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THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

CHAPTER XL. BRINGING THINGS TO A POINT.

WHEN Paul left Mistress Preston his brain was bubbling with joyous emotion, his whole nature in a state of delicious intoxication. He trod on air as he swept through the streets. He broke out now and then into a low laugh, which died faintly off into a sweet smile. He felt a wondrous benevolence towards all created beings; he even forgave that minister of civic justice to whom the good knight had proposed to remit the duty of correcting Paul's rebellious temper.

That lasted for a little while. It was no wonder that Paul was exhilarated by the favour of such an exquisite young creature. He refused to think of her as a Millwood, as his master had coarsely designated her, just as he refused to think that he (Paul) was a George Barnwell, prepared to murder her slanderer. She had

been so sweet to him; so forgetful of his lowly origin; of the humiliation he had imposed on her the night of his great temptation; so altogether forgetful of herself! For what had he to offer in exchange for such bounty? Nothing. Dear, sweet, generous, noble-minded girl! How could Paul love her enough?

That was the first phase of the 'prentice's thoughts as he wandered about the streets the whole night, unable to get into his room without confronting Janvers, and being in a mood of utter recklessness as to consequences.

But that phase gradually subsided into another and more inquisitive one. Who was this lady? He really knew nothing about her. Where were her friends? How was it she seemed to have such a command of money? Was it possible that her vocation as a spy was so profitable? Hardly. No, he chose to think of her still as a lady who had embarked, from political enthusiasm, in such a disreputable career—or what was ordinarily thought so. But then, what meant those references to her own self which had more than once dropped from her,

implying she was by no means an angel of goodness permitted to visit earth for Paul's benefit?

Paul's limited experience of the world was still not so limited as to leave him regardless of the fact that young ladies of character, family, and fortune, even if fanatically devoted to a cause, do not wander about the streets of London alone, in order to meet young gentlemen, or to accompany 'prentices to Ranelagh.

He had not cared till now to weigh these things. Why should he? She could have nothing selfish to get out of him; no motive for encouraging him but personal liking. Why then make himself uncomfortable about things he didn't understand? Why, not enjoy the "good the gods provided," and rest content?

These questions, somehow, didn't seem to-night to be as successful as before in satisfying Paul. His growing love naturally made him more earnest, thoughtful, manly; and he began to contemplate with a certain dread the quite new contingency of his falling passionately in love with a woman who was possibly worthless, or,



"Oh, Paul! dear Paul!"

if not exactly worthless, still, one of so fickle and undomestic a character, that she would simply make a happy married life an impossibility.

And now there began to steal in, under cover of these suspicious and alarms, a speculation that sadly troubled Paul. Mistress Preston had certainly seemed, just for a brief space, while talking about the mercer, to put on quite a new character—to become clear, decided, energetic, business-like, calculating. What could that mean? He didn't know. All kinds of fancies disturbed him, and he was obliged to dismiss the subject without obtaining any kind of satisfaction, for he could not bear to realize, even to his own fancy, the odious idea that she was literally neither more nor less than a hired mercenary spy.

And then, as the fumes of his spiritual intoxication passed away—as dreams began to pass into reality, ideal moonlight into prosaic day—he began to note, by sensible but sure steps, the nature of the descent he had been accomplishing.

No doubt of it. He was going down, down, deeper and deeper, and that, too, immediately after his wonderful redemption from the natural consequences of his crime. He had vowed to himself he would never see Mistress Preston again. It was that intention that had enabled him to carry things with such a high hand before the mercer. He had felt so strong, so indignant with his master at his desire for interference. Well, how was it now? Why, he had justified everything the mercer said and did. Paul saw this, and seemed to sink utterly.

He was losing his master's friendship, if, indeed, it was not now absolutely gone. He would presently be without the means to earn his bread, except, possibly, by the most severe and degrading labour. Daniel Sterne and he were evidently separating in feeling. All things were going from him, except Mistress Preston; and, when Paul looked at her from that stand-point—the ruins of the industrious home he had possessed—he seemed no longer to have any faith in her.

Poor fellow! The fact was, his nerves were so utterly unstrung, that no part of his intellectual being was faithful to him—no part was fit to give him true counsel. An intense depression overwhelmed him the instant he escaped from the influence of Mistress Preston's fascinations. He wished himself dead. Ay, young as he was, he began to find a kind of morbid pleasure in recurring to the thought of suicide.

Strange! his first thought always was, in connection with it, how it would shake the mercer!

Was he, then, so vindictive? No; it was rather from the strength of his natural love for his master—the earnestness of his desire for his respect; and, when the love and the respect were both alike hopeless, and had been replaced by painful and unseemly images of justice, constables, whipping-posts, and other amenities of the kind, Paul naturally felt a strong revulsion of his former feelings, and became for the moment intensely antagonistic.

Whatever the temptation, the fancy grew upon him. "Cato" was played about this time, and Paul borrowed a copy of the play, and hung upon its words relative to suicide with a morbid yearning.

Still, he was too manly to play at suicide. Consequently, he guarded his thoughts so jealously that Daniel Sterne, imposed upon by his gay, light conversation when they met in the garret at night, had not the slightest thought of what was working beneath in Paul's mind.

But when Paul was alone in his bed-chamber, the evil occasionally going to Blackheath, he would sit for hours together on his bed, not reading, but simply yielding to the terrible stream of evil thoughts that were striving to carry him to destruction.

At times he would break out into a flood of passionate tears, and throw himself on the bed, and there lie hour after hour, asking from God that he might die without having to compass his own death by an act of wickedness. All Cato's reasoning had not sufficed to destroy

Paul's natural and true instinct. He wanted now but a single determining incident to lead to a catastrophe; and that incident was not long in coming.

Growing more and more annoyed at Paul's behaviour, justly incensed at his ungenerousness in not perceiving that he had been allowed to postpone his return to the less honourable labours of the shop, in order to give him a chance to win the knight's favour—or, if he perceived it, then at his obstinacy in refusing to take advantage of the kindness—the mercer suddenly called on Paul one morning, when he was passing through the shop to go to his accustomed place in the parlour, to take his place under Smeox, and serve.

Paul coloured, said nothing, took his place, and after a few minutes, became the very life and soul of his comrades, with his sly whispers and jests, his satirical humour, his buoyant spirits. The very men who had been prepared to punish him, by making him drink to the dregs his cup of humiliation, were delighted with him, and became genial, kind, respectful.

Once, when Paul noted that, a glastly change came over his face, that those who saw it could not understand, but asked him if he was ill.

"Never better in all my life! I'm not fitted for pen work. I shall stick to the counter in future. You won't catch me going back there!"

Paul glanced with his eye in the direction of the parlour, but there was so much meaning in the tone and the look, that the kindly fellow to whom the remark was addressed felt quite uncomfortable.

Just about the time when it was Paul's turn to go to dinner there was a great bustle outside. Paul glanced through the window, and saw Christina alighting from the mercer's coach.

In an instant he was out of the shop, then madly leaping up the stairs, two or three at a time, till he reached his garret. The door was then closed abruptly after him, locked, and bolted.

His features were violently distorted, his limbs trembling, his hand shaking violently, his accents hollow and broken, as he said—

"No better time! No better time! She hasn't seen me there. She will see me in an hour's time, if—"

Paul sat down and wrote with some difficulty, and not without more than one outburst of tears, the following lines on a piece of paper, which he intended to leave just where it was:—

"I have spoiled my life by my own act. I have nothing good to live for. I see, if I live, I shall live only for evil. It is a cowardly thing to fly temptation thus. I know that. I wouldn't do so if that was all. If I was now true, honest—anything but what I am—I would fight on. But as it is—"

"To any real friends I may have—any who will care for me—I beg to give my kindest regards, and I ask humbly their forgiveness next to God's. If they need any excuse from me, let them believe I am very miserable.

"If, indeed, my master should be shocked, and even feel inclined to grieve for me, then I would say—Farewell, dearest and best of men and masters! Do not too long think harshly of your miserable servant,

PAUL ARKDALE."

When Paul had finished the writing of this paper, which was not accomplished without many tears as he approached the end, he seemed to dismiss it determinedly from his thoughts, and began to look about him, as if asking—Was there anything he had forgotten that ought to be remembered at such a time? But even while he thought, and while various things seemed to begin to trouble him, he put his hand to his head, as if he was getting hopelessly confused, and then he dismissed them without further effort.

He then, in a strangely furtive manner, as if suspicious of eyes secretly on the watch, drew forth a phial with a label, on which was written a prescription, how obtained was not clear, as the name above it had been so defaced as to be illegible. One saw in that prescription that the essential feature of the medicine was laudanum

—that it was a powerful preparation of the drug, as if for some very special disease, and finally, that the proper dose was a few drops in water, whereas here was a phial full, and ready for more sinister uses.

Yes, Paul knew well enough that, when he looked upon that little phial, he looked upon that which was quite powerful enough, if the whole were taken at once, to kill him.

After a glance at it, as if only to satisfy himself he had it, and that he had not accidentally broken the bottle and spilled its contents, he returned the poison-medicine to his side pocket, and went to gaze out through his little window upon the river.

It was a fine, bright, sunny, breezy noon, when the very air seemed to have something in it of the spirit of music and dance, and to be full of promises of enjoyment, present and future.

How full of life the world seemed to Paul, at the moment when he was going to quit it! The watermen's wherries were flying about in all directions. A civic barge, gleaming in gold and rich in gorgeous colouring was moving slowly along, with the even, strong, magnificent sweep of oars held in many hands visible on either side, as the vessel appeared in a foreshortened position. A superb band was on board, and it was playing as though the whole world just then had nothing to do but to play or to listen.

Paul felt he would never again make one in such an excursion! Never again handle with practised craft the oars of the wherry! Never again be, what he had often been, the delight of his companions—their leader in a thousand follies; the *beau ideal* of many a younger pretence, who thought to himself of the wherry's handsomeness, good humour, courage, hardihood, and irrepressible gaiety of Paul Arkdale, and strove vainly to imitate.

Paul's head dropped on his hands, with his elbows on the window-sill, and there he remained a long time, a single tear glistening in the sunlight, but with no other manifestation of his feelings or intentions. He seemed himself to have forgotten, or put aside for the moment, the momentous question of the hour.

"No," he murmured, after a long pause, "I see but too clearly I have ruined my life by that one act. I am not of the stuff out of which to make criminals—not criminals, at least, of that most infamous class. Were I less sensitive I might accept my fate. If men looked at me at wondering, 'Is this the secret thief?' I might look at them again, and grow brazen by insensible degrees. As it is, I don't feel inclined for any such struggles: I don't feel inclined to acknowledge that my honour, happiness, position, hopes, aims, love, life—everything I possess in the world—are at any moment, for aught I know, to be at the mercy of brutal, detestable wretches, who would not mind pointing at me under the slightest provocation—perhaps, even only because they knew I was doing my duty. Why, then, do I stay my hand? Am I afraid?"

"No, I can answer that. I am not afraid, as regards my miserable body; but I own it would be to me a priceless blessing if my life would now pass out of my hands by some nobler deed than this cowardly, tricky one—this shameful suicide!"

"Could I not join the army, taking care to get to where fighting is going on, and then easily settle the business by dying in a kind of halo of honour, such as desperate valour might give even to a man stained like me?"

"Ah, yes, that would be delicious, were it but practicable! But the relief must be now. I am not going to trust myself to delays. No, it is now or never!"

And yet doubt and perplexities innumerable shook the unhappy youth, and caused fresh and fresh hesitations. The shock to his brother, the mercer; to Christina—even to his next acquaintance, Daniel Sterne, did at times appal him, as with a sense of the cruel wrong he proposed to commit. But then, he always came back to the same ultimate solution—that which his friends could not prevent they must bear. If he lived he would only disgrace them; and summary measures, therefore, were best.

Then old childish, superstitious beliefs rose to trouble him with supernatural fears. It was awful enough to contemplate his body buried at midnight, at the meeting of four cross roads, with a stake driven through it. But what was that to the further idea that his ghost would ever have to haunt the place, unable to regain the shadow of its earthly tenement; unable, therefore, to appear before the great Redeemer of the world, among hosts of other miserable and wicked spirits, coming to ask for mercy! Such was the sort of story Paul remembered to have been once told by his dear mother about some suicide; and while he laughed at the fancy, in the intense bitterness of his spirit, it not the less tended to paralyse his action.

He fetched a Bible from his trunk, and began, with a strange and peculiar eagerness, to handle it. He did not at first open it, but held it back downward, its leaves upwards, pressed close by his hands on each side, while he gazed intently on the hollow gilt half-circle they thus presented, as if he expected something to issue from them.

"I must mind," he murmured to himself, "not to let the slightest inclination of my fingers determine at what part it shall open, beginning, middle, or end; and when open, my eye must fall accidentally, and rest unmoving, upon the one and only sentence they first see."

"It is a foolish trick, but I will try it." The Bible opened, and the first words he had were—

"Thou shalt do no murder!"

And then Paul began a kind of contention with himself as to whether he had not evaded by a conscious juggle the neighbouring words—

"Thou shalt not steal!"

It was that—he was sure of it, that he had been intended to see; and if so, that was the exact warning he desired! and looked for. He didn't intend to steal. But he had stolen. The logic was irresistible that he might steal again, unless—

At that moment voices called out for him from below.

