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CRITICISM.

BY J. A. ATTORNSON.

A little bird, whose heart was full of song,
Perched on a bough and poured his notes along
The summer air, so sweet that Zephyr staid
While to listen, pensive as a maid;
And lo, a mocking owl, whose cell was near,
Forgot his rovers, and deigned to hear;
But, wishing to be thought more wise than pleased,
His load of learning thus he lightly eased:
"Think not, vain singer, that your song is new;
Three thousand years ago, in Greece, there flew;
And sang a bird, the counterpart of you!
And who spend our hours in classic toil,
And burrow deep in learning's misty soil,
Know all about that ancient, bearded strain.
So, sing new songs or never sing again!"
The simple singer, innocent of art,
Who only knew his song came from the heart,
Made no reply, but lashed his modest neck,
And flew, to sing from wisdom more remote;
While Zephyr, swelling to a tempest howl
At loss of song, smote the pedantic owl.

(For the Hearthstone.)

MY NIGHT JOURNEYS.

BY W. H. FULLER.

Lying restless in a sleeping car of the Grand Trunk Railway, I recall some of the night journeys I have made in the course of a somewhat eventful life.

The earliest of which I have any recollection occurred more years ago than I like to confess, and is still fresh in my memory. I was between eight or nine years old and was about leaving home for the first time to go to a school in a remote part of Yorkshire. My misgivings about this, my first plunge into life, were greatly increased by the unfeeling behaviour of my elder brother Tom, who brought his naturally great powers of aggravation into a focus for my particular benefit. Poor Tom! he is now amid the reeds of the Indian jungles, but his merry voice seems ringing in my ears now, and in the semi-darkness of the car I fancy I can see his bright blue eyes brimming over with glee as I used to see them nearly forty years ago, when he was planning some more than usually attractive piece of mischief.

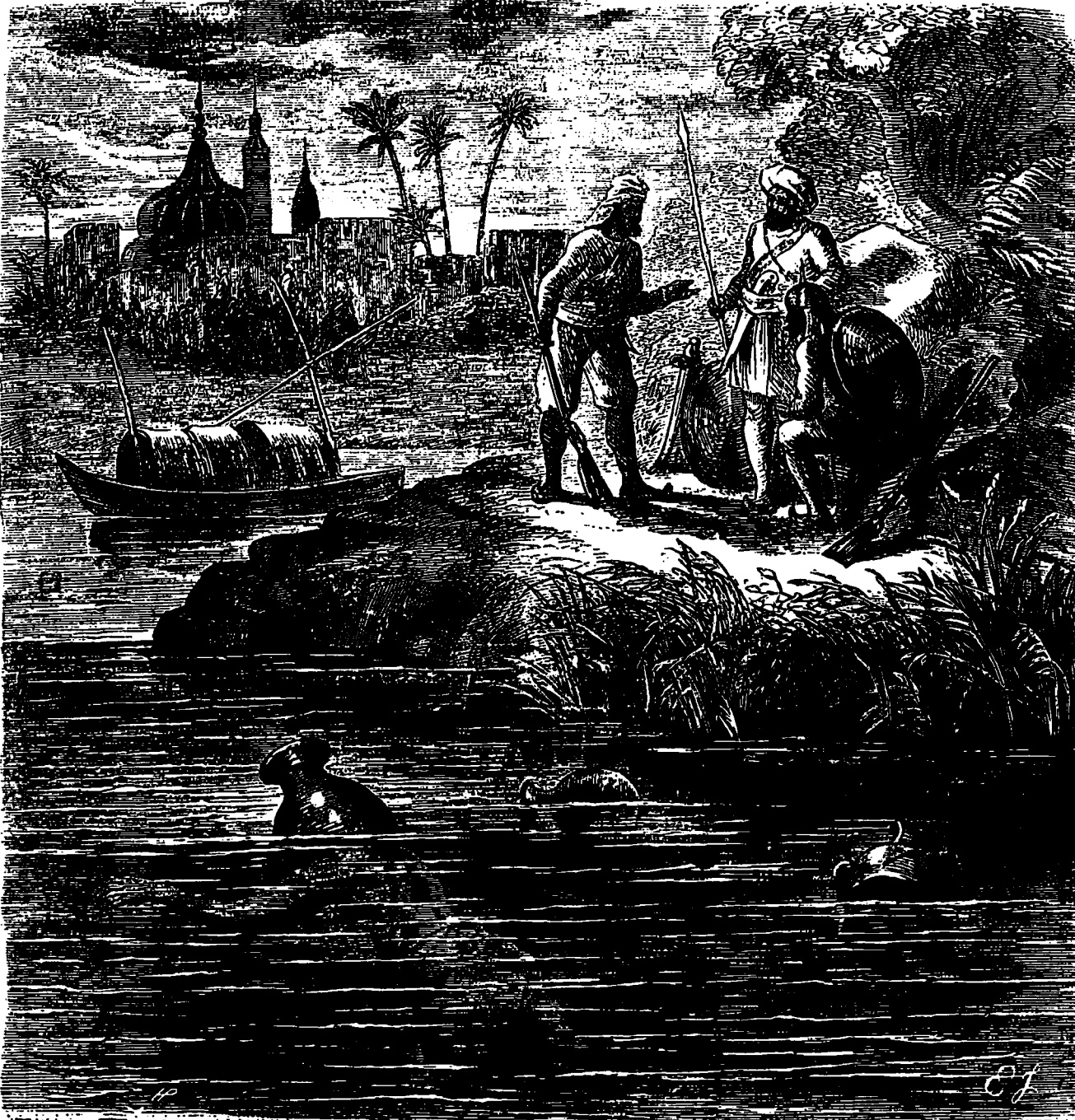
As soon as the domestic *ukase*, announcing my approaching banishment, was promulgated, Tom devoted himself to my service—he commenced by continuing the parental severity that could begeth a tender youngster like myself to the rule-wilds of Yorkshire, and then, having acquired my confidence and become the recipient of my private sentiments on the subject, he began to draw upon his imagination for the most harrowing stories of the severities practiced at public schools generally, and those of Yorkshire in particular. He stated that "wallpings" was one of the established institutions, but of that he did not think much, as all schools were alike in that respect, although he had heard that the Yorkshire "wallpings" were particularly execrable; but what he thought most about was, that owing to the peculiarly isolated position of some of these Yorkshire schools, and the natural stinginess of the proprietors, the unfortunate inmates were frequently reduced to the greatest straits for want of sufficient nourishment, and that it was within his own knowledge that a new boy who was chubby—I was chubby—and of fair complexion, which I was—who had not been there long enough to get thin, had, during a season of great scarcity, been converted into Yorkshire pies for the support of his fellow pupils; a plausible tale being concocted to account to his parents for his disappearance.

Now I knew then, as well as I know now, that this was only an invention of Master Tom's; yet those horrible pies lay heavy on my mind and I could not shake off my misgiving, although in public I valiantly scouted the idea as a weak device of the enemy to frighten me. Tom was not slow to perceive my ill-concealed uneasiness, and neglected to increase it. He would handle me gently and solemnly about the region of the ribs &c., in the manner of Graciers when negotiating the purchase of fat oxen; he would then shake his head solemnly and suggest the propriety of a course of severe training in order to reduce all superfluous flesh, which otherwise might prove too strong a temptation to the Yorkshire cannibals, and lead to my being devoured before, as he forcibly expressed it, "I could say Jack Robinson."

It was the custom in our family on each succeeding Saturday, to place upon the domestic banquet table, a gigantic meat pie; which was popularly supposed to contain all the nutrients scrapes of the previous week. No words of mine can adequately describe the expression of Tom's countenance whenever this libelous pie made its appearance. The cannibalistic leer with which he would regard me always sufficed effectually to take away my appetite, and bring about affectionate maternal questions as to the cause of my indisposition, with terrific hints as to the necessity of a pill at night, or opium salts in the morning.

At length the fatal day arrived, and I mounted the coach on my dreaded journey, with Tom's parting injunction "whatever I did not to allow myself to get fat," ringing in my ears. My mother and sisters were waving affectionate farewells from the drawing room balcony, while the irrepressible Tom was obstinately weeping into a remarkably small handkerchief on the doorstep.

It was quite dark when the coach drew up at a bye road, leading across a desolate looking moor, where I was to alight. A chaise cart, in charge of a weird looking old man, was waiting to receive me. I scrambled down from the coach, the guard deposited my trunk by the roadside, and before I had time to take breath the coach was whirling away in the distance with the Guard's horse playing a merry tune,



"I FOUND TO MY HORROR THAT THE CURRENT WAS DRIFTING ME DIRECTLY ON TO THE GHAT."

which to me sounded as dismal as a funeral dirge.

I was sadly low spirited, all through my journey had that horrible pie story been present to my mind and I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that there might possibly be some foundation for it, and I therefore looked with much anxiety at my escort, hoping to glean some small grain of comfort from their personal appearance.

And horse and man been of even moderate fitness, I might have comforted myself with the idea that times were prosperous and provisions plentiful in the Yorkshire wilds; but alas! even in the fast fading light I could see that the ribs of the wretched quadruped in the cart were developed with alarming prominence while the personal of the driver was ill calculated to reassure my perturbed mind. He was an old withered looking man whose shoulders were bent and rounded till they almost gave him the appearance of being humpbacked; his nose was hooked and his chin prominent and he had a peculiar way of mumbling or champing his teeth which was decidedly ogreish, and made me fancy that he was already in imagination revelling on the titbits of my tender young carcase. His first remark did not tend to allay my apprehensions; "well youngsters" he said in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "the beest a ploomp un; dang my bootsen if the beest as round as a dooplin" and the old man nodded and champed in so suggestive a manner, that from sheer fright I shivered till the brass buttons, with which my new jacket was plentifully decorated, tinkled like a peal of fairy sleigh bells.

My perturbation was so evident that the old man with the remark "whoy lad thee beest cold," lifted me into the cart and bidding me wrap myself up in an old rug that lay on the seat, mounted stiffly to my side and drove away down the road.

I had now worked myself up to such a pitch of excited terror that I was unable to reply, except by chattering of the teeth, to the remarks of my driver who kindly enough endeavored to cheer me up, and attributing my discomfort to the cold persisted in ill-named allusions to my unfortunate superabundance of flesh, which in his opinion ought to have kept me warmer. For three weary hours did I sit by that old man's side in an agony of fear which, unfounded and ridiculous as it now appears, was as vivid and real an emotion as any I have ever experienced.

Unfounded it was in truth, for old "Peter" under his rugged and unimpressing exterior, concealed as tender a heart as ever beat in human breast, while the school itself was as easy going an establishment as school boys could desire; and the commissariat, though coarse, was plentiful to a fault. Ere many days had passed I could laugh to myself at my absurd misgivings, but I do not think the recollection of that ride will ever be entirely erased from my memory, and every time I see a pork pie I recall vividly the terrors of my first night journey.

Five years afterwards when leaving the same school, I had rather a curious night ride. A railroad depot had been opened at a village about six miles distance from our school and the old coach had been driven off the road. From this bye station I took my departure by the night mail on my way home. I arrived late at the station owing to a delay on the road caused by the old horse—the same of course, now a Methusalem among quadrupeds—casting a shoe—the train had already arrived and the porter hurriedly pushed me into a first class carriage, replying to the angry remonstrance of the only inmate by saying "there's no time Sir—the young gentleman want mind your smoking I desay," and almost before I had time to get myself the train was moving off. I took my place in the farthest corner of the carriage and glanced at my fellow traveller who had so vehemently objected to my intrusion. He was a short built man with a profuse black beard and moustache; he wore a cloth travelling cap pulled low down over his forehead and was muffled in a loose overcoat—his eyes expressed so intense a degree of anger as he glared at me that despite my schoolboy impudence, I felt considerably abashed, and heartily wished I had been placed in some other compartment.

In reply to my polite intimation, that I hoped he would go on smoking; he turned away with a muttered curse, so I curled myself up in my corner and feeling very drowsy composed myself for a nap. I had been dozing for some time, when I became conscious that my companion had risen from his seat and was leaning over me; I felt his hot breath on my cheek, but impelled by some instinct for which I could not account, I remained passive, with my eyes closed, breathing regularly as though still sleep-

ing. After listening nearly a minute to my long drawn respiration, he retired stealthily to his own end of the carriage; greatly to my relief, as I could not have kept up the deception many moments longer. I lay quite for a while and then looked cautiously out of the corner of my eye—the metamorphosis in my companion was so strange and unexpected that I could not suppress a slight start which caused him to look quickly round. With a startled gasp and a restless motion of my arms, I turned over on my seat and again feigned to be sleeping soundly. I was now really frightened and the half hour during which I lay passive seemed to be an age. Unable any longer to keep up the deception I sat up with as good an assumption as I could summon of being tired and only half awake.

