Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- [ ] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [x] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [x] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [ ] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [x] Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- [ ] Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- [ ] Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- [ ] Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- [ ] Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X ✓		32X

ILLUSTRATED SATURDAY READER

VOL. III.—No. 77. FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 23, 1867. 4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THIS author was born in 1795, in Derbyshire; his father was a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, who brought up his family in the same principles. In early life the subject of our biography was fond of all kinds of rural sports and amusements,—sporting, coursing, and fishing; and it is said of him that he pursued them with an ardour that must have astonished some of the strait-laced of his order. Of botany and natural history he acquired a practical knowledge. His taste for poetry could not fail to have been fostered and augmented by the habits and occupations of his youth. He married at the age of twenty-eight years; and in 1823 "The Forest Minstrel" was first published with the joint names of himself and wife on the title page. It was warmly welcomed by the critical press. They jointly soon became known to a wider circle by their contributions to annual publications,—to the "Literary Souvenir" and "Amulet," in particular,—in which volumes some of their sweetest lyrics found their way to public favour. In 1831, Mr. Howitt produced his "Book of the Seasons," one of the most delightful, instructive and popular works of its class. In 1833, he published "History of Priestcraft," which has passed through many editions, and still is in demand by some readers. In 1837, he produced "The Rural Life of England," a charming book, full of graphic and graceful descriptions of country life in "Merry England." This book was written while residing in the beautiful village of Esher in Surrey, when he also wrote "The Boy's Country Book," pourtraying the genuine life of a country boy; also, "Visits to Remarkable Places, Old Halls and Battle-Fields, and Scenes Illustrative of striking Passages in English History." About 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt took up their abode at Heidelberg, while they availed themselves of the opportunity to perfect themselves in the German language, and collect many interesting materials for future works. In 1841, he published his "Student Life in Germany," a history, in fact, of German Burschenchaft; in which he introduced spirited translations of some of the most popular German songs. In 1842, he published "The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany;" and after quitting that country, "German Experiences;" an exposition of the chicanery and rapacity of the Germans, and of the absurdities of German Society. The last publication was bitterly resented by the German press, but we believe without any successful rebuttal of its statements. In 1846, Mr. Howitt published "The Aristocracy of England," wherein he sets himself up as an Administrative Reformer, and endeavours to show that five-sixths of the good things which are given away in England are bestowed upon the aristocracy; pensions, appointments, and clerical, naval and military promotions without end. Whatever truth there then was in his statements, we know now that patient and deserving merit meets with its reward, and that the English Bishops and Judges are exalted by their worth, and that literary men and artists find their way to the Peerage and Knighthood. Leaving the field of administrative reform, the next year he comes back to his first love and publishes two illustrated volumes, entitled, "Haunts and Homes of British Poets." He revels in the things and places associated with their genius, and gives us many delightful bits of gossip, and records full of interest. One of the great charms of these volumes is that the author really visited all the places he describes. In 1846, Mr. Howitt became one of the proprietors and managers of "The People's Journal." This was not to him a

pecuniary success. Another journal quickly followed it, called: "Howitt's Journal;" this became a favourite with the public, and it reached at one period a circulation of twenty-five thousand copies. Both journals are now extinct, a great loss to the working classes at the time of their discontinuance. In 1852, Mr. Howitt set sail for Australia, determined with that love of adventure, which is a leading characteristic of his mind, to derive from his own personal experience an acquaintance with that colony. The result was, two admirable volumes, entitled: "Land, Labour and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria; with visits to Sidney and Van Dieman's Land," which, were by far, up to that time, the best and most complete account of great colony. He returned to England in 1854; and has since written some admirable letters to "The Times" on the subject of transfer of convicts to infant colonies.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 375.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—A JESUIT'S SANCTION.

We left the conspirators of the assassination plot in alarm at a sudden knocking outside.

It was a false alarm. The noise that interrupted the Jesuit's speech died away; the sentinels were communicated with, and satisfactory explanations obtained.

Then the Jesuit recapitulated what he had before said, and again dwelt on the sanction and the consolation of religion.

Men pricked up their ears at this, while on some faces already appeared that glow which spoke of entire faith and entire devotion; for was not the minister of religion commending the scheme to their heart of hearts?

"Do you ask who I am?" he continued, "that I speak thus to you?—a Jesuit: name abhorred among the enemies of our creed, and too often, I regret to say, unhonoured among our own professing flock. I will tell you who I am; not my name—what signifies that? nor my residence, for I have none, but follow the example of my Divine Master, who said of himself, the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head."

This was said with an air of the deepest humility and in tones of true pathos. Then, erecting his frame, and raising his voice, while his eye kindled, and his every look and gesture revealed the spiritual pride that possessed him, he continued to speak:—

"Yes, I am one of an order that asserts its right to be by its acts. We guide the counsels of kings, the education of youth is in our hands. Astronomers, poets, philosophers, are among us; the secrets of every Catholic Government, and of almost every Catholic family of note are known to us. I myself have worn the Mandarin's garb in an observatory at Pekin, have taught the savages of Paraguay the rudiments of agriculture with a spade, and have stood by the bedsides of the dying in times of pestilence, when even the very wife and children had fled in the universal horror of the scourge.

"Why do I mention these things? Is it in a spirit of vain-glory? Far be from me so dishonouring a thought. I tell you these things that you may understand that, if ever men had a right to their own will and desire as against the society to which they belong, it is these men and the Order of Jesus.

"How do they deal with that sacred, inherent first principle of right, the thought of themselves? Why, they bring it as only a fresh sacrifice to the altar; that is the pearl beyond price that they can give, when nothing else remains to be given. And we do give it. Our Church commands, and we obey. Questioning nothing; asking only, 'Are these our orders?' and accepting briefly with, 'They shall be fulfilled.'

"Dear friends, is not that your duty now? Duty, did I say? no, your privilege. Reserving for more private communion any special difficulties that may occur to any now present—and I entreat all those who need counsel to come to me—reserving these things I ask, Has not your chief spoken? does not the Church sanction and devoutly bless?"

We despair of conveying to our readers any idea of the intensity of the interest with which the Jacobites listened to this address from the Jesuit priest. It was still a time of faith. They believed in their priest, in his order, in the Pope, and in the God whose earthly agents all these persons more or less wisely ministered to. The Jesuit's sanction, therefore, seemed to remove in great part their reluctance to embark in so tremendous an operation as the arrest and possible slaughter of an English king in his own capital, and surrounded by his guards and courtiers.

"Is it quite certain that our monarch will really approve of the project?" asked one still cautious doubter.

"Quite," said Sir George.

"Have you a commission from him?"

"I have."

The commission was produced, read aloud, and found to justify—so far as such a document reasonably could be expected to justify, without revealing the dread secret which Sir George had said.

It was, as we have previously seen, not a commission simply authorising the English to rise in arms, but gave express authority to do, from time to time, such other acts of hostility against the usurper as might be for the royal service.

What could be clearer? Obviously nothing.

Another significant pause—a deep silence—and then, as by one consent, felt, not expressed, they had all agreed to the plot.

And then they took a new and far more serious oath than the previous one.

A document was produced and read. It ran thus:—

"In the name of the Most High, we, the subscribers, hereby pledge ourselves, our lives, possessions, honours, our wives, parents, children, and all that is most dear to us, that we will resolutely pursue to its end the *warlike* measure opened to us to-night; that we will not turn aside from it for any earthly consideration, and that we will be true and faithful to each other, and to our king in this most righteous and necessary work. So help us God."

Sir George bared his arm right up to the shoulder, and said with a smile—

"I am feverish. Who has the skill to let a littitle blood?"

One of the members stepped foward, took a lancet from his pocket, drank out of and drained dry the wine from a wine-cup, then opened a vein and let the life-stream flow freely into the emptied cup.

"That will do," said Sir George. "My king and country will need the rest in another shape."

His arm was bound up.

"Give me a pen," he said.

The pen was brought, dipped in the crimson fluid, and then, with that significant instrument, did Sir George sign.

All the others imitated the example.

Then the Jesuit came forward, and gave to their excited imaginations a new and deeper tone by engaging them, when the meeting was over, to hear a solemn mass, and by promising, in the name of the Church, to launch the most tremendous weapons in her armory against any traitor. The lesser and the greater excommunication, cursing with bell, book, and candle—in a word, whatever of awful threats of misery in this world, and undying and eternal torments in the next could be held over the heads of such wretches, should be.

And now, at last, Sir George had reached the point for which he had so long yearned—the practical one. He explained in few words his method, thus:—

He must have forty men, courageous and trustworthy every one, well armed, well horsed.

As to what they were to do, he had formed three projects, and he desired to take counsel as to the most feasible.

One was to scale the wall of Kensington Palace by night, shoot or stab the few men on guard, storm it, and if necessary set the palace on fire, and seize the king as he rushed out.

The second was, to lie in wait on a Sunday morning near the gate of Hyde Park, and when the king passed that way, as he usually did, with some twenty-five guards, fall upon them suddenly with thirty of the forty horsemen, strike down many in the first onset, and silence or drive off the rest, while the other ten should shoot the horses and deal with the king.

The third—and it was soon made clear that this would be the chosen scheme—was a still more happy adaptation of the aim sought to the existing facts. Sir George produced a plan, and several of those about rose, and pressed close to him, looking over his shoulder to follow his explanations.

"This," said he, "is a plan most accurately drawn to actual measurement of a piece of ground at Chiswick. You all know that the Hanoverian goes to hunt in Richmond Park, and generally on a Saturday. And as there is no bridge over the Thames west of London till you get to Kingston, his habit is to go through Turnham Green to the water side, to take boat at the spot here shown. His courtiers, often very numerous, generally leave him here, and go home, while the guards wait till he comes back. On the other side a fresh set of guards receives him. On returning from the hunt and recrossing, he again leaves one set of guards behind and there finds the other set, the courtiers having gone away, and then and there we may strike! Pray look, gentlemen at the ground. How admirably fitted it is, as if Nature had anticipated our want! You see that winding and narrow lane leading from the landing-place. It is little better than a quagmire. I have myself just seen the royal coach floundering through it at the rate of a yard a minute. Can you desire anything better?"

The looks, words, and gestures of all showed that Sir George had perfectly hit the mark.

"When is it to be?" demanded Scum Goodman, in a loud voice, as though his time had come at last.

"Next Saturday, the eleventh instant."

"How shall we meet?" inquired another.

"I propose," said Sir George, "that we all assemble in very small parties, say three, or four, or five (not more) together, and each party choose one of the small public-houses of the neighborhood, no two parties being in the same one."

Then, after a pause of deliberation, he added—

"I shall divide our force into four parties of ten each: one to stop the coach and deal with the king, a second to be on the right side of the lane, a third on the left side, and a fourth in front, to stop the way and watch for new comers. The three parties will then make a combined attack on the Hanoverian troops, while the fourth, as I have said, deals with the king. Meantime, I will have sentinels to watch the palace night and day, so that no movement shall take place without our knowledge. Gentlemen," said he, in conclusion with something like an inventor's pride, "do you not feel, as I do, the first inklings of success, when you see how easy it all is for determined, fearless men?"

Encouraging answers were given to this appeal, and then the meeting broke up into little knots, and discussed all these details with keen zest.

Presently, however, a great difficulty began to loom out before them; the number of the men required—forty—and their own number of fighting, able men, was only just thirteen!

"Unlucky! I never knew thirteen people do good in anything!" said one voice.

"Do not be concerned," said Sir George; "I see you have not reckoned the two outside."

But how were the fifteen to be converted into forty?

"I know and have, in fact, sounded three fine fellows," said the earl; "you may safely reckon them."

"That's eighteen!" said Sir George. "Go on, I will count."

"I have a servant," said Sir William Larkyns, the aged lawyer, "who was once a musician in the King's Blues, and who still visits among

them. He tells me there is a good deal of disaffection, and, in brief, he has gained over one man, a trumpeter, body and soul. Need I remind you that that regiment is most likely to be the one that will furnish the detachment that guards the king?"

"A most precious man; we ought to reckon him as good as another three; but let us say nineteen!"

"I have here a list," said the Jesuit, in a low, humble, deprecating king of voice, which wonderfully enhanced the value of his communication, "of thirteen persons, all known to me individually—their characters, religious principles, and their loyalty; every man of them has besought me to employ him in the solemn and glorious work of which I have vaguely spoken.

"Thirteen, say you?" cried Sir George.—"Hurrah for the Church militant! Our nineteen suddenly leaps up to thirty-two!"

"Put me down for five stout-hearted but thick-headed fellows, devoted to me, and ready to fight the devil himself if I told them!" So spake the brewer.

"Thirty-seven!" exclaimed Sir George. "The king and Holy Church still need friends, Noel," he added, addressing a man who sat rather apart from the rest, and who seemed lost in his own thoughts, "can you help us? You, our Quixote of the press, who, while the minions of this contemptible Government are for ever seeking you, are yourself thinking only how to make your terrible broadsides reach them; and, while they don't get to you, the broadsides do get to them, and sting them into madness—come, can't you bring us recruits?"

"No, I am unlucky, and the wise shun such."

"Unlucky!" echoed Sir George.

"Yes; they caught my press—my place, though they did not catch me. I am broken up—bankrupt!"

"Pooh, pooh, man! we'll soon set you agoing again. But you, who have struck so well with the pen, can strike now with the sword still better."

"I—I will try."

"But can do no more?"

"I—I think not."

"My brother shall join!" called out a voice.

"Thirty-eight!"

"And my father," shouted another, in emulation. "He's as strong as I am, as devoted to the cause, and a good deal better able to serve: but till now we thought it sufficient to offer one of us—now take the two!"

"Thirty-nine! Immortal be the man who provides the last, and completes the tale."

"I give him unwillingly—I cannot deny that—but take him, use him—my only beloved son is yours!" said a Jacobite.

"But not unwillingly, my dear son?" asked the Jesuit. "The flesh is dear to us, the sacrifice heavy, but the reward boundless—eternal glory!"

"Yes, yes; pardon me, holy father, I repent of my word. I give him now with all my heart and all my soul!"

And so was the forty made up.

In an hour after this the few persons still left in the darkened, melancholy winter streets saw, as they passed a certain building, light streaming forth through the painted windows, heard the organ pealing for a midnight service of the mass; and on listening closer were able, finally, to distinguish the awful voice of the priest who, having confessed and absolved all the conspirators, ended by invoking all the dreadful spiritual armoury of the Church to punish the traitors, if any such there were, or might be hereafter.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—THE JUDAS KISS.

While the preparations were going on for what was now seen clearly enough to mean assassination—while the new men were brought in one by one, examined, and sworn—while arms were being vigorously tested, so that every piece might be relied on as if that one piece was to consummate the business by being the chosen weapon to kill the king—while horses were being looked for distinguished for strength, speed, and training—and while, lastly, all sorts of arrangements were being discussed as to what was to follow afterwards—while all this was going on, and the English king himself and his Government were daily treading, as it were, unconsciously, upon a powder-mine, Clarence Harvey and Noel chanced one night to meet, under the feeble ray of a street lantern, and recognise each other.

Clarence Harvey passed rapidly on, hoping to remain unknown; but in passing, a heavy hand was pressed on his shoulder, and the words were heard from the other of—

"Well met!"

"Good night, Noel. I cannot speak to you just now; my master waits for me."

"Your master? Come, I like that! Let me again remind you, my pretty mistress, you have another master."

"And let me remind you, Noel, that I never mean to acknowledge that master."

"No?"

"No."

"Art sure?"

"I am sure. But, for goodness' sake, Noel, remember what we are, and what we are doing. Is the cause to suffer for our contemptible jangles?"

"The cause—the cause! How pretty the words sound out of those rosy and ripe lips! No wonder those who cling to one cling to another. But then, you know, those who are forbidden the one may also desert the other."

"Very well. Desert as much as you like. Go and tell of us if you like."

"Oh, yes! I understand! You and the chief, I dare say, are quite one. But doesn't my beautiful spy-wife expect that some day her double face will be apt to get damaged in one, at least, of its aspects? Which is it, now? True to the Jacobites, and betraying King George? or true to King George, and betraying the Jacobites?"

"You are rude, Noel, and I shall not stop to be insulted."

"Will you stop for something else?"

"What do you mean?"

"Will you stop if I tell you a secret?"

"A secret!"

"Ay; one that will shake my pretty one's nerves, though she can stand a good deal by this time."

"Does it concern me?"

"That depends. It concerns your master, as you call him, who is living just now in a fool's paradise."

"Ah? How?"

"That's my secret. Will you buy it?"

"At what price?"

"Come back to me, forget the past, go again with me to church, and I promise this time to be more careful of the wings of my lovely bird."

