of Inchmallow rose pleasantly to view out of the green waste of waters. Jerry steered the boat into a little sheltered cove, and made it fast to a large boulder, and then John stepped ashore. Whatever might have been its state of cultivation at some far-distant time, the island was now wild and desolate enough to have suited the tastes of the most unsocial of hermits. It was only about a mile and a quarter in circumference, but the irregularities of its surface made it seem much larger. On three sides, it presented a jagged, irregular frontage of rocks to the sea, known to frequenters of the island as "The Shark's Teeth," and ranging from ten to fifty feet above high-water mark. These rocks were fringed with a thick growth of stunted shrubs and bushes, all with their heads turned inland from the rough wintry sea-wind. The ground inside this rocky barrier was thickly carpeted with long coarse grass, and dipped down towards a central hollow, sheltered, warm, where lay the ruins of the hermitage.

John English, standing on the fragment of a broken pillar, took in the features of the scene. Here and there, a portion of a wall was still standing; with one or two doorways, and part of a small circular tower, with a winding staircase inside, leading originally to a belfry, or, it might be, to a look-out across the sea; but beyond the arch of the chapel window, which had been spoken of by Brackenridge, and which, though small in size, was of exquisite design, there was nothing worthy of John's pencil. He had brought his materials with him, and he sat down at once on the broken pillar, and began to sketch the window. An hour later, with his pipe in his mouth, and his sketch-book under his arm, he wandered slowly back towards the shore. With the completion of his task, his thoughts had flown back to Frederica; and it was rather by instinct than by the exercise of any other faculty, that he retraced his way to the shingly cove where he had landed. The sea was at his feet: he brought himself back by an effort from the delicious dreamland in which he had been wandering, and looked around.

Jerry and the boat were gone!

But gone whither! John scrambled up on to a pinnacle of a rock close by, and looked steadfastly around. There was nothing to be seen but the water in front of him, and the desolate island behind, and over everything the gray mist, growing grayer and denser as the day advanced; but nowhere either Jerry or the boat. John called aloud: "Jerry! Jerry Winch! where are you?" And then he waited breathlessly, but there came no response. "The foolish fellow has grown tired with waiting, and has gone round to some other point of the island," muttered John to himself; and with that he set off to explore the little domain, bounding lightly from rock to rock, examining carefully every little indentation of the shore where it was possible for a boat to

lurk, calling Jerry's name at intervals; and so, after a time, he found himself again at the point from which he had started, having gone completely round the island; and with that the conviction burst upon his mind that he had been purposely abandoned. Once more he called Jerry by name, louder than before. After a short space of breathless silence, there came a low fiendish "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" out of the mist; and then there was nothing but the dull splash of the waves on the shingle, and the straining beat of John's own heart.

He sat down on the shore, and buried his face in his hands, and his very soul seemed to sink down into a black abyss of despair, appalled by the thought of the terrible fate in store for him. Death by starvation and hunger—such was to be his doom. During the summer months, hardly a week passed without the island being visited by one or more pleasure-parties; but at that dead season of the year, no sane person would ever think of visiting so desolate a spot; and John knew enough of that dangerous coast to be aware that the passing ships gave its hidden dangers as wide a berth as possible, and never, even in the fairest weather, ventured within hailing distance of Inchmallow. Whether his abandonment resulted from the working of some black tortuous thought in Jerry's own addled brain, or whether the simpleton had been incited to the evil deed by others, was a matter on which it were useless just then to speculate. John remembered with a pang of regret that he had not mentioned his intention of visiting Inchmallow to any one except Brackenridge, and the chemist had gone from home for several days. As for Mrs. Jakeway, she would doubtless grow uneasy after a time at her lodger's continued absence; but then, John had always been an unaccountable mortal, and had not unfrequently left his lodgings for two or three days together, without giving his landlady any previous intimation of his intentions. Nay, even supposing that the old lady grew alarmed at his non-return, where, or of whom, was she to make inquiry about him? If she went to the police—what then? John was sufficiently acquainted with Jerry Winch's mental peculiarities to know that the simpleton could keep a secret, if it were to his interest to do so, with more than the cunning of a sane man. He could not help admitting that his chance of rescue was a very faint one. Months might pass away before Inchmallow were visited by a single soul; while a few days, ten or twelve at the outside, would put an end to all his troubles. This was not the first time he had borne hunger and privation; his frame was strong and hardy, and his constitution good; and he knew that he was better calculated than most people to stand such an ordeal, which, however, in the present case, meant nothing more than a prolongation of suffering, for even the strongest must succumb at last. And Frederica—would she ever know his fate? Yes: weeks, or it might be months hence, when his body was found, the news would spread, and would penetrate even within the guarded precincts of Belair; and she would learn then why he had never fulfilled her commission. She would feel sorry for him, of course; her gentle nature would not admit of anything less: simply sorry, and nothing more. While he?—But it were better not to let such thoughts carry him too far; so he arose at once, and broke away from his reverie, and started to make a careful exploration of his little domain. In less than a couple of hours, he had completely exhausted it, but had found nothing whatever in his search that would contribute in any way to support human life. Fortunately, his flask was full of sherry, and he had four hard biscuits in his pocket. An ounce of Cavendish tobacco, a meerschaum pipe, and a box of fuses, completed the list of his possessions. He was dressed in a suit of stout winter tweed, and a Glengarry bonnet; but had no overcoat, or other extra protection against the weather.

A careful examination of the ruins had shewn him a small cavernous opening among the foundations of the crumbling tower. It was only about four feet in height, arched over with brickwork, and having a floor composed of dry

sandy earth; and John thought himself fortunate in finding in its furthest corner a heap of dry bracken, which had been put there by some unknown person, for some unknown purpose, and which he at once appropriated for his bed; here, when the short winter-day had come to an end, and John had given up all hope of rescue till the morrow, he coiled himself up in the dark, like a wild beast in its lair, and went to sleep: his wandering life had given him this advantage, that he could go to sleep anywhere. He awoke about two o'clock—he read off the time on his watch by the light of a fusee and crawled out of his den to consult the weather. Fog—everywhere fog; hiding earth, sea, and sky behind its dull, dank curtain. With a shiver, John crept back to bed, but sleep refused to come a second time, and he lay tossing with wide-open eyes till the tardy daylight, yellow and sickly, looked in upon him. Then he got up, and walked down to the shore.

CHAPTER XX.—THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

Fog, everywhere fog; not so thick as it had been in the middle of the night, but thicker than on the previous day, and shutting him in at a distance of forty or fifty yards as with an impenetrable wall. John English could not help a sinking of the heart when he looked around; his prospect of escape seemed to him, just then, even more remote than on the previous day. A pipe of Cavendish constituted his breakfast. He felt ravenously hungry, but he fought against the feeling, buckling the belt round his waist a little tighter, and determined to reserve his wine and biscuits till his need should be still greater. There was a broken fountain among the ruins from which a little streamlet still welled forth, as cold and pure as when, centuries ago, the monks first enshrined it in carven stone, and filled their pitchers with its limpid freshness; and it now served John both for drinking and washing purposes. It was no use, he thought, dawdling about all day, doing nothing, and letting the fog chill him to the marrow; so he set about a systematic course of pedestrian exercise, walking from one side of the island to the other at a quick pace, and then back; and this he did, with short intervals of rest, till night came on again. A mouthful of sherry, half a biscuit, a pipe of tobacco, and then to bed. He was thoroughly tired out, and slept soundly.

The third day: Sunday. No change in the weather. The fog still as heavy as before. This day was passed by John as the preceding one had been. Allowance of wine and biscuit as before. The influence of the day seemed to make itself felt even on that lonely isle; John felt more humble-minded and resigned to his fate than he had hitherto done.

The fourth day: Monday. No change, except that the fog seemed a little lighter than on the previous day. John kept up his exercise, but was obliged to rest longer and more frequently than before. He caught himself once or twice waking up from a sort of half-stupor as he walked, in which he had forgotten where he was, and had fancied himself going about his ordinary avocations at Normanford. That feeling of ravenous hunger which had tormented him so much previously, now came on at intervals only; but in its stead he was racked with strange pains, which caught him suddenly, and tortured him almost beyond endurance for a time, and then left him as unexpectedly as they had come.

John was awakened before daybreak on the morning of the fifth day by the loud thunder of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore of the little island. He crept out of his den, and stumbled his way down to the beach. The fog was still as thick as ever, and the morning was perfectly calm; but a heavy sea was rolling grandly in with the morning tide, and John knew at once that there had been a great storm out of the Atlantic, perhaps a thousand miles away, of which these angry waves were the only traces that would reach so far. His hunger this morning was so extreme that he could not help giving way to it a little by indulging in a double allowance of wine and biscuit; but even with this assistance, he found himself considerably

weaker than he had yet been, and could only get through about half the amount of exercise he had set himself to do. Once he fancied himself with Sir Philip Spencelaugh, walking in the great park of Belair; and when he shook off the hallucination, and came back to the reality of his position, he could not stifle the sob that burst from his heart. Sometimes he would murmur to himself, half aloud: "I shall die, and she will never know how truly I have loved her;" but beyond that he was silent. Nearly three hours of this day were devoted by him to writing down in his pocket-book an account of how he came to be left on the island; and after that, he gave a brief outline of his history from childhood; concluding with the narration, in as few words as possible, of what had happened to him, affecting his personal history, since his arrival at Normanford. He also gave the addresses of two friends who were to be written to, and who would see to the proper disposal of his remains. He sat for a long time when his task was done, musing sadly, on a sheltered seat he had found among the rocks on the beach; watching, with thoughts that were far away, the great green waves rolling in with a regularity that was grand from its very monotony. He felt now as though he had almost done with earth—as though he were at liberty to turn his thoughts to higher subjects; but through all his musings the image of Frederica moved, serene and beautiful, leading his mind upward, even as Dante was led by saintly Beatrice, to heights sweet and solemn, fragrant with airs from Heaven, where earthly tempests never rave.

He sat thus till the afternoon began to darken, and then he rose and wandered slowly towards the ruins; but his cramps came on by the way, and he was obliged to sit down, and wait in silent agony till they left him. It seemed to him, to-day, that all the way as he walked back to the ruins he was followed by a ghostly monk—a monk in a black robe, and sandalled shoon, who walked behind him with bowed head, counting his beads; stopping when John stopped; starting again the instant that he started; never looking up, but going through his rosary slowly, bead by bead, and then beginning afresh. Although John knew that it was merely a delusion of his own weakened senses, he could not resist the shudder that ran through him whenever he glanced over his shoulder, and saw the dark weird figure following noiselessly behind—and such backward glances were very frequent; his head seemed to go round without any will of his own in the matter. He turned and confronted the figure, and it stood motionless with downcast head, except that its fingers were still busy with its beads. He advanced towards it, and as he did so, it retreated, still keeping the same relative distance between them. He tried once or twice, by stopping suddenly, to catch the light pitpat of its footfall—if it had any; but the very instant that John stopped, it stopped, and was evidently not to be caught by so palpable a device. Half laughing, half shuddering at his own folly in being thus terrified by a mere spectral illusion, John quickened his pace; and a few minutes later he crept in at the door of his den, and flung himself on his bed of bracken with a sigh of relief. He looked up after a time, and the figure was there, sitting in the doorway, still busy with its beads. Although nearly dark by this time, he could see it plainly, by some inner light, as it seemed, that emanated from itself.

After a long silent stare, John said slowly between his set teeth: "I think I know how to exorcise you, my boy—at least for the present;" and with that he took up his flask, and drained off his last modicum of sherry, and then set to work to munch his last biscuit, keeping his eyes meanwhile turned steadfastly away from the spot where the figure was sitting. When he had eaten the last crumb, he turned his head to look for the figure. It was gone. With a laugh that seemed far more dreary than any tears would have done, he turned himself round on his bed, for he felt very weak and weary, and remembered nothing more.

(To be continued.)

ON THE RIGHI.

IT is night, far advanced, but as yet there are no signs of dawn. The giant-head of Mount Righi rises, bare and gloomy, towards the deep-blue sky, whence only a few weary-looking stars are gazing down. The nether world is plunged in sleep. All is dark and mysterious upon the Righi-kulm, the summit of the mountain. The inn, or kulmhaus, can scarcely be distinguished from the rocky elevation against which it leans for shelter from the inclemency of the north wind.

Inside the kulmhaus, too, all is still; sleep has undisputed possession of the inmates. The noisy clattering of the wooden shoes worn by the guides has at last sunk into silence. These sturdy fellows kept up a very earthquake half the night through, by their heavy tramping to and fro on the floor of the house, before they thought of settling down upon the straw in the loft under the roof. At last, too, the rattling noise made by the rapid and almost continuous working of the "lift," bringing up from the kitchen full platters, taking down empty ones, has ceased, after going on till past midnight; and the unfortunate traveller who, unsuspectingly, laid his weary head down to rest in the bedroom just over this hard-worked machine, no longer solicits that rest in vain. Even the young students from Heidelberg, though no hated college bell has called them away from their cans, have not passed the entire night in drinking and singing; they now lie peaceably, side by side, on a litter of straw (the overcrowded house could afford them no better accommodation), and sleep the sweet, sound sleep of careless youth.

A heavy pair of wooden boots now clatters down the stairs leading from the loft, and the house door is opened. Wooden-boots experimentally pokes his nose out of doors into the dark, and knowingly sniffs the icy air. "Good!" he mutters, "not a trace of mist; the horn may trustfully call on his lordship the sun to rise!"

A hoarse old Alpenhorn accordingly gives out some frightful groans; this matutinal music is called, on the Righi, in tender phrase, "*le lever du soleil!*"

Now all is alive in the house. Window after window is lighted up; doors bang; calls and requests in all possible languages, are heard; men and women are already pouring out into the night. Here somebody calls after a lost comrade; there, a cheerful "good morning" is passed, or congratulations are interchanged upon the expected sunrise; but, more frequently, violent shivering and unsuppressed yawning are audible!