In place of the black whiskered and ferocious looking individual I had first seen, I now found a smooth faced venerable looking old gentleman with long white hair, and broad brimmed hat, and a pair of large gold spectacles.

Had I not seen him in the act of changing his disguise I should probably not have had the least suspicion of his identity, but as it was, I at once recognized the anxious suspicious look in his eyes as he made benevolent enquiries whether I was fatigued, and how long I had been asleep. Replying to his enquiries drowsily and asking with a tolerable assumption of innocence, "when the other gentleman got out," I feigned to resume my slumber and was much relieved when we reached the junction at which I was to alight where I found my father waiting for me.

As we drove from the station I told my father of my adventure—he seemed considerably impressed by it, and, diverging from our direct road, he called in at the police station where he had an interview with the Inspector. His story caused some commotion, for the Inspector came running out hastily to the cab in which I had remained seated and questioned me closely as to the appearance of my quondam acquaintance. As we left I saw him driving off rapidly to the railway station, and I afterwards learnt that my unintentional espionage had led to the capture of a defaulting cashier who would otherwise have got clear off with his ill-gotten plunder.

That was a memorable night journey when

on my first overland trip to India I missed the usual caravan from Calcutta, and started, with only a single Bedouin Arab, across the Desert to catch the steamer at Suez! I have often been impressed with the desolation of the ruined cities of the East, and once I thought that nothing could equal the dreary blankness of a Western prairie after the fire had devoured its verdure, and left nothing but a vast expanse of blackened earth behind it; but never did I experience such an utter and overwhelming sense of loneliness as when we stopped to water our horses at the one single brackish well on the route, and I saw in the moonlight on every side as far as the eye could reach

"Boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

In these days the traveller runs across the Desert by railroad, with as little romance as in journeying from London to Birmingham. But of all my night journeys there was one which has left an indelible impression behind it, and even now it often recurs to me in my dreams, and I wake up with the cold sweat of terror pouring down my face.

It was during the time of the Indian mutiny—a time which an Anglo-Indian recalls without a thrill of horror! The outbreak had just commenced and I was the junior officer of a detachment left to guard the station of Ferozeshagar. The station was a small one on the banks of the Ganga and, besides the regiment usually cantoned there, was only occupied by the District Collector and a few European and Eurasian families connected with the civil service. The main body of the regiment had marched to join the column of General Outram then advancing towards Delhi, and we were left with some thirty or forty European and Sikh soldiers to protect the women and children of the station. Although it was known that several of the disaffected regiments would in all probability pass at no great distance from us, it was not thought that they would be likely to turn aside to plunder a station of so little importance, but would press on with all speed towards Delhi with a view to reaching the city before access was closed by the English troops. Notwithstanding this opinion in which my Major and myself shared, we neglected no precaution for the safety of our precious charge. All the residents of the station were brought into the Collector's house, which we strengthened and fortified in the best way we could, making loopholes for musketry at every suitable point and protecting every exposed window by piling mattresses therein. The house was an old building of considerable size which had been formerly occupied by some wealthy native, and subsequently altered to suit European tastes and requirements. It was therefore stronger and more substantial than the more modern dwellings, but quite inadequate to resist, for more than a few hours, the attack even of the lightest field pieces. Water we had in abundance as the back of the house almost overhung the river to which a flight of steps led from the lower floor, forming a landing place for boats, several of which lay moored at the steps; but provisions were sadly deficient although we had secured all the supplies on which we could possibly lay our hands. The station bazaar market had been deserted by the natives and only those who are acquainted with Indian life and know the utter dependence of the European on the Native for the commonest necessities of life, will be able to appreciate the difficulty with which we collected even our scanty supply.

When, therefore, just before sunset, about a week after we had finished our preparations, the alarm was given that a considerable body of mutineers was approaching the station, although surprised at their appearance, we had no reason to reproach ourselves for having neglected any precaution. The enemy, about six hundred in number, came on yelling and shouting like demons. The bulk of the mutineers was the British army, and were armed with the regular muskets; but they had lost every remnant of discipline. Nothing was more remarkable during the whole episode of the Indian mutiny than the rapidity with which these highly trained native troops relapsed into a mere disorganized mass of marauders when released from the control of their European officers.

As they approached, we looked anxiously to see if they had any artillery with them, but to our great relief we could not detect any. They made a pretty vigorous attempt to carry our little fortress by assault, but were easily driven back by our spirited fire, and speedily retired, leaving some dozen of their number on the ground.

Fortunately, our house stood in an isolated position, and there was little, if any, cover within musket shot. This rendered our sentry duties much easier, and relieved us from any fear of a surprise. Our chief dread was lost the enemy should obtain artillery, or falling that, that they would turn the attack into a regular siege and starve us out. It was, therefore, with much misgiving that I saw in the early dawn of the next morning that they had posted a strong line of pickets round our fortress, just out of shot, while the main body had encamped at the nearest *ghat*, some half mile down the river.

I will not attempt to describe the hardships endured by our little garrison during the week of suffering that followed, nor the patient, uncomplaining fortitude with which even the faintest and weakest bore their unaccustomed privations. Our provisions were now dotted out, but sufficient quantities to keep body and soul together, and we had to face the startling fact that three days more would see the supply entirely exhausted. My senior officer had ordered sent out a Sikh in the forlorn hope of obtaining assistance, but the unfortunate man had been captured by the rebels and tortured to death with the most horrible atrocities in front of our fortress. Escape by way of the land exit was barred by the line of pickets, and by the river a boat would have to run the gauntlet of the main body of the mutineers encamped only a few hundred yards

below, while detached parties watched our place of refuge from the opposite bank of the river. The chance of breaking through the line of our besiegers seemed, therefore, hopeless, and it was with a sinking heart that I looked out on the river flowing so calmly and peacefully at my feet. After the capture and death of our first emissary we had allowed the dark nights to pass by, during which it might have been possible for a messenger to have passed the enemy by swimming down the river, and now the bright moonlight rendered such an attempt, or, at least, a desperate one, impossible. Had it not been for the helpless women and children, we might at least have sallied out and died like men with arms in our hands, but hampered as we were we had not even this resource, and could only suffer doggedly to the last, and then, as others had done before, reserve our last cartridges for the women and die as manfully as we might.

As I stood sorrowfully watching the tranquil river and idly noting the progress of an old gherree floating down the stream, a sudden thought flashed across my mind! Would it not be possible for a swimmer to escape undetected, by concealing his head with one of those gherrees, and I remembered to have read was the custom of some of the *duendes*, or *blives*, on the river, and so that unsuspected just the rebel encampment below? I should explain that the *gherrees* are large earthen pots used by the natives as cooking utensils, and when damaged or worn out are usually thrown out into the river, where they may be daily seen drifting along with the current. Full of the idea I hurried off to the Major and propounded to him my scheme, volunteering to carry it out effect. He seemed to have little hope of its success, but consented to it on condition that one of the *blives* should go instead of myself. I pointed out that in this case it would be necessary to send a written statement of our condition, which, if it should fall into the hands of the enemy, would infallibly destroy any faint chance of the siege being abandoned before we were completely exhausted by famine. After some discussion the Major consented that I should make the attempt, and I set about my preparations.

It was agreed that nothing should be said to the rest of the garrison; and about an hour after the sun had set I started on my perilous night journey. I had taken the largest gherree I could find in the house, which fitted loosely on my head and neck like some cumbersome helmet. In the sides I had drilled two or three small holes, and habited only in a dark flannel shirt and trousers, with my revolver and a few spare cartridges bound securely on my head, I slipped quietly into the water behind the shade of the boats which lay at the steps.

I had constructed a small life-preserver of two pieces of cork, which, tied round my neck, enabled me to float without exertion, and lessened the chances of detection from any commotion of the water. Building gherree, with my hands well below the surface, I gradually worked out into the centre of the stream, where I felt the full force of the current, and was carried quietly and easily along. In about half an hour from the time I had quitted the house, the voices of the mutineers at the *ghat* began to sound plainly to my ears. While drifting down my earthen helmet was turned slowly round and round by the current; so that half the time I had to depend only on my sense of hearing to warn me of the approach of danger. I dared not lift my covering lest the motion should attract some watchful eye, and now, when I became aware that I was nearing the great pair of stairs, I waited with painful anxiety for the moment when the revolutions of the gherree would give me a glimpse of my position. When the longest for moment came I found to my horror that the current was drifting me directly on to the *ghat*, from which I was then distant less than thirty yards. I used my hands vigorously as I could, in the hope of getting to the edge of the current, but the stream was too powerful for my exertion I could venture to make, while, to add to my distress, at this moment the holes in the gherree passed again beyond my line of sight, and I was once more drifting blindly into danger! I was again in a most perilous position, and I was again in a most perilous position, and I was again in a most perilous position.

The voices of my enemies now seemed to be within a few feet of me, and every moment I expected to find my frail covering dashed to atoms, and myself face to face with my relentless foes. Minutes, that seemed long, long hours, thus passed ere I once again got a fleeting glimpse of my situation. Then, with such a fervent emotion of gratitude to the Providence which had preserved me, did I see that I had drifted undiscovered past the *ghat*, and that the current was now slowly settling me out again into the middle of the stream! For more than an hour I drifted along ere I deemed it prudent to take a more extended survey of my position by lifting cautiously the edge of my helmet. I then found that the *ghat* and station were hidden from view by a bend of the river, and neither huts or men were visible on either bank. Divesting myself of my friendly covering I swam to shore, and climbing with some difficulty up the muddy bank, concealed myself in a small patch of jungle close by. Faint with the privations I had undergone, and chilled by my long immersion in the water, it seemed impossible that I could ever get across the fifteen miles of rough country that separated me from the Great Trunk Road, which was the point I desired to reach, and along which I knew our troops were moving. A sup from my spirit flask, which I had taken the precaution to place on my head, somewhat revived me, and animated by the thought of my comrades, whose rescue seemed now more hopeful, I again started on my toilsome journey.

Reeling with weakness and fatigue, now wading knee deep through the swampy rice fields, and now forcing my way with naked feet and bleeding feet through thorny jungles, I pressed on through that long weary night. At length, just as the sun rose redly above the horizon, I found myself on the well-known road, and there in the distance, oh joyful sight! rose a cloud of dust, through which glittered, in the rays of the morning sun, the bayonets of a British regiment. Despite my utter exhaustion, I ran along the road like a madman to meet them, but had scarcely told the tale to the commanding officer ere I fainted away.

I remembered nothing more until I was rescued from my stupor by the roar of our field-pieces and the rattle of musketry; and looking from the curtains of the hospital *ghat* in which I found myself, I saw our brave fellows driving the flying scoundrels like frightened sheep, across the country. I was inviolated and sent home, where I soon recovered my health, but I do not think my nerves have ever been the same since that memorable Night Journey.

No FAMILY should be without Johnson's Anodyne Linctus. It is inestimable in emergencies.

ARIBUTI CAERMEN.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

I know the wild-wood haunts where thou abidest, And there, the mossy nooks where most thou hidest, Arbutus, sweet and shy.

And this fair day, while April's sun was climbing, And bird and brook in sweet accord were chiming, Spring's opening melody:

By the old saw-mill with its wheel swift going, Half mad, half merry at the flushed streams flowing, We took a winding road:

Rough yet and rutty from the winter travel, Of clumpy wheels, that scrooped the sodden gravel, And creaked with timbered load:

A mountain-road none but the woodman uses, Or, haply, some light-hearted group that chooses Brief inlet to the hills—

Like me and mine—to find thee, sweet Arbutus, Or chequits in the fall, where none dispute us, With hindering bars or bills.

Like me and mine! I think that kink or kaiser Had borrowed pride to be the happy praiser Of girls and boys like mine.

I think, O pale Arbutus! thy pink flushes Less lovely than my maiden's sudden blushes— Half human, half divine:

That Light, and Love, and Joy—each heavenly painter— Lays on their cheeks, in hues than thine scarce fainter, Yet fading not with May.