"You jest!"

"Do I? It's an ill time for jesting, when one's eye seems to look through a strange veil of mist, and when one finds on touching it the finger is wet with blood."

"Blood! Mercy on me, how you frighten me, Noel! Whose blood?"

"The price—the price!"

"Do you mean that you have discovered something—something that threatens Lord Langton and his schemes?"

"Ay, by threatening somebody or something that the world would indeed stare at to see struck."

"Oh, Noel—dear, dear Noel, do tell me! Come, tell me, and I will give you a kiss."

"Well, I'll take the kiss by way of handsel!"

Noel kissed her, and held her just where the light of the lamp fell most strongly on her face, as if in great secret trouble with himself.

"You beautiful angel, or beautiful devil—I can never quite satisfy myself which, for the angel, even while I look, is always shading off into the devil, and the devil brightening off into the angel—what am I about to do? Make myself infamous, eh?"

"Or glorious," suggested Maria, certain now she was on the eve of some most important discovery.

"Do you know—can you at all imagine what it is for a man who has been devoted to his party heart and soul—who has for many years had no thought or hope in life that did not connect itself with the cause—who has once stabbed a comrade only on suspicion of treachery—can you, even for an instant, understand what honour, fidelity, devotion, self-sacrifice mean, and then, knowing that all these have been mine, can you ask me to sweep all these things to the winds, to betray my comrades, and live the life henceforward of a despised, abhorred renegade?"

He seized her suddenly and fiercely by the hand, and grasped her wrist so hard that she shrieked with the pain.

"Woman, can you ask me to do these things?"

"Y—yes," murmured Maria the thought of Lord Langton giving her new courage.

"Then pay the price! Take me; make much of me! Black as I shall seem in my own eyes—spotted as I shall seem in the eyes of every loyal, manly, and generous spirit, you shall love me—ay, by heaven you shall, or——"

"Or what?" fearfully asked Maria, below her breath.

"Or I send you away as empty and as ignorant as you came, to wait for that which, when it comes, will make you wish you had not merely accepted my price, but had conjured *me* to accept the bargain—had gone down on your knees to entreat me to accept it, even in the public streets and in the mire!

"Speak, then, mistress. I will waste no more words. I am about to go this way. If you also go the same way, you shall know before we separate all that I know.

"Or go that way, if you like. I shall not follow you; but there will be following you dread, unseen ministers of fate, who will reproach you to your dying day for the calamities, as you and your friends will esteem them, that your conduct to-night alone will bring about. Now choose—that way or this?"

"Is the secret so—so perilous? Is it—is it really——"

"Worth such an extortionate price as the taking me? Well, I do think it is even worth *that!*"

"Dear Noel, do not speak so bitterly. I have never been insensible to your merits——"

"So I perceived when you fled from me. Come, come, mistress, I am not afraid we shall get on well enough, if you strike the bargain."

"And what is it you demand from me—I mean when and how? You would not disgrace us both by showing the secret motive that actuates you?"

"No," said Noel, after a gloomy pause, and as if that thought had not before struck him.

"If you do change sides," continued Maria, seeing her advantage, "and take with you to the new one, supposing that to be the effect, the claims arising from a most timely and invaluable service, would it be wise for us and our future standing to say it is not for the sake of the good you do it, but for the sake of a woman who is worthless enough, heaven knows?"

"What then?" asked Noel, eyeing her closely and suspiciously.

"Why, that our marriage must be kept most religiously secret."

"As the other was! Thank you, mistress, I decline."

"Very well, then the alternative"—and Maria could not conceal a certain joyous animation as she spoke, though she tried to do so—"is to wait till the first hurry of the event is over."

"How long?"

"Will you give me a month from to-day?"

"Will you play me any new trick at the end of the month?"

Maria went to him, put her arms round him, and led him away in the direction he had indicated as the one he meant to pursue, saying, as they went—

"Dear Noel, if I do try you again, I shouldn't like you to begin by doubting, so, if you like, you may take another kiss, in token of all I could say."

Noel listened, and his soul dissolved within him at the tender sweetness of the words. All past disappointments, past resolve, past threats of vengeance were forgotten. He kissed her in transport; and then, on finding a secure place of shelter where no one could possibly overhear,

Noel told to Maria the whole history of the underplot, which was about to be worked to such terrible conclusions.

In this talk let us leave them.

CHAPTER LXXXV.—A JACOBITE ARMOURY.

Noel found Maria quite prepared to acknowledge that he had fulfilled his share in their compact—that no revelation could be well more important, and seeing how agitated she was—how changed from her ordinarily superficial but terfly manner—he allowed her to go without any questions as to the use she proposed to make of the discovery.

In his own mind he had not the remotest doubt as to her behaviour in dealing with such facts She would, of course, go to her patron the Chief of the Secret Service, through him communicate with the Government, exact a magnificent reward, and then——

"Well, then," said Noel to himself, "let me look well to the explosion, or there's an end to my love-making."

And then he waited, expecting hourly to be summoned to testify to what he knew.

How should he deal with the Government when summoned? Should he, too, make his knowledge a matter of bargain and sale, and so bring to the subsequent marriage his share of the money necessary for future comfort?

No, he would do nothing of the kind. His conscience acquitted him of any motive so base as betraying his comrades for the sake of filthy lucre. He had been tempted, like other and far greater men, by a woman to forget what was due to honour, but, at least, he would stop there, and go no farther down the hideous slope leading to eternal infamy.

He promptly, therefore, resolved that he would act a manly part, and not even make terms for his own safety. He would simply say he had been loyal, as they might well know, to his old sovereign, and he now proffered this act of devotion in proof he meant to be loyal to the new one.

A day passed, and he grew uncomfortable at finding his heroism was not yet put to the test.

That night he had to meet his comrades. It was dreadfully unpleasant. He had hoped to be spared the misery, the shame, and the danger of another meeting.

He went, made a great effort to assume lightheartedness, heard that things were "going swimmingly," to use Scum Goodman's phrase, and he returned home without seeing any special cause for alarm. Clearly, no one, as yet, suspected him.

But when a second day and a third passed over and were equally blanks, he grew nervous, frightened, and desperate. What could Maria be doing?

He hunted for her in all her known haunts, but without effect, while meantime the movements for the murder were sweeping on at a constantly accelerating pace, far faster, indeed, than the movements for the insurrection.

At times he repented of what he had done, and madly resolved, if he could but get hold of Maria, to threaten her at the sword's point into silence, give her back her promise of marriage, and fulfil his first bargain—that of fidelity to his comrades.

But Maria was no more to be found for this purpose than for the other. What, then, was she doing?

Noel, in his contempt for Maria's want of principle, had underrated her power to substitute other and decidedly respectable motives, leading her after all to the same end. She never for an instant dreamed of betraying the murder plot of the Jacobites to her own ostensible employers for her own interests. Her first thought, on the contrary, was that perhaps Lord Langton might be willing to shut his eyes while the catastrophe was worked out, so that he might then do just what the assassins intended he should—take advantage of the horrible confusion to strike the blow, at once and for ever, that should put King James in the vacant place.

It may seem strange that she should thus show such devotion to Lord Langton. But in truth she felt for him all the clan-feeling of her parent towards his family. Here was, at last one man that she might at once respect, love, work for, and be near (while she concealed her sex), and she felt happier for the new position, more like what some day she hoped to be worthy of—his respect.

The instant Noel had revealed to her the news, she started off to inform Lord Langton, but found he had suddenly changed his lodgings, no doubt under some new danger, and had, as usual, left no trace of his movements.

To and fro did the young creature pace the London streets, night and day incessantly, vainly seeking the man upon whom just now she felt so much depended, the king's life to begin with.

Our scene now shifts to Worcestershire. It is sunset, and the last rays of the winter sun are making the glass in the windows of Mendlip House shine with intolerable radiance.

Externally the picturesque old pile, full of gable ends, high pitched roof, slender pinnacled towers and buttresses, quaint chimneys and beautiful bays and oriels, looked strangely quiet and lonely, even under all that fierce interchange of glances with the sun, for not a face was to be seen at any one of the innumerable windows, the courtyard gates were closed, and the grass was growing both within and without.

But the sun sets, the windows fade into obscurity, the birds sing their farewell hymns, and twilight darkens around, and still the old house rests as if conscious of nothing but its own gradual decay.

Another hour or two pass, and it is dark. Then begins to be perceivable a noticeable change in Mendlip. Spectral-looking horsemen sweep across the park to and from the house, as if by means of some unnoticed gate at the back.

Presently a light cart appears in the distance. It is driven rapidly up, and it disappears round that same corner which sheltered the horsemen from observation.

The cart has but just reached its destination, when lo! another appears in the same track, and yet another, and another, till there is quite a stream of them swarming into the domestic regions of Mendlip House.

Let us, in thought, glide across the lawn, pass that corner, and try to discover what it all means.

A gate just big enough to admit the carts is held open by a man, and as each passes in the gate is instantly closed. As we see it open for an instant, we catch a glimpse of torches, of men unloading the carts, and hurrying away with the contents, which they take through low doors into cellars below the old house.

It is arms they carry, swords, guns, ammunition, flags, drums, and other musical instruments. Yes, it is Mars who is here assembling, under his own red banner, all the paraphernalia of war.

But even while they thus bustle, working at a rate of speed that implies their consciousness that not an hour can be relied on as their own, while the full carts roll in and the empty ones roll out, there is suddenly heard a musket shot.

In an instant the whole scene is changed. Out go the torches; the half unladen cart is taken outside, just as it is, and driven away into the thickest part of the woods; the other laden carts that are already near at hand follow the example, while those that are further off start off into the near high road, to become, all of a sudden quiet, respectable carts going early to the distant market, so as to get there by daybreak; the men who had been removing the arms are no longer anywhere to be seen, and the doors through which they carried them are closed, and Mendlip looks as quiet as ever.

Then, as a faint gleam of moonlight steals forth, the stately doors in the front open, and the owner of Mendlip, book in hand, with his wife on his arm, and a child running by their side, issue forth, and pace up and down as if dreamily enjoying the pleasant frosty air, and the growing light of the moon.

Horses' hoofs are now heard on the gravel, and presently a troop of men, led by the sheriff in person—a big, bulky, imperious man—come noisily up, and the owner of Mendlip advances to meet them.

The sheriff, seeing the lady, takes off his hat just for a moment, then puts it on again, and speaks, in a stern, exacting voice—

"So Mr. Babington, at the old tricks again, eh? Harbouring rebels, eh?"

"Have you received information to that effect, sir?" asked Mr. Babington, in a tone of great self-restraint.

"Don't chop logic with me, Mr. Babington, I know you of old. Do you choose to accompany me in my search or not?"

"I will go with you, and show you whatever you please to ask, only spare me comments till your search is over."

While the bulk of the party remained outside, and kept watch on the outlets, the sheriff and half-a-dozen armed followers dismounted, ascended the stately flight of stone steps, and went in.

The sheriff had clearly found on the present occasion what he had not been able to obtain before, a vague clue to the mysteries of Mendlip House. To the surprise, no doubt, and secret alarm of the owner, he began to discover one hiding-place after another never before known to any but the Babington family, and of them known only to the heads.

Some of these secret places showed for what purpose they had originally been devised. There were, as the sheriff observed, "books, masoning stuff, and Popish trumpery." Many a hunted Jesuit had here found secure concealment when all other places had become too hot to hold him.

Mr. Babington only smiled at each fresh display of the curiosities of his home; but there was a nervous twitching of his lip, and an uneasy fitfulness in the wandering glances of his eye, that showed he was ill at ease.

Among the followers of the sheriff was one, a youngish fellow, who took great interest in these romantic quests, and distinguished himself by the zeal with which he urged on the discovery of what he called the rebel nest-holes.

His zeal led him to push on in advance. The sheriff was standing in wonder and admiration before the latest of the discoveries—"the tenth," as he exclaimed, with a sort of brutal laugh—an opening behind the wainscot of the long picture gallery, when this young fellow passed on into the next apartment, and was followed by Mr. Babington, who made some excuse to the sheriff for leaving him for a few seconds.

The instant the two men met, their faces kindled, and the owner of Mendlip whispered—

"Thank God! I thought is was you, though you are so well disguised I could not be sure."

"Is *he* here?" was the whispered query of the other man.

"Yes."

"He'll be shot dead with as little remorse as the sheriff would feel in shooting a rabbit."

"What can be done? In another minute all will be over!"

"Is escape quite impossible out of the house?" asked the youth.

"Quite."

"I have it! But tell me, where can he hide just for a single instant, while he comes out, waits for them to come here, and then passes into that very hiding-place they have just quitted?"

"Excellent! If they should return to look at it, he can pass into another, for there are two connected by a way they did not discover.

"You see the cabinet," continued Mr. Babington. "It stands just a little from the wall. Let him glide out, and go behind that, till he sees they are drawn here by this new discovery; then, if you will make an alarm, he may seize that moment to run across the few feet of space that takes him out of this room into the other. The moment he crosses the threshold he can take shelter unobserved—that is, if your alarm draws all the men here."

"Quick; let me see him," said the sheriff's unfaithful follower.

Mr. Babington went towards a vast old-fashioned chimney bulk in the centre of one side of the apartment. It was of brick, but blackened over. Touching something, a slice of the very brickwork itself—really solid brickwork, fastened at the back to heavy timber—swung open, and re-

nealed a place only big enough for a single person, and which received light and air from a funnel that went up with the chimney, and had its top level with the *chimney top*—a terrible place, and used only in the last resort or the greatest necessity, for if a fire were lighted in the chimney, the unhappy tenant would probably be roasted alive, unless he preferred to come out and be taken.

"Quick!" whispered Mr. Babington, putting in his head. "Friends!"

An instant after appeared at the opening the face of Lord Langton, and the first face he saw was the face of Clarence Harvey, who had received information where Lord Langton was, and hurried down, had come upon the sheriff's party, and been permitted to join on account of his loud loyalty and genial talk.

"The cabinet," said Mr. Babington, pointing, "till you hear an alarm! Then run into the next room; the secret place is there open, and if you do not find yourself safe there when you have closed it up, you will find a knot in one corner of the floor: press it, and you will find fresh shelter many yards distant by a secret route. Haste!"

They had but just time for the simultaneous movements made by the three men—Lord Langton to the back of the cabinet; Mr. Babington to the sheriff with an apology for his absence; and Clarence Harvey to the front of the wonderful chimney, which he began to handle curiously all over, as if in vehement suspicion there was something more than a chimney in front of him.

The sheriff now advanced. He had been delayed by a false scent that Clarence Harvey had set him on before leaving him. That shrewd young fellow had been convinced that a certain curious projection, pretending to be the end of an enormous beam that came out, high up the gallery wall, was really hiding-place No. 11. The sheriff was struck with the fancy, and expended over it the time that enabled the bird so far to escape.

Seeing Clarence Harvey busy about the chimney bulk, but rather losing faith in the value of his discoveries since the last ignominious failure, the sheriff and his whole party, one man excepted, would not stop, but passed further on along the room, to Clarence Harvey's great satisfaction, till he saw that one man lingering still over his study of hiding-place No. 10.

A happy and bold thought occurred to him.

He suddenly threw open the small, heavy, ponderous door of the concealed place, and shouted with all his might—

"I thought so! I've got it! Come, come, all of you! Such a discovery! Beats all the rest!"

Through this pretended excitement, which made the sheriff, even, forget his dignity, and run back to the chimney, Clarence Harvey had no eyes but for that solitary wretched man who would linger in the outer room.

So he went towards him, and said—

"The sheriff wants you. He has made such a discovery."

"Has he? Oh, I'll come!"

And he went.

And then Lord Langton went, boldly facing the group, not one of whom, however, saw him, so intent were they on hiding-place No. 11.

An hour later Mendlip House was restored to its former quiet, and Lord Langton, Mr. Babington, and Clarence Harvey were sitting together, congratulating themselves that the Jacobite armoury was safe in the cellars, and that the sheriff's visit had tended to avert suspicion for the future.

But when Clarence Harvey was able to speak to Lord Langton alone, and communicate his dreadful news—that, under cover of his (Lord Langton's) arrangements for an insurrection, a band of desperate men had planned the murder of the king—all other subjects were forgotten, and for one whole night there was nothing but remorse, confusion, and hopeless despair in the chaotic brain of the noble adventurer.

What could he do?

They might strike even before he had time to do aught to save himself and his cause from such eternal infamy!

CHAPTER LXXXVI.—THE EARL OF BRIDGEMINSTER'S TOWN HOUSE.

Three days more have passed.