Paul hesitated no longer. He drew with rapid, impulsive, trembling, but wilful fingers the fatal phial forth, and drained it to the last drop.

"I—I—wasn't afraid to die," he murmured, a minute or so afterwards, as he began to feel sick and dizzy, and was obliged to walk unsteadily across the floor to his bed, and sit down.

"What was it I read? "Thou shalt do no murder!" George Barnwell again, I suppose. No! Oh, God, I see it now. It is I who am the murderer of myself! Mercy! mercy!"

He dropped back fainting upon the bed, and then, when he revived a little, he heard voices singing in his ears, and his eyes again opened, and he saw, among others, figures that he could not distinguish, a horror-stricken but most lovely face, Christina's, and then the rest was silence—darkness—oblivion.

CHAPTER XLII. PAUL'S VISITOR.

The mercer came that morning into London in decidedly a bad temper. And as it was Paul who was chiefly the author of this state of feeling, it was not unnatural that he should incline to let the full weight of his displeasure fall on that arch though young criminal.

But there was probably something more than anger in the mercer's thoughts when he determined in his own mind to bring Christina with him to London on this particular day, and let her see Paul's humiliation in being returned to the duties of the shop.

Christina did not see that, however, though she was destined to see something far more serious Paul's sensitive fears and his quick eye anticipated, as we have seen, her coming, and sent him away, flying like a madman to his garret.

"Where's Paul?" demanded the knight, as he entered the shop, Christina leaning on his arm, and looking very pale.

Nobody knew. He had been there not a minute ago.

He was sought for, but as nobody thought he

would go to his bedroom at that hour, nobody followed him to the right place.

The mercer looked puzzled; he went to his room, and sat down to his books.

In a minute he got up, and looking, Christina thought, very strangely, went out.

She heard him ascend the stairs, and her heart misgave her as to what might be going to happen.

She listened as well as she could, while keeping herself free from observation, to those heavy, monotonous steps, ascending like a destiny, so it struck her, to influence Paul for the future—perhaps fatally. Unable any longer to resist the temptation to follow, and being accustomed to roam at her pleasure through some of the upper rooms, she followed those heavy sounding steps till they reached the threshold of Paul's garret, and she reached the landing below.

Christina tried to resist the terrible thought that oppressed her—the idea of some great impending calamity—by reminding herself how kind in substantial her father was, and how foolish Paul would be to make too much of a few angry words, even if accompanied by a few angry acts, when suddenly she stood, lips wide apart, her limbs paralysed, her whole attitude like that of one of the heroines of a Greek tragedy at the moment of discovery of a stupendous crime or horror.

What had she heard?

Merely a sort of gasping exclamation from her father, but which sounded like—

"Good God, Paul!"

Then an instant after the mercer came to the stair-head, and shouted—

"Help! Help! Fetch the doctor! Paul is ill—dying! Run, all of you, for the nearest surgeon!"

Christina by this time found her power return to her, and she glided up the stairs whiter than the whitewash on the walls—glided past the mercer, who stared at her in helpless surprise—glided into the room—saw Paul lying there, a picture not much unlike that which a man of genius in our own time has produced of Chatterton; and then the words sprang to her lips, and escaped before she thought of their meaning—

"Oh, Paul! Paul! dear Paul!" and she threw herself, with a cry of anguish, down by the side of his couch, kneeling and rubbing his hands in passionate emotion, to try to bring back warmth and life, both of which had apparently fled.

That sight brought the mercer to his senses.

"Christina," he said, sternly, feeling sternness was kindness just now, "go down-stairs. I will see to him. I will not leave him till he is restored. He is not dead. Christina, guard yourself. Let not others hear what I have now heard."

Christina looked at him in a helpless sort of way, as if trying to remember what she had said, and a slight passing tinge of colour came into her face, and then she was as pale as before, and she murmured—

"Father—I—pitied Paul—no more!" And then she obeyed him, and went down-stairs. And there, in cruel suspense, she had to wait hour after hour, while medical men came and went, and came back again, and while she could hear all sorts of whispers passing about. "He is dead!" "No, he still lives!" and so on, and still there came no satisfaction for her, one way or the other.

But at last the mercer came down, looking very sad and jaded, and said—

"Well, Teena, we've saved the young rascal, at all events."

And Christina said not a word in reply.

Before that evening closed Paul was again sitting up in bed, conscious, though weak almost as an "unborn babe," as the nurse said of him.

He was sitting up for a special reason. There was a visitor waiting to see him, one who insisted on seeing him, alive or dead. The stranger was admitted.

Paul no sooner saw him than he uttered a cry of joy and shame, and flung himself down on his face to the pillow.

The visitor sat down somewhat heavily in the

rush-bottomed chair by Paul's bed, and looking at Paul and shaking his head, said gently—

"By the mass, lad, 'twere better for thee and me had I kept thee scraping chins at Bolton."

Then he sat still, holding Paul's slight hand in one of his, while the other he laid over his eyes, as though the light, which was rather dim than otherwise in Paul's garret, dazzled him.

"I could scrape roads now," blubbered Paul, presently. "God bless you, Humphrey! God bless you for coming!"

"Why, as to that, lad, there is some credit to me, for I have left a very charming woman, who is about to become my wife." This caused Paul to lift up his fevered, dishevelled head, and look in his brother's face.

Humphrey gave him a significant nod. Paul smiled, and told himself he would hear the meaning of this another time.

As Paul slowly recovered strength, his brother explained to him that it was Daniel Sterne who had written to warn him (Humphrey) of Paul's unsatisfactory state. Where was that personage now?

Paul did not know. But the mention of his name, and the recollection of his knowledge of what Paul had done, and of Paul's full confession to him, naturally drove Paul into a similar confession to Humphrey, which was at first hard to make, but which was inevitable, if only to explain this last and terrible incident, the suicide.

Humphrey was shocked—was angry—was a little bitter. He could not help it. And having told his mind, he became kind, thoughtful, and comforting.

"Well, come, Paul, I am truly indebted to our friend Daniel Sterne for having brought me here—in the very nick of time to save you. That is, if you want to be saved. Have you got to the end, the bottom, the very bottom of this perilous slope down which you have been sliding at a precious pace? Have you?"

"I think so! I hope so!"

"Say it shall be so, Paul. Don't talk nonsense. Nothing sickens me more than to hear a young, healthy, clever, energetic fellow like you take it into his head that he is henceforth a sort of moral paralytic—wants to be honest, wants to work, wants to do all sorts of good things, but really can't be sure whether he can or no! For shame, for shame, Paul! Up and at 'em, all these cowardly enemies of yours—fear and shame, and love of indulgence! You indulged in pleasure yesterday, to-day you indulge in grief. My boy, the true indulgence for you is some good, hopeful, manly work!"

"Ah, Humphrey—hopeful work! That would be sweet to me!"

"If you are ready I'll find it for you."

"When?"

"Now, this very instant of time."

"Are you serious? Do you mean you have really something in your mind that—"

"That will make a man of you again? Judge for yourself. Lean back on your pillow; don't try your little strength. You'll have to lie here many days, in spite of all I'm going to say. Mind that, for I expect, when I have spoken, you'll be proposing to get up at once and go about it!"

Paul smiled a little at that, and dropped back, gratefully, thinking to himself—

"Ah, yes, he is strong! If anybody can do the thing for me it will be he." And then he listened, with eager and growing interest, to his brother's speech.

"Paul," he began, "you know I have my eye upon the cotton manufacture as the foundation of a magnificent future for me and for England. Why did I not, then, put you into connection with it in some way or other? Because I don't think it wise to have too many eggs in one basket. What I did for you, was to put you in connection with another manufacture, just as important as cotton—that of silk."

"But I have nothing to do with the silk manufacture," said Paul, faintly and wandringly. "Haven't you? We'll see about that. Your master is a partner in the silk mill at Derby, and it's about that I want to talk to you. Mind, Paul, this is no new idea, but one I have been

preparing for a long time, I wish it hadn't come uppermost now through such a slip of yours. But there, Paul, boy, don't mind me: I'll never say a word more to you on the subject from that hour that I see you accept your future in a manly spirit."

"I do accept it! I will!" said Paul, with the first show of energetic display that he had manifested since the series of late events.

"That's enough. And now Paul, boy, I shall be as ready as ever to knock down the man who says a really harsh and bad thing against you. Well, now to my story. Haven't you heard Sir Richard complain of the way in which the Coombes, of Derby, beat all the other silk manufacturers out of the field?"

"Indeed I have. He says he'd give a thousand pounds any day to the man who could bring him the knowledge how to deal with the silk as the Coombes deal with it."

"A thousand pounds! No doubt! Sir Richard would soon make fifty thousand by it. And I, Paul!—this was said in a whisper—"I would make ten times fifty thousand before I die, if I had the benefit of the same discovery."

"But I don't understand—" Paul was beginning to say, getting a little excited at the mere thought that he was to be concerned in such gigantic operations; but Humphrey stopped him.

"No; but you shall. Listen. The Coombes got this discovery in a most extraordinary way. One of them went to Italy; got into a silk factory,—in spite of the knowledge that it was death by the law of the country, for any one to do what he was doing—worked as an artisan, made drawings of every part of the machinery under a thousand difficulties—got home; and that's the story. Paul, the Coombes are making a rapid fortune through that bold and skilful stroke! Paul, are you man enough to undertake the same business against the Coombes?" Paul's eyes sparkled; his colour mounted, his limbs became restless; and he would soon have been dangerously relapsing, but for Humphrey's wise and tender nursing.

After an hour or two of pleasant pondering over this theme, Paul got permission to renew the talk.

"Will it be dangerous?"

"Very!"

"I'm glad of that," said Paul, with new animation.

"There now, didn't I tell you rightly? The world isn't quite exhausted yet; there's something yet to live for—a bit of soul-stirring, dangerous adventure!"

"But, Humphrey, be frank with me. Do you really think I am capable of this?"

"No man more so. It won't do to choose anybody who would look in the least like a plotter. Your young, bright, merry face—for it will soon recover itself when you see a path open before you—will disarm suspicion."

"And if I do what is wanted, and give you the benefit of the information, you are quite willing I should go with it first to Sir Richard, my master?"

"First? Well, yes! under existing circumstances, I can understand even a slight thing like that may be a comfort and an incentive. But, Paul, mind to be business-like, lad. Good men grow at times strangely selfish all of a sudden when prosperity comes. You musn't leave me dependent on Sir Richard's good offices, for I tell you, I want the information myself even more than he does. But when I get it, it is only a step with me. Fortunately, I already see my way to the whole course beyond, I mean to say this, Paul—there is a special difficulty I cannot yet get over, and I feel certain that that particular difficulty has been got over by the Coombes."

"Humphrey, will it do if I make a second set of drawings for you exactly like the first?"

"That's just the thing! Can you draw?"

"Yes, enough for that."

"You will want money. I am as poor as a rat—considering my necessities for progress—but what you actually need you shall have."

"What! So that I need take nothing from the mercer?"

"Exactly."

"I need not even tell him perhaps."

"As you please about that. But, Paul, about the money? That is a ticklish point."

"Yes. Don't be afraid. I wouldn't spent a sixpence of it in pleasure for all that might be promised me if I did. Pleasure! Merciful, Heaven! I have found what that means!"

"Well, now, Paul, keep yourself rigidly quiet and get well. Make notes—brief ones of every thought that occurs to you as to the best mode of action. Go over these incessantly—combine them, organise them into a plan, and then go on and prosper."

"Humphrey, I do think I shall accomplish this. I do think I shall."

"But mind, I won't deceive you; the danger is great. There is no law for you to fear as in Italy, but the Coombes have made their own law. I have been near enough to them to know that no man's life would last out their discovery of him as an interloper. They have got among



them, no doubt purposely, some of the greatest brutes the neighbourhood can supply; and these men have been carefully trained, and stimulated by the hope of large rewards, to watch for just such adventurers as you must be. I would have done it myself, but for the certainty of detection—so many know me as a dabbler in the art. Well, Paul, that's the state of the case—a very big lion in the path! Dare you go on?"

(To be continued.)

JACQUES CARTIER.

JACQUES CARTIER, the discoverer of Canada, was born at St. Malo, on the 31st December, 1494. St. Malo is a seaport of some importance now, as it was in the fifteenth century; it is the capital of the department of Ille et Villaine, near the mouth of the river Rance, in the British Channel. It is one of the historical towns of France, and boasts of many other

celebrated men. It is justly proud of being the native place of Cartier and Châteaubriand. The great French navigator was a member of an illustrious brotherhood, and takes rank with Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Cortez, Magellan, Raleigh, Drake, and other explorers of India and the American continent. Most of them were not merely intrepid and venturesome seamen, but highly cultivated men, deeply read in the knowledge of the times in which they lived. Christopher Columbus is, at once, the greatest and the truest type of the class—a scholar, a statesman, and a hero; and Jacques Cartier was worthy of his renowned predecessor in the discovery of the New World. He, too, was a hero in the true sense of the word; a plain, simple man, but of the genuine heroic mould. It is not easy to conceive the difficulties that the first explorers of America had to contend against, in view of the existing facilities of navigation. With ships often of small size, which would now be scarcely considered seaworthy, they had to grope their way in unknown seas, the dangers of which were exaggerated by superstition and fable, to which even the wisest gave some belief in these days. The descriptions of Columbus, Cortez, and Cartier are alike colored with romance, and which, but for their evident faith in the truth of what they related, might deserve a harsher name.