And thy coy blushes, by the mosses stifled, Of sweeps, by lither arms were never rilled, Than of my boys to-day.

With shouts of glee that set thy petals quaking, From every moss-plunged bank light cones waking, They urged the frolic raid.

O shy Arbutus! vain the curtains mossy, And vain thy shield-like leaves so green and glossy, To give thy beauties aid!

They say, sweet flower, that pride is not thy failing, But is there not, I prize, in thy "trailing" A touch of blarney pride?

Didst thou not inly laugh while hiding under Mosses and leaves—to fancy my glad wonder— As I thy charms espied?

And while thou hast—and mayst deserve—the credit Of being shy—just as the birds have said it— I cannot help the doubt!

That if thou didst not understand thy beauty— Thou wouldst not hide from just a sense of duty, Glad not to be found out!

I must confess thou dost not love the garden, And shuntest paths the common footsteps harden, But may not this be lost—

To make us woo thee in thy native woodland— To fascinate alike, age, youth and childhood— More coquetry in fact?

But, no! I see thee blush from vase and basket— Thy very white turns rosy as I ask it— And sets my doubt at rest.

I think thou art of all sweet flowers the shyest, And so shall seek thee more, as more thou diest— To wear upon my breast.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

He had almost decided the point to his own satisfaction, and was going into the shop, when he stopped suddenly, turned on his heel, and walked a few paces further, still meditating. "How about aunt Hannah?" he asked himself. "There's the rub. If I were to send Grace my likeness, she must surely see it. What is there which those piercing eyes of hers do not see? And yet I must be the clumsiest of Lotharios if I can't cheat aunt Hannah. What were such sharp-eyed all-seeing people created for, except to be duped egregiously, sooner or later? Yes; I think I am a match for aunt Hannah."

He turned back again, and this time went straight to the jeweller's counter. He selected a locket—the handsomest, or the one that pleased him best, in the shop; a massive diamond locket, oval, with an anchor in large rich-looking pearls on the back; such a jewel as a man would scarcely choose for a farmer's daughter, unless he had sunk very far down that pit from which extraction is so difficult and so rare. He turned the locket over in his fingers thoughtfully after he had chosen and paid for it.

"I suppose, now," he said to the shopman, "you could make me a false back to this thing, and put a portrait into it in such a manner that its existence need only be known to the owner of the locket?"

The shopman replied diffusely, to the effect that the thing was practicable, but would be troublesome, requiring great nicety of adjustment, and so on, and so on, and would be, of course, expensive.

"I don't care about a pound or two more or less," said Mr. Walgrave. "I should like the thing done, if it can be done neatly. There must be a secret spring, you understand, in the style one reads about in novels. I never saw it in real life; but I have a fancy for trying the experiment. You can send me for the photograph in a day or two; and the sooner you can let me have the locket the better."

He tossed his card on to the counter and departed, more interested in this trifling purchase than he had been in anything for a long time. "It is a relief to do something that will please her," he thought. "It was a relief; but he was not the less restless and uneasy. The Cardium case had no charm for him. Now bribes, which had accumulated during the last fortnight of his absence, failed to interest him. He had been less than a week away from Briarwood, yet it seemed as if that ancient garden in Kent were divided from him by the space of a lifetime. His common life, which until this time had seemed to him all-sufficient for a man's happiness, was out of tune.

He hardly knew what to do with himself. After the excuses he had made about Eastbourne he could not go abroad; yet he would live to have rushed headlong to some wild out-of-the-way village in the Tyrol, and to spend his autumn climbing unfamiliar mountains. He fancied he could get rid of his infatuation in some remote region such as that, but chained to London, in the dull dead season of the year, there was no hope of cure. Grace Redmayne's

image haunted him by day and by night, mixed itself with every dream, came between him and his books, pushed Cardium v. Cardium from their stools.

Would he not have been safer at Eastbourne, in the society of his affianced, living the life of gentility by the seaside? He could hardly fail to ask himself this question. Yes; he would be safer, most assuredly, walking that narrow pathway, his footsteps guarded from all possibility of wandering. He would be safer; but he felt that such a life just now would be simply unendurable. The commonplace talk, the narrow mind—narrow though it was stored with stray lines from Tennyson and Owen Meredith, and had been enriched by a careful perusal of every book which a young lady of position ought to read; narrow, although its culture during the educational period had cost from two to three hundred a year—from these he shrank as from a pestilence. In plain words, he felt that an unbroken week of his future wife's company would be the death of him.

And when they were married, what then? Well, then, of course, it would be different. No man—above all a successful barrister—need see enough of his wife to be bored by her companionship. Nor can a man's wife, unless she is inherently obnoxious to him, ever be utterly uninteresting. They have so many ideas in common, so many plans and arrangements—petty, perhaps, but still absorbing for the moment—to discuss and settle,—the list of guests for a dinner-party; the way—bill of their autumn pilgrimage; the name of their last baby; the pattern of new carpets; the purchase or non-purchase of a picture at Christie's. The wife is only a necessary note—the subdominant—in the domestic scale.

But the long days of courtship, when there is no fervent love in the soul of the lover; the long summer evenings, when he is bound to stroll with his chosen one by the calm gray sea; when to talk too much of his own prospects and plan of life would be to appear worldly; when he is bound, in fact, to complete his tale of love-making, to produce the given number of bricks with ever so little straw—those days are the days of trial; and happy is he who can pass through them unscathed to that solemn morning which clenches the bargain with joyous ringing of bells, and gay procession of bridesmaids, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and transforms the exacting betrothed into the submissive wife.

"I have not the slightest doubt we shall get on very well together when we are married," Mr. Walgrave said to himself; "but the preliminary stage is up-hill work. I know that Augusta is fond of me, in her way; but O, what a cold way it seems after the touch of Grace Redmayne's little hand, the look in Grace Redmayne's eyes! Thank God, I did my duty in that affair, and was open and above-board from the first."

There was nothing in the world to deny Mr. Walgrave's visit to Eastbourne during the following week, except his own caprice; but he had a fancy for waiting until that locket he had bought in Cockspur-street was ready for him. He selected the photograph which represented him at his best, had it carefully painted by an expert hand, and sent it to the jeweller. At the end of the week the locket was brought to him. The spring worked admirably. On opening the golden case, there appeared a bunch of forget-me-nots in blue enamel; but on pressing a little knob between the locket and the ring attached to it, the dainty little enamelled picture opened like the back of a watch, and revealed Hubert Walgrave's miniature. The contrivance was perfect in its way, the forget-me-nots a happy thought. The man to whom the work had been intrusted had taken the liberty to suppose that the trinket must needs be a love-gift.

Hubert Walgrave was charmed with the toy, and had it packed, registered at once to "Miss Redmayne, Briarwood Farm, near Kingsbury, Kent." He wrote the address, and posted the little packet with his own hands, and then wrote Grace a formal letter, a letter which could bear the scrutiny of Mrs. Redmayne.

"My dear Miss Redmayne,—I experienced so much kindness from your family and yourself during my very pleasant visit to Briarwood, that I have been anxious to send you some little souvenir of that event. I know that young ladies are fond of trinkets, and I fancy that your kind aunt would prefer my sending my little offering to you, rather than to herself. I have therefore chosen a locket, which I trust Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne will permit you to accept, in token of my gratitude for all the kindness I received under their hospitable roof.

"With all regards, I remain, my dear Miss Redmayne, very faithfully yours, HUBERT WALGRAVE."

He read the letter over, and blushed, ever so faintly, at his own hypocrisy. Yet what could he do? he wanted to give the dear girl just one little spark of pleasure. Upon a slip of paper he wrote: "I'll be a new resort entre l'anneau et le médaillon; touche-le, et tu trouveras mon portrait;" and enclosed the slip in his letter. Grace would open her own letter, no doubt, and the Redmaynes would hardly see that little slip of paper in an unknown tongue.

"And so ends the one romantic episode in my unromantic life," he said to himself, when he had posted the letter. A day or two afterwards he made up his mind to pay that duty visit to Eastbourne; it was a thing that must be done sooner or later. It was already much later than Miss Vallery could possibly approve. He expected to be lectured, and went down to the quiet watering-place with a chastened spirit, foreseeing what awaited him.

This little sea-coast town, with its unobtrusive boulevards and dainty villas, was looking very gay and bright as he drove through it on his way to the habitation of the Vallerys, of course one of the largest and most expensive houses fronting the summer sea. One of the newest also: the bricks had still a raw look; the stucco appeared to have hardly dried after the last touch of the mason's trowel. Other houses of the same type struggled a little way beyond it, in a cheerless and unfinished condition. It looked almost as if the Acropolis-square mansion had been brought down by rail, and set up here with its face to the sea. The unfinished houses, of the same pattern, seemed to have strayed off into a field, where the strange stemless flora of the sea-coast, chiefly of the birch-broom order, still flourished. It was what Sydney Smith has called the "knuckle-end" of Eastbourne, but designed to become the Bulgaria of that town. Was not Belgravia itself once a "knuckle-end"?

There was a drawing-room, spacious enough for a church, sparsely furnished with "our cabriole suite at seven-and-thirty guineas, in carved Italian walnut and gruen rep!" a balcony that would have accommodated a small troop of infantry; and everywhere the same aspect of newness and rawness. The walls still smelt of their coat of paint, and plaster-of-paris crumbs fell from the ceilings now and then in a gentle shower.

The Acropolis-square footman ushered Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room, where he found his betrothed trying a new piece on a new Erard grand, in a new dress—an elaborate costume of primrose cambric, all frillings and puffings and flutings, which became her tall slim figure. She wore a broad blue ribbon round her throat, with a locket hanging from it—a locket of gold and gems, her own monogram in sapphires and diamonds; and the sight of it reminded him of that other locket. Grace Redmayne had received his gift by this time; but there had been no acknowledgment of it as yet when he left London. Indeed, no letter from Briarwood could reach him directly, since he had never given the Redmaynes his London address. They could only write to him through John Wort.

Mr. Walgrave had not been mistaken about the impending lecture, but he took his punishment meekly, only murmuring some faint reference to Cardium versus Cardium—so meekly, in fact, that Augusta Vallery could scarcely be hard upon him.

"You may imagine," she remonstrated in conclusion, "that I find a place of this kind very dull without you."

"I am afraid you will find it much duller with me," Mr. Walgrave replied gravely; "whatever capacity for gaiety I may possess—which, at the best, I fear, is not much—is always paralysed by the sea-side. I have enjoyed a day or two at Margate, certainly, once or twice in my life; there is something fresh and enjoyable about Margate; an odour of shrimps and high spirits; but then, Margate is considered vulgar, I believe."

"Considered vulgar?" cried Miss Vallery with a shudder. "Why it is Houndsditch by the sea!" "If Margate were in the Pyrenees, people would rave about it," her lover replied coolly. "I have been happy at Lyde, as you know," he went on in his most leisurely manner, but with a little drop in his voice, which he had practised on juries sometimes in breach-of-promise cases and which did duty for tenderness; "but with those two exceptions, I have found the sea-side—above all, the genteel sea-side—a failure. The more genteel, the more dreary. If one does not admit Houndsditch and the odour of shrimps, the pestilence of dulness is apt to descend upon our coasts. Coasts, of course, is tolerable; and I rather like Southsea—the convicts are so interesting; and where there are ships in the offing, there is always amusement for the Cockney who prides himself upon knowing a brig from a brigantine."

Discouraging in this languid manner, the lovers beguiled the time until dinner. Mr. Walgrave was not eager to rush down to the beach and gather shells, or to seek some distant point whence to take a header into the crisp blue waves, after the manner of the enthusiastic excursionist, who feels that while he is at the sea he cannot have too much of a good thing. He lounged in the balcony, which was pleasantly sheltered by a crimson-striped awning, and talked in his semi-cynical way to his betrothed, not by any means over-exerting himself in the endeavour to entertain her.

"The Arion is here, I suppose," he remarked by and by.

"Yes. I have been out in her a good deal."

"Not very often. Papa gives himself up to laziness at the sea-side. I have had Weston with me."

"Happy Weston!"

"As the happiness he may have enjoyed was quite open to you, I don't think you need affect to envy him."

"My dear Augusta, I envy him not only the happiness, but the capacity for enjoying it. You see, I am not the kind of man for a "time cat." Weston Vallery is; indeed, to my mind, he seems to have been created to fill the position of a fine Persian with a bushy tail, or an Argon with pink eyes."