Lady Hermia has retired for the night, weary of the guests she has been receiving in her father's name, weary of herself, weary even of the eternal thought, which she nevertheless persists in sedulously cherishing, that a happier end may yet be vouchsafed than life promises her.

She has partly undressed, and her maid has just began to loosen out her long hair, when she is disturbed by a knock.

It is the housekeeper who has come up, with many apologies for the liberty she is taking, to say that Mistress Christina Constable is in the hall, urgently asking to be permitted to see Lady Hermia.

"At this time of night! Something serious must have happened. Bring her up instantly," said Lady Hermia.

Then she mused on the masquerade scene, and wondered whether it was that Christina was anxious to explain it, or whether it was that she had been hurt by Lady Hermia's cold letter, putting off the arranged visit.

But that surely might be left for the hours of daylight. It must be mischief to *him*—to Lord Langton, Lady Hermia's unknown husband.

'She—loving him, perhaps—flies to me, who also love him, and have a right to love him of which she knows nothing. Why is she so long?"

The door opened, and Christina entered, wearing a long black veil, which made it impossible to distinguish her features. Throwing it back, she revealed her sweet, fair face bathed in tears, and the moment the servants had gone away, she knelt down before the Lady Hermia, and said, imploringly—

"Oh, my dear lady and kind patroness, be good to me now, for I have no earthly hope but in you!"

"What is the nature of your hope?" demanded Lady Hermia, in a tone of voice little calculated to cheer the fainting energies of the poor maiden suppliant.

"Lord Langton.

"Ah, yes—I supposed no cause less potent than that would have brought you here at such an hour. You love him?"

"I do indeed—for, Lady Hermia, he is my brother!"

The astonishment of Lady Hermia at this statement may be well conceived. And glad as she was to be freed from the painful thought that her young *protégé* was in quite another way in love with her husband, she found it at first difficult to give credence to a tale so wild as Christina then narrated to her.

But when she was convinced, and saw what new ties were existing between them, the whole heart of the woman opened, and, standing up, her eyes streaming with delicious tears, she held out her arms to Christina, saying—

"Come, come, my own dear sweet sister."

"Sister—you mean only——"

"I mean, darling, that your news to me is not greater than my news to you. If Lord Langton is your brother, he is still more precious to me, for he is my husband!"

"Gracious heaven!—your husband, Lady Hermia! This, then, is the secret he was going to tell me of at the masquerade when the lady abbess led him away."

"I was the lady abbess."

"You!"

"My own dear, honoured husband it was I then spoke to, even though we have never met as husband and wife since the day of our child marriage. But ah—we forget! What brought you! Danger to him?"

"Not that only—dishonour to him—infamy to him—so he fears, if he cannot extricate himself from the vile web that has been woven about him."

And then Christina told the story of the murder plot as she had received it from her brother, and the looks of the two fair women, as they glanced down that fearful vista of crime, bloodshed, and national convulsion, were full of an almost unearthly awe.

"He hurried me off to you so mysteriously," said Christina, "I might have guessed something more. He would not prevent you from *keeping your secret, I suppose, if you chose to* do so."

"What—what, in the name of Heaven is to be done?" asked Lady Hermia.

"Oh, he soon settled that—it was the *how* that was so difficult. He made up his mind at once to reveal the plot to the king."

"Did he? Oh, bless him!—may heaven eternally bless him for that!" murmured the noble wife.

"But," continued Christina, "now come the difficulties. So far from giving up the insurrection, he means to tell the king to his face, if need be, he will go on with it."

"Ah, that's my own, noble, chivalrous, but alas, most Quixotic husband. He is too good for such statesmen and kings as now exist. He will wreck himself by his own princely qualities. But how does he intend to get to the king?"

"Lady Hermia——" began Christina.

"Lady me no more ladies, or I will say you are base born, and no sister of Langton's. Call me Hermia, as I shall call you Christina. Now. I repeat my question—How will he reach the king?"

"Through you."

"Through me! Ah, yes, I thank him. Oh, indeed, I thank him—this is sweet! He rightly estimates me. Wait, dearest—wait a moment."

She rang her bell, and when her maid came, said in a tone of perfect quiet—

"My chair, instantly, to go to the palace—with a proper escort. Remember the hour, and the dangers of the streets. Quick! I wait.

"Now, Christina, darling, go on. Tell me quickly, but accurately, first, what Lord Langton demands for himself by way of conditions; next, what he proposes as regards his revelations to the king."

"For himself, he demands these things:—That he comes and goes unknown. He will be masked. And he demands the king's own personal pledge of honour that he shall not be watched, followed, or obstructed in any way, under any circumstance whatever.

"That he be not required to name any one of the persons concerned.

"That he be at liberty, if he see any prospect of good by so doing, to warn the conspirators of what he has done, after he has done it.

"These are his conditions, and if they are granted, he will immediately appear before the king, and place in His Majesty's hand ample *means to guard himself against the plot, and to* punish the actors if he so pleases, should the plot really break out."

"Yes, all that is clear. Wait, darling; let me make a few notes. I have a good memory; but playing with words when life and death are the stakes doesn't do."

Lady Hermia made her notes, read them aloud, corrected them in a minor point or two, and then said—

"Go on."

"Nay, I have done."

"Impossible! Lord Langton not ask for his rank and estates at such a time?"

"You forget, dear Hermia, he is——"

"Ah, me! I did indeed forget. He is still a rebel, and will be one. Yes, of course he can therefore ask for nothing."

"Yes, that is so," assented Christina.

"Will you wait till I come back?" asked Lady Hermia.

"*Will I? Yes, indeed, if it be not till this* time to-morrow night. But will the king see you at such an hour?"

"Oh, yes—I must practise a ruse on His Majesty. If he knew I came in my own name, no power on earth could persuade him my business could be important enough to rouse him from his first slumber, and dress himself, and give me an interview."

"You do not intend to consult my lord your father?" said Christina, anxiously, who knew something of the earl's hostile feeling.

"No, no, indeed! Fortunately, I have here a right of my own, and need not ask for any sanction. It is the wife who goes to act for her

husband. Wish me well through it. I felt strong a few minutes ago; but now, as the thing draws nearer, I begin to tremble." Then, after a pause, she added—

"What if that dreadful Chief of the Secret Service Department already knows all about it, and Lord Langton's disclosures come too late? Might he not even become falsely but ruinously mixed up in the detestable business? Ah, well, I must keep my brain cool, and avoid just now thinking of such things!"

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—AN INVALID DISTURBED.

The Earl of Bridgeminster sat in a large easy chair in his bedroom, wearing a richly-flowered dressing-gown, the gay patterns of which forced out into stronger prominence the harsh and pain-stricken expression of his face and limbs.

He was at this moment suffering the most acute anguish from an attack of gout. Earnshaw, his valet, had been tending him for some hours—applying cooling lotions, and in that and in other ways trying to mitigate the fury of the fire that burned in the earl's veins and nerves.

In a moment of comparative ease he had been beguiled with the fancy he could sleep, had gone to bed, and had finally told Earnshaw to go away. Now he was up again, raging with the pain, and scarcely less furious that his bell was not attended to.

Once, in one of the pauses of the attack, he fancied he heard some commotion in the court-yard. Then lights blazed out. With great difficulty he dragged himself to the window, and then almost shouted, with the mixture of surprise and pain—

"The Lady Hermia! Going forth after midnight! Her chair, servants, torches—and I knowing nothing! What means this? She has heard something about that detestable traitor, Langton! Where is Earnshaw?

Hobbling back to the bedside, he again pulled at the bell; nor did he leave it till Earnshaw made his appearance.

"You rascal!" shouted the infuriated earl. "What has become of you?"

"Pardon me, my lord; rascal or no rascal, I have been engaged in *your* service."

"Eh? how's that? I am racked with pain—you mustn't mind every angry word."

"No, my lord; only I do wish to retain *your* respect, and——

"Yes, yes; quite right. Your present position is not to be the measure of your future one. It shall not. Well, you bring me news—I see it in your face."

"Yes, my lord. The Lady Hermia has had a visitor, who still remains here—Miss Constable—and now, Lady Hermia——"

"Has gone forth. I know—I saw the lights just now, and went to the window. Whither has she gone?"

"To the palace, my lord."

"To the palace?" cried the earl, leaping up, and forgetting alike his gout, lameness, and long agony. "One question more before I act. What can be the nature of the business that brings Sir Richard's daughter here, and sends my daughter to the palace?"

"I can only venture one guess, my lord, by naming Lord Langton."

"Ha!" you think so, do you? It was my own thought. Quick! Help me to dress."

"You cannot, really, my lord, venture out in this state, at this time of the night, and in such a season."

"Nothing shall keep me from going out. Hasten the preparations. Wrap me up warmly; the king will excuse the unseemliness of my garb if he wants me, as I suspect he will when he has heard the Lady Hermia's business. Stay, Earnshaw! Can you at all divine the cause of Miss Christina's interference?"

"Only this. Lord Langton may have heard of the Lady Hermia's favourable feeling towards the knight's daughter, got an introduction to her in consequence, then interested her, perhaps, in his story——"

The earl interrupted him by saying—

"His story! Then you have ferreted the whole matter out, I suppose, as to his relations to my daughter?"

"Pardon me, my lord. I could not help, when I noticed various sayings and doings of your lordship and of Lady Hermia, from putting this and that together, and——"

"And coming to certain conclusions. No wonder."

Only a very short time after one chair had passed out through the great gates, with two link-boys in front, and half-a-dozen tall, stalwart footmen guarding, the whole wearing swords—only, we repeat, a few minutes after, followed a second chair, but with a diminished cortége, for even the earl's household could not suddenly find another half-dozen footmen ready at so short a notice, and the earl would not wait.

Earnshaw walked by the side of the chair, to render any help the earl might need, and to be ready to hold conversation with his master—a habit the valet assiduously cultivated.

"If the men ran you could keep up, couldn't you?" asked the earl.

"Assuredly, my lord!"

"Urge them on, then."

The earl's chair reaches the palace, is admitted within the royal precincts, and presently a gentleman hurries down to pay his respects to the great earl.

"Has the king just had a visitor, Mr. Cavendish?"

"The Lady Hermia has been here, and gone away."

"Oh, then, she did not see His Majesty!"

"Oh, yes she did. The king had a concert, which continued very late. She was instantly admitted to him, and in about a quarter of an hour went away!"

The earl's looks and gestures were sufficiently impatient; but he restrained his words, and asked to see the king.

"'Tis unfortunate, my lord," said Mr. Cavendish, "that we must disturb him a second time, and the more so that I thought—and others thought so too—that His Majesty is in great trouble about Lady Hermia's communications, notwithstanding they were so short a time together."

"That is enough. Say the Earl of Bridgeminster, in all duty to the king, demands immediate audience!"

The king has left his small body of guests to enjoy the rest of the concert without him, and is pacing up and down a long gallery, from which a door opens to the royal bed-chamber.

"Ha, Bridgminster, this is well! What fortunate chance has brought you at the very moment when I most needed your counsel?"

"The instinct of my loyalty, your majesty, no doubt!"

"Your daughter has just left me, after leaving with me something that has banished even the possibility of sleep for many a long hour, I fear."

"Indeed, your majesty! May I ask what it is, for she has left me in entire ignorance!"

"Oh, it's only murder—or perhaps it might be more polite to call it assassination."

"Murder! Not—not of your sacred majesty's person! Not that?"

"Lady Hermia brings me a quiet, carefully-told story, that I cannot possibly disbelieve, that a gentleman, for whose honour she pledges herself——"

At these words a great change passed over the earl's face. He was conscious of it, and managed to turn his face away from the light, and throw it into the shadow.

The king went on—

"Is prepared to come to me—but incognito—to narrate to me all the particulars of a plot for my murder—the day, the place, the chosen instruments, all settled."

"Is he one of the band who repents, or who desires to win favour by——"

"Nothing of the kind. I own I am strangely perplexed. He not only makes no conditions, but he does not disguise that he is a rebel, and means to continue one; but he cannot, it seems, go quite on to murder."

"Your majesty has consented?"

"Certainly."

"We will take care of all the rest." This was said in a peculiarly significant tone. The king, who was not remarkable for personal dignity of any kind, fidgeted about, as if revolving in his mind the earl's words, and whether or not he ought to take action upon them.

At last, with a a sigh, he said—and in a grand sort of manner, as if he was making part in ceremonial—

"My lord, we have promised the Lady Hermia—have given her the royal word that he shall not be watched nor interrupted in his comings and goings—in short, that nothing shall be done even to identify him!"

"This is placing great trust, your majesty, in an unknown rebel!"

"My trust, Bridgeminster, is in your daughter. She tells me she feels the deepest interest in this man, though he is opposed to all her views; and she swears to me I may place the most absolute reliance on his word."

"Indeed, your majesty!"

"Of course you know him?"

"No, your majesty. I hold no converse with rebels; and I beg your majesty to look with forgiving eyes on the folly of my daughter's, for she is as devoted as myself to your royal person, your dynasty, and your government."

"We doubt it not. But the affair is very strange, is it not?"

"It is indeed, your majesty. When does he come?"

"This very night—soon—almost now. Though I am also warned I *may* have to wait some time before he can arrive."

Let us go back to Christina for a brief minute or two.

Left by Lady Hermia in her bedchamber, that her visit might attract as little notice as possible, Christina spent a miserable time during the visit to the king. He would refuse to see Lord Langton; or he would see him, and keep his promise to the ear only, while those about him would secretly and craftily pursue him, discover his true rank and aims, and then, as Lady Hermia had suggested, mix him up with the very murderers he had denounced, on the plea that his policy had only a trick to win the king's confidence.

It was, then, a wonderful relief when she saw the approaching torches, and the gates thrown open, and then, a minute later, Lady Hermia enter the bed-room, with a glad expression of success.

"The king promises all you ask," said she, "with this one exception—he will not consent to allow this gentleman, whoever he may be, to tell the assassins what he has done; and, I own, I think the reason His Majesty gives is decisive. Tell them of the failure of this plot, and they will give it up, and then secretly re-form their band and begin again. So, while the king quite appreciates this interesting Jacobite's reason for desiring to give his brother rebels a chance of escape, he thinks, and so do I, that such an indulgence is fatal to the whole proposal."

"Yes, yes; I fear it is!" said Christina, sadly.

"You do not, surely, fear he will be unwilling to listen to reason?"

"In most things he would; but when it comes to the giving up to death the men with whom he has sympathised for years——"

"Sympathised!"

"Ay; but not in murder!"

"No."

"Well, continued Christina, "he will be at the palace within the next two or three hours, if he comes at all, of which I am not very hopeful."

Weary with useless speculations, the king and his favourite minister spent hour after hour looking for the mysterious visitor, who still did not come.

"Hark!" exclaimed the king, as the musical clock in the royal bedchamber struck four. "There are strange steps!"

The door opened, and Mr. Cavendish, the gentleman in attendance for the night, entered.

"May it please your majesty, there is a gentleman in the ante-chamber, bringing a message

from the Lady Hermia to the effect that your majesty expects him."

"Admit him," said the king.

"But please, your majesty, he is masked."

"We are aware of that, Mr. Cavendish," said the king, loftily.

Mr. Cavendish looked very uncomfortable and very unwilling to fulfil the king's bidding, so turned, in his distress, to the Earl of Bridgeminster, who said—

"What is the matter, Mr. Cavendish? His Majesty will, I am sure, be glad to hear anything you have to say."

"This man, my lord, is dangerous!"

"Dangerous!" echoed the king, in dismay.

"Yes, your majesty. We know nothing of him, he will give us no name, he professes no loyal feeling, and there is something in his attitude that strikes me as audacious in such a place, and so near the august person of your majesty."

"Have you examined him, to see if he carries weapons about him?" asked the king, after a troubled pause.

"No; if it please your majesty, he would not permit us to do so; and to one who came using the name of Lady Hermia, we did not think it right to use force. Or rather, your majesty, we did try, and he said he was here on the express understanding that he was to be personally respected."

The king looked dubiously towards the earl, and the earl responded by looking just as dubiously towards the king.

"If it were any other person whatever than the Lady Hermia—even if the daughter of a man of my own rank—ay, and even if enjoying your majesty's personal favour, I should decidedly say, Do not, oh, my dear sovereign, risk your life, so precious to us all, and so vitally necessary to England! But it is my daughter, and I can in my own case go no farther."

"Then if we refuse to see him, do we understand, my lord, that we shall have only to make our peace with the Lady Hermia, and that you, our faithful servant, to whom we are so much indebted, will not be in any way hurt?"

"Assuredly, your majesty. Lady Hermia did not consult me, so, as she began, she can finish the matter alone!"

