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# The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 6, 1866.

## THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

**I**N a late number we attempted to describe the signs of trouble and change which threatened the early future of Europe, but our space did not permit us to allude but cursorily to the Turkish Empire. It is plain, however, that if "the sick man" be not actually, at last, in *articulo mortis*, his dissolution is close at hand. He is past the aid of diplomacy, and neither England nor France are likely to come forward to rescue him from the jaws of death, as they did before. To drop the Czarish metaphor, Turkey is doomed; and no human exertions or power can long prevent its downfall. The Turks have always been trespassers on the European soil, and their usurped lease has expired in the natural course of events. It is now more than four hundred years since the city of Constantinople was captured by Mahomet II., the last of the Palæologi shedding a parting ray of glory on his *effete* race by a heroic death. Europe, absorbed in its own dissensions and ambitions, allowed the Crescent to triumph over the Cross, and the Eastern Empire forever became a thing of the past. This was a sad political mistake; and Christendom had to pay dearly for its careless selfishness, cowardice and folly; and had not Prince John of Austria, at Lepanto in 1571, and John Sobieski, at Vienna in 1683—had these not arrested the tide of Musselman conquest, Christian civilization might not even at this day exist in countries which are amongst the most enlightened in the world. The Christians of Syria and Spain accepted the Mahomedan creed with an alacrity which no historian has yet satisfactorily explained; and serfdom and ignorance in Germany might have led to the same result. Circumstances existed in Moldavia, Wallachia and Greece, which, though conquered retained their faith, that was not to be found in the condition of the lower grades of the down-trodden Teutonic people, and Mahometanism would have relieved them from many of the heavy burdens under which they groaned. Christendom had as narrow escape on the day on which John Sobieski at the head of his Polish lancers rushed on the Turkish camp before Vienna, as it had when Charles Martel defeated the Arab conquerors of Spain at Tours. But to return to our subject. Lepanto first, and the siege of Vienna in the second place, constitute the turning points of the Mahometan conquest; and thenceforth Turkey from being the aggressor had to defend her own territory from aggression. Austria drove her out of Hungary and some of her other possessions, and Russia has been wresting Province after Province from her, from the reign of Peter the Great. Still she struggled fiercely against foes whom she could not successfully resist; but she knows that all power of resistance is now departed from her; she is palsied in every limb; and if left to her own exertions, she must fall

never to rise again, come the blow from what quarter it may.

Turkey has gradually been falling to pieces, but her greatest losses have been of a comparatively recent period. It is true, that the Danubian principalities have long been only nominally dependant upon her; but Mahomet Ali did not make himself master of Egypt until after 1811; Greece was declared free in 1832; and France conquered Algeria in 1830. Notwithstanding these and other losses of an earlier and later date—such as the cession of the Crimea to Russia in 1783, and Besarabia in 1812—the Turkish dominions are still of vast extent, and contain some of the most fertile countries on the globe. Some of them were among the wealthiest and most civilized portions of the ancient world, and would be so again under happier circumstances, and, above all, with a better system of government. Large districts that are now all but deserts were once teeming with a dense population, covered with cornfields and vineyards, or with cities of which the ruins only remain to testify to their number and grandeur. It is not at all unlikely that if person and property were rendered safe in those countries, a large portion of the emigration now directed to America, would find its way to them, and so open another and a nearer field of industry for the over-peopled parts of Europe. Many of the emigrants would be but returning to the ancient homes of their race.