"You are remarkably complimentary to my relations at all times," said Miss Vallery with an offended air.

"My dear girl, I consider the mission of a tame cat as quite a lofty one in its way; but you see it doesn't happen to be my way. A man who trains his whiskers as carefully as your cousin Weston, lays himself out for that sort of thing. Have you been far out?"

"We have been as far as the Wight. We went to the regatta at Ryde the other day, and had luncheon with the Filmers, who are intensely grateful for the villa."

"Then my Lady Clara Vere de Vere has not found the time heavy on her hands."

"Not particularly. I have ridden a good deal."

"With Weston?"

"With Weston. You envy him that privilege, I suppose?" This with a little contemptuous toss of the splendid head, and an angry flash of the fine black eyes. If Hubert Walgrave had been in love with his future wife, that little angry look would have seemed more bewitching to him than the sweetest smile of a plainer woman; but there was another face in his mind, eyes more beautiful than these, which had never looked at him angrily. He contemplated Augusta Vallery as coolly as if she had been a fine example of the Spanish school of portraiture—a lady by Velasquez.

"Upon my honour, I think you grow handsomer every time I see you," he said; "but if you ask me whether I envy Weston the delight of riding through dusty lanes in August, I am bound to reply in the negative. Man is essentially a hunting animal, and to ride without anything to ride after seems to me unattractively flat. If we were in the shires now, in November, I should be happy to hazard my neck three or four days a week in your society."

"But you see it is not November; if it were, I have no doubt I should be told the duties of a barrister must prevent your wasting any time upon me during that month."

With such gentle bickerings the lovers beguiled the time until the ringing of the dressing-bell, when Miss Vallery handed her affianced over to the custody of the chief butler, and went upstairs to array herself for the small family gathering. Mr. Walgrave found him-

self presently in a roomy bedchamber—walls and ceiling painfully new, grate slightly at variance with its setting, bells a failure, windows admirably constructed for excluding large bodies of air and admitting draughts, furniture of the popular seaside type—brand-new Kidderminster carpet of a fluting pattern, rickety Arabian bedstead, mahogany wardrobe with doors that no human power could keep shut, everything marble-topped that could be marble-topped; no pin cushion, no easy-chair, no writing-table, and a glaring southern sun pouring in upon a barren desert of Kidderminster.

"So Weston has been very attentive—has been doing my duty, in short," Mr. Walgrave said to himself as he dressed. "I wonder whether there's any chance of his cutting me out; and if he did, should I be sorry? It would be one thing for me to jilt Augusta, and another for her to throw me over. Old Vallery would hardly quarrel with me in the latter event; on the contrary, it would be a cause for solatium. He could hardly do enough for me to make amends for my wrongs. But I don't think there's much danger from my friend Weston; and after all, I have quite done with that other folly—put it out of my mind, as a dream that I have dreamed."

He went downstairs presently, and found Mr. Vallery in the drawing-room, large and stolid, with a vast expanse of shirt-front, and a double gold eye-glass on the knob of his aquiline nose, reading an evening paper.

This of course offered a delightful opening for conversation, and they began to talk in the usual laundrum manner of the topics of the hour. Parliament was over—it was the indignant letter season, and the papers were teeming with fervid protests against nothing particular. Extortive inkeepers in the Scottish highlands, vaccination versus non-vaccination, paternalism bewailing the inordinate length of his boys' holidays, complaints of the administration of the army, outrages for reform in the navy, jostled one another in the popular journals; and Mr. Vallery, being the kind of man who reads his newspaper religiously from the beginning to the end, had plenty to say about these things.

He was a heavy pompous kind of man, and Mr. Walgrave found his society a dead weight at all times; but never had he seemed so entirely wearisome as on this particular August evening, when less aristocratic Eastbourne was pacing the parade gaily, breathing the welcome breeze that set landwards with the sinking of the sun. Hubert Walgrave felt as if he could have walked down some of his perplexities, had he been permitted to go out and tramp the lonely hills, Beachy Head way, in the sunset; but in that lodging-house drawing-room, sitting on the creaky central ottoman contemplating his boots, while Mr. Vallery's voice droned drearily upon the subject of army reform, and "what we ought to do with our Armstrong guns, sir," and so on, and so on, his troubles sat heavy upon him.

Weston came in presently, the very pink and pattern of neatness, with the narrowest possible white tie, and the air of having come to a dinner-party. He had slipped down by the afternoon express, he told his uncle after his day's work in the City.

"There's an attentive nephew!" exclaimed Mr. Vallery senior; "does a thorough day's work in Great Winchester-street, and then comes down to Eastbourne to turn over the leaves of his cousin's music, while I take my after-dinner nap, and is off to the City at a quarter to eight in the morning, unless he's wanted here for yatching or riding. Take care he doesn't cut you out, Walgrave."

"If I am foredoomed to be cut out," Mr. Walgrave answered with his most gracious smile, "Mr. Weston Vallery is welcome to his chance of the advantages to be derived from the transaction. But the lady who has honoured me by her choice is in my mind as much above suspicion as Caesar's wife ought to have been."

The young lady who was superior to Caesar's wife came into the room at this moment, in the freshest and crispest of white muslin dresses, dotted about with peach-coloured satin bows, just as if a slight of butterflies had alighted on it. She gave Weston the coolest little nod of welcome. If he had really been a favourite Persian cat, she would have taken more notice of him. He had brought her some music, and a batch of new books, and absorbed her attention for ten minutes, telling her about them; at the end of which time dinner was announced, to Mr. Walgrave's infinite relief. He gave Augusta his arm, and the useful Weston was left to follow his uncle, caressing his whiskers meditatively as he went, and inwardly anathematizing Hubert Walgrave's insolence.

The dinner at Eastbourne was as the dinners in Acropolis-square. Mr. Vallery's butler was like Mr. Muddle's, and would not take an ounce of plate for any consideration whatever; would have laid his table with the same precision, one might suppose, if he had been laying it in Pompeii the night of the eruption, with an exact foreknowledge that he and his banquet-table were presently to be drowned in a flood of lava. So the table sparkled with the same battalions of wine-glasses; the same property tankards, which no one ever drank from, blazoned upon the sideboard, supported by a background of presentation salvers; the same ponderous dishes went round in a ceremonial procession, with the entrees which Mr. Walgrave knew by heart. Mr. Vallery's cook was an accomplished matron, with seventy guineas a year for her wages; but she had not the inextinguishable resources of an Oude or a Goulfe, and Hubert Walgrave was familiar with every dish in her catalogue, from her *consommé aux œufs* to her apple-fritters. He ate his dinners, however, watched over with tender solicitude by the chief butler and his subordinates—ate his dinner mechanically, with his thoughts very far away from that seaside dining-room.

After dinner came music and a little desultory talk, a little loitering on the balcony, to watch the harvest moon rise wide and golden over a rippling sea; then a quiet traver for the gratification of Mr. Vallery; then a trolley with brandy and seltzer, sherry and soda, a glass of either refreshing mixture compounded languidly by the two young men; and then a general good-night.

"I suppose you would like to go out in the Arion to-morrow," Augusta said to her lover, as he held the drawing-room door open for her departure.

"I should like it above all things," replied Mr. Walgrave; and he did indeed feel as if, tossing hither and thither on that buoyant sea, he might contrive to get rid of some part of his burden.

"It is a species of monomania," he said

himself, "and I daresay is as much the fault of an overworked brain as an actual affair of the heart. Who can tell what form a man's punishment may take if he drives the intellectual steam-engine just a little too hard? The truth is, I want more rest and complete change. I wish to Heaven I could get away to the Tyrol; but that's impossible, I am bound and bound foot, unless I like to fly in the face of fortune, and offend Augusta Vallory."

He did not fly in the face of fortune. He went out in the Airon on the next day and the next, and even rode Weston's chestnut mare in the dusty lanes, to oblige Miss Vallory, while the owner of the beast sat in an office, where the thermometer was at seventy-five, writing rough drafts of letters to be copied by inferior hands, and interviewing important clients. They went to Pevensey Castle together, and dined at the ruined walls. They went to Beachy Head, and heard wondrous stories of distressed bark and rescued cargoes, from the guardians of the point. They got rid of the days in a manner that ought to have been delightful to both of them, since they were almost always together, and Mr. Walgrave made himself more agreeable than usual.

CHAPTER XV.

"DOST THOU LOOK BACK ON WHAT HATH BEEN?" After Hubert Walgrave's departure, the entire story of Grace Redmayne's life could be told in three words: "He was gone." She abandoned herself utterly to the bitterness of regret. She went to and fro by day, and lay down to rest at night, with one great sorrow in her heart—a childish grief perhaps at the worst, but none the less bitter to this childish soul. Nor had she any friendly ear into which to pour her woes. On the contrary, she had to keep perpetual watch and ward over herself, lest she should betray her foolish secret. It was the old story of the worm in the bud, and the damask cheek soon began to grow wan and pale. So changed and haggard, indeed—so faded from her nymph-like beauty did the girl become, that even Mrs. James Redmayne's un sentimental eyes perceived the difference; and that worthy matron told her husband, with some anxiety of tone, that their niece must be ill.

"She's going the way of her poor mother, I'm afraid, Jim," she said. "She's fainted dead off more than once since that evening in Clevedon Glens. I let her do a hand's turn in the dairy the day before yesterday; for she gets restless and fretful sometimes, for want of work—loping about all day, reading novels or playing the piano. It was light work enough—making up a bit of butter into swags—for it isn't likely I'd give her anything heavy to do; but when she'd been standing in the dairy half an hour or so, she went off all of a sudden as white as a sheet of paper, and I hadn't gone flat down on the bricks, if I would't caught her in my arms; and a regular bother I had to bring her round too. Depend upon it, Mr. Humphreys was right, and there's something wrong with her heart."

"Poor little lass!" murmured the farmer tenderly. He remembered his niece when she had been indeed a little lass, and had sat upon his knee peering into the mysteries of a turquois silver watch—a fragile flower-like child, who used to touch tenderly with his big clumsy hands, as if she had been an exotic. "Poor little lass! seems hard though, Hannah, if there's anything amiss. She's so young, and so bright, and so pretty—as personable a young woman as you can see between this and Turnbridge. And there's her father working for her over yonder. I think it would clean break Rick's heart if he were to come back and find Grace missing. We'd best do something, hadn't we, Hannah take her up to some London doctor, eh?"

"We might do that," Mrs. Redmayne answered thoughtfully, "if the hops are gathered. I could not spare a day between this and then, if it was a matter of life and death, as you may say; and thank God it isn't that! The girl ain't strong, and she's subject to fainting-fits; but there mayn't be anything serious in it, after all."

"You must take her up to London, Hannah, to see some topsawyer of a doctor, as soon as ever the hopping's over."

"I don't mind doing that. It's no use fidgetting ourselves with Mr. Humphreys' fancies. If you've got a sick headache, he looks at you as solemn as if he was thinking of giving a hint to the undertaker."

"I say, mother," Mr. James Redmayne remarked to his spouse, after a pause, "you don't think the girl's got anything on her mind, do you? She ain't fretting about anything, is she?"

"Fretting about anything! Mercy's sakes, what's she got to fret about? All her victuals found for her, and no need to soil the tips of her fingers, unless she likes. She's never known a trouble in her life, except her father leaving her; and she's got the better of that ever so long. What can put such rubbish into your head, father?"

"Well, I don't know; girls are apt to have fancies, you see. There was that chap Mr. Walgrave, for instance, hanging about her, and talking to her a good deal, and on. He may have put some foolish notions into her head—may have flattered her a bit perhaps, and made her think he was in love with her."

Mr. Redmayne made these observations in a dubious tone, and with a somewhat guilty feeling about in his own conduct during that one week of his wife's absence. He had left those two so entirely free to follow their own devices, while he made the most of his brief span of liberty. The partner of his fortunes took him up sharply.

replied submissively; "only I don't like to see Gracey hanging her head—it don't seem natural."

"It's weakness, that's what it is, James. If she'd only drink the hop-ten I make her, she'd pick up her strength fast enough. There's nothing finer than a tumbler of hop-ten every morning; but girls are so obstinate, and think that physic ought to be as sweet as sugar-plums."