"And if we refuse, how are we to be enlightened with regard to this alleged plot?"

"Oh, your majesty, we will bring him to terms, if only he be left to us."

"You mean that our royal word——"

"Must not be too literally dealt with," said the earl boldly. "Your majesty is in danger—the nation is in danger. Nothing can exceed the generosity of your majesty to this man; if, then, he is so great an ingrate that he will not even satisfy your majesty's faithful subject that he comes with no murderous weapons concealed about his own person, then I think your majesty ought to put aside your noble and truly princely impulses, and say, 'The good of the state demands a painful sacrifice from me.'"

The king, however, still hesitated. Presently he said—

"Will your lordship go out with Mr. Cavendish and try whether, by speaking to him softly, respectfully, and making proper use of Lady Hermia's name, you cannot persuade him to consent to be searched?"

The two accordingly went out, and returned in a minute, to say—

"He positively declines to submit to personal indignity of any kind; but he speaks most earnestly, and declares he carries nothing whatever concealed about him that can by any possibility be used for evil purposes."

"Do you believe him, Mr. Cavendish?" asked the king.

"If any lesser personage than your majesty were concerned, I believe I should be inclined to trust him," was Mr. Cavendish's cautious reply.

"And you, my lord?"

"I am bound, sire, if you put the question in that way, and shut out all other considerations, to say that it is *my daughter* who vouches for him."

"I think we must venture," said the king.

"Permit me, then, to make preparations," said the earl; and, without waiting for an answer, he withdrew a few paces, and summoned Mr. Cavendish to join him.

"Plant a file of soldiers in the gallery. Tell them the moment the stranger enters to cover him with their pieces. You stay with them. Keep their officer by your side. Don't for a single instant cease to look on me; and, if I raise my right arm high above my head, shoot the traitor dead, for I shall then have seen danger. Mr. Cavendish, we are dutiful servants of the king, but our duty is to guard himself even before obeying his words, if we should see danger which he did not anticipate. You think so?"

"Most certainly, my lord."

"Go, then, quick! Oh, stay! You note where His Majesty now stands?"

"Yes."

"I will take care that the king shall remain there. I will have the stranger placed opposite him, and with full a dozen or fifteen feet space between them. Now, to render accidents impossible, put the soldiers so behind the screen that partially crosses the front of the gallery from the left side there, that they will not even be able to see the king, but only the masked visitor."

"I understand, my lord. An excellent arrangement, for it might have made the soldiers nervous to fire so near to the king, if they saw him exposed. Of course, under this arrangement, they cannot hurt him."

"Hardly, I think," said the earl, with a smile, that soon flickered out as Mr. Cavendish went to fulfil his commission, and the earl himself prepared to re-join the king.

But he went first to one of the windows, as if to look out in a spirit of caution as to all eventualities. Shall we say what secret motive really prompted the movement?

The earl then saw, with mingled feelings of fear and exultation, the moment arrive when it might be in his power to compass what had been for many months the one cherished, darling object of his life—the making away with his rebel son-in-law, for he did not for a moment doubt who the stranger was.

How easy now, when the man was before the guns, to make a mistake, and give the signal!

How easy even to force from the man some impetuous gesture by insult, covert, and veiled, possibly, from the king, but understood by Langton—a gesture that would naturally alarm the loyal; and then what loyal man could afford to pause even to think?

Still, the king's word had been given!

The king also was unmanageable about that royal word of his.

Was the earl prepared to brave the danger of being thrown overboard, after he might have rendered the greatest possible service to the dynasty?—to be held up as the man who had at once murdered the confiding stranger and his own king's reputation?

Perhaps not, if he had only these things to think of. But he hated Lord Langton personally—he wanted to enjoy in quiet Lord Langton's estates, given to him by the king; he wanted to bring to an end all possible connection between Lord Langton and Lady Hermia.

His head drooping a little with the weight of such thoughts, his face recovering its usual aspect of the stern, the harsh, and the inscrutable, he rejoined the king.

At this moment the king had turned his face towards the gallery, where he saw, with surprise, a file of soldiers enter from the right side, led by Mr. Cavendish, saw them all cross to the left side, and disappear behind the partial screen in front.

The earl, in brief low tones, explained the arrangements, which pleased the king very much, and gave him, as he said, entire confidence to deal with this rebel as he deserved, if he should prove unreasonably contumacious.

"Let the stranger be admitted," said the king, in a loud voice.

The king took up his appointed place, and the Earl of Bridgeminster, in order to make more sure the line of demarcation, caused one of the ushers to draw a red cord across around the part where the king stood, so that the stranger might be obliged to keep the distance agreed on, and the king be reminded at all times during the conversation of the spot that he must not even approach.

Then there was a loud knock outside from the usher's wand, the doors opened, and the usher advanced, telling the stranger to bow three times as he approached.

The stranger did give a slight obeisance once, and that was all, then followed his conductor to the spot assigned.

He was dressed in dark clothes, and wore over all a long black cloak, trimmed with sable. His face was masked, and the mask was evidently most carefully put on, and so fastened as to leave *no possibility of its accidental removal.*

Through the black mask the eyes gleamed brightly, and looked searchingly round.

They were instantly arrested by the gleam of polished metal in the gallery, just behind the screen.

He moves a little further away from the red cord, that he may the better see the meaning of the phenomenon, and so moves farther from the king, and by the same movement brings himself more perfectly under the line of the soldiers' fire.

Yes, he sees the officer and his bright sword the soldiers and their muskets—he sees and understands all.

Then, throwing back his cloak by a graceful motion of his arms, he revealed a slender but *powerful frame, of good, though not remarkable* height, and thus stood facing the king.

His eyes, now glancing penetratingly, meet the king's glance.

He makes a low, respectful bow, but stops with that. The stubborn knee shows no sign of grace.

"It is the king, sir!" said the earl, sternly.

"So I judged," replied the stranger, calmly, and taking no further notice of the earl.

"You wished to see me?" said the king.

"I did. *Pardon me if I declined to pay* the homage due to kings, for I recognise only a different king."

"Treason! This is treason!" loudly exclaimed the earl; the officer in the gallery had a mist before his eyes for the moment, as he saw the possibility of the arm of the earl rising for the signal.

(To be continued.)

The Pall Mall *Gazette* has been the victim of a most ingenious hoax. A preliminary number of the *Imperial Review*, the new Conservative organ was left at the editor's office, containing the details of some extraordinary Acts of Parliament which the new "organ" humbly recommended. Nothing doubting, these were duly copied, and marvelously commented upon. The *Standard* rejoices over the mishap, and the *Pall Mall* querulously says, how should we know any better? How indeed, except that editors are supposed to keep their eyes open. The same number also contains an excellent account of Alexander Smith, the author of "City Poems" who died last Friday week at the early age of thirty-six. It is evidently by one who knew him well. Mr. Smith was one of those whose delicate temperament, rather than any divine afflatus, was the cause of his bursting into poetry. He gained a name, and then subsided into prose. His first performance was spasmodic, his second sound and strong. "Elwin and Deira" was probably his best. As secretary of the University of Edinburgh, he was able to indulge in that society which, probably, he liked better than anything else. Whether he would ever have accomplished much worthy of his early fame it is now too late to conjecture.

We fancy that we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer.

To Cure Melancholy.—Set about doing good. One act of kindness will have more influence on the spirits than all the soft-water baths that ever were invented.

GENERAL WOLFE.

JAMES WOLFE, the hero of the Plains of Abraham, was born in Kent, England, on the 15th January, 1726. He entered the army at an early age, and, in 1747, was present at the battle of Lafelat, where he had the good fortune to distinguish himself by his presence of mind at a critical juncture. In the course of the next year the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle restored peace to Europe, but Wolfe found means to keep alive the favourable impression he had made on the minds of his superior officers in action, by the skill and attention which he evinced in the irksome routine duties of training and preserving discipline. During the seven years of peace which followed 1748, he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Hostilities recommenced between France and Great Britain, in 1755, and, in 1757, Wolfe was appointed quarter-master-general to the forces under Sir John Mordaunt, intended to attack Rochfort. While the military and naval commanders of that mismanaged expedition were wasting time in idle controversy, Wolfe landed one night and advanced two miles into the country. His report of the absence of any obstacles to a descent, and his urgent recommendations that it should be made were disregarded, but they became known to Pitt, and were the main reason of his afterwards selecting Wolfe to command in Canada.

In 1758 Wolfe was sent, with the rank of brigadier-general, on the expedition against Cape Breton, in which Boscawen commanded the sea and Amherst the land forces. The brunt of the French fire in landing before Louisbourg was borne by the left division under Wolfe; the attacks by the centre and right divisions being mere feints to distract the enemy. The after operations of the siege were also in a great measure conducted by Wolfe; and it was an honourable trait in the character of Amherst that, in his dispatches, he allowed his brigadier the full credit of his actions. The landing was effected on the 8th of June: Louisbourg surrendered on the 26th of July. Wolfe soon afterwards returned to England.

In 1759 an expedition was fitted out against Quebec by Pitt, who had resolved to deprive the French crown of its most important settlements in America. The command of the sea-forces was intrusted to Saunders; the command of the land-forces (7000 men, including provincials) to Wolfe. The embarkation arrived at the Isle of Orleans on the 26th of June: the fort of Niagara had been surrendered to the English under Amherst the day before. In August Wolfe issued a proclamation to the Canadian peasants, informing them that his forces were masters of the river, while a powerful army, under General Amherst, threatened their country from the interior, calling upon them to observe a strict neutrality during the struggle between the French and English crowns, and promising to protect them in their possessions and the exercise of their religion. Montcalm had concentrated all the forces he could raise in the province in Quebec, which he had fortified in a masterly manner. The months of July and August were spent in repeated unsuccessful attempts to drive the French from their advantageous post at the mouth of the Montmorenci. On the night between the 12th and 13th of September Wolfe landed his troops immediately above Quebec, and, favoured by the night, ascended the hills which command that city from the west. Montcalm, when he learned that the English were in possession of these heights, saw at once that nothing but a battle could save the town, and took his measures accordingly. The battle was strenuously contested, but the French at length gave way. Montcalm and Wolfe fell in the action, and their seconds in command were both dangerously wounded, and obliged to leave the field before the fate of the day was decided. Five days after the action Quebec surrendered, and Canada was lost to France.

The feature of Wolfe's character most dwelt upon by his contemporaries was his ardent and fearless spirit of enterprise. His skill as a disciplinarian however, the pains he took to ascertain the real state of affairs at Rochfort, and the arguments by which he supported the proposal of a descent, and, above all, his letter addressed to the prime minister from his head-quarters at Montmorenci, on the 2nd of September, show that this quality was combined with an observant and deliberate mind. Enterprise was with Wolfe the result of perfect and laboriously attained knowledge of his position.

James Wolfe fell in his thirty-fourth year. His remains were interred at Greenwich. A monument was erected to his memory in 1760, by the gentlemen of his native parish: a public monument in Westminster Abbey was voted by the House of Commons in 1759, and opened to the public in 1773: a marble statue was voted by the Assembly of Massachusetts.

A monument was also erected on the Plains of Abraham, in 1812, and a second in 1849, to replace the first which had become broken and defaced. In 1827, at the suggestion of Lord Dalhousie, a monument was also erected in the Government Garden, Quebec, to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm.

Two drachms camphor, half-drachm of pure saltpetre, half-drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a pretty sure weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of chance, minute stars will rise up in the liquid; while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

Death of Wolfe.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

TO BRITISH AMERICAN AUTHORS. The Publisher of the SATURDAY READER offers a prize of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for an original CANADIAN STORY—to run through from 20 to 26 numbers of the *READER*.

A Committee to be hereafter named, will be appointed, to whom all MSS. received will be submitted.

MSS. may be forwarded to the Publisher of the *SATURDAY READER*, Box 401, Post Office, Montreal, up to the 25th June next.

For further particulars, please address Editor SATURDAY READER.

R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

We beg to direct the attention of our literary friends to the above advertisement, as an indication of our desire to aid in building up a British American Literature. Hitherto, in common with most of the better class United States periodicals, we have been dependent upon British authors for our serial tales; but, we trust the response to this advertisement will be of such a nature that we shall be glad in future to employ home talent exclusively.

THE CLUB SYSTEM.

THE Publisher of this Journal, resolved to extend its circulation largely, offers additional and very liberal inducements for the formation of Clubs. At the foot of this notice will be found a list of valuable works forming a small library in themselves, and it is believed that there are but few towns or villages in Canada, in which an active friend of the READER, may not obtain a sufficient number of subscribers, to entitle him to the whole list, free of cost to himself. Where, however, the whole list may not be readily obtainable, a very slight exertion will entitle our friends to select from it in the following proportions. We may add that the books are all new copies, and well—many of them elegantly—bound.

Any person obtaining 3 new subscribers and forwarding subscriptions in advance will be entitled to select one book from the list.

5 New subscribers, cash in advance, 2 books
10 " " 4 "
15 " " 7 "
20 " " 10 "

or a set of the Mount Royal edition of the Poets, comprising Moore, Burns, Scott, Milton, Thomson, Goldsmith and Beattie, Cowper, Pope, Wordsworth and Shakspeare (2 vols.); in all eleven volumes, printed on toned paper, profusely illustrated, and elegantly bound in green cloth, full gilt. Published at $11.00.

40 new subscribers, with cash in advance, will entitle the getter-up of the club to the complete list, comprising 25 elegant volumes;

LIST OF BOOKS.

D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, complete edition.
Fireside Stories and Sketches. By W. & R. Chambers.
Good Words for 1861. Bound volume.
" 1863. "
" 1864. "
" 1865. "
Habits of Good Society.
Garneau's History of Canada, 2 vols.
Don Quixote, complete in 1 vol.
Gil Blas.
Arabian Nights Entertainments, comple in 1 vol.
Shakespeare, complete in 1 vol.
Biographies of celebrated Canadians.
Moores Poetical Works, elegantly bound.
Burns " "
Scott's " "
Milton's " "
Thomson's " "
Cowper's " "
Pope's " "
Goldsmith's and Beattie's "
Wordsworth's "
Shakespeare's " " 2 vols.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated.

If preferred the publisher will mail a sixth copy of the Reader free for one year to the forwarder of a club of 5 new subscribers, with cash in advance: or

To the forwarder of a club of 7 new subscribers, cash in advance, a copy of Christie's History of Canada 6 vols., published at $6.00.

THE UNITED STATES—RECONSTRUCTION.

WE are not of those who, in view of the existing confusion and troubles that prevail in the United States, believe that that country is destined to tread by the path of revolution to a military despotism. We conceive, on the contrary, that American institutions possess elements of stability and strength such as those of but few countries in the world can boast of. Nowhere are to be found a people more conservative; for, setting aside a comparatively small minority in the large cities, the great mass of the population, and especially of the rural population, are owners of lands, or property in some shape; and property and conservatism are ever banded together. Men who have anything to lose seldom patronise revolutions, and are zealous supporters of peace, order, and good government. From circumstances, therefore, we repeat, the American people, as a whole, must constitute one of the most conservative communities on earth. A second element of strength is to be found in the municipal institutions of the North and West, originally borrowed from England, but which the Americans have extended and improved. A third source of security for society resides in the English Common Law, which they have adapted to their social and political condition. These of themselves, in alliance with a free press, which, if licentious, has still its uses, are safeguards, possessed of which no country can be utterly shipwrecked. Such we conceive are the foundation on which American institutions rest; the danger to the Union arises from the superstructure that has been erected upon them.

The first and all-pervading fault of the American form of government is the adoption of the Federal system in their constitution. In proof of this, it is only necessary to examine the present condition of the South, where the re-establishment of the States lately in rebellion is dreaded, even by those who are anxious to see them restored to their former place in the Union. So long as those States were contented with their lot as members of the old confederation, matters went on smoothly; but when dissensions arose between them and the North, the weakness of the Federal system became at once apparent. They assumed the position of foreign powers, with governments, armies, and resources of their own, all ready for the field of battle. A reconstruction of these Southern States, as they were heretofore, would place them in a situation to play the same game over again, if their people should be so inclined, and a favourable opportunity offering itself.

It is plain to us, then, that a safe and permanent reconstruction of the South must be based on a reconciliation between the Northern and Southern people. It may wound the pride of the North to purchase, as it were, the friendship of those, who, but the other day, stood in deadly array against them—who still do not hide the enmity which led to the secession conflict; and there is a natural desire to revenge the thousands of their countrymen who died to preserve the Union. But these and similar feelings ought to be sacrificed to the general welfare. The Americans might learn a lesson in this matter from what occurred in France at the end of the last century. The insurrection of La Vendee had many features in common with the rebellion of the Southern States. La Vendee, it is true, is a small strip of country compared with the immense region that lies between the Potomac and the Rio Grande; but the Vendean outbreak was, for a time, far more dangerous to the French Government than the Secession rebellion ever was to that of the United States.