Francis the First of France was ambitious to acquire a portion of the fair lands of which Spain and Portugal became possessed in America and India, after the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama. Referring to the Papal bull granting half the globe to the Spanish and Portuguese crowns, he asked by what clause of Adam's will he was debarred from a share in the newly-found countries, and he resolved to enforce his equal right to them. Cartier, like the natives of St. Malo, generally, was bred in early life to the sea, and had made several voyages to Newfoundland, when he was selected by the King to go in search of unknown lands in North America. With that object in view, two vessels of 60 tons, and each manned by 61 men, were placed under his command. With these he sailed from St. Malo on the 20th April, 1534, and reached the east coast of Newfoundland on the 10th of May; steering northward, he entered the Strait of Belle-Isle, and coasted along the shores of Labrador; but changing his course to the south, he discovered the Magdalen Islands, and explored the Bay des Chaleurs and Gaspé Bay, of which he took formal possession for the crown of France. He gathered some information respecting the interior of the country from the Indians, two of whom he carried home with him. Impeded by strong currents to the north of Anticosti, and dreading the approach of winter, he departed for France, and arrived at St. Malo on the fifth of September.

The King was so well pleased with Cartier's account of his discoveries, that he placed under his command three ships for a new expedition. With these he again left St. Malo on 19th May, 1535, after receiving the benediction of the church. The vessels consisted of *La Grande Hermine*, of 120 tons, *La Petite Hermine*, of 60 tons, and a smaller one, the *Emerillon*, designed to explore creeks and rivers, which the others could not enter, owing to their greater size and draft of water. Contrary winds prevailing, the passage out was long and difficult, and it was the 26th July before the squadron, which had separated, assembled in the Strait of Belle-Isle. Detained there for some time by bad weather, the ships proceeded westward on the 7th August, and on the 10th entered "a large and beautiful bay," which Cartier named St. Lawrence—at present St. John—on the Labrador coast. After approaching Anticosti, which he called the Isle of the Assumption, he came to the mouth of the Saguenay, but which he did not explore. Con-

fining his course, he reached the harbor now known as Quebec on the 14th. Leaving on the 19th, in the smallest of his vessels, to discover the village of Hochelaga, on which site the city of Montreal is now partly built, he was arrested

in his progress by the shallowness of Lake St. Peter: and, leaving the ship there, proceeded in his boats to Hochelaga, at which he arrived on the 2nd October. He left on the 5th; and, descending the river, he reached St. Croix on

the 11th, and passed the winter there. His men suffered greatly from scurvy and other diseases, twenty-five of them having died before the spring. Departing on the 6th May, he anchored at St. Malo on the 16th July, 1536. The pas-



sage, homeward, was made by the southern entrance of the gulf of St. Lawrence, which he discovered on his route. He carried away with him ten Indians, including three chiefs, most of whom died in France.

In his third and last voyage, Cartier sailed from St. Malo on the 23rd May, 1541, and did not arrive at the harbor of St. Croix until the 3rd August. This expedition being rather an

attempt to colonize Canada than to make discoveries, it bears less interest to us, as connected with Cartier's history, than do the two former voyages. Having penetrated to Sault St. Louis, he left for France, where he landed on the 21st October, 1542. He was ennobled by Francis the First, and died, it is supposed, in 1554, aged 60 years.

Of the engravings which accompany this

notice, one is a portrait of the famous navigator; one represents the winter quarters of Jacques Cartier and his men on the river St. Charles, near Quebec; the other is his summer residence at the village of Limoilou, near St. Malo, now called Portes-Cartier. To his family name the great discoverer added the title of Seigneur of Limoilou.



SLAIN AT SADOWA.

The cannon were belching their last
O'er the fields where the routed were flying,
And shouting pursuers strode fast
Through the heaps of the dead and the dying

War's rage was beginning to wane;
The fierce cared no longer to strike;

And the good stooped to soften the pain
Of victors and vanquished alike.

A yellow-haired Austrian lad
Lay at length on a shot-furrowed bank,
He was comely and daintily clad
In the glittering dress of his rank.

Not so white, though, his coat as his cheek,
Nor so red the sash 'crossing his chest

As the horrible crimson streak
Of the blood that had welled from his breast.

His foes approached where he was laid,
To bear him in reach of their skill;
But he murmured, "Give others your aid;
By our Fatherland! let me lie still."

At dawn they came searching again,
To winnow the quick from the dead;

The boy was set free from his pain,
And his faithful young spirit had fled.

As they lifted his limbs from the ground,
To hide them away out of sight,
Lo! under his bosom they found
The flag he had borne through the fight.

He had folded the silk he loved well,
Lest a shred should be seen at his side:
To wave it in triumph he fell:
To save it from capture he died.

The head of the sternest was bared
As they gazed on the shot-riven rag,
And the hand of the hardest spared
To make prey of that Austrian flag.

O'er the tomb of their brother they bowed,
With a prayer for a spirit as brave;
And they gave him the flag for a shroud
In his narrow and nameless grave.

BLONFIELD JACKSON, M.A.

BIRDS OF PREY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the First.

FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

Continued from page 201.

It was not the first time he had encountered her watchful eyes and asked the same impatient question. But Mrs. Woolper possessed that north-country quickness of intellect which is generally equal to an emergency, and was always ready with some question or suggestion which went to prove that she had just fixed her eyes on her master, inspired by some anxiety about his interests.

"I was just a-thinking, sir," she said, meeting his stern glance unflinchingly with her little sharp gray eyes, "I was just a-thinking—you said not at home to any one, except Mr. George. If it should be a person in a cab wanting their teeth out sudden—and if any thing could make toothache more general in this neighbourhood it would be these March winds—if it should be a patient, sir, in a cab—"

The dentist interrupted her with a short bitter laugh.

"Neither March winds nor April showers are likely to bring me patients, Nancy, on foot or in cabs, and you ought to know it. If it's a patient, ask him in, by all means, and give him last Saturday week's *Times* to read, while I get the rust off my forceps. There, that will do; take your tray—or, stop; I've got some news to tell you." He rose, and stood with his back to the fire and his eyes bent upon the hearth-rug, while Mrs. Walpole waited by the table, with the tray packed ready for removal. Her master kept her waiting so for some minutes, and then turned his face half away from her, and contemplated himself absently in the glass while he spoke.

"You remember Mrs. Halliday?" he asked.

"I should think I did, sir; Miss Georgina Cradock that was—Miss George they called her; your first sweetheart. And how she could ever marry that big awkward Halliday, is more than I can make out. Poor fondy! I suppose she was took with those great round blue eyes and red whiskers of his."

"Her mother and father were 'took' by his comfortable farm-house, and well-stocked farm, Nancy," answered Mr. Sheldon, still contemplating himself in the glass. "Georgy had very little to do with it. She is one of those women who let other people think for them. However, Tom is an excellent fellow, and Georgy was a lucky girl to catch such a husband. Any little flirtation there may have been between her and me was over and done with long before she married Tom. It was never more than a flirtation; and I've flirted with a good many Barlingford girls in my time, as you know, Nancy."

It was not often that Mr. Sheldon condescended to be so communicative to his housekeeper. The old woman nodded and chuckled, delighted by her master's unwonted friendliness. "I drove over to Hyley while I was at home, Nancy," continued the dentist—he called Bar-

lingford home still, though he had broken most of the links that had bound him to it,—and dined with the Hallidays. Georgy is pretty as ever, and she and Tom get on capitally."

"Any children, sir?"

"One girl," answered Mr. Sheldon carelessly. She's at school in Scarborough, and I didn't see her. I had a very pleasant day with the Hallidays. Tom has sold his farm; that part of the world doesn't suit him, it seems; too cold and bleak for him. He's one of those big burly-looking men who seem as if they could knock you down with a little finger, and who shiver at every puff of wind. I don't think he'll make old bones, Nancy. But that's neither here nor there. I daresay he's good for another ten years; or I'm sure I hope so, on Georgy's account."

"It was right-down soft on him to sell Hyley Farm, though," said Nancy reflectively; "I've heard tell as it's the best land for forty miles round Barlingford. But he got a rare good price for it; I'll lay."

"O, yes; he sold the property uncommonly well, he tells me. You know if a north-countryman gets the chance of making a profit, he never lets it slip through his fingers."

Mrs. Walpole received this compliment to her countrymen with a gratified grin, and Mr. Sheldon went on talking, still looking at the reflection of his handsome face in the glass, and pulling his whiskers meditatively.

"Now, as Tom was made for a farmer and nothing but a farmer, he must find land somewhere in a climate that does suit him; so his friends have advised him to try a place in Devonshire or Cornwall, where he may train his myrtles and roses over his roof, and grow green peas for the London markets as late as November. There are such places to be had if he bides his time, and he's coming to town next week to look about him. So as Georgy and he would be about as capable of taking care of themselves in London as a couple of children, I have recommended them to take up their quarters here. They'll have their lodgings for nothing, and we shall chum together, on the Yorkshire system; for of course I can't afford to keep a couple of visitors for a month at a stretch. Do you think you shall be able to manage for us, Nancy?"

"O, yes, I'll manage well enough. I'm not one of your lazy London lasses that take half an hour to wipe a tea-cup. I'll manage easy enough. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday will be having your room, I'll lay."

"Yes; give them the best room, by all means. I can sleep anywhere. And now go downstairs and think it over, Nancy. I must get to my work. I've some letters that must be written to-night."

Mrs. Woolper departed with her tray, gratified by her master's unwonted familiarity, and not ill-pleased by the thought of the visitors. They would cause a great deal of trouble, certainly; but the monotony of Nancy's easy life had grown so oppressive to an active temperament as to render the idea of any variety delightful to her mind. And then there would be the pleasure of making that iniquitous creature the London lass look at herself, and there would be furthermore the advantage of certain little perquisites which a clever manager always secures to herself in a house where there is much eating and drinking. Mr. Sheldon himself had lived like a modern anchorite for the last four years; and Nancy Woolper, who was pretty well acquainted with the state of his finances, had planned and contrived for his benefit, or rather for the benefit of the black-eyed baby she had nursed nine-and-twenty years before. For his sake she had been careful and honest, willing to forego all the small profits to which she held herself entitled; but if well-to-do people were going to share her master's expenses, there would be no longer need for such scrupulous integrity; and if things were rightly managed, Thomas Halliday might be made to bear the entire cost of the household during his month's visit on the Yorkshire system.

While Mrs. Woolper meditated upon her domestic duties, the master of the domicile abandoned himself to reflections which were

apparently of a very serious character. He brought a leathern desk from a side-table, unlocked it, and took out a quire of paper; but he made no further advance towards the writing of those letters on account of which he had dismissed his housekeeper. He sat, with his elbows on the table, nibbling at the end of a wooden penholder, and staring at the opposite wall. His face looked pale and baggard in the light of the gas, and the eyes, fixed in that vacant stare, had a feverish brightness.

Mr. Sheldon was a handsome man—eminently handsome, according to the popular notion of masculine beauty; and if the popular ideal has been a little vulgarised by the waxen gentlemen on whose finely-moulded forehead the wig-maker is wont to display the specimens of his art, that is no discredit to Mr. Sheldon. His features were regular; the nose a handsome aquiline; the mouth firm and well modelled; the chin and jaw rather heavier than in the waxen ideal of the hair-dresser; the forehead very prominent in the region of the perceptive, but obviously wanting in the higher faculties. The eye of the phrenologist, unaided by his fingers, must have failed to discover the secrets of Mr. Sheldon's organisation; for one of the dentist's strong points was his hair, which was very luxuriant, and which he wore in artfully-arranged masses that passed for curls, but which owed their undulating grace rather to a skilful manipulation than to any natural tendency. It has been said that the rulers of the world are straight-haired men; and Mr. Sheldon might have been a Napoleon III so far as regards this special attribute. His hair was of a dense black, and his whiskers of the same sombre hue. These carefully arranged whiskers were another of the dentist's strong points; and the third strong point was his teeth, the perfection whereof was a fine advertisement when considered in a professional light. The teeth were rather too large and square for a painter's or a poet's notion of beauty, and were a little apt to suggest an unpleasant image of some sleek brindled creature crunching human bones in an Indian jungle. But they were handsome teeth notwithstanding, and their flashing whiteness made an effective contrast to the clear sallow tint of the dentist's complexion.

Mr. Sheldon was a man of industrious habits,—fond indeed of work, and distinguished by a persistent activity in the carrying out of any labour he had planned for himself. He was not prone to the indulgence of idle reveries or agreeable day-dreams. Thought with him was labour; it was the "thinking out" of future work to be done, and it was an operation as precise and mathematical as the actual labour that resulted therefrom. The contents of his brain were as well kept as a careful trader's ledger. He had his thoughts docketed and indexed, and rarely wasted the smallest portion of his time in searching for an idea. To-night he sat thinking until he was interrupted by a loud double-knock, which was evidently familiar to him, for he muttered "George!" pushed aside his desk, and took up his stand upon the hearthrug, ready to receive the expected visitor.