So the discussion ended. Grace's health seemed variable. She looked brighter on some days than on others; made little efforts, in fact, to stifle her sorrow; put on an appearance of life and gaiety; and then relapsed and gave way altogether. When questioned by her aunt or uncle, she said she had a headache—they could never extort more from her than that. Once good-natured James Redmayne took her aside, and asked her, with simple earnestness that touched her keenly, if there were any trouble on her mind; but she answered him very much as her aunt had done on her behalf: "What could there be to trouble her?"

"You are all so kind to me, dear uncle James," she said; "and if my father were only at home, I ought to be as happy as any girl in Kent."

It was rather a vague answer, but to James Redmayne it seemed a sufficient one. He went in to his wife with an air of mingled wisdom and triumph.

"I've got to the bottom of it all, mother," he said. "Gracey's still fretting for her father; she owned as much to me just now."

"More fool she, then?" exclaimed Mrs. James, who did not approve of confidence being reposed in her husband which had not been offered to her. "Fretting won't bring Richard home a day the sooner, or earn him an ounce of gold-dust to bring back with him. She'd better drink my hop-ten, and keep up her health and good looks, so as to do him credit when he does come."

"I don't want anything except beer, and that I can't get; and a light to this bothering pipe, and that I can't get either."

"I'll get you one," said Tom; and he took up a live coal (there were plenty lying about) and put it to Grime's pipe; but it went out instantly.

"It's no use," said the truncheon, leaning itself up against the chimney, and looking on. "I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near him. You will see that presently, plain enough."

"Oh, of course, it's my fault. Everything's always my fault," said Grimes. "Now don't go to hit me again for the truncheon started upright, and looked very wickedy; you know, if my arms were only free, you don't hit me then."

The truncheon bent back against the chimney and took no notice of the personal insult, like a well-trained policeman as it was, though he was ready enough to engage in transgression against morality or order.

"But can't I help you in any other way? Can't I help you to get out of this chimney?" said Tom.

"No," interposed the truncheon; "he has come to the place where everybody must help themselves; and he will find it out. I hope, before he has done with me."

"Oh, yes," said Grimes, "of course it's me. Did I ask to be brought here into the prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your foul chimneys? Did I ask to have lighted straw under me to make me go up? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney of all, because it was so shamefully clogged up with soot? Did I ask to stay here—I don't know how long—a hundred years, I do believe, and never get my pipe nor my beer, nor nothing fit for a beast, let alone a man?"

"No," answered a solemn voice behind. "No more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the very same way."

It was Mrs. Redmayne's voice. And when the truncheon saw her, it started half upright—Attention!—and made such a low bow, that if it had not been full of the spirit of justice, it must have tumbled on its end, and probably hurt its one eye. And Tom made his bow too.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "don't think about me; that's all past and gone, and good times and bad times and all times pass over. But mayn't I help poor Mr. Grimes? Mayn't I try and get some of these bricks away, that he may move his arms?"

"You may try, of course," she said. "So Tom pulled and tugged at the bricks; but he could not move one. And then he tried to wipe Mr. Grimes' face; but the soot would not come off."

"Oh, dear!" he said, "I have come all this way, through all these terrible places, to help you, and to see I am of no use at all."

"You had best leave me alone," said Grimes; "you are a good-natured fellow, but you're a little deaf, and that's the truth; but you'd best be off. The hall's coming on soon, and it will beat the eyes out of your little head."

"Why, had that falls every evening here; and till it comes close to me, it's like so much warm rain; but then it turns to hot oil over my head, and knocks me about like small shot."

"That'll never come any more," said the truncheon; "I have told you before what it was. It was your mother's tears, those which she shed when she prayed for you by her bedside; but your cold heart froze it into hail, but she is gone to heaven now, and will weep no more for her graceless son."

Then Grimes was silent awhile; and then he looked very sad.

"So my old mother's gone, and I never then to speak to her! Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little school there in Vendle, if it hadn't been for me and my bad ways."

my crumpled-down; and Grimes began to get out of it.

"I jumped the truncheon, and was going to hit him on the crown a tremendous thump, and drive him down again like a cork into a bottle. But the strange lady put it aside."

"Will you obey me if I give you a chance?" "As you please, ma'am. You're stronger than me, that I know too well, and wiser than me, I know too well also. And, as for being my own master, I've fared ill enough with that as yet. So whatever your ladyship pleases to order me; for I'm beat, and that's the truth."

"Be it so then—you may come out. But remember, disobey me again, and into worse place still you go."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but I never disobeyed you that I know of. I never had the honour of setting eyes upon you till I came to these ugly quarters."

"Never saw me? Who said to you, 'Those that will be full, fall they will be?'"

Grimes looked up; and Tom looked up too; for the voice was that of the Irishwoman who met them the day that they went out together to Harthover. "I gave you your warning then; but you gave it yourself a thousand times before and since. Every bad word that you said—every cruel and mean thing that you did—every time that you got tipsy—every day that you went dirty; you were disobeying me, whether you knew it or not."

"I did know well enough that you were disobeying something, though you did not know it was me. But come out and take your chance. Perhaps it may be your last."

So Grimes stepped out of the chimney, and really, if it had not been for the soot on his face, he looked as clean and respectable as a master-sweep need look.

"Take him away," said she to the truncheon, "and give him his ticket-of-leave."

"And what is he to do, ma'am?"

"Get him to sweep out the grate of Edna; he'll find some very steady men working out their time there, who will teach him his business; but mind, if the grate gets choked again, and there is an earthquake in consequence, bring them all to me, and I shall investigate the case very severely."

And Tom went home with Edna on Sundays, and he is now a great man of a job, and can plan rail-roads, and steam-engines, and electric telegraphs, and rifled guns, and so forth; and knows everything about everything, except why a hen's egg don't turn into a cross-bird, and why three other little things which no one will know till the coming of the Messiah. And all this from what he learned when he was a water-baby, underneath the sea.

"My dear child, Tom married Edna?" "My dear child, what a silly notion! Don't you know that no one ever marries in a fairy tale, under the rank of a prince or a princess?"

"And Tom's dog?" "Oh, you may see him any clear night in July; for the old dog star was so worn out by the last three hot summers that they have been no dog-days since; so that they had to take him down and put Tom's dog up in the place. Therefore, as new moons sweep clean, we may have for some warm winter this year. And that is the end of my story."

MORAL. And now, my dear little man, what should we learn from this parable? We should learn thirty-seven or thirty-nine things, I am not exactly sure which; but one thing, at least, we may learn, and that is this: We are set off in the ponds, never to throw stones at them, or catch them with crooked sticks, or put them into cisterns with stock-bucks, that the stock-bucks may prick them in their poor little stomachs, and make them jump out of the glass into somebody's workshop, and so come to a bad end. For these are not things to be done. For these are not things to be done. For these are not things to be done. For these are not things to be done.

But that is no reason why you should ill-use them; but only why you should pity them, and be kind to them, and hope that some day they will wake up, and be ashamed of their rusty, dirty, lazy, stupid life, and try to amend, and become something better once more. For, perhaps, if they do so, then after 379,123 years, and ten months, thirteen days, two hours, and twenty-one minutes (for aught that appears to the contrary, if they work very hard and wash very hard all that time, their brains may grow bigger, and their jaws grow smaller, and their ribs come back, and their tails wither off, and will turn into water-babies again, and, perhaps, after that, into land-babies; and after that, into grown men.

You know they won't? Very well, I dare say you know best. But you see, some folks have a great liking for these poor little critters. They never do anybody any harm, or could if they tried; and their only fault is, that they do no good—any more than some thousands of their betters. But what with ducks, and what with pigs, and what with stock-bucks, and what with water-beetles, and what with naughty boys, they are—see!—saw!—down!—as the Scotsmen say, that it is a wonder how they live; and some folks can't help hoping, with good Bishop Butler, that they may have another chance, to make things fair and even, somewhere, somehow, sometime.

Altogether, if you learn your lesson, and think that that you have plenty of cold water to wash in; and wash in it too, like a true Englishman. And then, if my story is not true, something better is; and if I am not quite right, still you will be, as long as you stick to hard work and cold water.

But remember always, as I told you at first, that this is all a fairy tale, and only for fun and pleasure; and, therefore, you are not to believe a word of it, even if it is true.

TOM'S "GOLD DUST." "Uncle," said Tom one day, "it seems to me your things don't look as good as they used to. They were in the garden, and the thing—the boy had his eyes on were the current inches."

"I don't expect they do," replied his uncle. "I'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve?"

"I can try on the currants," said Tom. "They want to be trimmed-out, and the wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them and put ashes on the roots?"

His uncle had never done these things; did not know that they ought to be done. He thought, he said, "currants to be care of themselves."

And Tom went home with Edna on Sundays, and he is now a great man of a job, and can plan rail-roads, and steam-engines, and electric telegraphs, and rifled guns, and so forth; and knows everything about everything, except why a hen's egg don't turn into a cross-bird, and why three other little things which no one will know till the coming of the Messiah. And all this from what he learned when he was a water-baby, underneath the sea.

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The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

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OUR NEW STORY.

On the fourth of May we will commence a new and very interesting local story by Mr. J. A. Phillips, entitled

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

The scene is laid in Montreal and the incidents relate to every day social intercourse; the story will be splendidly illustrated with pictures of Montreal and can scarcely fail to be highly interesting to our readers.

EDITORIAL COLLEGES.

Some time ago Washington College, Virginia propounded the novel idea that Editors—like lawyers, doctors, or clergymen—needed to be trained for their peculiar position; and accordingly instituted a "Department of Journalism." The College got pretty well laughed at at first, for most people—especially empty-headed, conceited editors; of whom there are not a few—think that editors are, like someone has said about poets, "born not made." After awhile, however, Cornell University followed the lead of Washington College, then staid and venerable Yale wheeled into line, next the University of the City of New York; and we think it will not be long before every College in the United States will add a "School for Journalism," to their other departments. It will, no doubt be a long time before every person connected with the editorial department of a newspaper will be obliged to have passed through an Editorial College, just as lawyers, doctors, and divines have to pass through a course of study; but we believe it will come to that, and no one will be able to jump from the plough into the editorial chair, any more than he could jump from the plough on to the woolstack.

In the ancient days "might made right" and the soldier administered justice, or

injustice as the case may be, solely by the strength of his right arm; gradually, as civilization advanced, the soldier was pushed from his position and the law began to take his place. It was recognised that, might did not always make right, and that there was a higher and nobler power, by which the affairs of man could be regulated, than mere brute force. With the still advancing power of civilization, the invention of the printing press, the establishment of newspapers, another and greater power than all was developed, the power of the press. Falteringly, hesitatingly, half apologetically, the first newspapers began to speak; slowly and with caution they dared to utter their opinions on public events, and public men; very faintly they dared to condemn, and very loud and flattering were they in their praise of the "high and mighty ones." As years rolled by the power of the press began to be more and more developed; public opinion, which scarce had an existence even in name before the advent of newspapers, began to recognise them as its fit and proper exponent, and in less than one century the power of the press has become so great and general that it is felt from the highest crowned head to the lowest Jack-in-office. It is greater than the lawyer, the doctor, or the divine, for where they represent but a small portion of the community the power of the press represents—or should represent—the voice of the nation at large, the voice of public opinion.

Admitting—and no one would be foolish enough to deny—the immense influence that the press exercises at the present time, it becomes vastly important that care should be taken that competent persons, and only such, should yield this great power. We have men of great learning connected with newspapers, men of research, and intelligence in Metaphysics, Theology, Political Economy &c., the reason of which is obvious, as may be seen by the ease with which distinguished men of other professions slip into the editorial chairs of newspapers and magazines; but we need more men trained to regard editorial work as a profession to be followed and loved for itself, not to be used simply as a stepping stone to political or personal advancement. We want men also, who are not only brilliant writers, but profound thinkers on the events of the day and the signs of the times; in fact we want trained men; and, therefore, it is that we hail with pleasure the establishment of schools of journalism in some of the American Colleges and trust it will not be long ere our own Colleges follow the good example set them.

But it will very naturally be asked "What have you to learn, to be fit to fill an editorial position on a leading paper?" and "Are you sure that following a special course of training will make an editor?" To the first we say "almost all branches of knowledge;" to the second, "no; no more than a special course of study will make a lawyer, a doctor, or a divine." A man must have a certain amount of adaptability for his work, or he can never become eminent in it; but by careful training he may become moderately useful in his profession, and without being "a shining light" do great good in his generation.