Gradually the morning twilight steals over Righi-kulm. The indefatigable Alpenhorn blower stands upon a sharp projection of rock, and, despite the hoarseness of his mouth-piece addresses call after call to his solar lordship to induce him to rise. To-day his lordship is not inexorable; a rosy vapour in the east indicates that he is already stirring. The weary-looking stars, tired out with the night's watch, grow paler and paler; the rosy light rises higher and higher on the distant horizon.

A strange appearance the numerous masked forms present, as they crowd together in the dusk upon the eastern slope of the mountain.

They are wrapped up in plaids and cloaks. Not a few, by means of a fee of a franc to the servants, have purchased permission to throw over their shoulders the coverlets, still warm from their beds. Fortunate ones, how are ye envied by the wandering journeyman, who has been sleeping so warm and comfortable through the night in the hayloft of the cow-stall, and is now trembling like an ash-leaf, in his thin summer dress of cotton cloth! The morning is bitterly cold, and our friend the journeyman is a tailor. And yet he smiles with inward joy, as he blows his blue fingers, and beats his long and slender arms against his long and slender body. Does this smile owe its existence to the delightful picture which rises in his mind of a hot glass of cherry-brandy at the end of this enjoyment of Nature? Only in part; it is mainly due to a sweet dream of a warm summer evening in a small and distant town of North Germany,

where the lime-trees shed their fragrance in the streets, and the sleek dun oxen are returning, lowing, from the meadows, and where, seated on the green-painted bench before the door, his fancy sees a respectable master-tailor, relating to his young and buxom wife, and the astonished group of neighbours, the wonders of his long journey, and among the rest, the sunrise on the Righi!

"Ugh! the cold is frightful!" exclaims a weak voice through chattering teeth.

The spell of silence is now dissolved.

"Oh, for a cup of coffee!" And many express a wish for this delicious, but now unobtainable beverage.

"My esteemed friends, I cannot understand how any one can feel cold while expecting so great an enjoyment," says a thick voice from out of a heap of wrappers, consisting of a cloak, a plaid, and two woollen coverlets. "I have not had a drop of coffee myself, nothing but a glass of port, and yet I feel quite warm and comfortable!"

"I hope we shall not take cold, mamma."

"Ladies, let me recommend to you an excellent preventive: a cup of hot elder wine at night before going to bed; I always use it myself when travelling in mountain regions."

"Is the sun already risen?" asks an old gentleman, who now comes puffing and blowing up the hill.

"To be sure, long since."

"Oh, how unfortunate! I dozed off again, after being awake; and now I shall not be able to say when I go home that I saw the sun rise on the Righi—but where, where, my dear young gentlemen, did he rise? I don't see any sun."

"Well, make yourself easy, my worthy sir; it was only by way of preliminary in China and Mongolia; look yonder, that is where he will soon rise to us!"

The rose-purple vapours in the eastern sky are every moment becoming brighter—below on the horizon there is a golden glitter—the stars have almost entirely faded out of sight. The light increases by soft gradations. Then rose after rose blossoms forth, as it were, out of the eternal snow of the Bernese Alps; presently all these icy summits are crowned with garlands of bright-red roses.

And now, slowly and majestically, the sun rises out of the rosy vapours, the last star vanishes before his splendour, the last shade of twilight flies away. The golden day is already laughing upon the mountain heights, and deep down in the valleys it is gradually getting lighter; mirror-like lakes, and verdant hills, and tiny villages and towns, peep up out of the sea of grey mist that overhangs the lower country.

"Ah, it must be nice and warm over there, beneath the glowing sun!" says the shivering tailor in the cotton garments.

"It is really very remarkable, that the sun went down yesterday evening behind us, and to-day rises in front of us—eh?"

We are already strongly disposed to look upon this good-natured old gentleman as a highly remarkable specimen of a traveller—eh?

"Dear mamma, I am so glad that we shall be able to tell them at home that we saw the sun rise from the Righi. Ida will be very vexed, for there was nothing but mist when she was here, and yet she makes it a boast in every company she enters, that she has been in Switzerland, and has slept on the Righi, 5833 feet above the sea."

It is a wonderful prospect—full 240 miles in circuit that now presents itself in the full blaze of sunlight, to the astonished eye of the spectator. Thirteen lakes sparkle amidst green meadows; at our feet are the Lake of Zug and the picturesque Lake of Lucerne. All round us the primeval giants lift their white heads to the blue sky. How the eternal snow of the glaciers sparkles in the sunlight! Countless villages and towns lie there amidst the meadows, rocks, and lakes, like the diminutive structures raised by children's hands by means of their toy-bricks. Yonder is the church steeple of Cappel, where the reformer Zwingli, fighting with the reformed Zurichers against the old Catholic cantons and Lucerne, fell on the 11th October, 1531. A

portion of Zurich, with its smooth lake, is seen beyond the majestic chain of Albis; behind the Rossberg, the Egeri Lake, on whose shores the Four Cantons gained a brilliant victory over the haughty House of Hapsburg on the 16th November, 1315. In consequence of this event, the Swiss, according to their touching custom, have erected on the spot a chapel, containing a picture of the battle, and on each anniversary of the day a solemn service is held therein. How many of the events of the life of William Tell are called to our minds by the names of the places which we can see far below us: Altorf, Flüelen, Schwytz at the foot of the bare Myth Hills, and Küssacht, with Tell's chapel! Behind the monastery of Muri rise the ruins of the once proud castle of Hapsburg, the cradle of the imperial house of Austria. At the sight of the glistening Lake of Sempach, who does not think of Arnold Winkelried, the courageous leader of Unterwalden, who boldly buried the levelled lances of the Austrian knights in his breast, at the terrible battle for freedom fought there in 1386, and cried, with his dying breath, "I will make a way for freedom!" The seven riven peaks of Mount Pilatus look gloomy and threatening. On the summit of this mountain, according to the legend, the weak-minded Roman governor, of the same name, plunged headlong into a lake, with a view to still the pangs of conscience! How dazlingly bright the snowy summits of the Jungfrau, Mönch and Finster-Aarhorn, rising above the long chain of glaciers! How terrible the aspect of the Rossberg! It was from the side of this mountain that, on the 2nd September, 1806, in consequence of long-continued rain, a huge mass of rock detached itself, and, falling through a height of 3000 feet, filled up a portion of the Lake of Loewerz, and the whole of the pretty, peaceful valley of Goldau, burying 500 persons.

Far, far away on the horizon, the Black Forest and the Jura bound the view.

The king of day, meanwhile, has continued unceasingly his triumphal progress—he already approaches the meridian height.

How changed the scene upon the summit of the Righi since the early morning! Life is now stirring everywhere. The hasty morning toilet has given place to elegant travelling costumes; cold and weariness have yielded before the sun's warmth and a genuine Swiss breakfast. Here stands an English tourist, with his wife by his side, looking up peak by peak upon the "view" contained in his red handbook. His *compagnon de voyage*, on the contrary, is roving out, with his telescope, in search of the most remote and obscure points, making use of his guide as a stand for the instrument. Another gentleman is gallantly holding the telescope for his young wife. On yonder projection of rock sit mother and son, serenely enjoying the enchanting prospect. They little know that from this same rock, on the 22nd of June, 1826, a Prussian gentleman, losing his footing on the slippery turf, was precipitated into the abyss before the eyes of his wife. A botanist has clambered over a steep crag to pluck some plant which he wants for his herbarium; his wife keeps anxious hold of his hand. A Swiss peasant-boy facilitates the gallantry of the gentlemen by offering for sale Righi bouquets, and a Righi goat appears to think that a bouquet out of the hands of a beautiful woman must taste uncommonly nice. A young student of medicine has met his sweetheart and her papa on the Righi, and is slipping into her hand a love-token which she gave him at parting two years before, and which he has tenderly guarded ever since. A fat German button-maker and his fat spouse are just arriving on the scene: the lady is seated in her full breadth upon a mule, and the gentleman's three hundred-weight are being lugged up the ascent on a sedan-chair by two panting porters. The Alpenhorn has reached the last degree of hoarseness, but sounds highly romantic to the button-maker's wife.

It is stated that a few drops of a solution of permanganate of lime, added night and morning to breeding tanks, sweetens water, supplies oxygen, and thus diminishes the mortality in fish hatching.

THE MONKS OF COCKAIGNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

Continued from page 72.

CHAPTER III.—SIGNS OF DISSOLUTION.

The Monks of Cockaigne made the best of the inevitable winter; drew the curtains, poked up the fires, lit the gas, and kept the billiard balls rolling; and those friends who were admitted into their circle—and the two guest-chambers were always tenanted—looked back afterwards upon their visit as one of the brightest and merriest halts of their earthly pilgrimage. The brethren fancied at first that they would be dull in the long winter evenings, and they had beds fitted up in their business chambers in London, expecting that the town amusements would often detain them, and that the midnight railway journey, which was refreshing in the dog-days, would prove a miserable business during a hard frost. But they found that they did not bore one another at all; on the contrary, the evenings passed too rapidly, and it was more as a duty than for a change that they went after Christmas to see the most gorgeous of the pantomimes.

Yet they watched for spring with the curiosity of childhood; but in this they were not singular, for it is pleasant to observe the interest which hard-working city-men, sleeping in the country, take in the sprouting of the snowdrops and crocuses. That was a grand evening at the Priory upon which Old Tackles announced the appearance of trout under the weir, and the legality of spinning for them. They had him into the refectory, made him drink wine, and engaged his professional services for the morrow, when they all went out, and had a short try with the trolling rod before breakfast: while Brother Jack returned by an early train, and spent the afternoon in attempts to capture one of those rare prizes of the Thames' angler. When the others came home by the dinner-train, they found him in such high spirits that they expected a feast of fresh trout, but he had not been so preternaturally successful as actually to catch a fish. His excitement was caused by his having had a run, an event which seems to be almost as great a source of joy and triumph to a Thames' trout-fisher as a fox-hunter, and probably for the same reason. If he kill, there is a trout or a fox the less, and the creatures are too rare to be destroyed without a pang. In short, when you have a bloodless "run," yet eat your cake and have it too, in spite of the proverb.

The visible certainty that there was a large trout under the weir, and that amongst the myriads of small worthless fry with which the Thames is so well stocked, he *might* select the angler's bait for his breakfast or supper, animated Brother Jack with such enthusiasm, that he fished for him every morning and evening throughout the spring; and though he caught nothing, the daily attempt was a fair inauguration of the season which had passed so pleasantly the year before; and the boats and canoes were had up from the boat-builder's, and again enlivened the water at the bottom of the garden; the box of bowls was unlocked, and the brethren once more began gradually to resume their summer habits. But when the sun gained ascendancy over the chilly mists of early morning, when Tommy Caius was once more called into requisition to fill the lock and fix the ladder for their morning bath, then indeed the Monks of Cockaigne congratulated themselves on the final flight of winter, and the commencement of a new series of harmless and healthful pleasures.

Thus for some weeks everything went on as calmly and delightfully as before, but soon an inexplicable cloud settled over their happiness. First, Brother Joe grew dull and moody, loving to separate himself from the others, and scull or paddle about in solitude, none knew whither; then Brother Percy took to poetry and walking—boating and fishing, he said, only exercised the arms, and he felt his mind and legs dwindling for want of exercise—lastly, and most seriously, Brother Jack met with an accident. He was very skilful and daring in his management of a canoe, and one of his favourite feats was to shoot

the rapids. For this purpose, he would get Tommy Caius to raise a couple of the sluices which stayed the water from rushing over the weir in such a volume as to depress the level of the upper river, and so effect the operation of the lock; and then, allowing the current to draw his little craft into the gap thus afforded, he would dash down the liquid-gleaming steep with a velocity which threatened to thrust him to the bottom, but the next moment would shew him paddling safely and calmly away through the boiling waters beneath.

One evening, Brother Percy took his rod and walked off, announcing his intention of fly-fishing from the bank; Brother Joe said that he had letters to write, but would take a scull up the river when he had sent them to the post; so Brothers Jack and Bill got into their canoes, and commenced paddling up-stream amicably together, passed the lock, and continued their course on the upper waters, when the swollen state of the river attracted their attention. There had been a great deal of heavy rain during the two previous days, and the turbid water rolled down in such increased volume, that to prevent its bursting the lock gates, the sluices had been raised, and the torrent roared over the weir in one unbroken cataract. The sight was too tempting to Brother Jack.

"I *must* shoot those rapids!" he cried. "I will land just below, afterwards, and carry my canoe over without going through the lock, so it will not take five minutes. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," said Brother Bill, who had seen the other perform the feat so often, that he had got to think little of it. "I think I will follow you."

"For goodness' sake, don't! You must try it for the first time when the water is lower, and some one is below in a wherry to pick you up, if you upset, which you are almost sure to do; and if you got entangled with your canoe and paddle, swimming might not help you. But now you would be certain to lose your balance, and I should get drowned in trying to save you. Stop here for five minutes; there's a good fellow."

"All right," replied Brother Bill; and his companion paddled cautiously towards the brink, looking for the most favourable opening between the posts. He was soon satisfied, and turning the prow of his canoe towards the spot, he gave one or two sharp strokes with his paddle, and then, as he glided over the edge of the torrent, leaned backwards, like a horseman topping a wall. Unfortunately, the branch of a tree, which had been swept down by the current, had stuck at that very point, where it lay concealed, an inch below the surface. The canoe caught in it, capsized, and in a moment Brother Jack was hurled down headlong, his shoulder striking violently against a post on the right.