There was the sound of a man's voice below,—very like Philip Sheldon's own voice; then a quick firm tread on the stairs; and then the door was opened, and a man, who himself was very like Philip Sheldon, came into the room. This was the dentist's brother George, two years his junior. The likeness between the two men was in no way marvellous, but it was nevertheless very obvious. You could scarcely have mistaken one man for the other, but you could hardly have failed to perceive that the two men were brothers. They resembled each other more closely in form than in face. They were of the same height—both tall and strongly built: they had both black eyes with a hard brightness in them, black whiskers, black hair, sinewy hands with prominent knuckles, square finger-tops, and bony wrists. Each man seemed the personification of savage health and vigour, smoothed and shaped in accordance with the prejudices of civilised life. Looking at these two men for the first time, you might approve or disapprove their appearance; they might impress you favourably or

unfavourably, but you could scarcely fail to be reminded vaguely of strong, bright-eyed, savage creatures, beautiful and graceful after their kind but dangerous and fatal to man.

The brothers greeted each other with a friendly nod. They were a great deal too practical to indulge in any sentimental display of fraternal affection. They liked each other very well, and were useful to each other, and took their pleasure together on those rare occasions when they were weak enough to waste time upon unprofitable pleasure; but neither of them would have comprehended the possibility of anything beyond this.

"Well, old fellow," said George, "I'm glad you're back again. You're looking rather seedy, though. I suppose you knocked about a good deal down there?"

"I had a night or two of it with Halliday and the old set. He's going it rather fast."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Sheldon the younger, "it's a pity he doesn't go it a little faster, and go off the hooks altogether, so that you might marry Georgy."

"How do I know that Georgy would have me, if he *had* leave her a widow?" asked Philip dubiously.

"O, she'd have you fast enough. She used to be very sweet upon you before she married Tom, and even if she has forgotten all that, she'd have you if you asked her, she'd be afraid to say no. She was always more or less afraid of you, you know, Phil."

"I don't know about that. She was a nice little thing enough; but she knew how to drop a poor sweetheart and take up with a rich one, in spite of her simplicity."

"O, that was the old parties' doing. Georgy would have jumped into a cauldron of boiling oil if her mother and father had told her she must do it. Don't you remember when we were children together how afraid she used to be of spoiling her frocks? I don't believe she married Tom Halliday of her own free will, any more than she stood in the corner of her own free will after she'd torn her frock, as I've seen her stand twenty times. She stood in the corner because they told her she must; and she married Tom for the same reason, and I don't suppose she's been particularly happy with him."

"Well, that's her look-out," answered Philip gloomily; "I know I want a rich wife badly enough. Things are about as bad with me as they can be."

"I suppose they are rather piscatorial. The elderly dowagers don't come up to time, eh? Very few orders for the complete set at ten-pound-ten?"

"I took about seventy pounds last year," said the dentist, "and my expenses are something like five pounds a week. I've been making up the deficiency out of the money I got for my business, thinking I should be able to stand out and make a connection; but the connection gets more disconnected every year. I suppose people came to me at first for the novelty of the thing, for I had a sprinkling of decent patients for the first twelve months, or so. But now I might as well throw my money into the gutter as spend it on circulars or advertisements."

"And a young woman with twenty thousand pounds and something amiss with her jaw hasn't turned up yet?"

"No, nor an old woman neither. I wouldn't stick at the age, if the money was all right," answered Mr. Sheldon bitterly.

The younger brother shrugged his shoulders and plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets with a gesture of serio-comic despair. He was the livelier of the two, and affected a slanginess of dress and talk and manner, a certain "horsey" style, very different from his elder brother's studied respectability of costume and bearing. His clothes were of a loose sporting cut, and always odorous with stale tobacco. He wore a good deal of finery in the shape of studs and pins and dangling lockets and fusee-boxes; his whiskers were more obtrusive than his brother's, and he wore a moustache in addition—a thick ragged black moustache, which would have become a guerilla chieftain rather than a dweller amidst the quiet courts and squares of Gray's Inn.

His position as a lawyer was not much better than that of Philip as a dentist, but he had his own plans for making a fortune, and hoped to win for himself a larger fortune than is often made in the law. He was a hunter of genealogies, a grubber-up of forgotten facts, a joiner of broken links, a kind of legal resurrectionist, a digger in the dust and ashes of the past, and he expected in due time to dig up a treasure rich enough to reward the labour and patience of half a life-time.

"I can afford to wait till I'm forty for my good luck," he said to his brother sometimes in moments of expansion, "and then I shall have ten years in which to enjoy myself, and twenty more in which I shall have life enough left to eat good dinners and drink good wine, and grumble about the degeneracy of things in general, after the manner of elderly human nature."

The men stood on each side of the hearth: George looking at his brother, Philip looking their down at the fire, with his eyes shaded by thick black lashes. The fire had become dull and hollow. George bent down presently, and stirred the coals impatiently.

"If there's one thing I hate more than another—and I hate a good many things—it's a bad fire," he said. "How's Barlingford—lively as ever, I suppose?"

"Not much livelier than it was when we left it. Things have gone amiss with me in London, and I've been more than once sorely tempted to make an end of my difficulties with a razor or a few drops of prussic acid; but when I saw the dull gray streets and the square gray houses, and the empty market-place, and the Baptist chapel, and the Unitarian chapel, and the big stony church, and heard the dreary bells ding-donging for evening service, I wondered how I could ever have existed a week in such a place. I had rather sweep a crossing in London than occupy the best house in Barlingford, and I told Tom Halliday so."

"And Tom is coming to London, I understand by your letter?"

"Yes, he has sold Hyley, and wants to find a place in the west of England. The north doesn't suit him. He and Georgy are coming up to town for a few weeks, so I've asked them to stay here. I may as well make some use of the house, for it's very little good in a professional sense."

"Humph!" muttered George; "I don't see your motive."

"I have no particular motive. Tom's a good fellow, and his company will be better than an empty house. The visit won't cost me anything—Halliday is to go shares in the house-keeping."

"Well, you may find it answer that way," replied Mr. Sheldon the younger, who considered that every action of a man's life ought to be made to "answer in some way." "But I should think you would be rather bored by the arrangement; Tom's a very good fellow in his way, and a great friend of mine, but he's rather an empty-headed animal."

The subject dropped here, and the brothers went on talking of Barlingford and Barlingford people—the few remaining kindred whose existence made a kind of link between the two men and their native town, and the boon-companions of their early manhood. The dentist produced the remnant of a bottle of whisky from the sideboard for his own and his brother's refreshment; but the conversation flagged nevertheless. Philip Sheldon was dull and absent, answering his companion at random every now and then, much to that gentleman's aggravation; and he owned at last to being thoroughly tired and worn out.

"The journey from Barlingford in a slow train is no joke, you know, George, and I couldn't afford the express," he said apologetically, when his brother upbraided him for his distraction of manner.

"Then I should think you'd better go to bed," answered Mr. Sheldon the younger, who had smoked a couple of cigars, and consumed the contents of the whisky-bottle with a due admix-

ture of boiling water and lump-sugar, "so I'll take myself off. I told you how uncommonly seedy you were looking when I first came in. When do you expect Tom and his wife?"

"At the beginning of next week."

"So soon! Well, good night, old fellow, I shall see you before they come, I daresay. You might as well drop in upon me at my place to-morrow night. I'm hard at work on a job."

"Your old kind of work?"

"O, yes. I don't get much work of any other kind."

"And I'm afraid you'll never get much good out of that."

"I don't know. A man who sits down to whist gets a good many queer cards sometimes before he gets a handful of trumps, but the trump cards are sure to come if he only sits long enough. Every man has his chance, depend upon it Phil, if he knows how to watch for it, but there are so many men who get tired and go to sleep before their chances come to them. I've wasted a good deal of time, and a good deal of labour; but the trumps are in the pack, and they must turn up sooner or later. Ta-ta."

George Sheldon nodded and departed, whistling gaily as he walked away from his brother's door. Philip heard him, and turned his chair to the fire with a movement of impatience.

"You may be uncommonly clever, my dear George," soliloquised the dentist, "but you'll never make a fortune by reading wills and hunting in parish-registers for heirs-at-law. A big lump of money is not very likely to go a-begging while any one who can fudge up the faintest pretence of a claim to it is above ground. No, no, my lad, you must find a better way than that before you'll make your fortune."

To be continued.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer is about to publish a new work.

The Marquis de Boissy is said to have left, in MS., a memoir of his time.

Mr. H. F. Chorley, of the London *Athenæum*, announces "A Collection of Rhymes Old and New, written for Music."

G. A. Sala has a new work in press, entitled "From Waterloo to the Peninsula."

Lewes has brought out a new edition of his famous and excellent Life of Goethe, partly rewritten.

Tennyson, it is intimated, will shortly publish a new set of songs—the music by Mr. A. S. Sullivan.

James Hannay has just published a new work, entitled "Three Hundred Years of a Norman House, with Genealogical Miscellanies."

William Hazlitt's correspondence is to be published, together with a biography, by his nephew, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt.

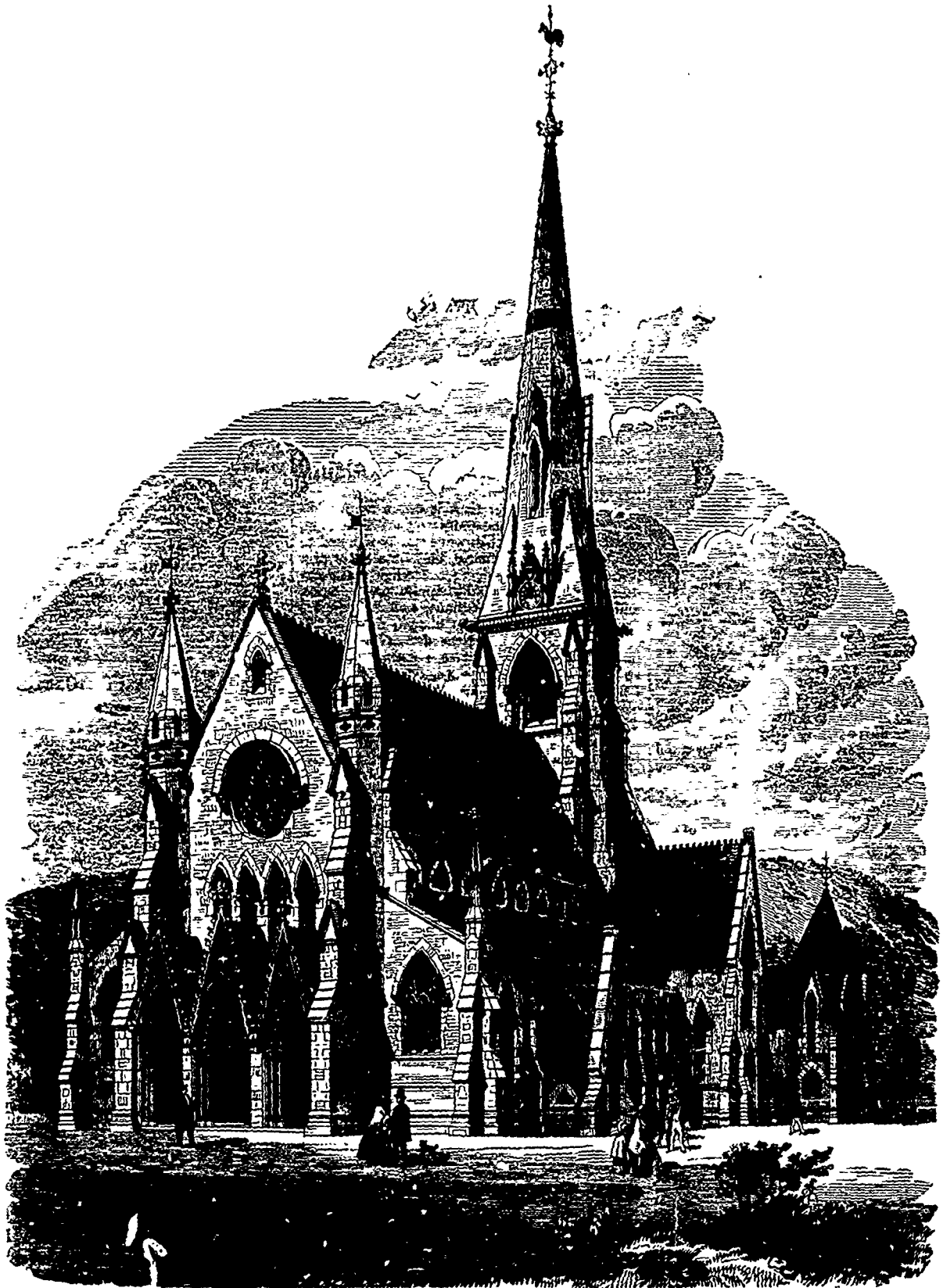
Andrew Halliday has published a new book, called "Town and Country."

Charles Knight, the veteran author and bookseller, announces another work, "Half-Hours with the Best Letter-writers and Autobiographers"—edited by himself.

T. A. Trollope has just put forth a new novel, entitled "Gamma."

George Lillie Craik's Library is to be sold at auction, in London, early next month. Thus another fine collection of books will be scattered. English literature is indebted to him for the best history of itself extant.

Among recent London announcements of new books are several items of peculiar interest. Thus, we are to have Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey"; the third and fourth volumes of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands"; John Henry Newman's "Sermon on the Pope and the Revolution," Gladstone's "Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1866," "King George," the Third's Correspondence with Lord North During the American War," edited by W. B. Donne; and "Old London," being a collection of the articles on London antiquities, read before the Archæological Institute, last July.