They defeated army after army that were sent against them, and baffled such generals as Kleber, Westerman, and Hoche. Bonaparte often declared that after some of their victories they might have captured Paris, put down the revolution, and restored the monarchy, were it not for want of concert among their leaders, and he especially blames the patriotic but ambitious Charette, who kept aloof from the main Vendean army, at the head of a large force. At first the French Government breathed nothing but vengeance against the Vendeans, they were stigmatised as brigands, and were treated as outlaws, to whom no mercy should be shown. The whole population was consigned to indiscriminate destruction, and their lands were to be given to the true friends of the republic. Finally, an army of more than two hundred thousand men marched from several points on the Bocage—the centre of the district, and the Richmond of La Vendee—and the strength of the rebellion was broken. A desultory warfare still continued for several years, and so did the burnings and the massacres, but the Committee of Public Safety having been put down, the government found itself sufficiently strong to offer terms to the Vendeans. These terms were more than lenient, they were generous. The insurgents, on acknowledging the authority of the republic, were to enjoy the unmolested exercise of their religion, which was the original cause of quarrel, to have freedom from military service, *and to receive indemnification for their losses.*

Now, we think it would be too much to expect that the Government of the United States should pay the debt of the Southern Confederacy, incurred in a war to "destroy the life of the nation," neither do we conceive that they could be asked to reimburse the owners of property, the destruction of which was a necessary consequence of that war. But we do think that the North would act wisely in consenting to reimburse the South for the value of slaves happily liberated by the late war. We are aware of the objections that have been, and may be, urged against such a step. But this is not a question of sentiment, but of policy, and, to some extent at least, of justice. Prior to the rebellion, the laws of the United States permitted the existence of slavery, and a large amount of capital was embarked in the sinful traffic in human flesh. It was not the owners of such property alone that suffered by its confiscation, but their creditors, and all dependent upon them or connected with them. In short, the Act of Emancipation destroyed at one stroke some hundreds of millions of Southern property. It ought, indeed, never to have existed, but having existed, the loss is the same as would be that of money invested in lands and houses, or chattels of a different description. Nor do we suppose that the United States would, in the end, be the loser by the measure. We have seen the value of the Southern slaves stated at fabulous and fanciful amounts; but the price paid by England for the emancipation of the African race in her dominions was one hundred millions of dollars, and the freedmen of the United States cannot number more than four times as many. The burthen, therefore, could be easily borne by a nation so wealthy as the Great Republic, while the pacification of the South would enable the government to consolidate the general debt of the country at a rate of interest not exceeding one-half of the rates now paid. This, we contend, would more effectively relieve the Southern States in their terrible destitution than all the efforts now made in the Northern cities for that purpose; and with the further benefit, that its results would be permanent. The act would bring healing on its wings, both in the present and the future.

BENEVOLENCE.—It is recorded of Fenelon that when his library was on fire, he said, "God be praised that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

"Don't live in hope with your arms folded: Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulder to the wheel.

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Second.

HEAPING UP RICHES.

Continued from page 381.

Charlotte Halliday was a very different creature from the mother whom Mr. Sheldon had absorbed into himself. Georgy was one of the women who have "no characters at all," but Georgy's daughter was open to the charge of eccentricity rather than of inanity. She was a creature of fancies and impulses. She had written wild verses in the secrecy of her own chamber at midnight, and had torn her poetic effusions into a thousand fragments the morning after their composition. She played and sang and drew and danced admirably, and did every thing in a wild way of her own, which was infinitely more charming than the commonplace perfection of other women. She was not a beauty according to those established rules which everybody believes in until they meet a woman who defies them all and yet is beautiful. Miss Halliday had thick black eyebrows, and large gray eyes which people were apt to mistake for black. She had a composite nose, and one of the sweetest mouths that ever smiled upon enraptured mankind. Nature had given her just a little more chin than a Greek sculptor would have allowed her; but by way of make-weight, the same careless Nature had bestowed upon her a throat which Phidias himself might have sought in vain to improve upon. And Nature had planted this young lady's head upon her shoulders with a grace so rare that it must needs be a happy accident in the workmanship of that immortal artist. Indeed it seemed as if Charlotte Halliday owed her charms to a series of happy accidents. The black eyebrows which made her face so piquant might have been destruction to another woman. The round column-like throat needed a fine frank face to surmount it, and the fine frank face was rendered gracious and womanly by the wealth of waving dark hair which framed it. The girl was one of those bright happy creatures whom men worship and women love and whom envy can scarcely dislike. She was so infinitely superior to both father and mother that a believer in hereditary attributes was fain to invent some mythical great-grandmother from whom the girl's graces might have been derived. But she had something of her father's easy goodnature and imprudent generosity; and was altogether one of those impulsive creatures whose lives are perpetual difficulties and dilemmas. More lectures had been delivered for her edification than for any other young lady in the Brompton boarding school; and yet she had been the favourite and delight of every body in the establishment, from the mistress of the mansion down to the iniquitous boy who cleaned the boots, and who was hounded and hunted, and abused and execrated, from dewy morn to dusky eve.

"I allus puts plenty of elbow-grease on *your* boots, Miss 'Allundale, though cook does heave saucepan lids at my 'ed and call me a lazy wiper," this incorrigible imp protested to Charlotte one morning when she had surprised him in tears and had consoled his woes by a donation of pence.

"All things love thee, so do I," says the lover to his Mistress; and it is almost impossible not to adore a young lady who is universally beloved, for the simple reason that this general affection is very rarely accorded to any but a loving nature. There is an instinct in these things. From all the ruck of Cheapside a vagrant dog will select the man who has most toleration for the canine species, and is most likely to give him shelter. A little child coming suddenly into a circle of strangers knows in which lap it may find a haven, on whose bosom it may discover safety and comfort. If mistress and schoolfellows, servants and shoeblacks, dogs and cats, were fond of Charlotte Halliday, their affection had been engendered by her own sweet smiles and loving words, and helping hands always ready to give substantial succour or to aid by active service.

She had been at the Brompton gynæceum nearly nine years—only leaving it for her holidays—and now her education was declared to be finished, and in less than a week she was to leave school for ever.

To most damsels of nineteen this would have been a subject for rejoicing; but it was not so with Charlotte. She did not like her step-father; and her mother, though very affectionate and gentle, was a person whose society was apt to become wearisome any time after the first half-hour of social intercourse. At Hyde Lodge Charlotte had a great deal more of Lingard and condensed and expurgated Gibbon than was quite agreeable; she had to get up at a preternatural hour in the morning and to devote herself to "studies of velocity," whose monotony became wearing as the drip, drip, drip of water on the skull of the tortured criminal. She was very tired of all the Hyde-Lodge lessons and accomplishments, the irregular French verbs—the 'braires' and 'traires' which were so difficult to remember, and which nobody ever could want to use in polite conversation—the ruined castles and dilapidated windmills, the perpetual stumpy pieces of fallen timber and jagged posts executed with a BBB pencil, the chalky expanse of sky with that inevitable flight of crows scudding across it:—why must there be always crows scudding across a drawing-master's sky, and why so many jagged posts in a drawing-masters ideal of rural beauty? Charlotte was inexpressibly weary of all the stereotyped studies; but she liked Hyde Lodge better than the gothic villa. She liked the friendly schoolfellows with their loud talk and boisterous manners, the girls who always called her "Halliday" and who were always borrowing her reels of crochet-cotton and her pencils, her collars and pocket-handkerchiefs. She liked the free-and-easy schoolgirl talk better than her mother's tame discourse; she preferred the homely litter of the spacious schoolroom to the prim splendours of Georgy's state chambers; and the cool lawn and shrubberies of Hyde Lodge were a hundredfold more pleasant to her than the stiff little parterre of Bayswater, wherein scarlet geraniums and calceolarias flourished with an excruciating luxuriance of growth and an aggravating brilliancy of colour. She liked any place better than the hearth by which Philip Sheldon brooded with a dark thoughtful face, and a mind absorbed by the mysteries and complications of the Stock Exchange.

On this bright June afternoon other girls were chattering gaily about the fun of the breaking-up ball and the coming delights of the holidays, but Charlotte sighed when they reminded her that the end of her last half was close at hand.

She sat under a group of trees on the lawn, with a crochet antimacassar lying in her lap, and with her friend and favourite, Diana Paget, sitting by her side.

Hyde Lodge was that very establishment over which Priscilla Paget had reigned supreme for the last fifteen years of her life, and among all the pupils in a school of some forty or fifty girls, Diana was the one whom Charlotte Halliday had chosen for her dearest companion and confidante, clinging to her with a constancy not to be shaken by ill-fortune or absence. The girl knew very well that Diana Paget was a poor relation and dependent; that her bills had never been paid; that all those incalculable and mysterious "extras" which are the martyrdom of parents and the delight of schoolmistresses, were a dead letter so far as Diana was concerned. She knew that "poor Di" had been taken home suddenly one day, not in compliance with any behest of her father's, but for the simple reason that her kinswoman's patience had been worn out by the Captain's dishonesty. It is doubtful whether Priscilla Paget had ever communicated these facts in any set phrase, but in a boarding-school such things make themselves known, and the girls had discussed the delinquencies of that dreadful creature, Captain Paget, very freely in the security of their dormitories.

Charlotte knew that her dearest friend was not a person whom it was advantageous to know. She had seen Diana depart ignominiously, and

return mysteriously after an absence of some years, very shabby, very poor, very sombre and melancholy, and with no inclination to talk of those years of absence. Miss Halliday had known all this, and had asked no questions. She took the returned wanderer to her heart, and cherished her with an affection which was far beyond the average measure of sisterly love.

"I thought I should never see you again, dear," she cried when she and Diana had retired to a corner of the school-room to talk confidentially on the morning of Miss Paget's return. "and I missed you so cruelly. Other girls are very nice and very kind to me. There is a new girl, Miss Spencer—that girl with flaxen hair standing by the big Canterbury—whom I get on with delightfully, but there is no one in the world like you, Di. And where have you been all this time? With your papa, I suppose."

"Yes," answered Miss Paget gloomily; "I have been with my father. Don't ask me any thing about the last three years, Lotta. I have been utterly wretched and miserable, and I can't bear to talk about my misery."

"And you shan't talk of it, darling," cried Charlotte, pursing up her mouth for a kiss in a manner which might have been distraction to a masculine mind of average susceptibility. "You shan't talk of any thing or think of anything the least, least, least bit unpleasant; and you shall have my gold pencil-case," added Miss Halliday, wrenching that trinket suddenly from the ribbon by which it hung at her side. Perhaps there was just the least touch of Georgy's childishness in this impulsive habit of giving away all her small possessions, for which Lotta was distinguished. "Yes, you must, dear," she went on. "Mamma gave it me last half; but I don't want it; I don't like it; in point of fact, I have had it so long that I positively loathe it. And I know it's a poor trumpery thing though mamma gave two guineas for it; but you know she is always imposed upon in shops. Do, do, do take it, darling, just to oblige me. And now, tell me, dear, you're going to stop here for ever and ever now you've come back?" asked Charlotte, after having thrust the gold pencil-case into Diana's unwilling hand.

"I don't know about for ever and ever, dear," Miss Paget replied presently; "but I daresay I shall stay here till I'm tired of the place and every body about it. You won't be here very long, you know, Lotta; for you'll be eighteen next birthday, and I suppose you'll be leaving school before you're nineteen. Most of the girls do; and you've been here so long, and are so much further advanced than others are. I am not going to be a pupil again—that's out of the question, for I'm just twenty, as you know. But Priscilla has been good enough to let me stay as a kind of second teacher for the little ones. It will be dull work going through the stupid abridgments of history and geography, and the scrappy bits of botany and conchology, with those incorrigible little ones; but of course I am very grateful to my cousin for giving me a home under any conditions, after papa's dishonourable conduct. If it were not for her, Lotta, I should have no home. What a happy girl you are, to have a respectable man for your father!"

Charlotte's brow darkened a little as her friend said this.

"He is not my own father, you know," she said gravely; "and I should be a great deal happier if mamma and I were alone in the world. We could live in some dear little cottage on wide open downs near the sea, and I could have a linsey habit, a horse, and ride about all day, and read and play to mamma at night. Of course Mr. Sheldon is very respectable, and I daresay it's very wicked of me. But, O, Diana, I think I should like him better if he were not *quite* so respectable. I saw your papa once when he came to call, and I thought him nicer than my stepfather. But then I'm such a frivolous creature, Di, and am always thinking what I ought not to think."

Nearly a year had passed since Diana's return, and the girl's life had been very monotonous during that time. She had stuck bravely to the abridgments and the juvenile scraps of -ologies, and had been altogether a model of propriety, sewing on such a number of strings and buttons during the period as can only be compassed by the maternal mind. Her existence had been by no means as joyless or desolate as such an existence is generally represented by the writer of fiction. There was plenty of life and bustle in the big prosperous boarding-school, if there was not much variety. There were small scandals and small intrigues, departures and arrivals, wonderful hampers of cake and wine to be divided among the elect of a fashionable dormitory, for there is as wide a difference between the tone and status of the bedrooms in a ladies'-school as between the squares of Berkeley and Bedford. There were breaking-up parties, and the free-and-easy idleness of the holidays, when a few dark-complexioned girls from the colonies, a yellow-haired damsel from the remote north of Scotland, and Miss Diana Paget, were wont to cluster round the fire in the smaller of the school-rooms to tell ghost-stories or talk scandal in the gloaming.

It was a life which, taken with all its small hardships and petty annoyances, should have been as the life of Paradise compared to that which Diana had led with her father and Valentine Hawkehurst. Whether the girl fully appreciated the change from the Bohemianism of her late existence to the respectability of Hyde Lodge was a question which no one had asked of her. She had fits of despondency now and then, even in the midst of her duties, and was apt to fall into a sombre reverie over one of the abridgments, whereby she was neglectful of her pupils' aspirates, and allowed Henry the Second to be made the poorer by the loss of an H, or Helsogabalus to be described by a name which that individual himself would have failed to recognise.

There were times when in the midst of that shrill Babel, the schoolroom, Diana Paget heard the summer winds sighing in the pine-woods above Forêtdechêne, and fancied herself standing once more in that classic temple on whose plastered wall Valentine had once cut her initials with his penknife in a fantastical monogram surmounted by a death's-head, and encircled by a serpent. She thought of that cavalier companion very often, in spite of her juvenile pupils and the sewing on of tapes and buttons. He had seemed to her a perpetual enigma and mystery when she was with him; and now that she was far away from him he was more than ever an inscrutable creature. Was he altogether vile, she wondered, or was there some redeeming virtue in his nature? He had taken trouble to secure her escape from shame and disgrace, and in doing this he surely had performed a good action; but was it not just possible that he had taken this opportunity of getting rid of her because her presence was alike wearisome and inconvenient? She thought very bitterly of her fellow Bohemian when this view of his conduct presented itself to her. How heartlessly he had shuffled her off; how cruelly he had sent her out into the hard pitiless world, to find a shelter as best she might!

"What would have become of me if Priscilla had refused to take me in?" she asked herself. "I wonder whether Mr. Hawkehurst ever considered that."

More than one letter had come to Diana from her old companion since her flight from the little Belgian watering-place. The first letter told her that her father had "tided over *that* business, and was in better feather than before the burst-up at the Hotel d'Orange." The letter was dated from Paris, but gave no information as to the present arrangements or future plans of the writer and his companion. Another letter, dated from the same place but not from the same address, came to her six months afterwards, and anon another; and it was such a wonderful thing for Captain Paget to inhabit the same city for twelve months together, that Diana began to cherish faint hopes of some amendement in the scheme of her father's life and of Valentine's, since any improvement in her father's position would involve an improvement in that of his protégé.

Miss Paget's regard for her father was by no means an absorbing affection. The Captain had never cared to conceal his indifference for his only child, or pretended to think her any thing but a nuisance and an encumbrance; a superfluous piece of luggage more difficult to dispose of than any other luggage, and altogether a stumbling-block in the stony path of a man who has to live by his wits. So perhaps it is scarcely strange that Diana did not think of her absent father with any passionate tenderness or sad yearning love. She thought of him very often, but her thoughts of him were painful and bitter. She thought still more often of his companion and her thoughts of him were even more bitter.