Brother Bill was close to the tongue of land which ran from the weir to the lock, and a few strokes of his paddle brought him to it. He sprang ashore, and leaped rather than ran down the bank to the foot of the weir to lend assistance to his friend, but to his horror he could not see him. Brother Jack was a very strong swimmer, but the force with which he had been dashed against the post had paralysed him, and he was sucked under by the eddying waters. At last, that is, after ten seconds, which seemed ten minutes, he appeared on the surface, struggling faintly with one hand in mid-stream. "Keep up, Jack; I'm coming!" cried Brother Bill, and rushed into the river. The rapid stream hurried both down, and it was with great difficulty he reached him, but he did so, and putting one hand under the armpit of the injured man, who, though half-insensible, instinctively refrained from clutching at his deliverer, he managed, by treading water, to keep his face above the surface, and so the pair were swept onwards. This position of affairs lasted a long minute; and Brother Bill, whose mouth and nose kept dipping under the water, was well-nigh exhausted, when his head bumped against something hard, a hand grasped his hair, and a voice cried: "All right, Mr. Stesso, I've got yer;" and presently Old Tackles, who was out after the invincible trout, dragged them into his punt, where Brother Jack lay motionless.

"Why, he's as lumpy as a barbel!" cried the fisherman with concern; "but he can't be drowned, cos I seed him kicking just afore I drownded yer. Mind how yer handle him; I think his arm's broke."

"Jack! I say Jack, old fellow!" cried Brother Bill, "you are not drowned, are you? Speak, there's a good chap."

Brother Jack groaned.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried the voice of Brother Joe, who came sculling up.

"An accident to Jack."

"What's the row there?" shouted Brother Percy from the bank.

"Accident!" returned Joe. "Run for a doctor, while I prepare things at home."

Without further inquiry, Brother Percy threw down his rod, and started off to the surgeon's house at a run; while Brother Joe dashed up to the landing-place, which was now not fifty yards off, and rushed up the garden, shouting: "Molly! Sally! Get Mr. Markam's bed ready, and begin boiling water and heating cloths."

Having delivered which bewildering injunctions to the startled domestics, he returned to help Brother Bill and Old Tackles to carry the patient to his chamber. When they had got a pint or two of water out of him, and a good dose of brandy into him, he revived considerably, and anathematised them, when they hurt his arm, to their great joy and relief. Fortunately, there was only a flimsy jersey on the upper part of his body, and this they cut off tenderly, and then, pulling away the sheet off his bed, placed him between the blankets, by which time Brother Percy and the doctor arrived, breathless. Extensive bruises and fracture of the collar-bone, but nothing serious—that was the doctor's utterance; and then he set the bone, and arranged the pillows, and made him surgically comfortable with bandages and strapping, and prepared to take his departure, saying that he would send something.

"But I need not take it, need I, doctor?" asked Brother Jack.

"That is on your own responsibility," he replied laughing. "The fomentation, however, you had better use freely, and at once; you will find those bruises very painful else."

"They hurt tidily now!" grunted Brother Jack.

In a day or two he was about again, and no more needed one of the Brothers to shirk London and look after him; but when the other three left, he would establish himself in the garden with his pipe, a newspaper, a novel, and Ruff's *Guide to the Turf*, and was quite happy and contented till their return.

So far from feeling dull was he, that he prolonged his convalescence far into the summer, and left the management of his business to his partners and clerks, though there was really nothing to prevent his daily journey to and fro a fortnight after the accident. But he could not handle an oar, and was dependent upon one of the brethren to pull him about; and as Brothers Joe and Percy speedily relapsed into their solitary and myserious habits, that task devolved principally upon Brother Bill, and a stronger friendship sprang up between these two than had ever existed between any of the monks, firm allies as they had been for some years previous to the formation of the Order.

"You saved my life, you know, old fellow," said Brother Jack one evening when they were skirting the weir in a boat, and contemplating the scene of the accident.

"Don't mention it," replied the other; "you would have done the same for me."

"Exactly; but I didn't; and that makes all the difference. It is a thing one cannot exactly thank a fellow for, but I would do anything to prove that I don't think lightly of it—that is, nearly anything."

"What is the exceptional deed?"

"Ah, that is a secret," said Brother Jack, laughing and shaking his head. "But I will tell it you, perhaps, some day."

And indeed it had become evident to Brother Bill that this one too was afflicted with a pensiveness similar though not equal to that which had toned down the spirits of the others.

What could it mean? What mystic influence could there be in the place, that the most sociable of men should become Zimmermans in so short a period? It was all very well for those who were affected, and who enjoyed themselves after their own fashion, but it was a terrible bore for Brother Bill, who retained his pristine nature; and after vainly waiting for several weeks to see whether they recovered their spirits, he determined to speak out. So one fine evening he said: "Let us hold a chapter."

"All right. What is the verse?"

"I have been done. When I joined the Order, I had no idea that you were *bond-fide* Carmelites, affecting a certain amount of jollity for the purpose of proselytising."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean," rejoined Brother Bill, "that you have all become as melancholy as comic singers, and as unsociable as bitterns; and I mean that our only chance of avoiding the dulness of the cloister is to establish a confessional."

"With you for the confessor, I suppose?"

"No; each in turn shall confess to the other three; and Brother Percy, who has shewn the greatest depravity, that of reading poetry, shall begin."

"Placet!" cried the other two. "Confess, Brother Percy."

CHAPTER IV.—CONFESSION.

"Eh?" said the impenitent; "has any one noticed a change in me? Oh! I certainly thought at times that I was rather indifferent company; but Brother Joe seemed so much worse, that I hoped he would conduct attention away from me, even as a thunder-cloud draws the lightning from one less highly charged. That simile does not sound all right, but I am in training to write a poem for myself, those professional fellows not half expressing my feelings."

"Brother," said the Prior of the week reprovingly, "you are making your last dying—No, I mean your confession, and it ill becomes you to practise your poetry therein. We want simple facts."

"All right," replied the rebuked one; "then the fact is, I have got a heart complaint."

"What! Angina pectoris?"

"No, that is not her name. When our brotherhood was formed, I deemed myself iron-clad against all the arrows of Cupid; but a gun of heavier metal and sharper bolt than I dreamed of has been brought forward to penetrate my sides—I beg pardon, for the last fortnight I have been thinking in comparisons. The long and the short of the matter is, I am spooney; and as, after a long struggle against my weakness, I have finally determined to get introduced to the lady, and marry her, I was seeking for an opportunity of breaking the intelligence to you, and am glad that Brother Bill has afforded it."

"A lapsed bachelor!" groaned the latter, holding up his hands.

"I really could not help it," continued the fallen Brother. "I was fly-fishing innocently over the shoal off Bergeman's Folly one day, when a young lady came with a camp-stool and a portfolio, and commenced sketching on the bank, not twenty yards from me. The dace would not rise, and I had nothing to distract my attention, so I looked at her, and oh, my heart turned to water! I had seen her casually before, but she had never made the impression upon me that she did that day. I will not describe her, first, because I could not do justice to her beauty; and secondly, because you would all fall in love with her likewise, and I do not wish for rivals. A dog attended her, a pug, one of those hideous little creatures which ladies are so fond of, probably because their intense ugliness acts as a foil to their own charms, but whose only other merit consists in the fact, that they cannot bite you, because their tongues are too big for their mouths. Presently, Bob, the butcher's bull terrier, whose renowned performance upon rats we witnessed in the winter, came trotting up, and pug went to meet him. With that wonderful sagacity which distinguishes those animals, each knew that the other was also a dog, and they wagged their tails, and played about, and putting their noses together, communicated

their ideas. But soon the pug, pampered and insolent, made some remark derogatory to Bob or his belongings, for the terrier's tail suddenly stiffened, and he seized the rash offender by the throat. The pug yelped chokingly; his lovely mistress sprang up, scattering her sketches to the ground, and screamed musically for assistance. My skiff was anchored; so I stepped into the water, which was not knee-deep, and waded to the shore. To wrap my handkerchief round Bob's tail, and then bite it till he relinquished his hold, grasping him tightly by the collar the while, lest he should merely transfer his teeth to my own windpipe; to swing him round my head, and hurl him far into the river; to raise the bleeding, howling pug, and place him in his mistress's arms—all this was the work of a moment. She thanked me with effusion, and with her every word I became more and more deeply enamoured. She lived on the Aitham side of the river, and was anxious to get home at once, and seek surgical assistance for my rival. As it was some distance to the ferry, I offered to take her across; she consented; so I waded out, drew up the anchor, brought the skiff to the shore, placed her and the pug inside it, gathered up her sketches and the camp-stool, ferried her across, and escorted her home. When she had thanked me for the last time, and the door closed upon her, I was an altered man. Since then, I have walked about the lanes and fields, and wandered on the river-banks, in hopes of meeting her. I have done so five times, and raised my hat, receiving in return a bow and a smile. And there I am at present; but I can stand it no longer, and I must get an introduction, and call."

"Alas!" said Brother Bill, and it was the only appropriate comment upon the story; but Brother Joe misinterpreted the observation.

"Ah, yes," said he, "nothing but a lass could have broken up our happy fraternity."

"What! are you too in love, then?"

"I am. Only I have had no romantic adventure like Brother Percy's, nor have I ever spoken to the object of my passion, as he has; yet, like him, I am determined to make the acquaintance of the lady, and ask her to incapacitate me for a Monk of Cockaigne."

"Oh!" groaned Brother Bill. "Short-sighted that we were! We ought to have had a private chapel. I rather wondered, I must confess, at your very regular attendance at divine service. But why have you, too, isolated yourself so much? Have you also been constantly dodging the object of your affections?"

"Not exactly," replied Brother Joe, stammering. "The fact is, I was a great ass; but the house she lives in can be seen from the river, and I, I—"

"You passed your time in rowing backwards and forwards, in hopes of catching an occasional glimpse of your charmer's dress between the garden bushes."

"Ah, Brother Bill you have been in love yourself!"

"O yes; I have had the measles, the whooping-cough, and most other infantile disorders."

"Fellow-victim, shake hands!" exclaimed Brother Percy to Brother Joe; and they did so.

"I should like to see the two ladies," said Brother Jack, after a pause. "I wonder whether I have noticed either of them."

"Well, there she is! Well, there she is!" shouted the two simultaneously. And the young lady in the next house was seen coming out of the garden-door and descending the steps.

"Nonsense, Joe; don't chaff, because I am really in earnest," said Brother Percy.

"I was never less inclined to joke in my life, my dear fellow. That is the lady I mean to ask to be my wife!"

"Then I pity you, my boy, for we are rivals."

"Pity me! Confound your conceit! Excuse me, my dear fellow, but really, your vanity is absurd."

"Sir!"

"Come come, Brothers, don't quarrel," said Brother Jack. "If you are each in love with the same lady, and that lady is Miss Forrester, who lives with her mother in the adjoining house, I am sorry for both of you, as she is engaged."

"Engaged! and to whom?"

"To me. Mrs Forrester sent to inquire after me at the time of my accident; I called to return thanks—saw Mary, and, by Jove, she struck me as much as she did you. I spent a considerable part of the days in her society while you three were away on business; improved the opportunity to the best of my poor ability, and this very morning she consented to become mine."

CHAPTER V.—DESECRATION.

Three years later, Mr. William Stesso—no longer, alas! Brother Bill—went to see some old college friends at Oxford at the time of the commemoration, and when the festivities were over, he joined a party which agreed to row down all the way to London by easy stages; and so he once more passed the house where the Monks of Cockaigne had lived together for a brief space so happily. Under pretence of heat and want of breath, he persuaded his companions to rest upon their oars, while he gazed on the well-remembered spot.

The rose-trees and shrubs had sprung up wonderfully; a verandah had been built which was overgrown with jasmine and honeysuckle; croquet hoops were ranged round the bowling-green, and a group of crinolined ladies and simpering dandies were engaged in that flirtiferous game. He raised his eyes in disgust to the top story, and saw looking glasses and a wash-hand basin reared against the large plate-glass windows, and even while he gazed, a woman became visible, bearing in her arms a long-clothed baby, which she was swaying to and fro. The billiard-room had been turned into a nursery!

"Pull on all!" he cried; and dashed his oar into the unchanging stream.

APRAGMOSNE.

Here beside this placid river,
I could stay and rest forever,
'Neath the arborescent quiver
Of the leaves.

On this violet bank reclining,
Where the graceful woodbine twining
Wreathes my mossy pillow's lining
With its weaves.

Never reckon I care or sorrow;
Never think I of to-morrow;
Future hopes I never borrow
For to-day!

On earth's lap I lie reclining
At my ease,
As the summer sun is shining
Through the trees;
Like Cæcuban wine refining
On earth's lees.

As the world grows dark and stormy,
Nature throws her dark pall o'er me,
Pleasant dreams now pass before me,
Dryads play;

Fauns and nymphs now gather round me,
See! in flowery chains they've bound me,
Até's dogs can never hound me,
Calm I sleep.

On the myrtle-clad Cepheus,
Treading o'er the sweet Narcissus,
On they sweep;

Comes the sea-born Aphrodite,
Swell Iacchic hymns so mighty,
None here weep.

Here they gather fragrant roses,
Here the hyacinth encloses,
When in Paphian ease repose,
Care-worn man.

Here reels fat Silenus laughing,
Here the rich Falernian quaffing,
Leers old Pan.

When I wake, the fair Aurora
Spreads her crimson robe before her,
Care—the offspring of Pandora—
Cannot molest.

Basking in those rays supernal,
Life is ever fresh and vernal;
Night is day, and day's eternal—
I calmly rest.

Love can neither wound or slight me;
Worldly ills cannot affright me;
Gold to evil thoughts incite me;
Nor can ambition's dreamings spite me—
None, none so blest.

Down the streamlet by me flowing,
Hopes and cares are ever going,
Neither joy or sorrow knowing,
Naught can me cloy.

Naught of sin me ever staining,
I Death's bitter chalice draining,
Pass away when day is waning,
In Elysian fields attaining

Most perfect joy.



The Earl turned to see who it was that Paul had suddenly noticed in this way.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 77.)

CHAPTER XXI.—IN LONDON ONCE MORE.

It was on a raw, gusty morning, the first of October, that the earl was set down in the yard of the "Saracen's Head Inn," Snow Hill. He was tired to death with the insufferable tediousness of the journey, through the slow rate of progress, when in motion, and through the constant stoppages at inns for rest and refreshment.