"But what are editors to learn?" We should say that one of the most important points is to train would be aspirants to editorial honors, to think, deeply, thoroughly, but rapidly. When one comes to consider the vast amount of matter which the editor of a daily paper has to write in the course of a year, the surprise is not that there is so little depth of thought displayed in his writings, but that there is so much. An editor seldom has time to reflect for any length of time over the topic he has to discuss; he must write "on the spur of the moment," in most instances; and, therefore, any training, or system which can assist him in arranging his thoughts rapidly and well, must be of immense advantage to him. The actual studies which should be placed before journalistic aspirants should consist probably of History, Political Economy, Logic, Modern Languages, the principles of Criticism, Contemporary History, the history of Political parties, Common and International Law; an editor is popularly supposed to know "everything;" and, therefore, nothing which might come under the heading of "General knowledge" can be hurtful to him.

It would, perhaps, be better if separate Colleges specially for preparing a man for a journalistic career, could be established; where he may also fit himself in the more mechanical parts of his profession, such as type-setting, proof-reading, stenography, &c.,—all of which altho' not absolutely necessary, are highly useful to an editor;—and we believe that ere many years such Colleges will be established not only in America, but in Canada also; meanwhile we are heartily glad to see schools for journalism attached to some of the leading colleges and hope the example will be universally followed.

Newspapers are the current history of the world, written up to date, and are supposed to lead and instruct the public at large; it is, therefore, well to see that the men who conduct these papers, and in whose hands so vast a responsibility is placed, are themselves instructed, and competent to lead and to teach others.

For the Hearthstone. BUMPTOWN PAPERS. BY JAMES BUMPUS.

PAPER VI.—THE NINE HOUR MOVEMENT.

I gave you a half promise last week that I would be funny, this week; excuse me. I really cannot be; I hold in me still more meekness and despondence than I was last week; I have triumphed, and yet I am defeated. You may, perhaps, remember the position in which I was left last week; this is how the matter has terminated: Seraphina Angelina, objecting strongly to the position I had assumed, has called me "a monster," "a brute"—she's called me that before—a "blasted capitalist"—that is not true;—and a great many more hard names which I do not please to tell you; and has finally left the friendly shelter of my roof—paid for, without mortgage, and has gone off to her "Woman's Rights," and "The nine hour movement." Nathaniel, my son and heir, so named his pockets, his breeches, and his morals in the game of marbles, I told you last week he was playing, that I was forced to exert my paternal authority and—after paying for a new suit of clothes—place him in the Jesuit College, where I feel confident he will receive a good education and not be permitted to play marbles, or any other exciting game, on the nine hours principle.

My little pet Seraphina Angelina Jr. had a very unequal contest with the cat; pussy expressed her objection to being washed by clawing Seraphina Angelina's face and then—such an extent as I had to send for a doctor, and, when he had restored Seraphina Angelina Jr. to some thing like her normal condition, I wrote up my mind that the only safe place for her was the Homeopathic Convention where the nine hour movement is not recognised, and where cats, I believe, are not admitted. As for the servant girl, the grocer's boy—who is a married man with three children—improved her mind to such an extent that she has eloped to the States with him, and is there, no doubt, experiencing the advantages to be gained from "all play and no work." Perhaps the play will not be so funny; and the comedy may be changed into tragedy, when Mrs. Grocer's Boy, No. 1 arrives in Burlington and brings a charge of bigamy against the bold grocer's boy; "It's none of my business, and I don't care a cent about it."

You may very easily understand that my feelings, with regard to the nine hour movement, have not been improved by these untoward events. I shut up my house; I took up my residence at the St. Lawrence Hall, and drank many brandy cocktails for three days. At the end of the third day I met an old friend who propounded to me the original, and very suggestive question; "Will you take a drink?"

I took it. After the drink—and one or two more—my friend informed me that he was a delegate to the "Nine hour Union Labor League;" and a meeting was to be held that evening, and he kindly invited me to attend. I asked if it was to be a "mutual admiration meeting;" and he said it would be "there, or thereabouts." I asked if any one would be allowed to say anything against the movement; he said, he might, but, then again, he might not; and the probability was that, unless he went in for the "movement," he would take a broken head home under his hat. I suggested that I wore a cap, and didn't care; and if he would introduce me I would speak a small piece. I was loaded up to the muzzle with indignation, and wanted to fire off. My friend did not seem any much pleased at my proposition, but finally consented to stand godfather for me before the meeting, and so we went to the grand meeting of the "Nine hour Union League." My friend, in introducing me, took care to state to the meeting that he did not agree with anything I was going to say; that he hoped if any one had any hard boiled eggs in his pocket, he would eat them; that any one having rotten apples, or cabbages near him might use them to better advantage by taking them home to make apple pie, or to assist in corn-beef and cabbage, than my pelting the speaker with them; he also made several playful allusions to "busting his nose;"—punching his snout;—"putting a Mansel roof on him;" and other cheerful and enviling phrases which tended very much to keep my spirits up. Then I was allowed to speak. My reception was not flattering; a well directed egg, in the last stage of decomposition, assailed me, immediately under the olfactory organ, as soon as I had attained an upright position. I made a speech at least as much of a speech as any man could make, while he was constantly engaged in dodging rotten apples, eggs, carrots, cabbages, paper balls, and every other missile that could be thrown as far as the platform. I don't believe any one heard that speech and as I am rather proud of having delivered it, I take the liberty of sending you what I meant, to say, had I been permitted.

MR. BUMPUS'S SPEECH.

"Gentlemen,—I said, 'You call this the Workingman's Nine Hour League'; now I would ask you 'what is a workingman?'" "Not you, you old buff!" exclaimed a voice in the crowd, and it was only by a well executed "dodge" that I avoided a well aimed cabbage. "You arrogate to yourselves," I continued, "the title of workingmen, which according to Webster—" who cares a cuss about Webster, does he support the movement?" Inquired a voice in the crowd—means "a man who works"; now by your own showing you are men who do not want to work. If you are workingmen, what are the car-drivers, conductors, haul-carriers, street laborers, farm hands, dry goods clerks, grocers clerks, drug clerks, barkeepers, and dozens of other workingmen who have to work often fifteen or sixteen hours a day; and in the case of barkeepers and drug clerks sometimes twenty five hours out of the twenty four that could possibly be; and yet these "men who work"—and work hard—are not recognised by you and I do not see any of them amongst you. I'll tell you what you are, you are a set of conspirators, plotting to rob the consumer out of ten per cent on the cost of every mechanical article he has to buy! You are—here I had to stop; not on account of a want of breath, but on account of an egg. Now, I like eggs in the abstract, but like them fresh, and object seriously to receiving one in the middle of my forehead with such violence that for a few seconds I thought my brains were as added as the egg. It was not a nice egg, the stench was intolerable and the next moment there was a face in a shower of other missiles followed the egg, and I was glad to beat a hasty retreat; these fellows say they work on the nine hour principle, but they poll eggs, apples &c., at a much greater rate than that.

This is how I had intended to finish, and as it is not long I will take the liberty of writing it for you. I meant to conclude: "You are trying to increase the cost of living in Canada and, therefore, endeavouring to remove one of the chief attractions to emigrants, the certainty of being able to support a large family at small cost. I will conclude by telling you a little parable.

Sixteen thousand years ago there was a race of pre-historic men—the wise men are quarrelling to this day as to whether there were any pre-historic men or not, but my parable will tell you that there were. And these pre-historic men were called Sethe-workright's and they declared that men worked too hard, and that they ought to have more time to improve themselves; and they told the sun—for in those days men could talk to the sun—that he was a great fool to shine twelve hours and wanted him to strike. But the sun was too smart for that, he said to God put me in the heavens to do my duty, and I mean to do it; and when He needs me to shine sixteen hours in any one place I shall do it, and if He only requires me to shine eight I shall obey Him?"

Then the Sethe-workright's voted that the sun was an old fool, and not a workman; and so they struck for eleven hours, and the hour so gained from work they spent in improving their minds, and the way they improved their minds was by drinking monkey-punch which everybody knows is a very fine punch drink. And then having got only eleven hours work they wanted more; and when they had got ten, they wanted nine; and the less time they had to work the more time they had to improve their minds by drinking monkey-punch. And when they had got nine hours they wanted eight, and so on through successive generations until they worked only one hour a day. And by this time the Sethe-workright's had dwindled down to very small numbers, and their tails had grown long, and they walked on their hands and feet, and were nothing but monkeys. And then they did not work at all—and so they all the exception-old male monkey and one young female monkey; and Mr. Darwin found this pair, and he set the old male monkey to work digging for roots to support himself and the female monkey, and made him carry trees and work hard six or seven hours out of the twenty-four. And all of many generations the monkey's tails dropped off from about half work, and they stood on their hind legs and gradually changed back to men again. And this old male monkey and young female monkey were the founders of the present human race; and if you don't believe me ask Mr. Darwin, and he'll tell you it's true."

That is how I intended to end my speech, but they would not let me, and so I send it to you.

For the Hearthstone. WOMAN'S ELEVATION.

The elevation of our sex I firmly advocate. But "Woman's Rights," as commonly understood, can never tend to that much-sought object, the elevation of the "Right," which alone can raise us from the disadvantages under which we are oppressed. Make woman "self-reliant," and avenues now entirely unexpressed by the malice would soon afford legitimate scope for female talent.

Throw open the public schools and colleges to girls as freely as to the opposite sex, give them the same advantages as the latter, and then wait and in the future see what noble women you have presented to the world. The girls of the present age—not those known by the cognomen of the "period"—are shamefully deficient. No wise provision for their future, no hint of their ever becoming self-sustaining, no idea of a useful calling in life, except that pertaining to the vocation found in every thinking mind. Is it any wonder that the Divorce Courts are so busy, or the Police Courts so full of cases relating to poor abused women asking for protection from one with whom necessity obliges them to live.

Nations are at last awakening to the real urgency of training the young, feeling that their future greatness depends upon the high moral tone instilled into the minds of those who will soon be ready to assume the places of their elders. England, to wit, but she has much more to do ere the old social prejudices are removed against educating girls for business pursuits. Some of the male sex believe—indeed, I have heard the remark frequently—that woman has no energy to raise herself from her barren condition. I resent that as a base libel upon our sex. Even supposing for a moment it were truth, where lies the fault. To what can we attribute this state of normal feeling, simply to public education and home culture. Give the girls in general that higher training, of which a few are even now soaring after, and thence see "ye gods," if their intellect is not at least on a par with your own.

Under Republican government women are certainly more independent than under the monarchial and aristocratic of the old world. So much social distinction is there observed, the false standard of "caste" is fully developed and we of this glorious new world are in danger, unless we women of small standing but large ideas, are not more clamorous after that right which the Creator intended from the beginning, viz., "equal rights for equal brains."

What little independence we now enjoy will be jeopardized. A woman's proper sphere is home, some one tells us. Very true, and happy the being who reigns over such, with loving husband and affectionate children, and of this world's goods sufficient. To her I say, your mission is plain. Bring all your glorious intellect to bear upon their happiness here and hereafter, and bless God eternally for such good girls.

But how many thousands in this universe are simply working body and soul—yea even to the destruction of the latter—just to support life. The unskilled labor market is always overcrowded, and thence such sad results.

Ye mothers, look at your sleeping girls,—daughters of Eve, and inheriting her frailties,—what shall be their future? A loving and loved wife, such you pray. But glance at the number who are truly happy in the marriage state and pause; then remember those who just tolerate each other, who live together for convenience, or fearful of the "Mother Grandy" of society, then look at the awful list of broken-hearted wives tied to drunkards, some ill-used and neglected, and think, may not my child's lot be like unto that of some budding girl?

As a precaution, I ask for every mother's help in raising the cry for "Woman's Elevation."