The experiences of Diana Paget are not the experiences which make a pure or perfect woman. There are trials which chasten the heart and elevate the mind, but it is doubtful whether it can be for the welfare of any helpless, childish creature to be familiar with falsehood and chicanery, with debt and dishonour, from the earliest awakening of the intellect, to feel, from the age of six or seven, all the shame of a creature who is always eating food that will not be paid for, and lying on a bed out of which she may be turned at any moment with shrill reproaches and upbraidings, to hear her father abused and vilified by vulgar gossips over a tea-table, and to be reminded every day and every hour that she is an unprofitable incumbrance, a consumer of the bread of other people's children, an intruder in the household of hard pitiless poverty, a child whose only heritage is shame and dishonour. These things had hardened the heart of Captain Paget's daughter. There had been no counteracting influence—no fond, foolish, loving creature near at hand to save the girl from that perdition into which the child or woman who has never known what it is to be loved is apt to fall. For thirteen years of Diana's life all love and tenderness, endearing words, caressing touches, fond admiring looks, had been utterly unknown to her. To sit in a room with a father who was busy writing letters, and who was wont to knit his brows peevishly if she stirred, or to mutter an oath if she spoke; to be sent to a pawnbroker's in the gloaming with her father's watch, and to be scolded and sworn at on her return if the money-lender had advanced less sum than was expected on that security—do not compose the most delightful or improving experiences of a home life.

But Diana could remember little of a more pleasant character respecting her existence during those brief periods when she was flung back upon her father's hands, and while that gentleman was casting about for some new victim on whom to plant her.

At Hyde Lodge, for the first time, the girl knew what it was to be loved. Bright, impulsive, Charlotte Halliday took a *fancy to her*, as the school-girl phrase goes, and clung to her with a fond, confiding affection. It may be that the softening inflence came *too late*, or that there was some touch of natural hardness and bitterness in Diana's mind; for it is certain that Charlotte's affection did not soften the girl's heart or lessen her bitter consciousness of the wide difference between her own fortunes and those of the happier daughters whose fathers paid their debts. The very contrast between Charlotte's position and her own may have counteracted the good influence. It was very easy for Charlotte to be generous and amiable. *She* had never been hounded from pillar to post by *shrewish matrons* who had no words too bitter for their unprofitable charge. *She* had never known what it was to rise up in the morning uncertain where she should lie down at night, or whether there would be any shelter at all for her hapless head; for who could tell that her father would be found at the lodging where he had last been heard of, and how should she obtain even workhouse hospitality, whose original parish was unknown to herself or her protector? To Charlotte these shameful experiences would have been as incomprehensible as the most abstruse theories of a metaphysician. Was it any wonder, then, if Charlotte was bright and womanly, and fond and tender—Charlotte, who had never been humiliated by the shabbiness of her clothes, and to whom a walk had never been a shame and a

degradation by reason of obvious decay in the heels of her boots?

"If your father would dress you decently, and supply you with proper boots, I could almost bring myself to keep you for nothing," Priscilla had said to her reprobate kinsman daughter; "but the more one does for that man the less he will do himself; so the long and the short of it is, that you will have to go back to him, for I cannot consent to have such an expensive establishment as mine degraded by the shabbiness of a relation."

Diana had been obliged to listen to such speeches as this very often during her first residence at Hyde Lodge, and then, perhaps, within a few minutes after Priscilla's lecture was concluded, Charlotte Halliday would bound into the room, looking as fresh and bright as the morning, and dressed in silk that rustled with newness and richness.

Keenly as Diana felt the difference between her friend's fortune and her own, she did nevertheless in some manner return Charlotte's affection. Her character was not to be altered all at once by this new atmosphere of love and tenderness; but she loved her generous friend and companion after her own fitful fashion, and defended her with passionate indignation if any other girl dared to hint the faintest disparagement of her graces or her virtues. She envied and loved her at the same time. She would accept Charlotte's affection one day with unconcealed pleasure, and revolt against it on the next day as a species of patronage which stung her proud heart to the quick.

"Keep your pity for people who ask you for it," she had exclaimed once to poor bewildered Charlotte; "I am tired of being consoled and petted; go and talk to your prosperous friends, Miss Halliday; I am sick to death of hearing about your new frocks, and your holidays, and the presents your mamma is always bringing you."

And then when Charlotte looked at her friend with a sad perplexed face, Diana relented, and declared that she was a wicked discontented creature, unworthy of her pity or affection.

"I have had so much misery in my life, that I am very often inclined to quarrel with happy people without rhyme or reason, or only because they are happy," she said, in explanation of her impatient temper.

"But who knows what happiness may be waiting for you in the future, Di?" exclaimed Miss Halliday. "You will marry some rich man by and by, and forget that you ever knew what poverty was."

"I wonder where the rich man is to come from who will marry Captain Paget's daughter?" Diana asked contemptuously.

"Never mind where he comes from, he will come, depend upon it. The handsome young prince with the palace by the lake of Como will come to fall in love with my beautiful Diana, and then she will go and live at Como, and desert her faithful Charlotte, and live happy ever afterwards."

"Don't talk nonsense, Lotta," cried Miss Paget. "You know what kind of fate lies before me as well as I do. I looked at myself this morning, as I was plaiting my hair before the glass—you know how seldom one gets a turn at the glass in the blue room—and I saw a dark, ugly, evil-minded looking creature, whose face frightened me. I have been getting wicked and ugly ever since I was a child. An aquiline nose and black eyes will not make a woman a beauty; she wants happiness and hope and love, and all manner of things that I have never known, before she can be pretty."

"I have seen a beautiful woman sweeping a crossing," said Charlotte doubtfully.

"Yes, but what sort of beauty was it—a beauty that made you shudder. Don't talk about these things, Charlotte, you only encourage me to be bitter and discontented. I daresay I ought to be very happy, when I remember that I have dinner every day, and shoes and stockings, and a bed to lie down upon at night; and I *am* happier, now that I work for my living, than I was in the old time, when my cousin was always grumbling about her unpaid bill. But my life is very dreary and empty; and when I look forward to the future, it seems like looking across some level plain that leads nowhere, but across which I must tramp on for ever and ever, until I drop down and die."

It was something in this fashion that Miss Paget talked, as she sat in the garden with Charlotte Halliday at the close of the half-year. She was going to lose her faithful friend—the girl who, so much richer and happier and more amiable than herself, had yet clung to her so fondly, she was going to lose this tender companion, and she was more sorry for the loss than she cared to express.

"You must come and see us very often," Charlotte said for the hundredth time; "mamma will be so glad to have you, for my sake; and my stepfather never interferes with our arrangements. O, Di, how I wish you would come and live with us altogether! Would you come, if I could manage to arrange it?"

"How could I come? What Quixotic nonsense you talk, Lotto!"

"Not at all, dear; you could come as a sort of companion for me, or a sort of companion for mamma. What does it matter how you come, if I can only have you? My life will be so dreary in that dreadful new-looking house, unless I have a companion I love. Will you come, Di?—only tell me you will come! I am sure Mr. Sheldon would not refuse, if I asked him to let you live with us. Will you come, dear?—yes or no. You would be glad to come, if you loved me."

"And I do love you, Lotta, with all my heart," answered Miss Paget with unusual fervour, "but then the whole of my heart is not much. As to coming to live with you, of course it would be a hundred thousand times pleasanter than the life I lead here; but it is not to be supposed that Mr. Sheldon will consent to have a stranger in his house just because his impulsive stepdaughter chooses to take a fancy to a school-fellow who isn't worthy of half her affection."

"Let me be the judge of that. As to my stepfather, I am almost sure of his consent. You don't know how indulgent he is to me; which shows what a wicked creature I must be not to like him. You shall come to us, Diana, and be my sister; and we will play our pet duets together, and be as happy as two birds in a cage—or a good deal happier, for I never could quite understand the ecstatic delights of perpetual hempseed and an occasional peck at a dirty lump of sugar."

After this there came all the bustle of packing and preparation for departure, and a kind of saturnalia prevailed at Hyde Lodge—a saturnalia which terminated with the breaking-up ball; and who among the crowd of fair young dancers so bright as Charlotte Halliday, dressed in the school-girl's festal robes of cloud-like muslin, and with her white throat set off by a black ribbon and a gold locket?

Diana sat in a corner of the school-room towards the close of the evening, very weary of her share in the festival, and watched her friend, half in sadness, half in envy.

"Perhaps, if I were like her, *he* would love me," she thought.

A CATTLE-DRIVE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A SHORT time after I arrived in British Columbia I went to the "Dalles," having as company a Yankee whom C—— had known a little at Lytton, and, being a butcher, we gave him credit for knowing something about cattle driving; but, as it turned out, he was not more up to it than I was.

We were at the "Dalles" nearly three weeks looking out daily for cattle to suit us. It is a wonderful place. Every night the steamer came in from Portland with some 200 or 300 miners, this being the route to most of the mines, and a bigger set of blackguards I never came across. At the hotel where I was, which is chiefly patronised by miners, there were some 200 daily. Once or twice, when a Californian steamer came in, I saw at least 500. We all went in to supper together, that is to say, as some finished others made a rush to fill their places; and certainly I never saw beef-steaks and mutton-chops disappear quicker. Some of them were splendid-looking men, with long beards and mustaches. They mostly dress the same, in coloured flannel shirts, coats and waistcoats being few and far between, and have a six-shooter and bowie-knife stuck in their belt, of which they make pretty good use. The "Dalles" itself is an assemblage of wooden houses erected close to the Columbia river, and the railroad cars, with enormous puffing engines, are continually running backwards and forwards through the main street.

I bought two horses at the "Dalles;" and about the third week in April, W—— and I started off for Umatilla, a place 140 miles further up the Columbia. We were three days riding it, keeping the same horses, with our blankets, &c., packed upon them. It was by no means a pleasant ride, and W—— soon began to show what he was. I bought some cattle at Umatilla—about 250—and set to work, looking out for some horses; and, in about a week, I secured seven, making in all nine. The next thing, and the hardest of all, was to get men; and when you succeeded in doing so, you could not be by any means sure that they would not cut your throat on the road and appropriate the cattle. I got two Yankees (one a Missouri man, the other a Webfoot or Oregonian,) and a Spaniard: and I hope I may never have the company of such scoundrels on a like trip again.

W—— was drunk nearly every day while we were at Umatilla, and I would much sooner have been without him. Well, we got off at last, with everything fixed, 300 lbs. of flour, some bacon, salt, tea, soap, and a few other things, and on the 11th of May left Umatilla with a nice little trip before us of close upon 650 miles. Camping out at first came pretty rough, but after two nights I got used to it. And all went right till we reached Walla-Walla river; but here, through W——'s folly, some three cows and twelve or fifteen calves were drowned. It was by the greatest luck in the world that we did not lose half the herd; as, rushing them all in suddenly, they got mired, and were consequently heaped up one on the top of the other. We of course immediately jumped off our horses, and set to work to do our best to get out those that were stuck. Jumping into the mud, we laid hold of the first part of the first animal we came to, one by a leg, another by the tail, and so on, and in about half an hour had them all out with the exception of nine or ten, which had been hopelessly trodden on by the others. For about two hours afterwards the bank of the river was covered with some forty animals, all more dead than alive; but eventually they all got to their legs except some five or six, which were either drowned or smothered. I never worked so hard in my life, and was literally covered with black mud, and as I had unfortunately no other clothes, I had to get it off as I best could. The only thing that at all compensated for the ill-luck was a first rate beef-steak supper cut off one of the drowned animals, and I do not think I ever eat a better supper, as it had been nothing but beans and bacon morning and evening for some days.

The next morning we got the cattle across at a different place, and made a big drive up to Snake river, about twenty miles. The Indians were crossing a band of cattle there, and so we had to wait a week, and a more unpleasant week I never spent. Some fifteen cows had lost their calves at Walla-Walla river, and for about four days they did nothing but try to get back. So all day long they had to be watched, and at night we had to "*carrall*" them, by walking round them; otherwise, they would to a certainty have gone back, and as there were several men who knew of the loss of the calves, and were on the watch day and night expecting the cows to get back, it behoved us to be careful. I now found out that there was no rest for me by day or night, as the men were ready to take advantage of my back being turned to get off their horses and lie down and sleep, so I had to keep going round and round in bitterly cold nights,

and with the wolves howling dismally all round. And if the cows had not forgotten their calves by the fifth day, and allowed us to get a sleep, I do not think I could have stood it any longer, and I never was so thankful for a night's rest in my life.

My next trouble was losing eight big head by poison, done, I am certain by the Indians, who skinned the carcases and jerked the meat for winter use. Crossing Snake river was a long job. We had to take lots of about twenty at a time and rush them into the river, where there were two or three canoes of Indians, who accompanied them across, trying to prevent their returning to the bank we started them from by pelting them with stones. This took a long time, as Snake river is half a mile wide, and we had to lasso the calves, then bind their legs, and send them across in the canoes twelve at a time, four in each canoe. It took the Indians about two hours and a half to go across and come back, the current being so strong, that it took them down a couple of miles before they could land on the other side, and when they did come back they all sat down and smoked for about an hour. We spent a fortnight in getting across, and then followed the Columbia for some fifty miles, until we came to the White Bluffs. One old cow died on the road, but what was far worse the cows were still calving, and as the calves would not travel for a week, I had to shoot them all, so that before we had got to the end of our trip, I had killed some forty, and the cows would always try to go back to where they last saw their calves. We used to lasso and stake out those that were not too wild, but those that were (and they were by far the largest number) we had to watch all night, and I had the pleasure of siting up half the night, watching them on horseback, as it was dangerous to go among them on foot.

At the White Bluffs, fortunately and yet unfortunately, there was a store; that is to say, a log-hut, belonging to a man who kept such things as flour, sugar, beans, &c. I say fortunately, because we were nearly out of everything; and yet, unfortunately, because here my troubles with W—— really began, owing to his being able to buy some stuff they dignified by the name of whiskey, but which was almost pure alcohol.

Leaving the White Bluffs, we reached the plains, and had 140 miles to travel across them before we again struck the Columbia river. It was by no means pleasant travelling; nothing but sand, covered with scanty bunch grass and sage brush; it was, moreover, exceedingly hot, and the cattle kicked up the sand in clouds, going at the rate of a mile and a half to two miles an hour. There were streams or lakes at intervals of ten or fifteen miles, which we had to make for each day: as we had been informed of this at the White Bluffs, we had no difficulty, as we used to follow the trail until we came to water. I think the farthest distance from water to water was about twenty miles, which was a long day's drive for the cattle. They could smell the water three or four miles off: the leading cows, who had no calves, used to start off, and the band was strung out for three or four miles with the calves behind.

The first evening after leaving the White Bluffs, W——was the worse for liquor. I had had a row with him in the afternoon about the way he was riding, and in the evening, after supper, he told me before the men that he had had enough of the trip, and was going to leave the next morning, taking one of my horses. He then asked me for some money, which I of course refused to give him, as he was breaking his part of the compact. Mine was, that he was to receive 500 dollars (100*l*.), and all expenses paid; he had already had some 200 dollars. My refusal put him in a tremendous rage, and drawing his pistol, he swore that he would have every cent in my pocket; so I drew my pistol and told him he better not try it. He went on blackguarding me in the most disgusting language, as a Yankee only knows how to do, and swore that I should fight him with six-shooters. This I politely declined. The other three men all this time were quietly looking on, Wilson telling them that I would never pay them, and that they had better follow his example, each take a horse and all start the next morning. Two of them came up to me and told me they wanted their wages, and would leave in the morning. They knew I had no money left, and when I told them so, they said they should each take a horse instead. W——at last, after having put some flour and bacon together for the morning's start, went to bed, which I was not sorry for, and I soon followed his example, after having taken his whiskey bottles and emptied them on the ground. The next morning, directly after breakfast, I told him he should keep his word and be off, and that he might take a horse, which I could get back easily enough on getting home. Then, drawing my pistol, I went up to the other two, and told them I would shoot the first of them who followed his example, and would not come and get the cattle together. I had quite made up my mind to do it, for I should have been in a nice fix if they had all gone off and left me with these 200 or 300 head of cattle, without the slightest chance of getting anybody else; and we were then in Idaho, a blackguard state, with the worst class of Indians, and not a soul between the White Bluffs (where there was one man) and the place where we again struck the Columbia, a distance of 140 miles. However to make a long story short, W——left and the others stopped, W——, for a week afterwards used to camp with us, abusing me all the time. The truth was, there were some Indians about, and he was afraid to sleep out alone; but when we got within four days of the Columbia, he left us.