But when the heavy, lumbering vehicle reached the suburbs, he grew alert, watchful, wakeful, though he had, during the night, been inclined to sleep. Here was the centre of all his intended operations; here was the Hanoverian king and his court; here were the Jacobites who were to be roused once more into opposition.

How strange London seemed to him after his long absence on the continent. He had not seen it since he was seventeen years old. The morning cries of the hawkers stunned him; the incessant throngs of people amazed him; and he fell into quite a reverie as to the power and prospect of this great British people as he watched those great streams of life ebbing and flowing in such rich utility.

Where was his new acquaintance, Arkdale's brother? was his first question, as he alighted from the coach, and straitened his limbs, and shook himself.

While looking about him his eyes became attracted by the face of a young man who stood by an open window talking to a pretty barmaid.

She was inside, and was pulling a bell to summon the passengers by the nine o'clock coach.

The young man, standing outside in the yard, was thrusting his staff into the bell, as it hung

above him, to prevent its ringing; a proceeding which caused much confusion and noise in the already noisy yard. The pretty barmaid blushed, and raved, and pulled; the coachman swore, and demanded, in all sorts of names, why the signal was not given; the few punctual passengers who had already taken their seats, sneezed and grumbled at the delay, and sent looks that were anything but friendly, at the upper window, where those who were to be there fellow travellers, sat placidly finishing their breakfasts.

It was in the face of the author of all this mischief that Lord Langton fancied he saw a likeness to his friend Humphrey Arkdale, too striking to be merely accidental.

The figure was far more slight and graceful than the elder Arkdale's, the face thinner, more nervous, more intellectual at a first glance, but less shrewd, and quite untroubled by the business carefulness that so often made the barber's face appear years older than it was.

It was, however, the expression, frank, genial, and full of harmless merriment that satisfied Lord Langton this mischievous 'prentice was no other than young Paul Arkdale. His dress was as smart as possible, to be still within 'prentice rules, his face, in spite of its present merriment, was pale and a little weary looking, as if from late hours.

"Assuredly this is Master Paul Arkdale," said the earl to himself, as he crossed the yard. Approaching the window and touching the young man's stick with his own, he said—

"What! a damsel in distress! Come, sir, come, Give over, or Master Humphrey Arkdale shall hear of it."

The young man dropped his stick and looked round in astonishment. The bell rang, there was a clatter of knives and forks being thrown down, a hurrying of feet, rushing of boots and chambermaids to the hall, a hundred demands for bills, boxes, and shawls, and, in the midst of the din,

Paul Arkdale and Daniel Sterne became known to each other, and shook hands, rather, as yet, on the strength of their mutual liking for the barber of Bolton, than their liking for each other.

Ordering a porter to take up his bale of the thrown silk, who soon got it on to his knot, and marched away with it, heavy as it was, the earl and Paul set out to go past Newgate, through Cheapside towards London Bridge, where the mercer's place of business was.

As they walked along the earl was glad to take Paul's arm, not only because he could then the better hear him speak, but because his recent illness had still left him weak, and rather unfitted for such rude contact with the very rude elements of London street life.

He found Paul a bright, quick, impulsive, eager youth, a little touched, perhaps, with the knowingness of cockney life, and especially of apprentice life, but still sensitive, with gleams of modesty and respect for things lying out of the range of his own experience, that made the earl augur favourably of him, and feel new interest in him, for his own sake, apart from the fact of his being Humphrey's brother.

But while he was listening to some of the many bits of gossip about things or people they were passing, with a keen enjoyment of Paul's good-humoured fun and sarcasm, he noticed his countenance change. The earl turned to see who it was that Paul had suddenly noticed in this way, and he saw a lady, very young, very handsome, dressed in the extremest fashion of the time, passing from a goldsmith's shop—they were now in Cheapside—to the sedan chair that had been waiting for her, and kiss her hand, as she did so, to Paul, who bowed deeply, then coloured, and then tried, but in vain, for a minute or two to resume the conversation with the merchant.

This incident disturbed the earl's growing satisfaction with Paul. Who could the lady be?

A lady of quality, apparently. If so, what motive could she have for thus recognising a mercer's apprentice?

While ruminating over this, an odd thought occurred to him that he had, himself, seen the lady before. Where? he could not for the life of him imagine, unless, indeed, it was that young lady he had met at Rome, when going into his hotel, and picked up her fan, but of whom he had not, otherwise, taken the slightest notice.

As they approached London Bridge—old London Bridge, then covered with the dense, continuous mass of houses from end to end, with only a sort of narrow roadway through the centre—the hurry and the roar became so great that it was impossible to hear a word said.

As they were about to advance to the entrance-arch, Paul and the earl paused, and the former, pointing to something that he could not clearly make out, asked the other if he recognised what it was.

"No," said the earl, his sight being still a little dim, "I have been over London Bridge once or twice as a boy, but I have no remembrance of anything special, that makes you put the question to me."

"They are heads, human heads, mounted on very long iron poles."

"Good heavens! what for?"

"They are heads of the chief rebels who were executed after the last rebellion; I forget the names of most of them, but one was Sir William Gordon, another, Jeffrey Marchmont."

"My father's most intimate friends, his fellow conspirators!" inly murmured the earl. "My father, then, would have been here too, but for his escape. And I shall, I suppose, present the same grim spectacle if I make the slightest slip in my present business."

"Now Paul where is your master's shop?"

CHAPTER XXII.—A LONDON MERCER.

Sir Richard Constable dined at his house on the bridge that day, and at the moment when Paul Arkdale was shown up to the domestic apartments which were still kept in order and magnificence, though he lived almost entirely at Blackheath, the merchant was not in the best of tempers. The sirlain had been overdone, the pasties, too, were burnt, the fat old servitor had thrice trodden on Sir Richard's toes, he had grumbled all dinner-time, and his daughter had answered him with perfect sweetness. In fact, he had been very much tried.

When Paul was admitted to his master's presence, he found him sulkily drinking his wine all alone at the great table, while his daughter, the fair Christina, stood in the quaint, ecclesiastical-looking window, looking down the river.

While Sir Richard took his own time to become aware of his presence, Paul looked at the young lady who was more gaily dressed than he had ever seen her, having, that morning, been on the river with some ladies of fashion. Paul looked at her dress with admiration, but rather avoided looking at her face when she turned and smiled upon him faintly.

It was a face he knew very well, with a delicate and pure beauty, and soft brown eyes beaming with love and sweetness. The kind looks of those eyes were the only woman's looks that Paul had ever tried to forget. The light of those eyes, though it shone in warm and sweet upon his very heart, was not a flattering light, but seemed to show spots where it shone—spots, invisible to Paul, except when those eyes were upon him.

So when he found them looking towards him that afternoon, he bent his own on Sir Richard's ruffled brow, and delivered his message.

The merchant heard his account of Daniel Sterne in silence, and Paul had an uncomfortable consciousness that his eyes were resting rather satirically on a pair of new and un'prentice-like buckles, which he had tried to hide by standing behind a chair.

"Are they paid for, Paul?" asked Sir Richard, with a smile that Paul liked even less than the question.

Paul coloured, and tried to conceal his confusion beneath a show of respectful indignation.

"Are they paid for?" repeated Sir Richard more sternly.

"They will be sir," stammered Paul.

"Will be sir! will be!" thundered his master, letting out all the anger he had been saving for his cook, "then walk out with them, sir, and let me never see them again till they are paid for, at your peril. Will be, indeed," said he, as the door closed on Paul, "of all things I hate a 'prentice dandy. Teena!"

He listened with his hand on the chair arm, for he had heard something behind him very like a sob.

He looked round, and then the cloud of ill-humour cleared off, what was usually, a very pleasant, benevolent, and bright face, and a look of gentleness and contrition came over it.

"Teena," said he again in a kind and anxious voice, "didn't I tell you not to stay here. Didn't I warn you that the old fellow you say is kind to you at Blackheath, was a cross beast on London Bridge?"

A pair of soft arms were laid round his neck, and a brown head on his shoulder, while an anguished, girlish voice cried—

"No, no! I like coming with you; you are kind to me—always so kind, but why so cruel to—"

"To Paul. Well, Teena I don't wish to be cruel, any more than I wish you to be kind, and I don't wish you to be kind to him because he is not worthy of your kindness; not because he's a 'prentice, I was a 'prentice, I like 'prentices, but because he's a useless fellow, clever but lazy, lazy, Teena, hopelessly lazy and a dandy. So my little girl must be thinking of some of those worthy gentlemen who pretend to think so much of her, and forget a good-for-nothing rascal who never did anything for her but stammer, and blush, and—Yes, yes, coming! There, there, now," added Sir Richard, rising and kissing her fondly; "get rid of these tears, put on your best bravery, and we'll go to the play to-night and see David Garrick."

Christina sat by herself when he had gone, looking at the place where Paul had stood.

"Would I like to forget him if I could?" said she, dreamily.

A tear rolled down the girl's face, and she shook her head, and said to herself—

"Nay, it is misery to love him—misery. Oh, sometimes what misery! But 'tis easier to love than to forget. There is no comfort in forgetting, but there is much comfort in loving, even like this."

The merchant found his shop filled with fashionable ladies, and saw, standing near the door, a rather tall, and very striking-looking man, whom he set down at once as a person of rank and distinction, but was surprised to find from Paul that the gentleman was the travelling commercial agent, who had only come to offer him a quantity of thrown silk.

Noticing then for the first time, his dress, he saw that he was not in the garb of a fashionable man of the day, and he wondered why he had made such a mistake as to his position. But even as he was about to advance and speak to him, he saw the person in question move out of the way to allow a lady and a child to pass—he having unconsciously obstructed them for a moment—and the movement was made with so much grace and dignity, and with a half smile of apology, that again the mercer wondered and reverted to his former impression.

His own mode of address, when he did speak to Mr. Daniel Sterne, was thus unconsciously influenced to a tone and manner of unusual respect.

"You would like to speak with me?" the mercer said, looking him steadily and earnestly in the face.

"If you please," was the reply, "My friend, Humphrey Arkdale, was kind enough to offer me an introduction to you, and as I am yet new to business of this kind—"

There was a pause at these words, and the mercer fancied there lurked some peculiar meaning below the words intended only for his own ear.

But why had Daniel Sterne paused in his speech so abruptly? It was because he had

heard a name which sent the blood rushing to his heart.

Presently the mercer heard it too. It was a servant in rich livery, who had previously entered the shop, and had been waiting till he could get to the counter to speak to some one. He now repeated what he said—

"The lady Hermia Bridgeminster is waiting in her coach at the end of the bridge, and will feel obliged by Sir Richard's coming to speak to her just for a moment."

Sir Richard forgot his other visitor, ran back to look at a glass in the little parlour, and to adjust his wig, then hurried out into the throng to obey the command of the daughter of the great nobleman in whose favour the merchant placed great reliance.

As to the earl, he stood, leaning back in a little, dark recess of the shop, unable to determine, in the profound agitation of the moment, what this unexpected meeting could mean—both coming to the same man to consult him at the same moment. He was still less able to decide whether he would stay where he was, or venture after the merchant, and endeavour to catch the look of her face, the tone of her voice—himself the while unknown, unsuspected.

CHAPTER XXIII. A TIMELY WARNING.

The mercer found the Earl of Bridgeminster's coach drawn a little aside in a corner at the entrance of the bridge, and he hastened to the door, which was open, to pay his respects to the lady within.

She did not notice his arrival. She sat, leaning back, her side turned towards him, her eyes gazing dreamily through an opening that revealed the river and its forest of masts, which seemed to exercise a powerful charm over her thoughts.

What a wondrously beautiful face it was! and yet you could not think of the beauty on account of its other qualities—a kind of regal dignity, and which was accompanied by a kind of tragic expression, that was scarcely less regal in its sorrow, elevation, and self-control.

The mercer paused before that noble yet sad picture, wondering what events could have thus affected the life of a lady so richly endowed by God with the purest natural gifts of her sex, as well as with all the advantages of rank and fortune.

He did not like to speak or to cough, but waited humbly till she should turn, and then he heard her sigh, and it was a sigh the mercer could not forget for many a day, and which he and Teena speculated about that night till they were weary.

When she did turn, and saw the brooding mercer there was a slight flush came over her countenance as if conscious she had been looked on, and for a moment Sir Richard saw a gathering cloud of haughty displeasure. But the merchant's respectful and manly face soon checked this, and then, with a smile so strangely sweet that it thrilled through the mercer's very soul, and half touched him to tears. Remembering what he had seen and heard, she began to speak.

"Dear Sir Richard, you will I am sure, forgive me for not coming into your treasury of beautiful things this morning, not even to see my young friend Teena, who is, I hear, in town to-day. Give my kindest regards to her, and say I shall send her a summons soon, which must be obeyed, to spend a few days with me in Yorkshire. But I am not well now, not in spirits, and I have a little business in hand which I thought it best to communicate with you alone."

The merchant bowed, and wondered at the increase of seriousness visible in the face, and palpable in the speech of Lady Hermia.

"Have you any especial reason to believe there are enemies of yours, Sir Richard, men so contemptuous that they would injure you by any kind of device?"

"Certainly not, my lady. I have given no reason for such enmities. I am a man of business, and people give me credit for having a tolerable keen eye to my business while struggling among a host of competitors, but that's a fair and legitimate war, all above board; and we citizens, after contest in the morning of that

kind, can meet and give each other a cordial welcome in the evening. No, my lady, I cannot believe I have enemies among the men of my own craft, and what other enemies can I have?"

"But politics, Sir Richard."

"Politics, my lady! even in that I am not notorious as an ardent or fanatical person. I support what I believe to be the rights of the people, without treading on the rights and privileges of the court or of the Government, and, in a word, may lady, I may say I am rather popular than otherwise, even in my own ward, and generally among the free men of the metropolis."

"Certainly, Sir Richard; and that is why the earl, my father, has been so anxious for you to be elected to the next parliament as one of the City members, and why he has been looking forward to your coming mayoralty for an opportunity to confer a signal honour on you, in the shape of a king's visit, which would be followed by a baronetcy."