LIZZIE BRANSON.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The fifteenth was very generally observed throughout Canada as the day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. In Montreal the day was observed as a general holiday and services were held in most of the churches which were largely attended. Intelligence has been received of the rapid progress of Mr. Lloyd's surveying party on the Montreal section of the Pacific Railway. Mr. Lloyd's party has been divided into two camps, one under Mr. Arthur Hamilton. They have each thirty miles of line run, and are going to see, who will finish first. The men are in good spirits. The revenue for eleven months, from May to March, is \$18,228,025, and the expenses \$16,530,230, leaving a surplus of \$1,700,795. The expenses of the last fiscal year on the Manitoba frontier cost the Federal Government about \$90,000. The Simon leaves England shortly to carry the 8th Royal Irish Fusiliers from Malta to Halifax, and take the 6th Fusiliers on to the coast of Cape Breton, has decided to take the Dominion for a Post Office Savings Bank and Marine Hospital, and is to be lighted with gas. General Seymour, the engineer of the North Shore Railway, advocates the construction of

a tunnel or surmounted tubular bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, as to connect the North Shore Railway with the line on the south side. General Seymour is preparing a report for Mr. Cauchon, President of the North Shore Railway, in which, among other matters, the question referred to will be discussed. An old resident of Newport, named Dorucel, who died a short time ago, left \$120,000 to each of his five children, he bequeathed \$400, and \$75,000 to religious institutions. A grand procession in support of the nine hours' movement, under the auspices of the Toronto Trades' Society, took place on Friday evening, the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, headed by bands of music, left the Trades' Assembly Hall at 1:30, marched through the principal streets to the Queen's Park, where the Association was addressed by James Deady, Esq., M. P. Alderman Cunniff, Hallam, Co. A grandly advertised union among workmen as the only means of obtaining that nine hours' should be considered a day's labor. Reports from Newmarket, Ontario, state that the seal fisheries up to 10th inst., had returned bringing 45,150 seals, the fishing is said to be very poor.

UNITED STATES.—It is stated that some fifty-two million worth of Erie shares have been issued by Jay Gould, but in such a loose manner that they cannot be traced. Oliver Washburn, of Sing Sing, aged about 75 years, committed suicide at that place on 13th inst. by hanging. The rope was fastened to something in his room, and with one cut of it attached to his neck he jumped out of the window. Caldwell Jones and the elevator at Warrenburg, Mo., were hurled on 14th inst. The elevator carried 50,000 lbs. of material, fell 100 feet, estimated at \$100,000. A fire occurred at Ayer, Mass., on 14th inst., which destroyed all the business part of the place. Not a grocery nor a dry goods store remains; loss, \$200,000.—Dr. Wm. Hewer, an English miser, aged 84 years, a rich man, who lived in San Francisco, was found on a pile of rags in his room in Dupont street, on 15th inst. Two thousand four hundred on English money were found in a trunk in the Southern part of Utah territory, are forming secret organizations to oppose the recent influence of Mormonism, and are determined to fight for and to justify the instigators and perpetrators of mountain and meadow massacres. Over two hundred members have already joined.—McKen Beckham, the actor, died at Beverly City, Md., on 15th inst.—The Grand Jury of Pennsylvania has passed a true bill against Chas. A. Dana, of the N. Y. Sec. for libel on Wm. H. Kemble, ex State Treasurer, in an article published in the News, relative to the Evans fraud.—"Beating House," at New York, with nine buildings, was entirely consumed by fire on 15th inst. Loss \$150,000, in which there is a partial insurance. Thirteen families were rendered homeless by the fire.

ESPAÑA.—Charles Rand, the well-known author and dramatist, has announced his intention to prosecute live journals for a libel, which he alleges was embodied in several unfavorable criticisms upon his play entitled "Shilly Shally." The counter case presented at Geneva on behalf of the Government, has been and before the House of Lords and printed. It concludes with a declaration on the position of neutrals under the views presented in the report of the American Government. These views, it says, would render their position one of perpetual and unremittent anxiety, surrounded by dangers and harassed by a crowd of new obligations which no one but stupider violence could understand. The laxity of even a subsidiary officer would be visited with heavy national penalties; private commerce would be subjected to minute inspection and incessant supervision; individuals would be tracked by spies and informers; the trade of legitimate world would be fettered, and the hospitalities of a country guarded with impossible precautions.—The Court of Queen's Bench has granted, upon motion of Sergeant Bullen, a rule requiring the Attorney-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, to show why the claimant of the Echemore estate has not been admitted to bail. The proceedings of Arbitration in Geneva with a view to the settlement of the Alabama Claims, at a complete stand-still, and will remain so until the American reply to the English protest has been received from Washington. The nature and working of the protest forwarded by Mr. Justice's Ministers to the Court of Arbitrators inspire little hope of future negotiations on the subject.

FRANCE.—The authorities of the City of Bayonne have seized a quantity of munitions of war, destined for the use of Carlists in Spain. The Government of Versailles has issued orders to commandants of troops on the frontier to continue to exercise vigilance to prevent any movement which may be made on French territory in sympathy with Carlists.—The trials of persons charged with participating in the Communist revolt continued to be held at Versailles.—A Carlist, formerly a Colonel in the Spanish army, has been captured by the French officers near the Spanish frontier.—A family have been ordered by Sir John Lubbock, in the Department of Gironde, to inquire into the circumstances attending the capitulation of French cities or forts during the late war. France has limited their investigations to the surrender of Metz, and submitted their report, the conclusions arrived at by the committee have not been made public, and it is stated that they will be kept secret for some time. The committee have yet to examine into the facts connected with the capitulations, including that of the city of Paris.

SPAIN.—A band of marauders entered the village of Mancha, and seized three thousand rials belonging to the Municipal Fund. The commander of the band gave the town authorities a receipt for the money to which he signed his name as Pro-General, and signed in Chief of the Federal army of Don Carlos.—Advisers from Madrid announce a general armed rising of malcontents throughout Spain. Other despatches state that the Government is fully prepared and competent to suppress the troubles.—Despatches from the Cape General of Saltina say that disturbances are feared in Barcelona. A Carlist band of six hundred strong is in the vicinity. A plan is on foot for twenty of the band to enter the city and set fire to some buildings, and the origin of all their companies can pass in and gain possession of the city. Proofs of the plot are in the hands of the authorities, and detachments of troops have been sent out to find the Carlists, and the origin of the present disorders is attributed to the Internationalists who are supported by Carlists and Republicans. The Minister of War has ordered the suspension of all military further and the immediate return of officers to their posts.

MEXICO.—The situation is unchanged.—The Government has sold the country above the City of Matamoros for 30 miles and below to the sea. General McCook has taken precautions to prevent breaches of the neutrality laws by revolutionists crossing from the American territory into Mexico. No man has been put into the National Guard, increasing the defensive force of Matamoros to about 1,200 men.—Steamers are plying in the Rio Grande without intermission.—A Herald special on Matamoros says "We have had reliable information of the death of Porfirio Diaz."

ITALY.—The Pope on Friday gave audience to many citizens of Rome and a few hundred persons from foreign parts. His Holiness gave his benediction successively to all countries represented by visitors, particularly to Ireland, Poland, Holland and the United States of America. He praised France and commended forbearance and gentleness towards some too intolerant Frenchmen. He prayed for Germany submitted as she was by an armistice, and for Austria. He said he greatly needed the prayers of the faithful.

GERMANY.—The Reichstag passed to the third reading the bill ratifying Consular Convention between the Republic of the United States and the German Empire. Deputy Georges complained of the ineffectualness of literary property, and asked if nothing could be done to protect the right of authors. Minister Döllsbach replied regretting it was not in the power of Government to prevent the book piracy, because of lack of necessary legislation.

SWITZERLAND.—The Board of Arbitrators under the Treaty of Washington re-assembled on 15th inst., held a brief session. The counter case of the British and American Governments was presented and the board adjourned. The proceedings were marked by no special feature.

It was a brilliant Fond du Lac boy who, seeing a dog with a muzzle on for the first time, exclaimed: "Manana, I have done the dog's nose, so you see how white there goes a dog with one on his nose!"

An Irish counselor having lost his cause, which had been tried by three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer though the others were inferior, some of the other barristers were merry on the occasion. "Well now," said he, "who could help it, when there are a hundred Judges on the bench?" "A hundred?" said a bystander; "there were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied he, "there were one and two others."

THE HERALD OF SUMMER.

I hear a gush of melody, I see a flush of green, So I know the Summer's coming with the glory of a queen.

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IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER X. (continued.)

Adam's reasons for taking Mr. Cox's apartments for a week were twofold, first he had to find out Lady Hamilton's residence;

The request was made and complied with, Mrs. Cox going with the two girls, on the day of their arrival to a neighbouring millinery establishment;

"My Son, Mr. George Cox who I was telling you about," She had indeed been entertaining her "new lodgers" since the moment of their sitting out from Thieves Inn until they reached the milliner's shop;

"Oh George, is that you? It's six o'clock is it, that's what was hurrying me. Young ladies, this is my Son Mr. George Cox, I was telling you about him, and George this is the Misses Cunninghames, the new lodgers, friends of Miss Stichen from Scotland.

During the introduction, Mr. George had placed himself in front of his mother, and the young ladies, his hand just touching the brim of his hat;

After tea he had a long conversation with Adam, and discovered that the objects of his love were twins; that they were the descendants of nobles; a fact the old man did not fail to impress on all and sundry;

In dreams I see their pale brown hair, In dreams I see their white robes flowing, The tallest with her Queen like hair, Her radiant smiles on all bestowing, I see the Castle by the sea.

He stopped there,—"That will never do!" exclaimed Mr. George, "the forest boughs don't sweep over a Castle, it's too high, if they had only been born in a cottage, instead of a Castle, how convenient;

there is such a difficulty in composing real good poetry about a rumbling old mass of stones like a Castle; and then the sea, scarcely anything will rhyme to sea, but be, and short 'trasy' words like that."

He looked up at a square foot of looking glass, which hung on the wall above the table at which he wrote, the contemplation of the handsome face reflected there with its slightly hooked nose (which he called Roman) the large good humoured mouth, and collar laid back from the fat neck (a la Byron) had often helped him in similar immageries;

"Yes, I have it; the poets licence, I shall make it a cottage and a lake, instead of a Castle and a sea much more romantic, and beautiful; here goes.

I see the cottage by the lake O'er which the forest boughs are sweeping, The moonbeams too, how soft they be, Alas! the waveless waters weeping.

depth, and full enough for half a dozen modern caps.

"Mother," said the poet, shaking Mrs. Cox with poetical licence as he spoke.

"What is it, what's the matter, Susan is the house on fire?" exclaimed the poor woman, all in one breath, as still half asleep, she sat bolt upright in bed.

"No, no," said Mr. George in a low tone, as with the candle, which he had suggested the idea of fire to the half aroused sleeper, in his hand, he bent over the bed, "it's only my don't speak so loud, you'll wake the lodgers."

"It's you, George? you've gone to bed with cold feet, and you've got the stomach ache, Oh George, George, you're no more to be trusted than when you was ten years old, but it's my own fault, I should have tried if your feet were cold before I sent you to bed.

"I haven't cold feet, and I haven't any stomach ache, and I haven't been in bed yet, I have been busy in my lonely room, with only the moon for a companion, while the lodgers and yourself slept soundly below while I

Through lone lone listless hours apart, Stood listening to my wildly beating heart.

poet sought his attic, and his tired although delighted listener resigned herself once more to sleep.

Next morning, Mrs. Cox entrusted Susan with the secret of the great event which had taken place, saying: "If the poem takes with the public we are all to live out of town and keep a one horse shay, a cow, fowls and other country things, and we'll have to have a man to take care of all that and do the work, and perhaps that's your seven years' change."

"Perhaps," replied the wondering and pleased maid of all work.

"Heigh ho!" rejoined the little wizened tired out mistress; "it would be a nice change for us all."

During the time the twins were shopping under the auspices of Mrs. Cox, Adam was doing his best to find the address of Lady Hamilton, although in rather a singular way.

He found out all the best-looking shops, and these he entered, inquiring if Lady Hamilton, of Inchdrewer, bought her groceries, or her linen goods, as the case might be, there. He was invariably answered in the negative, until late in the evening, when some kindly man took the trouble to question the old man as to who Lady

on his last visit, he now proceeded to undo his former work, carefully putting the wadding he had stuffed the crevices with, into his pocket that it might be burned, and so thus far all record of the deed perished.

This part of his work was accomplished, but he still left the door locked that the foul air might escape by the balcony. He now entered the corridor, and stared with horrified eyes as he beheld the iron shutters wide open, and the plaster lying in lumps under the window, he saw that his secret was abroad; he must have been watched, no person on earth could have opened the shutters from the inside, he advanced to the window—the girls were gone—he was overwhelmed with amazement and rage.

"They must be got back at any sacrifice, but how? that was a question he could not answer, neither had he any clue by which to discover the one who aided them in their flight, his thoughts wandered to Arthur Lindsay,—yes, it must be he.