WE should deem our series of illustrations of the architectural ornaments of Montreal very incomplete, did we omit the two well-known edifices which occupy a prominent position in the present issue of the Reader. Although widely distinct in general appearance, each is a magnificent structure, and unquestionably the noblest edifice erected in Canada for public worship by the communion to which it appertains. Our city readers are of course perfectly familiar with the two buildings, we would therefore premise that the short descrip-

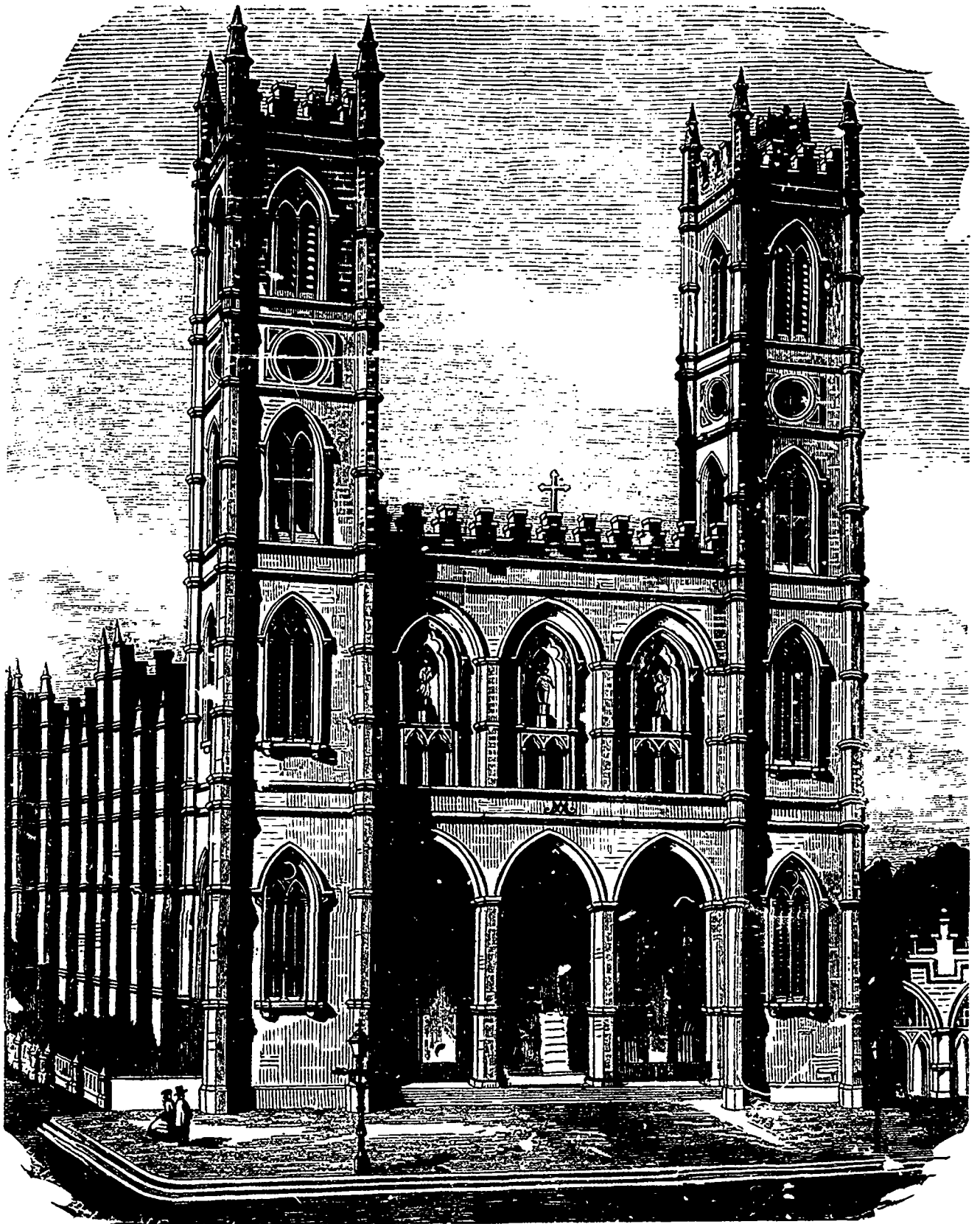
tions which follow are written in the interest of our friends at a distance.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

The corner stone of Christ's Church Cathedral was laid with great ceremony by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on the 21st May, 1857. The designs for the building were furnished by Mr. Frank Wellin, then one of the most celebrated ecclesiastical architects on the continent, but this gentleman unfortunately dying before the corner stone was laid, Mr. T. S. Scott,

of this city, was appointed to carry out the plan of his predecessor.

The Church—cruciform in design—consists of nave and aisles 112 feet long and 70 feet wide; transept, including tower, 100 feet by 25 feet; and choir 46 feet by 28 feet, with aisle appropriated to the organ chamber. The tower is 29 feet square, and the spire rises to the height of 224 feet. The nave, which has an open roof 67 feet high, is separated on either side by two ranges of columns and arches from the aisles, the capitals of the columns being



elaborately carved. The stained glass windows, the designs of several of which are very beautiful, were, we believe, presented by various members of the congregation. The pews are without doors, and the stalls, which are ornamented with carvings designed from the foliage of plants, are ranged, Cathedral fashion, on each side of the choir. The sedalia, or seats for the clergy, on each side of the communion table, form the most beautiful piece of workmanship in the Church.

Three arched canopies, on polished stone columns, and covered with carvings, surmount the seats, at each end are busts of Queen and Bishop. Over the arches are carved in relief the four beasts of the Book of Revelations, and above is the inscription, "Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

The Church is built of Montreal stone, with rough quarry face, and all the dressings and other ornamental portions of light soft oolite,

imported from Caen, Normandy. The roof is covered with slate, imported from Wales.

Christ Church Cathedral, when completed, was encumbered with a very heavy debt; but through the exertions of the Bishop and the liberality of the congregation, this was gradually reduced to about \$12,000. Quite recently a noble effort has been made, in the absence of the Bishop, to free the Church from debt. Happily the effort has proved quite successful,

and this beautiful structure will be consecrated on the return of his Lordship from England.

L'ÉGLISE PAROISSIALE.

The corner stone of this edifice, which bears some resemblance to the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, was laid on the 3rd September, 1824. It is a classic specimen of the perpendicular style of architecture of the middle ages, and was opened for public worship in July, 1829. The length of the Church from east to west is 255 feet 6 in., and its breadth 134 feet 6 in. The space between the front towers is 73 feet, and the height of the towers 230 feet. The north-west tower is open to the public on payment of a small fee, and from its summit a delightful and extensive view is obtained of the river St. Lawrence, the city, and surrounding country.

On entering the Church, the great window in the chancel is a conspicuous object; it is filled with beautifully stained glass, and is 64 feet in height, and 32 feet in breadth. The high altar, which is placed beneath it, is said to resemble in part that of St. Peter's at Rome. The vaults of the ceilings and galleries are supported by a double range of grouped columns, 3 feet 4 in. in diameter; from these spring the groins of the ceilings. The pillars are of wood, painted in imitation of clouded Italian marble, which prevents in some degree defects appearing upon their surface.

One cannot fail to be struck, on entering this Church, with the vastness of the edifice, the only drawback being—to Protestant eyes—the gaud and tinsel of the numerous altars. The building is capable of accommodating 8000 persons, and is, we believe, by far the largest ecclesiastical edifice in Canada.

The north-east tower contains a fine peal of bells, and in the north-west is placed one of the largest bells in America; it is said to weigh 29,400 lbs. The figures which, as will be seen by our engraving, occupy the niches in the front elevation of the Church, were placed in position only a few months since.

PORT IN A STORM.

"PAPA," said my sister Effie, one evening as we all sat about the drawing-room fire. One after another, as nothing followed, we turned our eyes upon her. There she sat, still silent, embroidering the corner of a cambric handkerchief, apparently unaware that she had spoken.

It was a very cold night in the beginning of winter. My father had come home early, and we had dined early that we might have a long evening together, for it was my father and mother's wedding-day, and we always kept it as the homeliest of holidays. My father seated in an easy-chair by the chimney corner, with a jug of Burgundy near him, and my mother sat by his side, now and then taking a sip out of his glass.

Effie was now nearly nineteen; the rest of us were younger. What she was thinking about we did not know then, though we could all guess now. Suddenly she looked up, and seeing all eyes fixed upon her, became either aware or suspicious, and blushed rosy red.

"You spoke to me Effie. What was it, my dear?"

"O yes, papa. I wanted to ask you whether you wouldn't tell us, to-night, the story about how you—"

"Well, my love?"

"—About how you—"

"I am listening, my dear."

"I mean, about mamma and you."

"Yes, yes. About how I got your mamma for a mother to you. Yes. I paid a dozen of port for her."

We all and each exclaimed *Papa!* and my mother laughed.

"Tell us all about it," was the general cry.

"Well, I will," answered my father. I must begin at the beginning, though."

And, filling his glass with Burgundy, he began.

"As far back as I can remember, I lived with

my father in an old manor-house in the country. It did not belong to my father, but to an elder brother of his, who at that time was captain of a seventy-four. He loved the sea more than his life, and, as yet apparently, had loved his ship better than any woman. At least he was not married.

"My mother had been dead for some years, and my father was now in very delicate health. He had never been strong, and since my mother's death, I believe, though I was too young to notice it, he had pined away. I am not going to tell you anything about him just now, because it does not belong to my story. When I was about five years old, as nearly as I can judge, the doctors advised him to leave England. The house was put into the hands of an agent to let—at least, so I suppose; and he took me with him to Madeira, where he died. I was brought home by his servant, and by my uncle's directions, sent to a boarding-school; from there to Eton, and from there to Oxford.

"Before I had finished my studies, my uncle had been an admiral for some time. The year before I left Oxford, he married Lady Georgiana Thornbury, a widow lady, with one daughter. Thereupon he bade farewell to the sea, though I dare say he did not like the parting, and retired with his bride to the house where he was born—the same house I told you I was born in, which had been in the family for many generations, and which your cousin now lives in.

"It was late in the autumn when they arrived at Culverwood. They were no sooner settled than my uncle wrote to me, inviting me to spend Christmas with them at the old place. And here you may see that my story has arrived at its beginning.

"It was with strange feelings that I entered the house. It looked so old-fashioned, and stately, and grand, to eyes which had been accustomed to all the modern commonplaces! Yet the shadowy recollections which hung about it gave an air of homeliness to the place, which, along with the grandeur, occasioned a sense of rare delight. For what can be better than to feel that you are in stately company, and at the same time perfectly at home in it? I am grateful to this day for the lesson I had from the sense of which I have spoken—that of mingled awe and tenderness in the aspect of the old hall as I entered it for the first time after fifteen years, having left it a mere child.

"I was cordially received by my old uncle and my now aunt. But the moment Kate Thornbury entered I lost my heart, and have never found it again to this day. I got on wonderfully well without it, though, for I have got the loan of a far better one till I find my own, which, therefore, I hope I never shall."

My father glanced at my mother as he said this, and she returned his look in a way which I can now interpret as a quiet satisfied confidence. But the tears came in Effie's eyes. She had trouble before long, poor girl! But it is not her story I have to tell.—My father went on:

"Your mother was prettier than she is now, but not so beautiful; beautiful enough, though, to make me think there never had been or could again be anything so beautiful. She met me kindly, and I met her awkwardly."

"You made me feel that I had no business there," said my mother, speaking for the first time in the course of the story.

"See there, girls," said my father. "You are always so confident in first impressions and instinctive judgment! I was awkward because, as I said, I fell in love with your mother the moment I saw her; and she thought I regarded her as an intruder into the old family precincts.

I will not follow the story of the days I was very happy, except when I felt too keenly how unworthy I was of Kate Thornbury; not that she meant to make me feel it, for she was never other than kind; but she was such that I could not help feeling it. I gathered courage, however, and before three days were over, I began to tell her all my slowly reviving memories of the place, with my childish adventures associated with this and that room or outhouse or spot in the grounds; for the longer I was in the place the more my old associations with it revived,

till I was quite astonished to find how much of my history in connection with Culverwood had been thoroughly imprinted on my memory. She never showed, at least, that she was weary of my stories; which, however interesting to me, must have been tiresome to any one who did not sympathize with what I felt towards my old nest. From room to room we rambled, talking or silent; and nothing could have given me a better chance, I believe, with a heart like your mother's. I think it was not long before she began to like me, at least, and liking had every opportunity of growing into something stronger, if only she had not come to the conclusion that I was unworthy of her.

"My uncle received me like the jolly old man that he was—welcomed me to the old ship—hoped we should make many a voyage together—and that I would take the run of the craft—all but in one thing.

"'You see, my boy,' he said, 'I married above my station, and I don't want my wife's friends to say that I laid alongside of her to get hold of her daughter's fortune. No, no, my boy, your old uncle has too much salt water in him to do a dog's trick like that. So you take care of yourself—that's all. She might turn the head of a wiser man than ever came out of our family.'