"A baronetcy! Ah, my lady, had my poor boy lived, that would, indeed, have been a noble prize! But as it is—"

"Well, but, Sir Richard, there is Teena. She will marry, no doubt, by-and-by. Probably your honours may be passed on to her descendants."

The mercer's eyes—always bright ones—literally blazed at this stroke. Obviously, if the Lady Hermia—or, rather, if the Earl of Bridgemanster, whose policy the daughter was only carrying out in her own quiet, sympathetic way—had sought an angel's counsel to tell them how to win the mercer soul and body, this was the exact method. With some agitation that he felt to be unmanly, but which he could not control, he said—

"My dear lady, would—would that be practicable?"

"Certainly, if my father sets his mind upon it. You know, perhaps, he is now the king's most cherished adviser."

"And may I hope that the most devoted service to the earl—always saving my clear duties to my fellow citizens—may justify me in—in looking—to—"

"You might have done so, Sir Richard, till some very recent day, or hour, or minute, when an event occurred, the nature of which is hidden from me, but above which, I see, hangs great danger for you."

"Danger! Me! My lady!"

"Yes, Sir Richard; not, perhaps, directly, but certainly indirectly."

"May I entreat your ladyship to receive from me the most earnest protestations that whatever may be the nature of these charges, made in secret, as I gather, against me, they are absolutely, mischievously, and wickedly untrue! I pledge myself to that before even the remotest idea enters my mind as to their character."

"Is that possible, Sir Richard? You cannot even guess? Pray consider—not the present, merely, but the past."

The mercer's face fell. Ah, yes! if the past were to be raised like a grim spectre before him, then, indeed, there were things that had happened many, many years ago, that would expose him to great trouble, loss, and danger.

The mercer had been like a very large proportion of his countrymen—a decided Jacobite; but, like them, he had had the excellent sense to see, at a certain period, that a time arrived when patriotism itself demanded the transfer of allegiance to the cause of King George, and then he did manfully transfer it; and he had been true and faithful ever since. What devil of mischief could there be evoking the past against him now? with what object? and what particular facts were they trying to prove against him?

Seeing his trouble, Lady Hermia came to his relief.

"Sir Richard, if I did not feel a real respect for you, and real affection for your sweet daughter, I would not have so much alarmed you. But I may, I think, now assure you that if you have only the past to deal with, you are safe. My father and his brother statesmen are not so foolish or"—criminal, she might have been going to add, remembering her father's antecedents, but checked herself—"as to evoke

new stripes when every true-hearted Englishman and Englishwoman wishes to ally them. My warning, therefore, relates to the future. Oh, Sir Richard, if the slightest remains of your old feeling for the Stuarts exist in your heart—*which I should honour if it did*—still do not, I entreat you, for Teena's sake, be seduced into giving way to it, should events now occur to raise once more the evil standard of civil war, and give for a brief period a seeming probability of success. Bad news has lately reached the Government. Why should I not tell it you in confidence? It is believed, then, that the French are going to lend the Pretender an army, and that Lord Langton is to lead them, and is expected shortly to land. And—and—and—"

Here it was Lady Hermia's turn to grow pale, confused, and, at last, silent. And the two remained for perhaps half a minute, each buried in sad and agitating thought, though what Lady Hermia felt at the mention of the proposed leader of the French, the mercer had, of course, not the slightest idea of speculating about.

The mercer was the first to recover, and it was noticeable how dignified and manly he became in this time of danger. He belonged, indeed, to a fine race of those tradesmen-heroes of which the civic records are full—men working up from the humblest beginnings, patient, frugal, self-denying, clever, keen in business, devoted seemingly to business, till lo! suddenly out they come as great philanthropists, building magnificent halls, colleges, schools, and hospitals; or as patriots, resisting arbitrary governmental encroachments to-day, and striking a Wat Tyler to the ground to-morrow, lending money to sovereigns, feasting sovereigns, becoming able warriors, and rising, in many instances, into the peerage at last.

Sir Richard was one of these men in feeling though not in power. He showed the civic training now when he said—

"My dear lady—if I may be pardoned so familiar an expression in consideration of my boundless gratitude for the precious service and the high honour you have this day done me—will you believe me, if I swear to you, that beyond a mere ideal affection personally to my old sovereign, I have not the smallest inclination towards his service as a king—nay, that I do in my conscience believe that nothing could be more wicked, and, I am sure, nothing more sure to be justly punished than would be a new outbreak! May I, then, ask you to convey, in your own kind and wise words, to my honoured lord, your father, the proffer of my entire devotion of soul and body, purse and estate, to the service of the present Government, now so happily established, and in a loyal spirit to my own monarch, King George, whom I pray the Almighty to bless, and to preserve from every kind of danger!"

"Sir Richard, I believe you; I do, indeed! And I suppose," she added, with that old, enchanting smile, "I suppose I must make the earl believe it too; so if you do turn traitor, it is I who will be one of your victims."

She stretched out her hand, with its long, tapering, delicately-beautiful fingers, and the mercer pressed his lips upon them. And then, as he was preparing respectfully to withdraw, he saw something in her face that arrested him, and which something presently took the form of a question, put very carelessly, and as if Lady Hermia, while her eye noted a superb barge with music playing that was passing down the river, hardly knew or cared what she was saying—

"This Lord Langton, do you know him personally?"

"No, my lady!" said the mercer; but the "No" was not said till after a decided pause, as if the mercer were a little fencing with the question.

However that might be, Lady Hermia did not repeat the question, and Sir Richard closed the door, bowed, and saw the coach drive off, while he returned, threading his way through the throng, utterly regardless of Daniel Sterne, the crowd, his business, and his daughter, in the serious question Lady Hermia's visit had raised.

Our readers may readily judge that Sir Rich-

ard was no longer in a sentimental mood, when he again confronted Daniel Sterne.

CHAPTER XXIII. FACE TO FACE.

The mercer was so absorbed and so forgetful of his usual courtesy on returning to the shop, as to ask the person who had been so long waiting for him, bluntly, before all the people in the shop, the nature of his business, as if he expected him to explain it in the presence of all those ladies, who were so busy handling the mercer's treasures, and whose sweet, silvery, ringing, and multitudinous voices made up a very pretty, though rather distracting chorus.

"I have a sample of thrown silk I have brought from Italy, if you will permit me to show it to you," and then the speaker's eye glanced towards that inner room, where he could just see the gleam of an open window, and a graceful head in front of it at work.

"Really, I am very busy to-day—"

"I don't think, Sir Richard, I shall detain you long. My friend Arkdale told me you would deal justly with me, and, therefore, our bargain will, I don't think, be a very brief one, though it may lead to more advantageous ones in the future."

That was true, thought Sir Richard. He wanted silk, as much as he could get, at a certain price, so he led the way into the parlour, where the young lady rose to receive the visitor, curtsied, and withdrew, though not without stealing a second look at that very striking face, which she could not for some time after forget, and which made her almost wish she had waited.

As to Daniel Sterne himself, he, too, it appeared, did not always look on beautiful young women with eyes so unmoved as those that had seen and passed by the fascinations of Miss Maria Clementina Preston. His look was arrested at once by Teena; his eyes followed her till the door excluded her from sight, and then he found he had forgotten, for the moment, even the all-important business that had brought him.

For a moment, however, only. He turned, there stood the mercer waiting, evidently impatient. Now was the earl's first great trial.

He proceeded gently at first, showed a sample of the silk, offered to allow the whole quantity to be carefully examined by the mercer's people, and only stipulated that the mercer should fix a price—as high a one as he could afford to pay.

Sir Richard hummed and hah'd a little at that unbusiness-like proceeding, but eventually named a price, which left a fair margin of profit. Daniel Sterne smiled, took from his pocket the invoice showing what he had paid, and then the bargain was concluded.

This behaviour roused the mercer again to a consciousness of his first notion about this Daniel Sterne—and roused him so effectually that he began to speak in quite an altered tone; and Daniel Sterne thought not in a very pleasing tone.

"Mr. Sterne, pardon me the observation, but if you mean to succeed as a man of business, you must do your own work in future negotiations—ask your own price, abide by it, and leave other men to do theirs—which is to say, 'We accept,' or, 'We reject.'"

"Your remark is just, and I am not sorry, Sir Richard, to hear it made. Can you not guess why?"

The words might have meant little, but for the accompanying movement. The speaker went to the door, closed it very gently, returned, and began to speak in a low, clear, and strangely significant voice.

"Sir Richard, permit me to tell you a short story—"

"I—I—" began Sir Richard almost in a tone of anger, for there was a great dread growing over him, as he remembered Lady Hermia's revelation, and gazed on this mysterious stranger.

"In the terrible year of '45—"

As these words were uttered, the mercer said,

loudly—
"Stop, sir—beware! I know not what it is you want to say to me, nor do I wish to know. I am a faithful subject of King George, and am willing to believe you are the same. Let this talk, then, cease. Stay! I will fetch you the

money for this purchase; and then, Mr. Sterne, I beg that all further transactions cease between us."

"Sir Richard, I am here in the eyes of the world as a mere man of business, Mr. Daniel Sterne, recommended to you by a man of business; therefore no possible danger can attach to a brief conversation now we are met—and alone!"

The travelling merchant had now actually interposed between the mercer and the door.

"You do not intend to do violence on me in my own house?"

"Oh, Sir Richard, you will be sorry when you hear that which I have to say—and which you must hear."

"Must!"

"I have said it," observed Daniel Sterne, in a tone of quiet composure.

"I will not speak to you, unless before witnesses," said the mercer, passionately; for the keen sense of impending danger was growing in intensity each moment.

"Then, for your own sake, let it be before one you can trust!" said Daniel Sterne—and so full of meaning was the tone, that the mercer paused a moment irresolutely, before coming to a decision. Then he went to fetch his daughter Christina, who came back a terrible picture of alarm—not at anything her father had said to her, but at the agitation of his manner, and his sudden demand for her presence.

"Teena," he said, as they both confronted the terrible stranger, who still looked in Christina's eyes anything but terrible personally, "Teena, this man—this—this gentleman has come to me professedly on business. I have purchased his silk, and now he demands converse with me on quite other matters, and beginning by a reference to that terrible time which no loyal Englishman can ever bear to talk about, the insurrection of '45. Witness, then, for me, my child, since he compels me to listen, under what circumstances it is I listen, and that I am absolutely ignorant of his name—if he has given me a false name—of his object, or of his right thus to intrude upon me."

With a glance of still deeper interest at the young lady, and a few words of the most touching apology, Mr. Daniel Sterne resumed, as follows:—

"Sir Richard,—At the time of the insurrection of '45, there was a tradesman of Bolton who espoused the Stuart cause. He was a man of humble condition, but of a generous mind and of devoted loyalty. He made great sacrifices for the cause, even while at its worst. He rendered, also, great personal services to some of the chiefs who were engaged on that side. One of those chiefs—shall I name him?" And Daniel Sterne paused for a reply.

"Do and say just what you like, under your own responsibility. I will take care you shall not make me responsible," was the mercer's heated and hasty reply.

"The Earl of Langton, then, owed his life to that humble, generous, noble-minded tradesman, and when he got abroad he zealously watched for some opportunity of repaying his benefactor. It came. He was able to communicate beforehand to his saviour a piece of political news, that was certain to strike confusion into the dealings of the Stock Exchange when it should be known. The news was safely and secretly received, and the tradesman, within one week, was a rich man.

"I am told, Sir Richard, that since then he came to London, has been made an alderman, has been knighted, is going shortly to be mayor; and that now I, the son of the Earl of Langton, may thank personally this good man, in thanking Sir Richard Constable, for his devotion to my father!"

The mercer listened intently, and for a few seconds after the earl ceased there was a silence so deep as to be painful; and Christina gazed from one to the other—full of admiration for both—but full of fear and wonder as to how this dangerous interview was to end. The mercer paused no longer. His brow cleared, the old handsome, broad Saxon smile came back, he approached, and held out his hand.

"You the son of the Earl of Langton! You that handsome, slim youth, that I saw once, and once only, when you were polishing your sword, and telling me your father had given you permission to join in the very next battle. Oh, my dear, dear friend, forgive me all my rudeness, all my selfishness, and let me welcome you, with all my heart, to my house!"

Cordial, indeed, was the grasp that was now exchanged; but the earl would not accept the hospitality thus offered, without further explanations.

"Sir Richard, if I startle you in what I am about to say, I do it only in obedience to a solemn duty. Let me, then, whisper to you that I have accepted a mission, which only to explain is death, if over-heard."

"Then can you ask me to hear it?" gasped the mercer, dropping faintly into a chair.

"Yes, in my father's name, and in the name of your once-recognised king, I think I have a right to ask you to listen to what I have to say, and then I accept your decision as final, even if adverse."

"It is terribly perilous work," said the merchant, pulling off his wig, and wiping the sweat from his bald brow. "However, in heaven's name, out with it, and let's have an end!"

"I was coming, Sir Richard, on purely private business, when I was expressly asked by his Majesty—"

"You mean the Pretender?"

"We won't quarrel about titles," said the earl, with a smile.

"I was asked to consult while in England with certain noblemen and gentlemen known to be, or, at least, to have been, devoted to the right cause."

"Which I think the wrong one now," interposed the mercer.

"In order to learn whether they were, or would be, prepared to guarantee an English rising; at the same time that we were prepared to guarantee another Scotch rising, and both to be aided by a French army, which might or might not be under my command."

"Don't show me the list! For God's sake don't show me the list!" exclaimed the excited mercer, wondering more and more at the timely nature of Lady Hermit's warning.

"I will not," said the earl, calmly. "But tell me, could I with such a mission do other than I have done—come to the only man that I had any strong personal feeling for in England, to ask him, as one who was a devoted adherent, what chances there are of success, before I compromise so many parties by going to see them?"

It was an embarrassing question. The young earl put it so frankly, and with such entire faith in what ought to be the answer, that the mercer, while he wished most devoutly the earl had gone in any other direction, could not find the heart to blame the step. And now again the mercer rose with the position.