This part of the trip was not only disagreeable but worrying, and often I got so disgusted that I hardly knew what to do. Thanks to W——'s advice I had brought no tent, and two or three times we came in for forty-eight hours of most severe rain; a pleasant thing driving all day in a soaking rain, and when we did come into camp, unable to get up a fire to warm ourselves by, as there was nothing but sage brush and no trees. The only thing we could cook there was beans, which we boiled and then eat with raw bacon; bread we could not bake, as it was far too wet.

To make matters pleasanter the Missouri man and the Webfoot were continually fighting; and one day when the latter knocked the former down, the Missouri man would certainly have shot him if I had not held his arm down. He and the Spaniard had a row after that, as we were driving one day. The Spaniard drew his knife, and the other his pistol; however, I managed to pacify him after a bit; but the Missouri man took his oath to me afterwards that he would have shot the Spaniard, only he had but one barrel loaded and dared not risk it. There were some Indians following us here, I think, as one day when I went back after a cow, I came upon ten awfully ugly brutes, all covered with paint, and they always mean mischief when they are without their squaws. When it was getting dark, the dog, which belonged to one of the men, was always growling, and so I used to sleep with the horses, which were turned loose after their work. This was not very comfortable, as they used to wander about all night, and sometimes were three or four miles from camp in the morning. I had to take a blanket and throw it over my shoulders and doze on my knees, following the horses about till it was daylight. We were always up at the first appearance of daylight, had generally done breakfast by three, and then started off driving, which lasted till about eight or nine, when the day's work was sometimes done, but I generally drove again from three in the afternoon until six.

After about a fortnight of this work we got to the Columbia river, where W—— was waiting to settle with me, as he said. Here, however, he saw what a fool he had been, and we settled that he should come back to me again, an agreement I was almost obliged to come to, as I had to leave the cattle and go on to the "Line," where a Mr. B—— lived, a British Columbia magistrate, who I knew would let me have some money, which I wanted to cross the cattle and get more provisions with. We lost the horses here for two days, but found them on the third, when I started, leaving W ——to cross the cattle in my absence. It was eighty-five miles to the "Line," and after swimming the Columbia, which is half a mile wide there, and very rapid (I was in a canoe, and the horse swam), I left about seven, and after a tremendous long ride of seventy-five miles I reached a lake, which I had to swim. After ten miles farther in a pelting hail-storm, I did the eighty-five miles in thirteen hours, which was pretty good for the mare, as she had had nothing but grass and lots of hard work. I was very tired, hungry, and wet, but after some hot brandy and water, was all right.

Never was I so glad to see a gentleman again and as there were two other men there, one of whom was a young Irishman, who came out with me, we had a pleasant evening. I had been so utterly miserable in the company of my blackguard drovers, that I was perfectly happy and able to appreciate all their little kindnesses in lending me blankets and things to make me comfortable. After two days I left them, with 200 dollars I had borrowed and a fresh horse I had bought, as mine was about played out. I left in the afternoon, and rode twenty-five miles in soaking rain; then staked my horse out, and made my bed (which was one small saddle blanket) close to her. B——had told me to look out for the Indians, as they were a bad lot all along the river, which was my road. However, I got on all right, and started before three the next morning, eating my bread and cold bacon going along. I afterwards heard that upon the same night two men prospecting for gold ten miles from were I was, at a place called Rock Creek, were attacked by the Indians, and one of them was murdered.

When I got back to the Columbia river, I was delighted to find all the cattle crossed over, and I had nothing to do but to pay the Indians who had helped with their canoes, and then we started off for the "Line" again, which we reached after about a week's drive. Our next drive was to the head of the Okanagon Lake (90 miles). The scenery was beautiful, but the trail very bad, and the cattle began to get footsore, so we gave them a week's rest. After starting them off again, I soon left them to come up here first. I took three days to do the 110 miles, the road lying along the Thompson river; stopping at the grand prairie the second night and at Kamloops the third, and never was I so glad to strike a place I could call home. K.

THORGUNNA'S GHOST.

THE following very curious story is from the Eyrbyggja Saga, one of the oldest and noblest of the Icelandic histories. As it results in an action unique in its way,—a lawsuit brought against a party of ghosts who haunted a house, it well merits attention from all lovers of curiosities.

In the summer of 1000, the year in which Christianity was established in Iceland, a vessel came off coast near Snoefellness, full of Irish and natives of the Hebrides, with a few Norsemen among them; the ship came from Dublin, and lay alongside of Rif, waiting a breeze which might waft her into the firth to Dögvertharness. Some people went off in boats from the ness to trade with the vessel. They found on board a Hebridee woman called Thorgunna, who, hinted the sailors, had treasures of female attire in her possession, the like of which had never been seen in Iceland. Now when Thurida, the housewife at Frodriver, heard this, she was all excitement to get a glimpse of these treasures, for she was a dashing, showy sort of a woman. She rowed out to the ship, and on meeting Thorgunna, asked her if she had really some first-rate lady's dresses? Of course she had; but she was not going to part with them to any one, was the answer. Then might she see them? humbly asked Thurida. Yes, she might see them. So the boxes were opened, and the Iceland lady examined the foreign apparel. It was good, but not so very remarkable as she had anticipated; on the whole she was a bit disappointed, still she would like to purchase, and she made a bid.

Thorgunna at once refused to sell. Thurida then invited the Hebridee lady home on a visit, and the stranger, only too glad to leave the vessel, accepted the invitation with alacrity.

On the arrival of the lady with her boxes at the farm, she asked to see her bed, and was showed a convenient closet in the lower part of the hall. There she unlocked her largest trunk, and drew forth a suit of bed-clothes of the most exquisite workmanship, and she spread over the bed English limen sheets and a silken coverlet. From the box she also extracted tapestry hangings and curtains to surround the couch; and the like of all these things had never been seen in the island before.

Thurida opened her eyes very wide, and asked her guest to share bed-clothes with her.

"Not for all the world," replied the strange lady, with sharpness; "I'm not going to pig it in the straw for *you*, ma'am!"

An answer which, the Saga writer assures us, did not particularly gratify the good woman of the house.

Thorgunna was stout and tall, disposed to become fat, with black eyebrows, a thick head of bushy brown hair, and soft eyed. She was not much of a talker, nor very merry, and it was her wont to go to church every day before beginning her daily task. Many people took her to be about sixty years old. She worked at the loom every day except in hay-making time, and then she went forth into the fields and stacked her own hay. The summer that year was wet, and the hay had not been carried on account of the rain, so that at Frodriver farm, by autumn, the crop was only half cut, and the rest was still standing.

One day appeared bright and cloudless, and the farmer, Thorodd, ordered the house to turn out for a general hay-making. The strange lady worked along with the rest tossing hay till the hour of nones, when a black cloud crossed the sky from the north, and by the time that prayers had been said such a darkness had come on that it was almost impossible to see. The hay-makers, at Thorodd's command, raked their hay together into cocks, but Thorgunna, for no assignable reason, left hers spread. It now became so dark that there was no seeing a hand held up before the face, and down came the rain in torrents. It did not last many minutes, and then the sky cleared, and the evening was as bright as had been the morning.

It was observed by the hay-makers, on their return to their work, that it had rained blood, for all the grass was stained. They spread it, and it soon dried up; but Thorgunna tried in vain to dry hers, it had been so thoroughly saturated that the sun went down leaving it dripping blood, and all her clothes were discoloured. Thurida asked what could be the meaning of the portent, and Thorgunna answered that it boded ill to the house and its inmates. In the evening, late, the strange woman returned home, and went to her closet and stripped off her the stained clothes. She then lay down in her bed and began to sigh. It was soon ascertained that she was ill, and when food was brought her she would not swallow it.

Next morning the bonder came to her to inquire how she felt, and to learn what turn the sickness was likely to take. The poor lady told him that she feared her end was approaching, and she earnestly besought him to attend to her directions as to the disposal of her property, not changing any particular, as such a change would entail misery on the family. Thorodd declared his readiness to carry out her wishes to the minutest detail.

"This, then," said she, "is my last request. I desire my body to be taken to Skalholt, if I die of this disease, for I have a presentiment that that place will shortly become the most sacred in the island, and that clerks will be there who will chant over me; and do you reimburse yourself for any outlay in carrying this into effect from my chattels. Let your wife, Thurida, have my scarlet gown, lest she be put out at the further distribution of my effects, which I propose. My gold ring I bequeath to the church; but my bed, with its curtains, tapestry, coverlet and sheets, I desire to have burned, so that they go into nobody's possession. This I desire, not because I grudge the use of these handsome articles to anybody, but because I foresee that the possession of them will be the cause of innumerable quarrels and heartburnings."

Thorodd promised solemnly to fulfil to the letter every particular.

The complaint now rapidly gained ground, and before many days Thorgunna was dead. The farmer put her corpse into a coffin; then took all the bed-furniture into the open air, and, raising a pile of wood, flung the clothes on top of it, and was about to fire the pile, when, with a face pale from anxiety and dismay, forth rushed Thurida, to know what in the name of wonder her husband was about to do with those treasures of needlework, the coverlet, sheets and curtains of the strange lady's bed.

"Burn them! according to her dying request," replied Thorodd.

"Burn them?" echoed Thurida, casting up her hands and eyes; "what nonsense! Thorgunna only desired this to be done because she was full of envy lest others should enjoy these incomparable treasures."

"But she threatened all kinds of misfortunes unless I obeyed strictly her injunctions; and I promised to fulfil her intentions," expostulated the worthy man.

"Oh, that is all fancy!" exclaimed the wife; "what misfortune can these articles possibly bring upon us?"

Thorodd still stood out; but in this, as in many another house, the grey mare was the best horse, and what with entreaties, embraces, and tears, he was forced to effect a compromise, and relinquish to his wife the hangings and the coverlet in order that he might secure immunity for burning the pillow and the sheets. Yet neither were satisfied, says the historian.

Next day preparations were made for flitting corpse to Skalholt, and trustworthy men were secured to accompany it. The body was swathed in linen, but not stitched up; it was then put into the coffin and placed on horseback. So they started with it over the moor, and nothing particular happened till they reached Valbjarnar plain, where there are many pools and morasses, and the corpse had repeated falls into the mire. Well, after a bit they crossed the Northrar at Eyar-ford, but the water was very deep, for there had been heavy rains.

At nightfall they reached Stafholt, and asked the farmer to take them in. He declined peremptorily, probably disliking the notion of housing a corpse, and he shut the door in their faces. They could go no further that night as the Huita was before them, which is very deep and broad, and could only be traversed in safety by day; so they took the coffin into an out-house, and after some trouble persuaded the farmer to let them sleep in his hall; but he would not give them any food, so they went supperless to bed. Scarcely, however, was all quiet in the house before a strange clatter was heard in the shed serving as larder. One of the farm servants, thinking that thieves were breaking in, stole to the door, and on looking in beheld a tall naked woman, with thick brown hair, busily engaged in preparing food. The poor fellow was so frightened that he fled back to his bed, quaking like an aspen leaf. In another moment the nude figure stalked into the hall, bearing victuals in both hands, and these she placed on the table. By the dim light the bearers recognised Thorgunna, and they understood now that she resented the churlishness of the host, and had left her coffin to provide food for them. The farmer and his wife were now speedily brought to terms, and leaving their beds they displayed the utmost alacrity in supplying all the necessities of their guests. A fire was lighted; the wet clothes were taken off the travellers; curd and beer, and a stew of iceland-moss, set before them.

Hist!—a little noise in the out-house! It is only Thorgunna stepping back into her coffin.

Nothing transpired of any moment during the rest of the journey. The bearers had but to narrate the story of the preceding night's events, and they were sure of a ready welcome wherever they halted.

At Skalholt all went well; the clerks accepted the gold ring, and chanted over the body: they buried her deep, and put green turf over her. So, their errand accomplished, the servants of Thorodd returned home.

At Frod-river there was a lage hall, with a closed bed-room at one end of it. On either side of the hall were closets; in one of these dried fish were stacked up, and flour was kept in the other. Every evening, about meal-time, a great fire was lighted in the hall, and men used to sit long before it ere they adjourned to supper. The same night that the funeral party returned the men were sitting chatting round the fire, when suddenly they perceived a phosphorescent half-moon grow into brilliancy on the wall of the apartment, and travel slowly round the hall against the sun. This appearance continued all the while that the men sat by the fire, and was visible every evening after. Thorodd asked Thorir Stumpleg, his bailiff, what this portended? and the man replied that it boded death to some one, but to whom he could not say.

Shortly after a shepherd came in, gloomy, and muttering to himself in a strange manner. When addressed he answered wildly, and they thought he must have lost his wits. The man remained in this state for some little while. One night he went to bed as usual, but in the morning, when the men came to wake him, they found him lying dead in his place.

He was buried in the church.

A few nights after, strange sounds were heard outside the house; and one night when Thorir Stumpleg went out of the door for some purpose, he saw the shepherd stride past him. Thorir attempted to slip indoors again, but the shepherd grasped him, and after a short tussle cast him in, so that he fell upon the hall floor bruised and severely injured. He succeeded in crawling to his bed, but he never rose from it again. His body was purple and swollen. After a few days he died, and was buried in the churchyard. Immediately after his spectre was seen to walk in company with that of the shepherd.

A servant of Thorir now sickened, and after three days' illness, died. Within a few days five more died. The fast preceding Christmas approached, though in those days the fashion of fasting was not introduced. In the closet containing dried fish, the stack was so big that the door could not be closed, and when fish were wanted, a ladder was placed against the pile and the top fish were taken away for use. In the evening, as men sat over the fire, the stack of dried stock-fish suddenly was upset, and when people went to examine it, they could discover no cause. Just before Yule, also, Thorodd, the bonder, went out in a long-boat with seven men to Ness, after some fish, and they were out all night. The same evening, the fires having been kindled in the hall at Frod-river, a seal's head appeared to rise out of the floor of the apartment. A servant girl, who first saw it, rushed to the door, and catching up a bludgeon which lay beside it, struck at the seal's head. The blow made the head rise higher out of the floor, and it turned its eyes towards the bed-curtains of Thorgunna. A house-churl now took the stick and beat at the apparition, but he fared no better, for the head rose higher at each stroke till its fore-fins appeared, and the fellow was so frightened that he fainted away. Then up came Kiartan, the bonder's son, a lad of twelve, and snatching up a large iron mallet for beating the fish, he brought it down with a crash on the seal's head. He struck again and again, till he drove it into the floor, much as one might drive a pile; he then beat down the earth over it.

It was noticed by all that on every occasion the lad Kiartan was the only one who had any power over the apparitions.

Next morning it was ascertained that Thorodd and his men had been lost, for the boat was driven ashore near Enni; but the bodies were never recovered.

Thurida, and her son Kiartan, immediately invited all their kindred and neighbours to a funeral feast. They had brewed for Yule, and

now they kept the banquet in commemoration of the dead. When all the company had arrived, and had taken their places—the seats of the dead men being, as customary, left vacant—the hall-door was darkened, and the guests beheld Thorodd and his servants enter, dripping with water. All were gratified, for at that time it was considered a token of favourable acceptance with the goddess Rân if the dead men came to the wake; "and," says the Saga writer, "though we are Christian men, and baptized, we have faith in the same token still." The spectres walked through the hall without greeting any one, and sat down before the fire. The servants fled in all directions, and the dead men sat silently round the flames till the fire died out, then they left the house as they had entered it. This happened every evening as long as the feast continued, and some deemed that at the conclusion of the festivities the apparition would cease. The wake terminated, and the visitors dispersed. The fire was lighted as usual towards dusk, and in, as before, came Thorodd and his retinue, dripping with water; they sat down before the hearth, and began to wring out their clothes. Next came in the spectres of Thorir Stumpleg and the six who had died in bed after him, and had been buried; they were covered with mould, and they proceeded to shake the mould off their clothes upon Thorodd and his men.

The inmates of the house deserted the room, and remained without light and heat in another apartment. Next day the fire was not lighted in the hall, but in the other room; the farm-people reckoning upon the ghosts keeping to the hall. But no! in came the spectral train, and upon the living men vacating their seats, the ghosts occupied them, and sat grimly looking into the red fire till it died out, whilst the terrified servants spent the evening in the hall.

On the third day two fires were kindled—one in the hall for the ghosts, and another in the small chamber for the living men; and so it had to be done throughout the whole of Yule.

Fresh disturbances now began in the fish closet, and it seemed as though a bull were among the fish, tossing them about; and this went on night and day. A man set the ladder against the stack, and climbed to the top. He observed emerging from the pile of stockfish a tail like that of a cow which has been singed, but soft and covered with hair like that of a seal. The fellow caught the tail and pulled at it, calling lustily for help. Up ran men and women, and all dragged at the tail, but none of them could pull it out; it seemed stiff and dead, yet suddenly it was whisked out of their hands, and rasped the skin of their palms. The stack was now taken down, but no traces of the tail could be found, only it was discovered that the skin had been peeled off the fish, and at the bottom of the stack not a bit of flesh was left upon them.