"I did not tell my uncle that his advice was already too late; for that, though it was not so long since I had first seen her, my head was so far turned already, that the only way to get it right again, was to go on. Learning it in the same direction; though, no doubt, there was a danger of overhauling the screw. The old gentleman never referred to the matter again, nor took any notice of our increasing intimacy; so that I sometimes doubt even now if he could have been as earnest in the very simple warning he gave me. Fortunately, Lady Georgiana liked me—at least I thought she did, and that gave me courage."

"That's all nonsense, my dear," said my mother. "Mamma was nearly as fond of you as I was; but you never wanted courage."

"I knew better than to show my cowardice. I daresay," returned my father, "But," he continued, "things grow worse and worse, till I was certain I should kill myself, or go straight out of my mind, if your mother would not bare me. So it went on for a few days, and Christmas was at hand.

"The admiral had invited several old friends to come and spend the Christmas week with him. Now you must remember that, although you look on me as an old-fashioned fogie—"

"Oh, papa!" we all interrupted; but he went on.

"Yet my old uncle was an older-fashioned fogie, and his friends were much the same as himself. Now, I am fond of a glass of port, though I dare not take it, and must content myself with Burgundy. Uncle Bob would have called Burgundy pig-wash. He could not do without his port, though he was a moderate enough man, as customs were. Fancy then, his dismay when, on questioning his butler, an old coxen of his own, and after going down to inspect in person, he found that there was scarcely more than a dozen of port in the wine-cellar. He turned white with dismay, and, till he had brought the blood back to his countenance by swearing, he was something awful to behold in the dim light of the tallow candle old Jacob held in his tattooed fist. I will not repeat the words he used; fortunately, they are out of fashion amongst gentlemen, although ladies, I understand, are beginning to revive the custom, now old, and always ugly. Jacob reminded his honour that he would not have more put down till he had got a proper cellar built, for the one there was, he had said, was not fit to put anything but dead men in. Thereupon, after abusing Jacob for not reminding him of the necessities of the coming season, he turned to me, and began, certainly not to swear at his own father, but to expostulate sideways with the absent shade for not having provided a decent collar before his departure from this world of dinners and wine, hinting that it was somewhat selfish, and very inconsiderate of the wret-

fare of those who were to come after him. Having a little exhausted his indignation, he came up, and wrote the most peremptory order to his wine-merchant, in Liverpool, to let him have thirty dozen of port before Christmas Day, even if he had to send it by post-chaise. I took the letter to the post myself, for the old man would trust nobody but me, and indeed would have preferred taking it himself; but in winter he was always lame from the effects of a bruise he had received from a falling spar in the battle of Aboukir.

"That night I remember well. I lay in bed wondering whether I might venture to say a word, or even to give a hint to your mother that there was a word that pined to be said if it might. All at once I heard a whine of the wind in the old chimney. How well I knew that whine! For my kind aunt had taken the trouble to find out from me what room I had occupied as a boy, and, by the third night I spent there, she had got it ready for me. I jumped out of bed, and found that the snow was falling fast and thick. I jumped into bed again, and began wondering what my uncle would do if the port did not arrive. And then I thought that, if the snow went on falling as it did, and if the wind rose any higher, it might turn out that the roads through the hilly part of Yorkshire in which Culverwood lay, might very well be blocked up.

"The north wind doth blow.

And we shall have snow.

And what will my uncle do then, poor thing?

He'll run for his port,

But he will run short,

And have too much water to drink, poor thing.

"With the influences of the chamber of my childhood crowding upon me, I kept repeating the travestied rhyme to myself, till I fell asleep.

"Now, boys and girls, if I were writing a novel, I should like to make you, somehow or other, put together the facts—that I was in the room I have mentioned; that I had been in the cellar with my uncle for the first time that evening; that I had seen my uncle's distress, and heard his reflections upon his father. I may add that I was not myself, even then, so indifferent to the merits of a good glass of port as to be unable to enter into my uncle's dismay, and that of his guests at last, if they should find that the snow-storm had actually closed up the sweet approaches of the expected port. If I was personally indifferent to the matter, I fear it is to be attributed to your mother and not to myself."

"Nonsense!" interposed my mother once more. "I never knew such a man for making little of himself and much of other people. You never drank a glass too much port in your life."

"That's why I'm so fond of it, my dear," returned my father. "I declare you make me quite discontented with my pig-wash here."

"That night I had a dream.

"The next day the visitors began to arrive. Before the evening after, they had all come. There were five of them—three tars and two land-crabs as they called each other when they got jolly, which, by-the-way, they would not have done long without me.

"My uncle's anxiety visibly increased. Each guest, as he came down to breakfast, received each morning a more constrained greeting—I beg your pardon, ladies; I forgot to mention that my aunt had lady-visitors, of course. But the fact is, it is only the port-drinking visitors in whom my story is interested, always excepted your mother.

"These ladies my admiral uncle greeted with something even approaching to servility. I understood him well enough. He instinctively sought to make a party to protect him when the awful secret of his cellar should be found out. But for two preliminary days or so, his resources would serve; for he had plenty of excellent claret and Madeira—stuff I don't know much about—and both Jacob and himself condescended to manoeuvre a little.

"The wine did not arrive. But the morning of Christmas Eve did. I was sitting in my room, trying to write a song for Kate—that's your mother, my dears—"

"I know, papa," said Effie, as if she were very knowing to know that.

"—when my uncle came into the room,

looking like Sintram with Death and the Other One after him—that's the nonsense you read to me the other day, isn't it, Effie?"

"Not nonsense, dear papa," remonstrated Effie; and I loved her for saying it, for surely that is not nonsense.

"I didn't mean it," said my father; and turning to my mother, added: "It must be your fault, my dear, that my children are so serious that they always take a joke for earnest. However, it was no joke with my uncle. If he didn't look like Sintram, he looked like t'other one.

"The roads are frozen—I mean snowed up," he said. "There's just one bottle of port left and what Captain Calker will say—I dare say I know, but I'd rather not. It is trying—aint it, my boy?"

"What will you give me for a dozen of port, uncle?" was all my answer.

"Give you? I'll give you Culverwood, you rogue."

"Done," I cried.

"That is," stammered my uncle, "that is," and he reddened like the funnel of one of his hated steamers, "that is, you know, always provided, you know. It wouldn't be fair to Lady Georgiana, now, would it—I put it to yourself—if she took the trouble, you know. You understand me, my boy?"

"That's of course, uncle," I said.

"Ah! I see you're a gentleman like your father, not to trip a man when he stumbles," said my uncle. For such was the dear old man's sense of honour, that he was actually uncomfortable about the hasty promise he had made without first specifying the exception. The exception, you know, has Culverwood at the present hour, and right welcome he is.

"Of course, uncle, I said—between gentlemen, you know. Still, I want my joke out, too. What will you give me for a dozen of port to tide you over Christmas Day?"

"Give you, my boy? I'll give you—"

"But here he checked himself, as one that had been burned already.

"Bah!" he said, turning his back, and going towards the door; "what's the use of joking about serious affairs like this?"

"And so he left the room. And I let him go. For I had heard that the road from Liverpool was impassable, the wind and snow having continued every day since that night of which I told you. Meantime, I had never been able to summon the courage to say one word to your mother—I beg her pardon, I mean Miss Thornbury.

"Christmas Day arrived. My uncle was awful to behold. His friends were evidently anxious about him. They thought he was ill. There was such a hesitation about him, like a shark with a bait and such a flurry, like a whale in his last agonies. He had a horrible secret which he dared not tell, and which yet would come out of its grave at the appointed hour.

"Down in the kitchen the roast beef and turkey were meeting their deserts. Up in the store-room—for Lady Georgiana was not above housekeeping, any more than her daughter—the ladies of the house were doing their part; and I was oscillating between my uncle and his niece, making myself amazingly useful now to one and now to the other. The turkey and the beef were on the table, nay, they had been well eaten, before I felt that my moment was come. Outside the wind was howling, and driving the snow with soft pats against the window-panes. Eager-eyed I watched General Fortescue, who despised sherry or Madeira even during dinner, and would no more touch champagne than he would *eau sucrée*, but drank port after fish or with cheese indiscriminately—with eager eyes I watched how the last bottle dwindled out its fading life in the clear decanter. Glass after glass was supplied to General Fortescue by the fearless cockswain, who, if he might have had his choice, would rather have boarded a Frenchman than waited for what was to follow. My uncle scarcely ate at all, and the only thing that stopped his face from growing longer with the removal of every dish was that nothing but death could have made it longer than it was already. It was my interest to let matters go as far as they might up to a certain

point, beyond which it was not my interest to let them go, if I could help it. At the same time I was curious to know how my uncle would announce—confess the terrible fact that in his house, on Christmas Day, having invited his oldest friends to share with him the festivities of the season, there was not one bottle more of port to be had.

"I waited till the last moment—till I fancied the admiral was opening his mouth, like a fish in despair, to make his confession. He had not even dared to make a confidante of his wife in such an awful dilemma. Then I pretended to have dropped my table-napkin behind my chair, and rising to seek it, stole round behind my uncle, and whispered in his ear:

"What will you give me for a dozen of port now, uncle?"

"Bah!" he said, "I'm at the gratings; don't torture me."

"I'm in earnest, uncle."

"He looked round at me with a sudden flash of bewildered hope in his eye. In the last agony he was capable of believing in a miracle. But he made me no reply. He only stared.

"Will you give me Kate? I want Kate," I whispered.

"I will, my boy. That is, if she'll have you. That is, I mean to say, if you produce the true tawny."

"Of course, uncle; honour bright—as port in a storm," I answered, trembling in my shoes and everything else I had on, for I was not more than three parts confident in the result.

"The gentlemen beside Kate happening at the moment to be occupied, each with the lady on his other side, I went behind her, and whispered to her as I had whispered to my uncle, though not exactly in the same terms. Perhaps I had got a little courage from the champagne I had drunk; perhaps the presence of the company gave me a kind of mesmeric strength; perhaps the excitement of the whole venture kept me up; perhaps Kate herself gave me courage, like a goddess of old, in some way I did not understand. At all events I said to her:

"Kate,—we had got so far even then—my uncle hasn't another bottle of port in his cellar. Consider what a state General Fortescue will be in soon. He'll be tipsy for want of it. Will you come and help me to find a bottle or two?"

"She rose at once, with a white-rose blush—so delicate I don't believe any one saw it but myself. But the shadow of a stray ringlet could not fall on her cheek without my seeing it.

"When we got into the hall, the wind was roaring loud, and the few lights were flickering and waving gustily with alternate light and shade across the old portraits which I had known so well as a child—for I used to think what each would say first, if he or she came down out of the frame and spoke to me.

"I stopped, and taking Kate's hand, I said—'I daren't let you come farther, Kate, before I tell you another thing: my uncle has promised, if I find him a dozen of port—you must have seen what a state the poor man is in—to let me say something to you—I suppose he meant your mamma, but I prefer saying it to you, if you will let me. Will you come and help me to find the port?'"

"She said nothing, but took up a candle that was on a table in the hall, and stood waiting. I ventured to look at her. Her face was now celestial rosy red, and I could not doubt that she had understood me. She looked so beautiful that I stood staring at her without moving. What the servants could have been about that not one of them crossed the hall, I can't think.

"At last Kate laughed and said—'Well?' I started, and I daresay took my turn at blushing. At least I did not know what to say. I had forgotten all about the guests inside. 'Where's the port?' said Kate. I caught hold of her hand again and kissed it."

"You needn't be quite so minute in your account, my dear," said my mother, smiling.

"I will be more careful in future, my love," returned my father.

"What do you want me to do?" said Kate.

"Only to hold the candle for me," I answered, restored to my seven senses at last; and,

taking it from her, I led the way, and she followed, till we had passed through the kitchen and reached the cellar-stairs. These were steep and awkward, and she let me help her down."

"Now, Edward!" said my mother.

"Yes, yes, my love, I understand," returned my father.

"Up to this time your mother had asked no questions; but when we stood in a vast, low cellar, which we had made several turns to reach, and I gave her the candle, and took up a great crowbar which lay on the floor, she said at last—

"Edward, are you going to bury me alive? or what *are* you going to do?"

"I'm going to dig you out," I said, for I was nearly beside myself with joy, as I struck the crowbar like a battering-ram into the wall. You can fancy, John, that I didn't work the worse that Kate was holding the candle for me.

"Very soon, though with great effort, I had dislodged a brick, and the next blow I gave into the hole sent back a dull echo. I was right!"

"I worked now like a madman, and, in a very few minutes more, I had dislodged the whole of the brick-thick wall which filled up an archway of stone and curtained an ancient door in the lock of which the key now showed itself.

It had been well greased, and I turned it without much difficulty.

"I took the candle from Kate, and led her into a spacious region of sawdust, cobweb, and wine-fungus.

"There, Kate!" I cried, in delight.

"But," said Kate, "will the wine be good?"

"General Fortescue will answer you that," I returned, exultantly. "Now come, and hold the light again while I find the port-bin."

"I soon found not one, but several well-filled port-bins. Which to choose I could not tell. I must chance that. Kate carried a bottle and the candle, and I carried two bottles very carefully. We put them down in the kitchen, with orders they should not be touched. We had soon carried the dozen to the hall-table by the dining-room door.