"My dear young friend," he said, putting his arm upon the earl's shoulder, and leading him to the window. "Look there, upon England's argosies going to and fro between us and the world's most distant shores. What will civil war do for them? Or go with me now upon our Exchange, our new and superb Exchange, converse with our merchants, our brokers, our bankers, and ask them what will be the first effects of civil war. Then I will take you to our growing factories of silk, and iron, to our mines, to our inventors, who are now raising up for us new and stupendous powers in the first development of engines moved by steam, which act as by a miracle in pumping up water from great depths in the Cornish mines. I will take you among our artists, literary men, musicians, and everywhere you shall find the same significant sight. The signs and tokens of the beginning of a grand industrial movement that shall raise our country in the ranks of nations, give new modes of livelihood to our poor, new developments for future use of the latent power and glory of this our own dear country, England!"

"Ay, dear indeed!" said the earl, with a sigh.

"Well, now are we to unsettle all this once more for the sake of a single man, or a single

family? You cannot deny—at least I never did—the wrong done by the Stuarts in their arbitrary moods."

"No, I do not deny it."

"Well, then, who are we to interfere with what may be God's own punishment for those wrongs—by striving to undo the actual state of things, after that state of things has lasted more than half a century, broken only by failing insurrections? England is prosperous—for the most part happy; wants peace only to become infinitely great. Death, then, say I to the traitors who invite the dogs of war, at such a time in so purely personal a cause."

The earl listened in gloomy silence. What could he say in remonstrance? The mercer's thoughts had been in a great measure his own thoughts, though he had not felt it wrong to accept the mission in token of past fidelity.

Christina again glanced with ever increasing interest at the face of this stranger, who exercised an unexplicable charm over her. She—the sweet, modest maiden—found herself gazing earnestly, admiringly, almost passionately, on a man whom she had never heard of before, and gazing without the least consciousness of any kind of impropriety.

The mercer, with some tact, managed to arrest the conversation here for a moment or two, during which they all sat and took wine, and were all glad of the occupation this gave them. At last the mercer spoke again, his face full of the kindest sympathy—

"Do you understand your position while engaged in this sort of business?"

"Yes, you may arrest me; perhaps think you ought to do so!"

"God knows, I fear I ought! I do fear I ought! but God knows I will not; not if my own life pay the forfeit. But come, time passes. The position must be changed, and decisively; you have told me a story, let me tell you one:—"

"The brother of one of the rebel chiefs of '45, a man of the most amiable and estimable character, not at all a leading politician or warrior, came over here only a short time ago on private business, so he said, and it is believed he said it correctly. The bloodhounds got upon his track, he was seized, sent to the Tower—and incredible as it may sound, considering so many years had passed since the insurrection in which he had shared—he was executed, and with all the revolting barbarities of our worst executions!"

"You mean Dr. Cameron!" said the earl, with a sad smile, which brought an instantaneous rush of tears to Christina's face.

"Yes, I do mean Dr. Cameron. Your fate would be as absolutely hopeless, were you and your mission now discovered. I even see slight reason to think it possible your mission is, in part, discovered, though I can tell you no more."

"Well, Sir Richard, the lion is in my path, and must be confronted. I must fulfil my engagement, unless you like to look at my list, and can convince me from your own absolute knowledge that these parties have already made their peace with the Government."

"No, no; put it away! Destroy it!"

"Nay, Sir Richard, the list is not yet written, save in my brain."

"Keep it there. I conjure you make no movement. Stay with me for a few days, at all events. During that time I ask you not to speak or write one word, scarcely even to think one thought, about your mission, but to look about with your own eyes, and ask whether all you behold is to be turned, as it soon may be, into a howling wilderness by detestable war."

"I accept your hospitality, and pledge myself, first, that I have, as yet, made no movement of any kind, beyond that of getting to you, and that I will not even contemplate any movement while I am under your roof!"

"Thanks! thanks! Did you also hear the story of Mrs. Gaunt?"

"No."

"A Jacobite came to her, seeking shelter, and in prospect of certain death if caught. She had really no sympathy with his politics, her feeling was only the woman's tender-hearted feeling for the unfortunate. She concealed him with the

greatest care, tended him with the love of a sister, but he was discovered. Both were seized; she was burnt at the stake, and he, well he saved his life, by helping to secure the conviction of his benefactor!"

"Lord Langton, you know now my danger, and I also know, and implicitly trust your honour."

To be continued.

BROTHER MATTHEW.

CHAPTER I.—GOOD NEWS BY THE POST.

ALTHOUGH a brilliant August sun was shining out of doors, and the little seaport town of Tytherby looked bustling and gay under the two-fold influence of market day, and an unwonted influx of fishing smacks, there was not a cheerful countenance, with a single exception, to be found in Richard Sparkes's humble little cottage. Old Mrs. Sparkes sat in the sunlight, moody and silent, knitting stockings; her daughter-in-law Mary stood, with a pale and anxious face, watching the boiling of the kettle, while the six children lounged about in a vacant, spiritless manner, quite forgetful of their usual romps and games. The only exception was William Sparkes, the cripple tailor, who sat on his board busily stitching a pair of new sleeves into an old coat, and beguiling his labours by whistling a merry tune.

There was a good reason for the family melancholy. Richard Sparkes, the master of the household, an active young carpenter, had seriously wounded his foot two months before while adzing a plank, and was still unable to resume work. Richard had not been so careful of his wages as he might have been while he was healthy and prosperous, and so a spell of adversity pinched him sorely. The clock, and the chest of drawers, and his wife's Sunday gown, and the family plate—consisting of six silver teaspoons—were in the hands of the pawnbroker; and the dinners had gradually degenerated in quality, until, on the present occasion, the mid-day meal consisted of nothing better than sugarless tea, dry bread, and a single red-herring.

You may possibly wonder why Mrs. Sparkes did not apply for assistance to her uncle, Captain Jonathan Blenkinsop, the retired merchant-captain, who lived in the comfortable four-roomed cottage on the top of Bleaberry Hill, two miles from Tytherby. Well, she had applied to him, and the old man had advanced a trifle of money, but he was unable to do much, for he had a couple of racketsy sons who had been bred to the sea, and who were in the habit, when they had squandered their hard-earned wages in Liverpool or Hull, of coming, and living on their father until his patience was worn out, or every sixpence of his last quarter's pension expended. So you see uncle Jonathan was really unable to give much assistance.

As for Richard Sparkes, he was lying on his bed, fully dressed, excepting his coat, sipping a basin of beef-tea, the preparation of which the children had regarded with longing eyes, though their mother had sternly forbidden them to taste it, alleging that it was better for all of them to starve than that the bread-winner of the family should lack the nourishment which would restore him to health and strength.

"Mother," cried little Alice, as she sopped the last morsel of her bread in the flavourless tea, "here's postman!"

"Whatever do postman want here at this time of day?" asked old Mrs. Sparkes.

"Sorry to keep you out of your rights, mistress," said the postman, civilly, addressing Mary Sparkes, as he entered the house; "but this letter was directed 'Mr. Sparkes, Tytherby,' so it went up to the tea grocer's of that name at the corner of Broad Street. He sent it back to the post-office with a message that he had opened it and it wasn't for him; but there was good news for somebody in it. Twopence to pay, please, mistress; you see the party as sent it forgot to stamp it."

A deep blush of shame suffused Mary Sparkes' pale face.

"I haven't got the money by me just now,"

she said; "would ye mind trusting us till tomorrow?"

"All right," answered the postman, after a moment's hesitation. "Good day t'ye, mistress. I know what it is," he added, glancing round the room, "to be pushed myself."

"Richard!" exclaimed Mary Sparkes, as she entered the bedroom where her husband lay, "here's a letter, they say with good news in it. Read it; 'twill hearten thee up, lad."

The young carpenter examined the postmark. "London," he muttered; "I know nobody in London." He then withdrew the letter from the envelope. Suddenly his eye brightened, and he cried, "Eh! Molly, lass, this is good news, indeed! Call all the bairns and mother, and bid Willie hobble in on his crutches; they shall all hear it. 'Twill be a bit of dessert like, after their homely dinner!"

CHAPTER II.—UNCLE JONATHAN'S ARBOUR.

There was a queer, quaint structure in old Jonathan Blenkinsop's front-garden, which he called his arbour, but which, in reality, consisted of the fore part of a dilapidated fishing smack, sawn off at the bows, and skilfully placed on end. It was open to the westward, and, being mantled over with clematis and honeysuckle, was by no means an unpicturesque object. Within stood a rude table and a circular seat, and on this seat sat a short, stout old gentleman, of coppery complexion, who wore a broad-skirted frock coat, a black satin waistcoat, and what the neighbours called a foreingneering hat—namely, a hat of Manilla "chip." Before him stood a very pretty dark-eyed girl of thirteen, simply but gracefully dressed. The ruddy light afforded by the declining sun shed a glow over the summer-house; and the weather-beaten face and grizzled locks of the oldster formed an artistic contrast to the rounded cheeks and dark-brown tresses of the maiden. Will it detract from the pleasing character of the picture when I state that one of the girl's pretty little hands grasped a long tobacco-pipe, while the other embraced a bottle of Jamaica rum by the neck?

"That's right, Emily," said the old man, who spoke bluffly, but not unkindly. "Now, then, for the matches. Strike one, there's a good girl! Oh, how hot it is to-night! I could fancy myself ashore at Rio. Any news of those unfortunate Sparkeses?"

"Yes, grandpa. I heard uncle Dick's foot was better. The cry—" Emily hesitated over what Captain Blenkinsop called a "long-tailed" word.

"Arrysipulars," suggested her grandfather, courageously.

"Is much better. The doctor thinks he will be fit for work in a week's time. But, oh! grandpa, I'm afraid they're very badly off. They've pledged all sorts of things. I don't think they get enough food to eat."

"I'm very sorry for it, Emily," said the captain, as he mixed a glass of grog; "but what can I do? I've lent them five-and-thirty shillings, and my old owners won't increase my pension to help the Sparkeses, will they? Then, you see, your father, Emily, and your precious uncle Ned keep me pretty nigh without a shot in the locker, don't they?"

"I know they do," sighed the girl.

"What's the consequence? I've scarce got enough to carry me on to next quarter-day. Get into debt is what I won't do for any man?"

"I was thinking, grandpa—" said Emily, meditatively, with her hand on the rum bottle.

"I know what you were thinking, you young monkey," exclaimed the old gentleman. "You were thinking, 'Here's an old grampus sitting swilling grog, while poor cousin Mary is—'"

"Indeed, grandpa—"

"Nay, I'm sure of it. Now, I'll tell you what, Emily. This bottle's just out, I won't buy another for a week or two; though a drop of grog is a great comfort to a battered old hulk like me. You run and put on your hat, take a sovereign out of my desk, carry it to Molly with my love. Your cousin Willie thinks nothing of two miles on his crutches. He'll make shift to see you back after dark. Hie away! Ugh, ugh!" groaned the old gentleman, "what with bunions,

and lumbago, and rheumatism, I don't know what an old sailor would do without baccy and grog!"

"Amen," muttered a voice, not loud enough for the captain to hear, but loud enough to express the listener's perfect satisfaction at the doctrine just enunciated. Whence did the voice proceed?

Why, on the other side of captain Blenkinsop's garden paling stood a large haystack belonging to Farmer Barnsley, and underneath the haystack, where the shadow was deepest, lay a shabbily-dressed, forlorn looking personage, luxuriating in his soft, fragrant couch, as only a tramp can do who has done his twenty miles of hard turnpike-road since daybreak, and lazily admiring the noble prospect seawards, where the German Ocean lay as still as a mill-pond; while away to the left Rawstone Crag, that storm-battered promontory, glittered like a carbuncle in the red light reflected back by a heavy bank of clouds on the western horizon. It is a mistake to think that tramps can't admire scenery.

CHAPTER III.—THE LISTENER UNDER THE HAYSTACK.

THE sun had just set, and Captain Blenkinsop was idly puffing wreaths of smoke from his pipe, when a female figure opened the garden-gate.

"My old eyes are getting dim," muttered the seaman. "Who can it be? Not Emily, surely. Why, it's Molly! Well, Molly, how are ye, and how's poor Dick this evening?"

"Dick's so much better, uncle," answered Mary Sparkes, cheerily, as she kissed the old gentleman, "and—"

"But haven't ye met Emily?"

"No."

"Ah! she must have gone by the footpath. You came by the road?"

"I did. But, oh! uncle, I've got such news: my husband's brother Matthew—"

"What! turned up at last? Never! why, it's nineteen year since he ran away to sea!"

"He's in London. We've got a letter from him. Let me read it you?"

"Ay, ay, girl; go on, I'm all ears."

London, Aug. 6, 186—.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—This comes Hoping you are all Well, as it leaves me at this Present. Dear Brother, I dessey you thought me Dead, but am not, and am Come Home a Rich Man. As soon as I get my Affaires regularated in London will come and see You. I have been East and I have been West, as the Song says, but you shall still find me your Loving Brother,

MATTHEW SPARKES.

Aboard the "Marco Polo," in the West Indj Dock.

"Short and sweet," remarked the old gentleman. "Mat was never much of a scribe. But how he got rich is what puzzles me. Gold-digging I suppose. Now listen to me, Molly, I can't have you appearing like a scrub before a rich brother. I've just sent you a sovereign by Emily, but that ain't enough. You must get all your things out of the pop-shop, and make yourself look respectable. I've only got five pounds left till next quarter-day. You shall have it all, and for once I'll go on tick. Come into the house."

"Oh, uncle, how kind you are!"

"Nonsense, girl; it ain't kindness, it's family pride."

As the old gentleman hobbled slowly in-doors, supported by his niece, a long, lean figure rose stealthily up from under the haystack, and peeped cautiously over the palings.

"What a Providence!" muttered the same voice that had said "amen." "I couldn't catch the words of the letter, and he's left it on the summer-house table. I wonder if the old gent keeps a dawg. If he don't keep a dawg, I'll chance it."