The evil spirit who had given him counsel and help for forty years stood by, peering into the eyes and heart of the bewildered man; closer to body and soul than mortal touch could reach, and he laughed with hellish triumph, and shook his chosen few with headish excitement as he sprung over the balustrade of the tower.

Sir Richard ordered his carriage and in hot haste drove to the Haddon Arms, and entering for the first time since he had been asked in the far off broad and cheerless, and frightened the Haddon Arms, with his mother-in-law, and grey beard, he dashed in, first to show him to a room where he could talk to him alone, then he proceeded to interrogate the man as to his knowledge of the fugitives.

"You have seen my grand-children, the young ladies who live at the castle?"

"Yes Sir."

"Have they been here within the last two days?"

"No Sir."

"Now Maclure listen to me, these young ladies are next to my son, heirs of Haddon Castle, and they have run away during the last two days, not alone, that they could not do, but probably in company with some young fellow, who will marry one of them in hope to secure the wealth of both; I have good reason to suppose that a son of General Lindsay's is the man, and that the girls are now in Inchdrewer Castle; you are a sharp fellow, go on some errand which you can easily invent to Inchdrewer, and find out if they are there, and what stories they have told to insure themselves a welcome, if by your means I recover these girls you shall have a twenty years lease of your place for your work."

The man stood as if he had much to tell and yet could not get made himself that the various incidents running in his mind and stirring his memory almost to confusion, were in any way connected with the flight of Sir Richard's grand-children, or would help him to the consummation so devoutly to be wished of a twenty years lease of his lordship.

He would take time to arrange his thoughts, perhaps it was the young ladies he saw in the post cart, if so his fortune was made.

"Captain Lindsay is not at Inchdrewer, the family are all in London these three months back, but on Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning I went up to Brown's the crofters, to get him to lend me his post cart" (the truth is Maclure had gone to Brown's to bring home a barrel of stunged whiskey made by Brown from an illicit still in his barn) "and I was just in time to see your old servant Adam drive off with the Shetland pony and the post cart; Brown told me Adam paid him five shillings for the use of the pony and post cart, only three ten o'clock, and Longman the Stratford carrier was to send it back again."

"I had to go home without doing my errand, and I went through the wood; just as I was nearly at Dan's road on the uplands, I saw the post cart come down the main road from Kettle's farm, and take up two women that was sitting on a hillcock below the trees, a stone's cast from the road."

"Once the women was in the cart, Adam drove as fast as the pony's feet could peck, down the road that turns to Longman's the carrier's; may be it was them, and that they're there yet."

(To be continued.)

THE TOWER OF GAIN.—By dint of sheer struggling with hand and foot, we reached the summit of Mount Salabagh, near Damascus, at ten, and sat down to rest about six. Right up the very base of the mountains, on either side, extends a perfect sea of vegetation, through the dark glossy crown of which, like silver threads, wind the clear streams of the Abana; and here and there along the clustering bushes rise shining cupolas and tall white towers, while in the center of all lies the imperial city, her low massive walls and tapering minarets showing dazlingly white in the glorious sunshine, and the mighty dome of the Great Mosque crowning the whole.

In the transparent atmosphere of that wonderful sky, every thing is brought near to our eyes as if by magic; the hills which rise at the base of the tower weary hour as it appears to lie under our very feet, while the swarthy Arabs, who are crawling like black ants along the broad white road, seem as distinct as if they were in the next yard off. In all my travels, I have seen nothing so complete with that view, except perhaps the panorama of Moscow from the Sparrow Hills; and if the City of the Caesars has the advantage in height and grandeur of coloring, Damascus certainly stands alone in beauty of site and splendid luxuriance of vegetation.

From this glorious panorama we turn away reluctantly, to gaze at the little square tower of the grave of the first murderer. Childish and impossible as the legend is, it here assumes an air of solemn reality. Where that miserable life drew to a close, none but God can say; but in all the earth it could have found no fitter spot for its ending. To me, at least, there is a weird grandeur in the thought of the lonely homestead looking down forever from this bleak mountain top, here and desolate as his own blasted existence, upon the earthly paradise which he might not enter; and watching through the countless ages, the red current which he had let loose gradually overspreading the wide earth.

Could his fierce spirit be pleased by deeds of blood, few spots on the earth's surface have witnessed more of such than this quiet, beautiful valley, from the hour when Hazael stole an infant to spread a thick cloth dipped in water, over his master's face, to that fatal night, eleven years ago, when ten thousand armed murderers came howling round the Christian quarter of Damascus. And now, over the graves of the countless slain, the grass grows fresh and green, and the grasshoppers sport in the sunshine, and the waters ripple in the shadow of waving trees, as if there was nothing in the world but the work of God; above, all is silence, and desolation; and a fit spot whereon to realize the grim belief of the Heel Man, that the souls of the wicked are led to the summit of a rocky ridge, whence they behold the good far below them, dwelling in shining tents, and chasing shadowy herds of buffaloes over the fertile prairies of the spirit land; while they, after one last despairing look at the joys which they can never share, are driven back to wander forever among the barren mountains, tortured by the eternal agony of thirst and hunger.—Chambers' Journal.



HE PROCEEDED AT ONCE TO WRITE A POEM.

No sooner had he written the word weeping than he exclaimed—

"Beautiful! beautiful! Byron never wrote anything more 'sweetly beautiful,' as mother says, than that. It was just the thing, changing the sea into a lake, the Castle into a cottage; but what a time it does take to compose poetry. I do declare if that is not the dead hour of midnight, sounding ting ting on our little cracked clock, well, late as it is, I must go and read it to mother, there is no chance of getting her to listen to me in the morning or at meal times, she is so busy with them plagued lodgers; well there will be an end to all that, when I publish my long poem; but before I take it down stairs to her, I must read it over again, to see that there is not the shadow of a mistake, after all there is no one like woman, dear woman, if you want to hear the truth about what you compose; I never in all my life read a verse of my own composition to a dunderhead of a man, that he was not mad with jealousy, and tried to laugh me out of the talent given me at my birth."

"Well," continued he, "the time is getting later and later and I have not read over my poem yet, here goes."

He read the eight lines twice over, each time becoming more and more enamoured with his long poem;

"Two verses," said he, "it is not so bad, two verses in one night, and that the beginning, the most difficult part in the whole poem; as the copy in small hand used to say at school, 'a thing well begun is half ended.' I know very well that's not true about my poem, but if I write two as good verses as that, every night, I'll be very contented, I'll be done in time, and when it is published, I'll cause a sensation in the literary world, I wonder what the Standard and Athenaeum will say to it?"

He smiled, a calm smile of triumph, as in imagination his eye glanced over a long laudatory article in each paper, on "the new poem of George Cox, Esquire, Thieves Inn, Holborn." I wonder who I'll give it to, not Smith and Elder, that's certain, they refused my "Literary Gems of Poetical Thought" and they shan't get the chance of ever seeing it before publication. "The twin sisters of the Lake washed mountains," yes that's what it must be now, sea washed is stronger, but I must sacrifice that, Lake washed is the true way to put it; but as Miss Louisa Hopkins beautifully observed about my poetry, it is one mass of beautiful truths, strung on a string like pearls and rubies; what a girl that is! such discrimination, but what will she say to my falling in love with the twins?"

The mere contemplation of such a thing made the poet start up, and with such eyes, and hands bent in the form of a claw raised to the level, and within half a foot of his head, he performed on two square of the bare flooring of the garret, a dance of admiration and laughter, prompted by his success in poetry, and love.

His dance over he took his candle, and armed with his new poem, proceeded to his mother's room; he found the good lady huddled up in sheets, and blankets, fast asleep, her face and head almost buried in a cotton night cap, the frills of which were at least two inches in

"You recollect that beautiful little poem, mother, I wrote on myself in the unpublished volume of 'Literary Gems of Poetical Thought.'"

"Good gracious," said the distressed looking woman, pressing one hand on the top of her head, which ached partly with the fatigue she had undergone, previous to going to bed, and partly with being so suddenly aroused from a sound sleep. "I do believe you've been and sat up half the night writing poetry again; you'll kill yourself that's sure enough; didn't Mr. Cateham tell you that studying the law, was as much one head could do at a time."

"You're a clever woman, mother, you've just guessed it, hit the nail on the right head; as to old Cateham he would be precious glad to write poetry himself if he could; what do you say to that?" as he spoke he flattered a sheet of foolscap, on which the two verses of the new poem were written and rewritten, with their various corrections and reiterations, this in Mr. George's large dashing hand, occupying the whole four pages of the sheet; "the beginning of a new poem of more than a hundred lines."

"Lad a mercy, George Cox, you'll put me into my cold grave, with your sittings up o' nights, and your wearing of yourself to a whipping post. I wish to goodness you had been as stupid as other people, and you yourself telling me only yesterday that that other poetry man, Lord Byron, died before he was thirty years old, and quarrelled with his mother, and ran off to the Greece or some other place, and died a stranger in a strange land. No wonder the poor woman quarrelled with him, if he was avenging himself to a thread paper, sitting up o' nights as you're doing, but you needn't run off to the Greece or the fat ether. I'll take my affidavit on it, you'll die before you're twenty if you don't call a halt."

"For any sake, mother, stop. It's awful late, and I must read my poem to you before I go to bed. Look, eight verses."

"Eight verses!" repeated the horrified woman, expecting to see her son and heir dived down from sheer exhaustion at her feet.

"Eight verses, no, of course not, two verses, I meant to say eight lines."

"And quite enough, in all conscience, written in the dead of night, when you should have been in your comfortable warm bed. Say away, I'm hearing."

He put the candlestick into his mother's hand as she sat up in the bed, and striking a position, he held the sheet of paper in his left hand almost at arm's length, while with the forefinger and thumb meeting, the other fingers slightly curved and distended, he moved the right arm in gentle small waves and circles, keeping time to the rhyme of his poetry.

His mother was delighted, as he knew she would be. She saw before her in the person of her own son one who, if he could only be persuaded to sleep instead of write during the night, would, she felt certain, in after years reach at least one of the pinnacles of human greatness. She made him read the verses twice over, and of his own good will he read them twice more, being careful to begin each reading with the little in full. The little cracked clock sounded one ere the

Hamilton was, and as to the whereabouts of Inchdrewer.

Adam gave him all the information he himself was in possession of, which certainly did not amount to much that would enable him to find Lady Hamilton in London. However, it enabled his listener to comprehend that a West End directory was the most likely means by which the old man's end would be attained; and writing the name and address on a slip of paper, together with the number of the booksellers shop, he explained to Adam how he was to proceed on the following morning.

Next day Adam again went forth on the same errand, but pursuing the same course pointed out to him the evening before. His success was no better than at first. Several directories were produced for his inspection; the owners of the books looked for the name themselves, but none such was to be found.

The girls proposed that they, accompanied by Adam, should go down to the wharf, where the ship they came in still lay, and consult the captain of the "Skeely Skipper;" it was very probable he could give them some information that might make finding their friend a very simple process.

To the wharf, therefore, they set off, Adam as before, riding with the cabin on the dicky. As they approached the wharf, the cab in which they were seated got into a line of others, and finding that it was likely to continue for some time they left it and pursued their way on foot.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PURSUIT OF THE FUGITIVES.

When Sir Richard Cunningham reached his home with the doctor, they found the child stretched on the lap of its weeping mother apparently stifling fast in death; he was put into a warm bath with the usual success in such cases but the danger was still so imminent, that Sir Richard prevailed on the doctor to make the Castle his headquarters for that day and the following night.

On the second day the doctor declared his patient out of danger, and it was not until then that Sir Richard had time to think of the girls whom he fancied were lying dead in the north tower.

Sir Richard himself drove the doctor home, and on his return he was put into unusual good humour by finding his son and heir progressing rapidly towards convalescence.

Tired as he was with watching his sick boy it was a trouble he cared not for that of having the dead bodies, he expected it was now high time to see to, removed to a decent chamber, and the signs which would lead men to guess at the manner of their death obliterated, all of which must be done with his own hand, ere he could send for Lady Hamilton to show her the revenge he had taken; but he knew it must be done at once, the bodies would soon become offensive, perhaps they were so now; he started as the thought occurred that his own life might be endangered thereby.

The afternoon was waning as he betook himself to the door of the chamber where he had so carefully excluded the life giving air