"When at length, with Jacob chuckling and rubbing his hands behind us, we entered the dining-room, Kate and I, for Kate would not part with her share in the joyful business, loaded with a level bottle in each hand, which we carefully erected on the sideboard, I presume, from the stare of the company, that we presented a rather remarkable appearance—Kate in her white muslin, and I in my best clothes, covered with brick-dust, and cobwebs, and lime. But we could not be half so amusing to them as they were to us. There they sat with the desert before them but no wine-decanter forthcoming. How long they had sat thus, I have no idea. If you think your mamma has, you may ask her. Captain Calker and General Fortescue looked positively white about the gills. My uncle, clinging to the last hope, despairingly, had sat still and said nothing, and the guests could not understand the awful delay. Even Lady Georgiana had begun to fear a mutiny in the kitchen, or something equally awful. But to see the flash that passed across my uncle's face, when he saw us appear with *ported arms!* He immediately began to pretend that nothing had been the matter.

"What the deuce has kept you, Ned, my boy?" he said. "Fair Hebe," he went on, "I beg your pardon. Jacob, you can go on decanting. It was very careless of you to forget it. Meantime, Hebe, bring that bottle to General Jupiter, there. He's got a corkscrew in the tail of his robe, or I'm mistaken."

"Out came General Fortescue's corkscrew. I was trembling once more with anxiety. The cork gave the genuine plop, the bottle was lowered; glug, glug, glug, came from its beneficent throat, and out flowed something tawny as a lion's mane. The general lifted it lazily to his lips, saluting his nose on the way.

"Fifteen! by Gyeove!" he cried. "Well, Admiral, this was worth waiting for! Take care how you decant that, Jacob—on peril of your life."

"My uncle was triumphant. He winked hard at me not to tell. Kate and I retired, she to

change her dress, I to get mine well brushed, and my hands washed. By the time I returned to the dining-room, no one had any questions to ask. For Kate, the ladies had gone to the drawing-room before she was ready, and I believe she had some difficulty in keeping my uncle's counsel. But she did.—Need I say that was the happiest Christmas I ever spent?"

"But how did you find the cellar, papa?" asked Effie.

"Where are your brains, Effie? Don't you remember I told you that I had a dream?"

"Yes. But you don't mean to say the existence of that wine-cellar was revealed to you in a dream?"

"But I do, indeed. I had seen the wine-cellar built up just before we left for Madeira. It was my father's plan for securing the wine when the house was let. And very well it turned out for the wine, and me too. I had forgotten all about it. Everything had conspired to bring it to my memory, but had just failed of success. I had fallen asleep under all the influences I told you of—influences from the region of my childhood. They operated still when I was asleep, and, all other distracting influences being removed, at length roused in my sleeping brain the memory of what I had seen. In the morning I remembered not my dream only, but the event of which my dream was a reproduction. Still, I was under considerable doubt about the place, and in this I followed the dream only, as near as I could judge.

"The admiral kept his word, and interposed no difficulties between Kate and me. Not that, to tell the truth, I was ever very anxious about that rock ahead; but it was very possible that ois fastidious honour or pride might have occasioned a considerable interference with our happiness for a time. As it turned out, he could not leave me Culverwood, and I regretted the fact as little as he did himself. His gratitude to me was, however, excessive, assuming occasionally ludicrous outbursts of thankfulness. I do not believe he could have been more grateful if I had saved his ship and its whole crew. For his hospitality was at stake. Kind old man!"

Here ended my father's story, with a light sigh, a gaze into the bright coals, a kiss of my mother's hand which he held in his, and another glass of Burgundy. GEORGE MACDONALD.

ON THE TRAIL.

I AM a police superintendent in a large iron-making town, and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. The peculiar avocations of the people supply ample disguise for criminals in hiding. Who would look for a runaway clerk in the black face and coal-stained garments of a collier, or in the guise of a laborer in the iron shed? It may be assumed, therefore, that many a strange incident has come under my notice in the course of so long a service.

One in particular I remember well, as practically illustrating a remark made in the *Times* on the conviction of Müller that crimes of a conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least suspected. I was called one evening to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears, maddened with drink, had assailed the latter, driven them into a dwelling, and would speedily have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police. The night afterwards, I received a note from the railway authorities that a coal-train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably returned by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigation accordingly.

A few nights after, another coal-train was thrown off the rails, as, in the former case, however, without harm to men; but this second attempt spurred me on, so that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found that these were not "my men." It is

useless for me to expatiate on the unerring signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent men in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed when the whole neighbourhood was thrilled with horror. At a distance of twelve miles from the town where I live, there was another town, to which our tradesmen resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening, the last train, as usual, bore its numerous passengers to their homes. It was summer-time, and merrily they dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain-river, winding in amongst the hills. But soon the picture was changed; turning a curve in full career, the engine left the rails, and cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled on its side, fortunately having continued just a sufficient time in progress to break the shock of the carriages. There was an awful cry of lamentation, a wild medley, a hurried scene; men and women seeking to clamber through the opening above the locked doors, too intent on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised, and all were frightened. While messengers were despatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the cause of the mishap. It was soon found. The scene of the accident was a curve, and the rail nearest to the river had been forcibly removed. The miscreant—for it was soon seen that a villain's hand had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up the rail by the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally thought that the train, with its load of human life, would have tumbled over. The rail next to the river was the "safe" and so the engine simply ploughed along towards the scarp of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me, I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently Number Three of the diabolical attempts of the same hand. The first inquiry made was: Who drove the train? and one or two questions of a similar character put me in possession of this important fact, that the driver of the train and the driver of the coal-engine trains at the time the trucks were thrown off, was one and the same person. "Now, then, for the driver," said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, inoffensive sort of young fellow, not a likely man to have a malignant enemy. He was unmarried, and somewhat fresh to his duties on the line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but I found he was quite at sea as to the cause.

"Have you an enemy," said I, "or any one who entertains any malice against you?"

No; he thought not.

"You are unmarried, I believe?"

Yes; he was.

"Courting, perhaps?" I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

"Have you any objection to tell me who the lady is?" inquired I, for we police-officers are sometimes obliged to override delicate scruples. He mentioned the name of a young woman residing at a farmhouse six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident. I drew a long breath, but kept my own counsel.

"Oh, so the damsel lives there, does she?" Now, has she any other sweethearts besides yourself?"

He thought there had been one, a carpenter, but, quoth the driver, complacently smoothing an incipient beard; "She has no lover now but me."

"Where does this carpenter live?"

"About half a mile from the farm," he answered; and with that I left, fully satisfied now that I was on the trail.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident, I had found a large thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to prize up the rail from the sleeper. Examining it minutely, I saw that it had been cut recently, and that with a *notched knife*. So, with this idea uppermost, I started on the

mission, and after a pleasant drive, reached the little hamlet where the carpenter lived. The district was very mountainous and rugged; and as I mounted the winding road towards the house, I could hear the monotone of the river near which so narrow an escape had taken place. *Yonder* was the scene. Was the criminal here? The door was soon opened to my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a cool, self-possessed young man, who seemed to read my errand in a moment, yet asked me what I wanted, without the change of a muscle. I entered into his little room, and told him I had a suspicion he could enlighten me on the cause of the railway accident.

No, he couldn't; he had heard of it, like the rest.

Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various articles were in my hand. On his person, I found two pocket-knives, each of which would have served to cut the stake. As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed: "That knife" (pointing to one) "I only put into my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home." I opened the knife; the blade was *notched*; and looking up from the article to the carpenter, caught his eye. We knew one another's thought in an instant; but he accompanied me tranquilly enough to the town. At the trial, the knife figured in evidence; various corroborating matter satisfied the jury of his guilt; he was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. It turned out afterwards that he loved the farm-girl, and was incited by jealousy to the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident. For all I know, the driver still dwells in single blessedness, for the maid is still a maid, as rosy-cheeked as ever, and, it is said, is waiting for the carpenter's return!

MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

A STORY OF CALIFORNIA.

I AM an old miner. Not one of the now-a-day Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old forty-nine California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new-fangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners engaged, in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon, in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the over-turned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few expletives of rather forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and, picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone causing my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. It was written with pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:—

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. ~~Falling~~ To discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a "blazed" tree, twenty-five paces due north of this, a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of

ANDREW FORREST.

As I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream, I could

not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine document, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners, to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log, and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances, a stream of water never had passed in the neighbourhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and, on looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparation for their supper. As an excuse, I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of my finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said—

"I think there *has* been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined that we would commence digging the next morning.

Morning came, and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down; for, as he said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine, by following it up, than by digging down in any one place. The result was, that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day, Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at least "make grub" while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search, that I had become utterly regardless of almost everything else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging, my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust; and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented

itself to my mind was, how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read, a dozen times, statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forgot the figures. How much I would have given then to have been able to recall them! The next thought was, how can I proceed to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant! I racked my brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect. Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment, the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to admit the air, and perhaps make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl out through it? Even if I only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my assistance. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it, by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite close and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then, placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water! At first it was swallowed up by the earth, but I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough for me to place my head in it and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back, I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found that it was the one we had been in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my comrades, I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned," said Jack, as he shook me by the hand, "I'm glad you're safe, old fellow—the more so as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the summer to get you to go into a tunnelling operation, and you have only laughed at us?"

"Yes," said I, wondering what would come next.

"Well, when you found that letter, Bill and I made up our minds that we would go into the job with you; not in the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intend-

ing, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and, my boy, we have never made less than three hundred dollars any day since we commenced."

"Then you think the bag a humbug, do you?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and I intend to go on looking for it."

"Now, what's the use of being foolish?" quoth Bill Jennings. "We've got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild-goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Be that as it may," said I, "I intend to follow it up."

Hill and Jack conferred together awhile, and then the former said—

"Well, Ned, we might as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunnelling."

"And the 'blazed' tree," said I, "how about that? The 'blaze' is certainly two years old."

"Jack hesitated. 'Why, you see,' said he, 'we found that tree, and wrote the letter to suit it.'"

"Then what do you think of this?" asked I, showing him the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag, we found about three thousand dollars' worth of gold. Jack never would confess, but always insisted, that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that the letter and it had no connection with each other. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We never could ascertain anything about Mr. Forrest, so we divided the money among us.

THE STORY OF THE SNIDER GUN.

THE misfortunes of inventors are proverbial. A few may gather wealth and reputation as the just reward of their exertions, but the majority have to undergo the mortification of beholding their claims ridiculed or ignored by those who have derived the most profit from their discoveries. A remarkable instance of this has just occurred in England. During the last twenty years numerous attempts have been made to provide for the use of soldiers a fire-arm which should be lighter, stronger, and capable of being fired more rapidly than the common musket then in use. During the war between the United States and Mexico, the soldiers of the former Power found the possession of revolvers gave them an indisputable advantage over their opponents. A man armed with a revolver could fire seven or more shots to the single shot of an opponent armed with a common musket or pistol. This fact led various inventors and scientific men to attempt the manufacture of a really serviceable breech-loading arm—that is, a weapon loaded at the breech instead of the muzzle—but the power of routine and red-tape was too great. Excepting Prussia, no Power would venture upon the experiment of equipping its army with breech-loaders. At last came the German war, and with the successes achieved by means of the Prussian needle-gun the once despised breech-loader system at once sprang into popularity. Each Continental power became anxious that its troops should have arms constructed on the breech-loader principle. In England the Government were urged on, both by Parliament and the nation, to adopt the new system as rapidly as possible. This was comparatively an easy task; for, thanks to the invention of the Mont "Storm" breech-loader, better known as the Snider breech-loader, the authorities were at once enabled to take steps for placing—at a comparatively light cost—our armies more on an equality, as regarded breech-loaders, with those of the Continent. But they could not have done this without the aid of Mr. Snider's invention. Yet, what a sorry treatment did he receive from them! So far back as 1859 Mr. Snider presented the Mont Storm system of breech-loading to the English Government, and was called on to convert two Enfields upon that plan. Subsequently it

was suggested that the ammunition should be made up with Government powder and bullet, and Mr. Snider having applied for and received these articles, the trials duly proceeded before the Ordnance Committee. A demand was then made upon him for the sum of £1 ls. 2d. for the material thus furnished, and it is affirmed that the Government actually sued him and obtained judgment against him for that amount. At that time his experiments occupied about eighteen months. Early in 1861 he went to the Continent to pursue his researches into the best system of breech-loading. In 1863 he returned to England, and first exhibited a model of a gun which formed the basis of his present invention. He was assured that the Government would never consent to look at a system of breech-loading carrying its own ignition; but the scientific persons having the subject in charge zealously met his views, and, after eight years of labour and heavy expenditure, he had the satisfaction to see his system practically successful and adopted by the State. But the further pecuniary and painful part of the history is described to be as follows:—In June last he addressed Lord Hartington, the then Secretary for War, saying he thought the time had now come when he should be informed how he was to be dealt with. The reply was that his claim must be considered under three heads—1, reimbursement for expenses; 2, compensation for services while employed in the department; and, 3, reward for the invention; and it was added that the first two points could be speedily settled without waiting for the third. Mr. Snider accordingly named £2,700 as the sum due to him for expenditure and services, whereupon it was notified that the matter had been left entirely in the hands of Mr. Clode, the Government solicitor for War, and that his decision was to give £1,000 and no more. Harassed by creditors for debts incurred during his long and costly proceedings, and at the same time helpless from sickness, and being told that if he did not accept what was offered, and give an acquittance in full, he would get nothing, Mr. Snider consented by the advice of friends to take the amount, the whole of which went immediately to creditors, not one farthing finding its way to his own hands. When these facts became known to the public, a storm of indignation followed. The authorities, alarmed at the stir made, reconsidered in a more favourable light the question of Mr. Snider's claim, and forwarded a communication to that effect to Mr. Snider's partner. But the concession came too late: the very morning that the intelligence was received, poor Snider, worn out with anxiety and disappointment, had died of a broken heart!