With these words, the long, lean figure dipped beneath the palings, and scuttled along on all-fours till he reached the garden-gate, when he raised himself to his natural height, and lifted the latch.

"Supposing they do see me," he murmured, "I've only got to say it's a poor traveller come after a meal of vittles."

There was no dog to be heard, and the old man and his niece were still within the house, so the "poor-traveller" proceeded on tiptoe to the arbour. There was a dram of spirits still left in the rum bottle which looked very enticing, but he resisted the temptation, and eagerly snatching up the letter, held it before his eyes in the glowing twilight.

"What a blessing it is to be able to read and write!" he said. "How thankful I ought to feel to my parents for having given me a decent education. Lucky the letter's short. All I want is the main facts. Matthew Sparkes, *Marco Polo*, West India Docks. "I wish," said the poor traveller, as he slunk back to his haystack, "he had mentioned his brother's Christian name; and if he'd had the civility to tell his own age, height, and general appearance, why, I should have taken it as a personal kindness. Never mind, I'll risk it."

"Well, Molly, here are the five pounds," said Captain Blenkinsop, as he came out of the house with his niece. "Let me know when Mat arrives, and I'll hobble down into town on purpose to welcome him. And you may as well leave me that letter, Molly. I should like to spell it over with my glasses on, at my leisure."

"Oh! I left it on the arbour table!" exclaimed Molly.

"Ay! here it is," said her uncle, looking into the summer-house. "Good night, Molly. Tell Dick I hope to see him at work next Monday."

"Good night, uncle Jonathan."

CHAPTER IV.—THE CRIPPLE'S ADVENTURE.

WILLIE SPARKES, the cripple, was a thoroughly good-tempered, kind-hearted soul, besides being very fond of his little cousin Emily, so that when she asked him to accompany her home, he went with her cheerfully. But the journey up and down that steep hill was a severe undertaking for a poor fellow who was entirely dependent upon his crutches for support, especially on the return trip, when he had no cheerful companion prattling at his side, and when the twilight had faded away into comparative darkness. Old Blenkinsop was very hard upon cripples, holding that their crutches gave them a positive advantage over other persons; but in spite of his ingenious theories, poor Willie felt very much exhausted, and as he came down Bleaberry Hill, he stumbled several times, and almost fell.

Presently one of his crutches got entangled in a crevice between two pieces of rock at the roadside, and he stumbled forward heavily. But before he had touched the ground, a pair of benevolent arms had seized him—one by the collar of his coat, and the other in front across his breast—and restored him to an upright position.

"Pardon me, sir, for lending you a hand," said a voice, "but it's an orkard road for a gentleman to travel situated as you be."

"I'm much obliged to you," exclaimed Willie, fervently, as soon as he had recovered his breath. "I was getting tired and nervous. Would you mind seeing me safely down this steep bit?"

"I shall feel a pleasure in doing it, sir. To help the distressed was a maxim always impressed on me by my good old father. Might I ask a small favour in return?"

Willie was a tailor by trade, and he had felt that the sleeve of his companion's coat was threadbare and shining with age and wear. He guessed, therefore, that his preserver was about to ask an alms, and said—

"Well, I am but a poor man myself, still——"

"Nothing of the sort, sir," returned the other, haughtily. "I simply want to know where Mr. Sparkes lives."

"Sparkes!" cried Willie, "what Sparkes? Sparkes, the grocer, in Broad Street?"

"Why couldn't the writer of that letter have been a little more circumstantial?" thought the poor traveller. "He's putting me to a deal of inconvenience. I must make a bold guess. I fancy that the Sparkes I want is a party of humbler position."

"Mayhap you mean my brother, Richard Sparkes, the carpenter?" said Willie, who, re-

membering the letter received that morning, was beginning to feel strangely excited.

At these words the long, lean figure at his side uttered a shout of joy, and pitching a crooked stick and small bundle into the road, rushed forward with uplifted arms. The next moment the cripple found himself encircled in a very fusty-smelling embrace, while a voice, strongly flavoured with onions, exclaimed—

"I am Matthew Sparkes, your long-lost brother! Never mind the crutches. If you want to faint, I'll hold you up."

Poor Willie was quite overcome with fatigue and excitement, and was forced to sit down at the road-side.

"This is indeed a surprise," said Brother Matthew, seating himself at the cripple's side, and wiping his eyes with his coat-cuff. "I'm all of a maze. I scarcely know who I am, or where I am. How long have I been away?"

"Nineteen years, so they tell me," answered Willie. "I was but a baby when you ran away to sea."

"Nineteen years—ran away to sea. Thank you; yes, I'm much obliged to you. Ah! too true—you were but a baby when I ran away to sea; but such a fine baby, such a chubby-faced baby. But, dear brother, how came you to lose the use of your limbs?"

"I fell down-stairs."

"Ah! so you did—at least, I mean, so you say. That must have been after you were christened. My memory's gone to that extent, owing to hot climates, that I don't recollect what you were christened."

"William."

"Ay, so you were. And now tell me whose alive at home. Break it gently and slowly, because, though nineteen years absent, my feelings are still as tender as a chicken's."

Hereupon simple-hearted Willie Sparkes entered into sundry details, which lasted till the two wayfarers arrived in Tytherby. They were now among the brilliant gas-lights, and he could not help feeling surprised when he saw what a shabby, woe-begone looking wight his wealthy brother was. He ventured to say—

"Brother Matthew, I suppose you've got better clothes than these in your boxes?"

"Heaps of 'em, my boy, but I dressed shabby o' purpose. I thought I'd astonish you all."

"This is our street," observed Willie, "and yonder, beyond the second gas-lamp, is our cottage."

"Be firm and confident," muttered his companion, tapping himself on the chest. "I only wish I knew how old I ought to be."

CHAPTER V.—AT SUPPER.

Brother Matthew stated that he had left all his luggage in London to be forwarded by goods train. He had brought nothing with him but a crooked stick, a diminutive bundle done up in a red cotton handkerchief, and a wonderful appetite. The effects of Uncle Jonathan's timely loan were presently visible on Mary Sparkes' board. A dish of mutton chops, a pound of the best fresh butter, with plenty of milky and sugary tea, made their appearance. It was a sight to see Brother Matthew eat. He had a wide mouth, and a pair of lantern jaws. Chop after chop disappeared down his throat; hunch after hunch of bread, bountifully plastered with butter followed; and the whole was washed down with half-a-dozen cups of scalding hot tea, sweetened to the utmost pitch. When the children's appetites had been satisfied, they stood in a circle around him, gazing at him with admiring eyes. At last he pushed away his plate with a gentle sigh of satisfaction, and began to talk.

"I wouldn't disturb my dear brother to night, Mrs. Sparkes," he said, addressing Mary, "not for the world. You say he's in a nice, quiet sleep; let him lie till morning, poor fellow!"

"But your mother, Mr. Matthew," began Mary. "Let her rest, also, poor old lady; you tell me she's in the habit of going to bed early. The effect of excitement on her aged nerves might be——"

"Please, uncle Mat," said little Alice, "grannie knows you've come. She's getting up."

Presently the door opened, and old Mrs. Sparkes appeared. "Where is my dear runaway son?" she exclaimed. "Let me hold him in my arms!"

At these words the new comer arose solemnly from his seat, and embraced the ancient dame. She fainted away.

"A small drop of spirits is advisable in these cases," he said, gravely. "My poor dear mother! to think I behold thee once again! Just run round the corner, somebody, and fetch a mouthful of gin."

The restorative was soon brought. Brother Matthew took a hearty sip, probably to test the quality, and then applied the glass to Mrs. Sparkes' lips. She began to recover her senses.

"And be this my boy Mat?" she murmured, staring about her with dazed eyes. "I wouldn't ha' known thee, my son. Thou wast a short, chubby lad when thou run away."

"Ah, mother!" said Brother Matthew, "I've gone through a deal of mangling processes since then. Trouble and sorrow has rolled me out long and thin!"

"And how old thou lookest! Thou wast but seventeen when thou wentest to sea, and——"

"And I'm six-and-thirty, now," answered Brother Matthew, boldly; "but I look five-and-forty. I know it. Think what I've gone through. 'I have been East and I have been West,' as the song says. Brother William," he continued, "I'm beginning to feel faint and weak; I'm an excitable subject. Let me go to bed; I'm nowadays particular where you put me. Good night, dear mother, and sister, and nephews and nieces. Wait till my boxes come, children, and then you'll see toys and presents enough to make the house look like a booth at the fair. William," he added, confidentially, when they were out in the passage, "lend me a suit of your customer's clothes in the morning. I think I've overdone it a little, dressing so uncommon shabby."

CHAPTER VI. A COUPLE OF ANECDOTES.

It was eleven o'clock on the following morning, when a stout old gentleman, wearing a broad-brimmed Manilla hat, and leaning on a bamboo cane, arrived at the carpenter's door.

"Why Uncle Jonathan," cried Mary Sparkes, "who'd ha' thought of seeing you at this time of day! And I'm so ashamed, the place is in such a litter; for we'd gay doings last night."

"I heard of it," replied Captain Blenkinsop. "I know that nephew Mat's arrived."

"Who told you?"

"One of the postmen. He's a new hand in Tytherby, and was hunting about for a house on Bleaberry Hill. I set him right, and then we got yarning together. He says, 'Postmen see strange things. I called yesterday morning at a house where they all looked 'clemmed' with hunger, and couldn't raise twopence for the price of a letter; and last night I peeped into the same house as I passed by, and they were all feasting and carousing.' 'Name?' says I. 'Sparkes,' says he. 'Then, depend upon it,' says I, 'my nephew's come; and with that I piped for breakfast, got under weigh, crowded all sail, and here I am. Where is Mat, now?'"

"Gone with Willie, uncle, to the railway station to get his boxes."

"Here they come!" exclaimed Captain Blenkinsop. "But is it my old eyes that deceive me, or does Mat really look such a figure of fun?"

Brother Matthew did, indeed, look like a figure of fun, rigged out as he was in sundry garments entrusted to Willie by his customers for repairing purposes. He wore a bottle-green dress coat, with brass buttons, very short in the waist; a pair of corduroy trousers, fashionably loose in the leg; a red plush waistcoat, and Richard Sparkes' Sunday hat, which, being three sizes too large for his head, was perpetually falling over his eyes.

The following conversation ensued between the brothers as they entered the gate.

"They'll come by the next train, depend on it William," said Brother Matthew; "and perhaps you wouldn't mind going to fetch 'em. Recollect, there's three sea-chests, two portmanteaus, four

carpet-bags, and a hamper full of grub. You won't forget the hamper William?"

"No fear of that," said the cripple, with a smile; "but I shall be glad when your clothes come, Matthew; for looking at you as I do, with the eye of a tailor, I must say you do seem a bit of a guy."

"I'll soon mend that, when the boxes come. Hallo! who's that corpulent old gent in the front parlour?"

"That's uncle Jonathan—my sister-in-law's uncle, that is."

"Jonathan what?" asked Brother Matthew, suspiciously. "I always like to know names."

"Blenkinsop," replied the cripple, as they both entered the sitting-room.

What was it that made Brother Matthew start, and grow pallid, as if with apprehension? Perhaps, a touch of the faintness he had experienced over night.

Meanwhile, Captain Blenkinsop, who had never taken his eye off Brother Matthew from the moment he appeared at the gate until he reached the parlour, rose from his chair, and slowly hobbled forward, with a curiously stern expression on his weather-beaten face. He paused within two feet of Brother Matthew, brought his bamboo cane upon the floor with a bang, and then shouted, with the voice of a Stentor—

"Ship ahoy, there!"

"The Matthew Sparkes," answered brother Matthew, readily entering into the humour of the thing, "laden with a general cargo."

"I never asked what you was laden with, my lad," said the captain, sternly; "I want to see your colours."

"Colours! what d'ye mean?" asked Brother Matthew, with an appearance of general discomfort in his countenance.

"Uncle, uncle!" exclaimed Mary Sparkes, indignantly, "what are you doing? Don't judge of my brother-in-law by his clothes. Those he has on are only for a makeshift, till his luggage comes by the train."

"It's no question of clothes," said Captain Blenkinsop; "I'd welcome my cousin equally the same, whether he came dressed as fine as the Port Admiral, or in a suit of slop-togs bought of a Portsea Jew on the Common Hard. I stick to what I began with. I say, young man, show me your colours!"

"I don't know what you mean," said brother Matthew, who had sunk into a chair, and certainly showed no colours whatever in his face, except a dirty white.

"Then I'll explain myself," continued the captain, as he took a seat. "First and foremost, Willie, double lock that front-door, stand with your back against it, and if anybody offers to go out of it without my leave, knock him down with your right-hand crutch. Now, then," pursued the captain, as he glanced round the room, "if we're all comfortable, I'll tell a bit of an anecdote. There once lived a man called Andrew Sparkes, a fisherman and smackowner in this here port of Tytherby. He had three sons; the youngest, William, is this poor lad here,"—at this point the captain laid his hand kindly on Willie's shoulder—"the next above him, Richard, is laid up with a bad foot in the bedroom upstairs; the eldest of all, Matthew, ran away to sea. To say that he ran away altogether unknown to any of us would be telling a lie, for I connived at it. I saw he was a lad that would never do a stroke of good ashore, and so I told my old crony, Andrew Sparkes. But Andrew wanted his sons to follow landsmen's trades; he used to say the sea had swallowed up all his brothers, his own sons should have a fair chance of dying in their beds. Well, to cut a long story short, Mat was bent on going to sea. I was down in Tytherby then, taking a spell after a whaling voyage. I says, 'Mat, is your mind made up for the sea?' He says, 'Captain, it is.' I says, 'If so, let me have the pleasure of marking you as one of Neptune's Own.' I got gunpowder and needles, and I printed on his right arm, just below the shoulder, the figure of a full-rigged 74 gun ship, with the motto, 'Fear God, and do your duty,' underneath. Now, Mr. Matthew Sparkes, will you

have the kindness to oblige these parties present by stripping off your coat, and showing 'em old Jonathan Blenkinsop's badge of honour?"