Thorgunna, the widow of Thorir Stumpleg, fell ill shortly after this; on the evening of her burial she was seen in company with Thorir and his party. All those who had seen the tail were now attacked, and died—men and women. In the autumn there had been thirty household servants at Frod-river, of these now eighteen were dead, the ghosts had frightened five away, and at the beginning of the month Goa, there remained but seven.

Things had thus come to such a pass as to render ruin imminent, unless some decisive measure were pursued to rid the house of the spectres which haunted it. Kiartan, accordingly, determined on consulting Snorri, the Patriarch, his mother's brother, and one of the shrewdest men Iceland ever produced. Kiartan reached his uncle's house at Helgafell at the same time that a priest arrived from Gizor White, the apostle of Iceland. Snorri advised Kiartan to take the priest with him to Frod-river, to burn all the bed-furniture of Thorgunna, to hold a court at h's door, and bring a formal action at law against the spectres, and then to get the priest to sprinkle the house with holy water, and to shrive the survivors on the farm. Along with him Snorri sent his son Thord Kausi, with six men, that he might summons Kiartan's father, considering that there might be a little delicacy in the son bringing an action against the ghost of his own father.

So it was settled, and Kiartan rode home. On his way he called at neighbour's houses and asked help; so that by the time he reached Frod-river his party was considerably swelled. It was Candlemas-day, and they drew up at the farm door just after the fires had been lighted, and the ghosts had assumed their customary places. Kiartan found his mother in bed, with all the premonitory symptoms of the same complaint which had carried off so many others in the house. The lad passed the spectres, and going up to the bed of Thorgunna, removed the quilt and curtains and every article which had belonged to her. Then he pushed boldly up to the fire past the ghosts, and took a brand from it.

In a few minutes he had made a pile of brushwood, and had thrown the bed-furniture on top. The flames roared up around the luckless articles and consumed them. A court was next constituted at the door, according to proper legal forms, and Kiartan summonsed Thorir Stumpleg, whilst Thord Kausi summonsed Thorodd for entering a gentleman's house without permission, and bringing mischief and death among his retainers.

Every spectre there present was summonsed by name in due and legal form. The plaintiffs argued their case, and witnesses were called and examined. The defendants were asked what exceptions they had to plead, and upon their remaining silent, sentence was pronounced. Each case was taken separately, and the court sat long. The first action disposed of was that against Thorir. He was ordered to leave the house forthwith. Upon hearing this decree of the court, Stumpleg rose from his chair, and said,—

"I sat whilst sit I might," and hobbled out of the hall by the door opposite to that before which the court was held.

The case of the shepherd was next disposed of. On hearing the sentence he rose,—

"I go; better had I been dismissed before," he vanished through the door.

When Thorgrima was ordered to depart, she followed the others, saying,—

"I remained whilst to remain was lawful."

Each who left said a few words which evinced a disinclination to desert the fire-side for the grave and sea-depths.

The last to go was Thorodd, and he said,—

"There is now no peace for us here; we are flitting one by one."

After this Kiartan went in, and the priest took holy water and sprinkled the walls of the house; then he sang mass, and performed many ceremonies.

So the spectres haunted Frod-river no more, and Thurida got better rapidly; and the prospects of the farm mended speedily.

THE SNOW QUEEN.

I was a maiden cold as ice,
My heart was cold and hard as a stone,
All day long in a turret high
I sat and watched alone.

From my turret loophole forth I gazed,
Over a world that was white with snow,
I heeded not the dance and song
In the castle hall below.

There were gallant knights and ladies gay
In the lighted castle hall below;
They called me to join their revelry,
Nor recked if I came or no.

In their careless joy they called me down,
It mattered not if I came or no:
My hands were stiff and blue with cold
As I gazed out over the snow,

My true-love came with gentle eyes,
And looked through mine down into my heart!
That gaze was like the soft spring sun,
Which bids the snow depart.

He look'd straight down into my soul
With eyes so pensive, soft, and fair:
He gazed into its deepest depths,
And read my secret there.

He took my unresisting hand,
And led me down the turret stair,
Through the glittering throng in the castle hall,
To the fire that was blazing there.

He warm'd my frozen hands and feet
By the large hearth-stone with its ruddy blaze,
The frost of my heart began to melt
In the light of his loving gaze.

Beloved! the wintry world of snow
Is changed to gladdest, brightest green;
The ice-bound rivers glitter and flow
Through the sunny woodland scene.

Dearest heart! thy love so true
Has thaw'd this heart of ice and stone;
This heart to all eternity
Will beat for thee alone.

C. E. C.

PASTIMES.

ENIGMAS.

1. Blind am I: blind was ever from birth,
Yet have I eyes though I live in the earth;
Eyes that were never intended to see,
You would think could not be of much service to me.

Of a family large and useful am I;
You bake us, you boil us, you roast and you fry;
And strangely, yet true (here my paradox ceases),
The way to produce is to cut us in pieces.

2. I blow, I puff, I pant, I fume,
I fill with wheezing all the room;
My power is so strangely great,
That jets of flame I can create.
So strong that it must take, you see,
Your knee and hands to manage me;
And yet so weak, so feeble I,
That do but prick me, and I die.

ANAGRAM.

A girl having threatened to expose a fellow shop-mate for a theft, the reply was, "*Braud me miss, do.*"

The italicised words give the name of a modern novel-writer.

SQUARE WORDS.

What the earth is to a planet, and what it is to the earth.

A musical composition.
A woman's name.
A quantity of paper.

E. T.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is tall, and lean, and thin,
My *second* once was Eve;
My *whole* smokes on the Christmas board,
'Tis not of sheep or beeve.

Rich, brown, and luscious, tender fare
For every worthy soul;
You and your *second*, when you dine,
Should never *first* my *whole*.

2. An element most indispensable
For need of man, an endless source of wealth.
Such is my *first*. Without its genial aid,
Nor trade could be, nor industry, nor health.

Oft has my *second* caused a merry crew
To giggle, to expostulate, to laugh;
Doubling a copper or a siver capital,
Or (much worse luck!) reducing it one-half.

With my terrific *whole* two deathless men
Are linked for ever in undying fame;
Both lie beneath the face of kindred earth,
And each great hero lives but in *a name!*

3. My 1, 8, 14, 15, 2, 6 waves both on land and sea.
My 14, 13, 11, 12, 13, 15 is a man's name.
My 4, 8, 9, 3, 7, 18, 19 is one whom we all despise.
My 5, 17, 16 was a primitive dressmaker.
My 10, 8, 19, 7 is a title.

G. T.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

AAANNSGHEW celebrated Falls.
BBEARC an English poet.
NUAACCO a favorite watering place.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c.
No. 75.

Anagrams.—1. Bachelor's Buttons. 2. Balsamine. 3. Convolvulus. 4. Sweet William. 5. Larkspur. 6. Amaranthus.

Enigma.—Pope.

Charades.—1. Cobweb. 3. Procrastination.

Rebus.—Plum Pudding. Roast Turkey.—1. Panther. 2. Lo! 3. Una. 4. Mass. 5. Pat. 6. Unit. 7. Dudu. 8. Deer. 9. Ink. 10. Nine. 11. Gay.

Square Words.—B E A R
E Z R A
A R M S
R A S E

Problem.—1200 steps.

Anagrams.—Polly, Bericus, Philip, Argus, Dido, Geo. B., Ellen.

Enigma.—Philip, Dido, Polly, H. H. V., Argus, Ellen.

Charades.—Bericus, Polly, Ellen, Geo. B., Dido, G. T., Alfred H.

Square Words.—Polly, Alfred H., Bericus, H. H. V., Ellen, Dido.

Rebus.—Polly, Dido, Alfred H., Argus.

Problem.—Bericus, H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters intended for the Editor, should be addressed "Editor Saturday Reader, Drawer 401;" and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

NIX.—There are a number of systems; but we think, on the whole, we would recommend you to study Pitman's. It is not difficult to acquire the alphabet of the system or the method of joining the letters, but it will require a very close and persevering practice to enable you to write with sufficient rapidity to report a speech. Pitman's Manual of Phonography may be obtained at the READER Office.

MAGGIE.—The "Hymn to Evening" is respectfully declined.

CEPHAS.—Will you kindly forward a full solution to your problem inserted in the last issue of the READER. We think the answer you give is not quite correct.

JOSEPH L.—Wesley and his immediate followers were warmly attached to the Church of England, considered themselves among her true children, and the English Wesleyan Methodists still use, more or less, the liturgy of the Established Church. They accept the thirty-nine articles, but reject the interpretation which is generally given to them by the Church of England. The distinguishing doctrine of the Wesleyan Methodist Church is the universality and freedom of the atonement—hence they reject the doctrine of predestination, which they conceive to be incompatible with the former. There are other divergencies in point of doctrine, but we have not space to enumerate them. It is in their respective methods of church government that the two bodies are widest asunder.

POLLY.—It would have been better perhaps to have avoided the expression to which our esteemed correspondent takes exception, but we do not think it can, in common fairness, be deemed insulting to any one. Our belief is that it would not be so regarded by members of the church indicated; and we beg respectfully to assure Polly that we would not knowingly permit a single word to appear in the READER which could give a reasonable ground of offence to the members of any religious body.

ADAH Z.—We congratulate our correspondent upon her first attempt; it promises well for future efforts, but we must remind her that editors but seldom accept "first attempts," or papers which "bear evident marks of haste." If Adah will carefully write a short Canadian story, we think it will probably meet with a different fate.

K. O.—A masquerade, or masked ball, is a festive meeting, in which the host and guests assume fictitious characters, and disguise themselves more or less for the occasion, the name being derived from the use of the mask. At a fancy dress ball the masks may be dispensed with.

MARIA.—We cannot advise Maria, unless she states more definitely the character of the eruptions of which she complains.

C. J.—The MS. is not yet to hand; will you see that it is forwarded at once?

A. R. T.—Respectfully declined.

S. A.—We regret that we are unable to give a satisfactory reply to your question.

TAKING IT LITERALLY.—A Methodist and a Quaker, travelling together, stopped at an hotel, and were both put into the same room. The Methodist, before retiring to rest made a long humiliating prayer, in which he made some confession of himself. When he rose from his knees the Quaker said, "Dost mean all thee said, friend?" Being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Then thou art too bad a man for me to sleep in the same room with thee."

Dr. Richardson states that iodine placed in a small box with a perforated lid, destroys organic poison in rooms. In cases of small-pox he has seen this method used with great benefit.

CHESS.

The return match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Reichhelm, the representative players respectively of the New York and Philadelphia Chess Clubs, is to take place in March next at the Philadelphia Athenæum. The terms of the match will be in every respect similar to those of the encounter between the same players last year.

Rapid progress has been made in the business of the Annual Tournament of the New York Chess Club for the current year, the number of games already contested amounting to something over two hundred, being about one half of which the entire series will consist. The three players thus far holding the most favorable positions on the score, are—Captain Mackenzie, who wins twenty-eight games and loses two; Mr. Richardson, who wins fourteen and loses six; and Dr. Barnet, who wins nineteen and loses ten.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. G. ST. CATHARINES, C.W.—The back Nos. have been forwarded to E. H. C. Problem 84 can be solved in three moves by 1. Kt takes K Kt P, 2. Kt takes Kt, 3. either R mates. Your solution of No. 54 is correct.

J. C. ROMEYN, KINGSTON, N. Y.—You have not been forgotten. Trust the enclosure reached you safely.

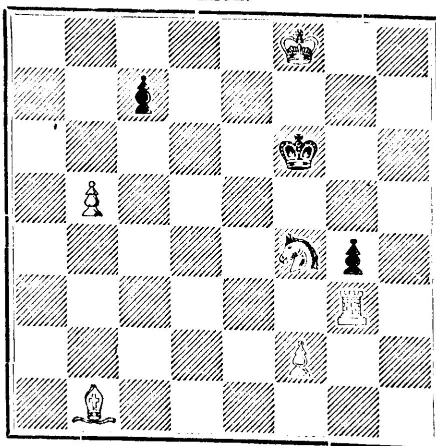
ALPHA, QUEBEC.—Note, game, and explanation received.

S. HULL.—White cannot play 3. B to K R 3, as it would discover ch. from the Q; the key move, however, is correct.

PROBLEM No. 56.

BY G. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 54.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to K Kt 5.	P Queens.
2 R to Q 7 (ch.)	Any move.
3 Q to Q 8 Mate.	

The following game occurred in the Tournament of th New York Chess Club, between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Richardson.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

WHITE, (*Mackenzie.*)	BLACK, (*Richardson.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 Kt to K B 3.	2 P to Q 3.
3 P to Q 4.	3 P takes P.
4 Kt takes P.	4 Kt to K B 3
5 Kt to Q B 3.	5 B to K 2.
6 P to K B 4.	6 B to K Kt 5.
7 B to K 2.	7 B takes B.
8 Q takes B.	8 Castles.
9 Castles.	9 Kt to Q 2.
10 B to Q 2.	10 P to K R 3.
11 K to R sq.	11 Kt to Q B 4.
12 Kt to K B 5.	12 Q to Q 2.
13 Kt takes B (ch.)	13 Q takes Kt.
14 Q R to K sq.	14 Q R to K sq.
15 P to K 5.	15 P takes P.
16 P takes P.	16 Kt to K R 2.
17 Kt to Q 5.	17 Q to Q 2.
18 P to Q B 4.	18 P to Q Kt 3.
19 B to Q Kt 4.	19 P to Q B 3.
20 B takes Kt.	20 P takes B.
21 Kt to K B 4.	21 Kt to K Kt 4.
22 R to Q sq.	22 Q to K B 4.
23 Kt to Q 3.	23 Q to K 5.
24 Q takes Q.	24 Kt takes Q
25 K R to K sq.	25 P to K B 4.
26 P takes P (*en passant.*)	26 P takes P.
27 K to Kt sq.	27 P to K B 4.
28 Kt to K B 2.	28 Kt to Q 7.
29 P to Q Kt 3.	29 Kt to K 5.
30 Kt takes Kt.	30 P takes Kt.
31 R to Q 6.	81 P to K 6.
32 R takes R P.	82 R to K B 7.
33 R takes K P.	33 R takes Kt P (ch.)
34 K takes R.	34 R takes R.
35 R takes Q B P.	35 R to K 7 (ch.)
36 K to Kt 3.	36 R takes Q R P.
38 R takes Q B P, and wins.	

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"ALTHOUGH you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

TIME waits for no *man*; but, if we may believe what some of our maiden friends say of their age, it waits for women.

IT is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

"THE poetry of motion—Skating with a pretty girl.

ADVICE to an infuriated printer—"Compose" yourself.

IF a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

THE LIGHTEST OF ALL GARMENTS.—A *shift* of the wind.

WHEN is a hen most likely to hatch? When she is in earnest (her nest).

WHY does a person that is poorly lose much of his sense of touch? Because he doesn't feel well.

"WHEN you are in Turkey, you must do as the Turkeys do," as a lady of great philological repute once said.

BRIGGS has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.

At a public dinner, Horne Tooke, hearing of the retreat of the Duke of York before the French, gave as a toast, "The brave followers of the Duke of York.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a school inspector. "In the night, sir," was the ready reply. "In the night!" said he. "How do you make that out!" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

WHY is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them are satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

LEGAL.—An American editor says he has seen the contrivance lawyers use when they "warm up with the subjects." He says it was a glass concern, and holds about a pint.

A LITERARY JACK KETCH.—A paper-hanger.

WHY would people older than yourself make good feeding for cattle? Because they are past your age (pasturage).

WHY is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gall-on.

THE Bishop of Wurtzburg once asked a sprightly shepherd boy, "What are you doing here, my lad?"—"Tending swine."—"How much do you get?"—"One florin a week."—"I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop; "but I have a much better salary."—"That may all be; but then, I suppose, you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

ANOTHER PARCEL OF PROVERBS.—If a cap fits, wear it—out. Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve. None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear! Faint heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either. Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit. The best of friends must part—their hair. Any port in a storm—but old port preferred. One good turn deserves another—in waltzing. Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

WHAT is the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has its claws at the end of its paws; a comma its pause at the end of its clause.

WHY do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their little bills.

THERE is a man in New York so lazy that he has an artist hired by the month to draw his breath with a lead pencil. There is another man whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees, consequently he never pays for his boots.

WHAT is the moral difference between cake and wine? The one is sometimes tipsy, the other is always drunk.