PASTIMES.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

The initials will give the name of a celebrated king of Scotland:—

1. A prime minister and ambitious statesman of France in the reign of Louis XIII.
2. The first martyr and the first author amongst the English nobility.
3. An eminent lawyer and law writer.
4. One of the most distinguished scholars of Germany.
5. A Bishop of London burnt at the stake for his religious opinions.
6. A celebrated French statesman and diplomatist.
7. The National poet of Scotland.
8. A gallant Dutch admiral killed in an engagement with the French.
9. An Irish divine who suffered severely during the rebellion in Charles I.'s reign.
10. An English navigator who sailed three times round the world.
11. A famous Dutch author, and the great restorer of learning in Europe.

CHARADES.

I.

Dame Dorothy now is a servitor old,
And long years of labour has reckoned;
She is greatest at my first, more great at my whole,
But greatest of all at my second!
She's starched and she's stiffened with buckram and bone,
And carries a grimly set smile of her own;
But, oh, dear me! the servants agree,
That she carries my first to a foolish degree!

And all the year round she is busy at work,
At all sorts and kinds of my second,
In which fish, fowl, and game of the best,
Beside fruits of all species, are reckoned.
She's up to her elbows in butter and flour,
And smiles with a grim sort of sense of her power:
But, oh, dear me! all folks must agree,
None accomplish my second like old Dorothy.

When Yule-tide draws near, with her pasteboard and pin,
Unwearing her crust doth she roll,
And batch after batch to the oven dispatch
She doth of my wonderful whole!

'Tis the pride of her heart the rich compound to make,
And her heart is as light as her crust and its flake;
And, oh, dear me! we all must agree,
That such a chef d'œuvre we never did see!

F. F. BRODERIP.

II.

My first was sailing on her way,
O'er a boundless sea of blue,
While fleecy cloudlets, like sheets of foam,
Were drifting the heavens through,
And the little stars, like a fleet of boats,
Were darting to and fro.

She sent my second slanting down,
To rest on sleeping earth,
With a gentle kiss for all eyes that wept
In human sorrow or dearth.
"My first has let fall her silver oar,"
Laughed the winds, in noisy mirth.

On many a varied spot below
Is my whole's white finger prest—
On hearts that are full of heaving strife
As the sea's unquiet breast.
And my whole, with its silver light, comes down,
Like a message of calm and rest.

F. F. B.

RIDDLES.

1. What two letters in the alphabet have least in them?
2. What are the two most intemperate letters of the alphabet?
3. What are the two most sinful letters in the alphabet?
4. What is that which has a crown and no throne; a head, yet no body; yet which goes every where, and is admitted into all society?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

What all love best, professing to prize least;
A Jewish tribe, inhabiting the East;
What should be man's first law, as heaven ordains;
Our life-long heritage of griefs and pains.

My first is very coldly pure and white;
It covers all things with a mantle light;
Veils all the earth, tips every leaf and spray,
Yet flies before the sun's too ardent ray.
My second, warm and genial, gives its light
Alike to rich and poor, by day or night.
My first before my second disappears
In liquid floods of ever-gushing tears,
That hiss and sparkle at my first's great heat—
Such is their conduct when the couple meet.

F. F. B.

WORD CAPPING.

1. Complete, I am a female's name; by changing my cap, I appear as a foreigner, part of an animal's head, part of a church, a sensible person, a thoroughfare, a reed, a portion of glass, an evil, and my last is decreasing.
2. Whole, I am a glutinous substance; change my cap, and I am respectively one of the senses, to sew slightly, quickness, my next is wicked, and my last refers to the Hindoos.
3. As I stand, I am a town in England; but change my cap successively, and I become an animal, a reprobate, a Spanish coin, the flesh of an animal, a loud sound, to reconcile, prosperity, and, lastly, warmth of feeling.

PROBLEMS.

1. A number consisting of two digits, when squared is equal to fifty-three times the square of the units digit, together with thirteen times the square of the tens digit; and the sum of the digits is equal to the difference of their squares. What is the number?

J. VAUGHAN.

A new monthly entitled the *Allegre Magazine*, is published by a large clothing-house of London. The "sensational novel" style of advertising is adopted in it, of which the following is a sample: "This man, so tall, so graceful, dressed in one of Mills & Co's. elegant black suits, at 50s., was approaching her. She trembled! It was he—it could be no other! She recognized him by the glossy hat bought of Mills & Co. for 7s. 6d., by the exquisite fit of his handsome boots, 14s., and that most gentlemanly of over-coats, sold only by Mills & Co. at 35s. Her heart beat audibly; her limbs bent beneath her; she was about to fall upon the greensward, when—" It would be an improvement for the advertisers to stop here and say, "The remainder of this very interesting story will be found in the next number of the Magazine."

THE NICEST KIND OF CROQUET.

MUSIC BY CHRISTABEL.

VOICE.

1. The
2. But the
3. While the

PIANO.

evening was bright with the moon of May And the lawn was light up as though lit... by day From the window I look to
mallets and balls un- heed - ed lay And the maid saw the youth! side by side sat they And I thought to my - self is...
red ro-ver rolled for gotten a - way, He whis-pered all that a lov-er should say, And he kissed her lips what a

see Cro-quet, to see Cro-quet. Of mallets and balls the usual dis-play: The
that Cro-quet, is what a queer Cro-quet. I saw the scamp, it was light as day, Put his
queer Cro-quet, what a queer Cro-quot. Si-lent they sat' leath the moon of May; But I

Small notes last time.

hoops were all placed in their ar-ray And I said to myself, "soon we'll see Croquet, soon we'll see Cro-quet."
arms round her waist in a lov - ing way And he squeezed her hand. Was that Croquet? Was that Croquet?
knew by her blushes she said not nay, And I thought in my heart, now that's Croquet, Was that Croquet?

1st time, 2nd time. last time.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters intended for the Editor, should be addressed "Editor Saturday Reader, Drawer #01," and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

PERPLEXITY.—We would remind our correspondent of the story which has been told so often of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who, when a lady came to him, and complained that she always suffered acute pain when she held her arm in a peculiar position, replied shortly, and to the point: "Then why on earth, madam, do you hold it up so?" If "Perplexity" finds the habit he refers to entails such disagreeable results, why does he not abandon it?

J. T. HAMILTON.—The chess column is resumed in the present issue, and will be continued, we trust, to the gratification of lovers of the "noble game."

BERTHA.—The lines commencing "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," occur in Prospero's famous speech at the beginning of the 4th act of the "Tempest."

L. B.—If a man once tried for murder be acquitted, he cannot be tried over again; but in Scotland, when the verdict of "Not Proven" is returned, we believe the suspected person is liable to a second trial, should further evidence tending to inculpate him be discovered.

A COUNTY TRADER.—Asks for an easy rule for determining the equivalent in greenbacks for a given sum in gold at a given rate of discount on U. S. currency. We know of no simpler rule than to deduct the rate of discount from 100, and divide the gold by the remainder. For instance, should "A County Trader" require to convert \$700 in gold into greenbacks at 30 per cent. discount, 30 subtracted from 100 leaves 70, and the \$700 divided by 70 gives \$1000, the equivalent in greenbacks. The proof is simple—\$1000 in greenbacks at 30 per cent. discount give \$700 gold, or 70 cents in the dollar.

LEO.—Watches are said to have been invented at Wurtemberg in 1447. They were first used for astronomical purposes by Purbach in 1500, and were imported into England from Germany in 1577. Repeating watches were invented by Barlowe in 1676.

MAY H.—We are sorry we cannot accept May's poetical contribution.

GEO. H.'s letter is very encouraging to us. We trust the efforts making for the improvement of the READER will be appreciated by the public generally.

A. M. T.—The MS. is not in our possession; but we will endeavor to obtain it, and will mail it to your address, or hold it at the office until called for, as you may direct.

G. L.—The missing numbers shall be forwarded.

MISCELLANEA.

ARCHIMEDES being asked to go and hear a person who imitated the nightingale to perfection, answered, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

"WHAT men want is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour." As labour is the arch elevator of man, so patience is the essence of labour.

It was rather carnal advice which Sidney Smith gave Daniel O'Connell, yet there was good sense in it: "What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean, the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh! A far better anthem would be, Erin go bread and cheese, Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain, Erin go pataloons without holes in them."

SPEED AND STRENGTH OF INSECTS.—An humble-bee has been known to distance a locomotive going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and a dragonfly to escape from a swallow after an hour's chase. A few burying-beetles will place

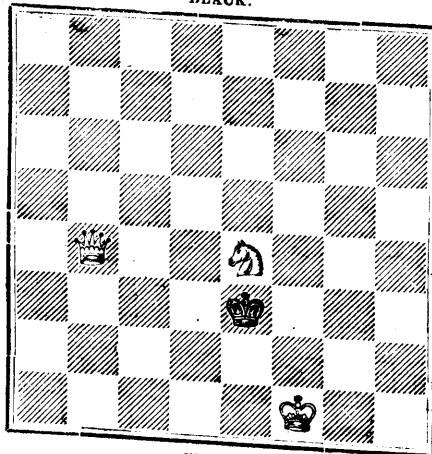
a mole under the earth in an hour, which is a feat equal to as many men burying a large whale in the same space of time.

UNCOMMONLY PARSIMONIOUS.—Captain Gronow says:—The famous General Monton, the bravest of the brave, was created Count of Lobau for his heroic conduct in the desperate attack upon the island of that name at the battle of Wagram. His commanding figure and stentorian voice many persons now living may remember, when as a marshal of France, under Louis Philippe, he commanded the National Guard. He was a most excellent man in all the relations of life, but of very parsimonious habits. One of his old comrades related to me the following anecdote of him;—General Monton, who was a great favourite with the Emperor Napoleon, was visiting his illustrious chief one morning at the Tuileries, when his Majesty, happening to look out of his window, beheld in the courtyard a very shabby-looking vehicle. "Is that your carriage, Monton?" asked the Emperor.—"Yes, sire." "It is not fitting that one of my bravest generals should go about in a hackney-coach."—"Sire, I am not a Croesus, and can't afford a better." The next day Monton received a cheque on the Bank of France for 300,000 francs (£12,000). About a fortnight afterwards, General Monton again paid a visit to the Tuileries in the same hackney-coach. On looking out, the Emperor's countenance clouded over, and he looked greatly displeased, as he recognized the obnoxious vehicle. "Did you not receive an order for 300,000 francs?" he inquired of the general. "Yes, sire," replied Monton, "and I am truly grateful for the gift; but if your Majesty insists upon my spending it, I would rather return the money."

CHESS.

As we are now resuming our Chess Column by special request, we would bespeak for it a continuance of the favour it has received in the past; and, we need hardly add that communications and contributions from old correspondents as well as new ones, will be always welcome.

PROBLEM No. 46. BY S. A. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 20. Termination of a partie which occurred in one of the match games between Messrs. Lowenthal and Harrwitz.



White (Mr. Harrwitz) having to play, announced

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—"Hooked it." EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.—Taken from life.—

COCKNEY EPITAPH FOR A COOK.—"Peace to his hashes."

"HAVE you fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the reply.

"WHY did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Because he had no knife," replied the urchin.

WHY are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offence!

"PLEASE, sir," said a little girl who was sweeping a crossing, to a miser, "you have given me a bad penny." "Never mind, my girl," replied he; "you may keep it for your honesty."

"AH," said Seraphina Angelina, speaking on some subject on which her feelings were enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity—" "Would I were an opportunity!" interrupted her bashful lover.

A CERTAIN barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed, "that he had been turning over Coke." "I should have thought you had been turning over coals," remarked a wag.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

A YOUNG man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

SYDNEY SMITH speaks of a man so dry that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, sawdust would come out.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him sage.

WHAT metamorphosis does a washerwoman undergo in the night? She goes to bed a washerwoman, and gets up fine linen.

The literary style of asking for a slice of ham at dinner is, "I'll thank you for an elegant extract from Bacon."

Two ladies contended, in the court of Charles V., as to who should take precedence of the other. They appealed to the monarch, who replied, "Let the elder go first." We are told that such a dispute was never again heard of.

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following memorandum on the corner for the benefit of all indolent postmasters into whose hands it might happen to fall: "Please hasten the delay of this."

A GENTLEMAN, complaining of the various imposts and taxes, says he cannot put on his boots without a stamp.

"How can you prove the existence of these 'sperrits?'" asked a sceptic of an adept. "Prove them!" replied the conjuror, impressively: "the sperrits are above proof!"

A servant, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs is in the same fix."

A FOREIGNER, speaking of the House of Commons, says, "So difficult is it for anything to be heard inside its gorgeous walls, that the impatient members are obliged to be continually calling out, 'Hear! hear! hear!'"

A CYNIC named Wright, in Wrightsville, Wright county, out West, recently writing on woman's rights, said, "It is so seldom that women do write what is right, that it is more than right that when they do write it should be rightly done." Now, if Mr. Wright is not right, then he had no right to write the above.