To the surprise of everybody (except the captain, possibly), Brother Matthew sat pale as ashes, trembling with apprehension, and unable to utter a word.

"Well," said the captain, "may be the gentleman's shy of showing in his shirt sleeves before ladies. Well, let that pass; and now I'll tell you another anecdote. When I was at sea, I was, like most other captains, uncommonly fond of a bit of roast pork. I used to buy a young porker before I left port, and fatten him at sea for my own private table. It was the steward's business to feed him and keep him clean. Well, on one occasion we were coming home from Quebec with a few steerage passengers, and a select party in the cabin—one or two colonial big-wigs among 'em, who preferred a sailing-ship for a change, after the smoke, and smut, and noise of the steamers. The weather was cold and miserable, and I said, 'Gentlemen, the very first day we get clear of the Newfoundland fogs and icebergs, we'll have my pig for dinner.' Next day my steward—his name was Timothy Sneed—comes to me with a face as long as my arm. 'Please, sir,' he says, 'I'm afraid the pig's dying of the measles.' I ran forward, and, sure enough, there was the pig spotted all over like a panther, and lying all of a heap. 'Bad job,' I says, 'but it can't be helped. Throw him overboard; he ain't fit meat for Christians.' There was a strong smell of roast pig all about the gully that afternoon, but I thought nothing of it, knowing that foremast men ain't over particular. Later on, however, just before we reached Liverpool, the cook and steward got to loggerheads, and then I found out that Master Sneed had stupefied the pig with a dose of rum, dabbed him over with blue paint, and sold him to the steerage passengers for a sovereign. 'Steward,' I says, 'I'll give you your choice—I'll either prosecute you when we get to Liverpool, or I'll mark you. He chose to be marked; and now, ladies and gentlemen, if you'll turn up that gentleman's coat sleeve, you'll perceive on his left arm, near the shoulder, the figure of a pig, with T for thief written under it."

At the same moment the captain and Willie Sparkes each seized the *soi-disant* Brother Matthew, stripped off his coat, and displayed his badge of disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. THE REAL SIMON PURE.

Two days later, the whole family—Captain Blenkinsop and Richard Sparkes, the carpenter, included—were assembled round a handsome, sailor-like looking fellow, with a nut-brown, complexion and an immense sandy beard, which descended almost to his waist. His coat was off, and he was showing little Alice something on his right arm.

"What a beautiful little blue ship!" exclaimed the child. "And what's this underneath? 'Fear God, and do your duty.' Didn't it hurt terribly, Uncle Matthew?"

"It made me wince a bit, my dear," replied her uncle, with a laugh.

"Well, you're all convinced," said Captain Blenkinsop, "that this is the real Brother Matthew, ain't you?"

A chorus of voices replied, "Yes."

"Then now tell us how such a spendthrift young dog as you used to be ever contrived to grow rich?" asked the captain.

"Another time," answered Brother Matthew. "It's too long and curious a thing to begin now. Anyhow, I've shown you the bank receipts for the money. But tell me, captain, what did you do with my double, poor wretch?"

The captain actually blushed through his coppery complexion, and hesitated for a minute.

"Well," he said, at length, "I'll tell you the truth. I sent the rascal off with a guinea in his pocket, and told him to go and sin no more!"

Time.—The canvas of the great historical picture.

Malice.—Poison for arrows.

PASTIMES.

ENIGMA.

- A prime minister of Spain.
- An Emperor of Mexico.
- A town of Rhenish Prussia.
- A group of islands off the Coast of Java.
- A Grecian post.
- A celebrated Dutch painter.
- A son of Jacob and Leah.
- One of the Channel islands.

The initials form the name of a heathen goddess and the initials reveal what she was goddess of.

R. T. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete I am a murmur; behead me and I'm a noise; again and I am what one of Dickens' characters was.

2. Complete I am oppression; behead me I am perfection; now transpose, and I am often brought to table; curtail me and I am found in the printing office.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

- One of the signs of the Zodiac.
- One of the planets.
- One of the Southern Constellations.
- One of the signs of the Zodiac.
- The Earth's orbit.
- One of Herschell's planets.
- A star in Cavis Major.

The initials reveal one of the Constellations.

R. T. B.

CHARADES.

1. I am a word of nine letters; my 6, 8, 3, 2, expresses a known quantity, to which reference is often made; my 9, 2, 1, 5, is the staple manufacture in some towns; my 4, 5, 8, 7, 3, often means a centre; my 6, 8, 1, 5, is a kind of fish greatly esteemed by some; my 3, 5, 8, 9, is a fowl; my 9, 2, 1, is a sort of gum, and my 3, 8, 7, a kind of resin; my 3, 8, 9, 5, we often peruse with interest; my 1, 8, 6, 5, 3, is a military title; my 6, 8, 3, 5, is a nice fruit; my 4, 2, 7, 3, is an animal, and my *whole* is a splendid edifice of great beauty. J. J.

2. To my *first* men are bred, not a few;
And all men my *next* seem to love;
My *whole* can't be made without two,
And to one very bad it may prove.

3. Torn from my native tree, ah, sad to tell!
My *first* you drive to solitary cell;
My *next*, because not fashioned to break loose,
You turn to various and enduring use;
My *whole* is quickly called its power to lend,
What time you visit or receive your friend.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A celebrated college. 2. A sound. 3. Not repeated. 4. Want.

REBUS.

I am used by the fair sex in castle and cot,
And the fop of the city despises me not;
Behold me, and masons look on me with pride;
Curtail me—at midnight my splendours preside;
Transpose, then, the last, and from silence and rest
I change to a troublesome plague, and a pest. X.L.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. A son having asked his father's age, the father replied, "Your age is 12 years; to which, if five-eighths of both our ages be added, the sum will be equal to mine. What was the father's age? NEMO.

ANSWERS TO TRANSPOSITIONS, &c.

No. 56.

Transpositions.—*Machiavelli.* 1. Arbuthnot. 2. Apollinarius. 3. Ingleborough. 4. Islington. 5. Lysippus. 6. Lymington. 7. Maximinus. 8. Vertumnus. 9. Carisbrook Castle. 10. Evesham. 11. Holmesville.

Puzzle.—To be tenacious in the midst of trifles is the mark of a mean understanding.

Rebus.—David.

Charades.—1. Sealing wax. 2. Turnpike. 3. Don-key.

A CELEBRATED lecturer on natural philosophy was one evening dilating upon the powers of the magnet—defying any one to name or show anything surpassing its powers. An old gentleman accepted the challenge, much to the lecturer's surprise; but he nevertheless invited him on to the platform, when he told the lecturer that woman was the magnet of magnets—for, if the loadstone on the table could attract a piece of iron for a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him *thirteen miles every Sunday to have a chat with her!*

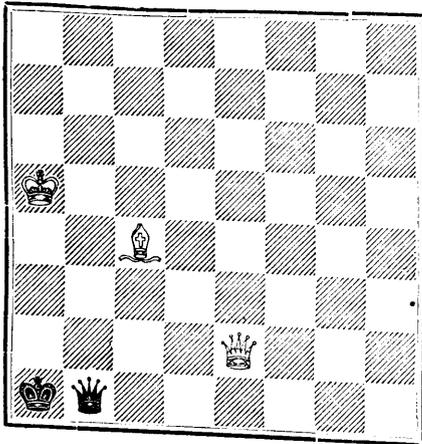
Bee.—A partner, and out-door collector is an expensive sugar factory.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 45.

By "CENTURINI," ITALY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 43.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q 6 (dble. ch.) | K to K 4. |
| 2. B takes Kt (ch.) | B takes B. |
| 3. R to K 7 Mate. | |

ENIGMA No. 19.

By "STELLA."

(From the Ill. Lon. News.)



K 2.



K sq.



K B 7



Q B 7



K 4.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 17.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K B 8. | K to Kt 7. |
| 2. R to Q sq. dis. mate. | |

MISCELLANEA.

The estimate given by Mr. Fulton for supplying London with water from the river Wye amounts to £7,000,000.

It is computed that there now pass into the city of London daily three-quarters of a million of human beings, and that the same number pass out at night, leaving but its residential or sleeping population of 113,387, and this vast daily influx is equal to one-fourth part of the whole metropolitan population.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—The total progress at both ends of the Mont Cenis Tunnel through the Alps for connecting France and Italy, was, for the year ending May 9, 1866, about three and-a-half miles, out of about seven and-a-half miles, leaving about four miles to be pierced.

FEMALE EMIGRATION.—Miss Rye lately sent out from Liverpool by the Government emigration ship *Red Jacket*, 100 selected young women, the majority of whom are English, a considerable number Irish, and a few Scotch, to Melbourne. They are all girls qualified by physical health and moral character to take positions in domestic life as servants of various ranks, when they reach the colonies.

THE PNEUMATIC DESPATCH COMPANY.—The report of the directors of the Pneumatic Despatch Company states that a series of carefully recorded experiments as to the cost and facility of working has been made, from which it appears that 120 tons of goods can be passed through the tube per hour at a speed of eighteen miles, the cost being under one penny per ton per mile.

In a Berlin military hospital they perform some amputations with circular saws. A fine-toothed saw, running at a high velocity, is said to sever a limb instantly, without making a ragged cut.

Statistics go to prove that tea is used as a beverage by one-half of the human race.

The American Government has provided 6,075 artificial limbs for soldiers, at a cost of 357,628 dollars.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

At a white heat all magnetism disappears; it is still sensible in iron when heated to a dark red glow.

THERE is at present on one of the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne a boat that moves about without either steam, oars, sails, or any other visible means of propulsion. The power employed is that of electricity, which, by an ingenious contrivance, communicates a rotary motion to a pair of paddle-wheels.

AN ARTISTS' NIGHT LIGHT.—An interesting conference on colour as regards artificial light has been given by M. Nichles, at Nancy. This professor spoke at great length on the power possessed by light produced by the combustion of magnesium to bring out certain natural as well as artificial colours with the identical brilliancy which they have by day. The presence of chloride of sodium in domestic lighting, he said, explains the impossibility of distinguishing certain shades of a dress, a flower, or painting, by night. A magnesium lamp, such as is used by photographers for night scenes, would permit of artists working at night with as much certainty as by daylight.

DEODORISERS.—A correspondent of the *Builder* says he has lately tried various kinds of deodorising powder, with a view to finding out the most effective and economical, and he considers the two best to be—McDougall's Disinfecting Powder, which costs 10s. 6d. per cwt., and Dr. Bishop's Sanitary Powder, which costs 5s. per cwt., and is also made up in packets of 1d. each and canisters at 6d. each. The former is a fine white powder, requires no preparation, and is free from poison. The latter is a brown powder; and on account of its cheapness, and the convenient form in which it is sold, is the one that he has adopted for use. The sixpenny canisters are perforated at the top, so that they may be used for dredging the powder. He considers that no private house should be without a supply of one of these powders; that a little of the powder should be sprinkled twice a week in the dustbin, and wherever any smell is perceived.

THE NEW FIRE ANNIHILATOR, L'EXTINCTEUR.—A series of experiments with this machine has taken place under the superintendence of Mr. Casper, the licensee, in a field attached to Wilson's yard, Highbury. The powers of the engine were first tested in extinguishing a fire which was supposed to have burst out on a staircase. After this, a shed or room, constructed entirely of wood, in which were placed several tarred barrels, a quantity of shavings, and splintered wood, was set fire to. The flames were allowed to spread over the whole of the building before any attempt was made to extinguish them. The fluid which was poured upon them from the engine, in rather less than a minute, it is reported, subdued the fire, about two quarts of the fluid only having been used in the operation. A tank filled with tar, over which several pints of naphtha had been thrown, was next set fire to. After burning furiously for some time, the engine was brought into play, and in fifteen seconds the fire was extinguished.—*Builder*.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

EPITAPH ON A GAMBLER.—Cut.

THE MERCHANT'S PATRON SAINT.—St. Ledger.

A QUESTION FOR ENGINEERS.—Why is the toughest kind of iron required to make an engine tender?

PERQUISITES.—A cook's perquisites do not extend to the ownership of master, when he comes home in the wet, and is dripping.

WHY is a lady's hair like a bee-hive?—It holds the comb.

WHY are two *l's* like hops?—Because they make beer better.

WE wonder if anybody ever picked up a tear that was dropped.

THE man who carries all before him—the wheel-barrow-man.

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

SCOLDING is the pepper of matrimony; the ladies are pepper-boxes.

GETTING INTO A SCRAPE.—Cutting bread and butter for a cheap boarding-school.

CALEB WHITFORD, an American gentleman of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly at work knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing?—"Knotting, sir," replied she; "pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?"—"I can-not, madam," answered he.

SELF-ESTEEM.—A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself? Jonathan replied that he had two good substantial reasons: in the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and, in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

A YANKEE MINISTER, being threatened with deprivation, said to some of his flock, that if he were "deprived" it would cost a hundred men their lives. On being asked what he meant by such a threat, he explained that if he lost his benefice he should set up as a quack doctor, and if so, he had no doubt he should be the death of at least a hundred patients.

NOTICE TO LOVERS.—In the settlements of the far West, where as yet there are but few women, lucky suitors find that they cannot be too watchful. What a picture of anxious love defending its object against a siege of importunities is brought before the mind by the following advertisement, which we take from the Western paper:—"Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and for ever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

THERE is a gentleman at present in Devonshire who is so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a small piece of plaster on her cheek, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

COLERIDGE was descanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It isn't handsome, Coleridge," said Lamb; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing."—"What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as every one knows, was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

HOW to BECOME INVISIBLE.—The gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes, and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A FEW days since a gentleman called upon some lady friends, and was shown into the parlour by a servant girl. She asked him what name she should announce, and he, wishing to take them by surprise, replied "Amicus" (a friend). The girl seemed at first a little puzzled, but quickly regained her composure, and in the blandest manner possible observed, "What kind of a cuss did you say, sir?"

SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A Quaker lady recently explained to her new domestic that washing-day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day! Not she.