What is to become of the vast regions forming the Turkish empire is a difficult question to solve. The population may be stated in round numbers at thirty millions, of which about one half is in Europe, the other half in Asia; for its territory and claims to territory beyond those limits are worth little consideration. The European population is chiefly Christian, the Asiatic chiefly Mahometan. Many schemes have been proposed on this head. Among these the most prominent are: First, and as a matter of course, to confine the Turkish dominions to Asia; secondly, to create a new Christian kingdom in European Turkey, of which Greece should be the head; thirdly, that Russia should be allowed to annex the Provinces to the north of the Danube, and Austria those to the south. We think, on the whole, that the last proposition is that most likely to be finally adopted, and the more so, as Constantinople would fall to the share of Austria, which would so far be a satisfactory arrangement to England, France, and Italy, as it would keep Russia out of the Mediterranean, where they do not desire her presence. The Turkish islands of the Archipelago might be transferred to Greece, which they are, generally, anxious to join. Nevertheless, this would be at most but a temporary change, as regards the existence of Turkey as an independent nation, which cannot but for a short period maintain its autonomy even in Asia. The Musselman sway was based on Mahometanism, and Mahometanism was based on force. The force is gone, its strength has dwindled away; the religion of the Koran is retreating before the religion of the Bible, and doctrines which could only be propagated by the sword are not of efficacy after the sword has lost its edge. Mahometanism cannot live face to face with modern civilization. The school-

master and the gospel must root it out, and Christianity be again established in Asia, from whence it came. The millions of Europe will pour into the land which was once the garden of the world, will rebuild its cities, and cultivate its fields, and "old things will be new again." Islam has devastated and made barren those noble regions, and the time is at hand when its evil influence must cease. If it exists at all, it must be driven back to its source, amid the sands and deserts of Arabia. This is not merely a religious, it is also an economical question, and the movement is acting with the certainty of a law of nature. Mahomet, even to the great body of Mahometans, will, before many generations are past, be no more a prophet, and his name will only survive as a legislator and reformer, which he undoubtedly was, regarded from a temporal point of view. He will take his place with Confucius, Zoraster, and Woden, unless, indeed, the future disciples of Mr. Carlyle should continue to consider him entitled to prophetic honours. His doctrines, and the empire which was founded on them, will pass away together.

But the question of more immediate interest is if the partition of Turkey will lead to war between those claiming to be the heirs of the sick man. There is imminent danger of such a result. Russia will not easily surrender her traditional policy of getting possession of Constantinople, and will perhaps think the northern Principalities scarcely a sufficient compensation for sacrificing that great object of her ambition. Austria, again, must seek territory in an eastern direction, to keep her in her place among the leading powers, and to make up for her losses in Germany and Italy. Turkey is destined, evidently, to be one of the chief objects of European intrigue and ambition for years to come; but under any circumstances her doom is sealed, and we repeat our conviction, that the day is not very distant when her place shall know her no more in the community of nations.

## LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, September 13.

**I**TOLD you in my last, Mr. Editor, that I was going to Jersey. I have been, but I don't go again, if I know it, in such weather. It is all very well to sit on shore and sing about "a wet sheet, and a flowing sail," to go into raptures over

"A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,"

and to vow that "the rover's life is the life for me;" but it is not so well to put the matter to a practical test. I wrote you last week in high spirits, and buoyant with bright anticipations. It strikes me you would not have recognised the writer in the woe-begone individual who landed at Jersey after twelve hours' experience of a channel gale, whose spirits were anything but high, and who was decidedly not buoyant with anything at all, but only anxious to lie down in peace. How I wished I could forswear the channel ever after, and take up my abode *en permanence* in Jersey. But this could not be, and hardly had I recovered from the effects of

its short chopping sea before I had to face it again. Happily, I am back in town all right, and my hatred of salt water is passing away, which is well, for in a week's time I shall have to visit the "first isle of the ocean, first gem of the sea," that is to say, Ireland, or Erin, or Hibernia, which it pleases you. From thence, Mr. Editor, I shall date my next letter, and do not mean to lose the opportunity of letting you know how the land of the shamrock strikes an Englishman.

I forget whether or not I mentioned in my last that a rumour sprang up here the other day, pointing to the marriage of our Princess Louise to the King of Greece. On the face of it, this rumour bore the stamp of doubtful authenticity. Her Majesty is a good mother, and one not at all likely to allow her daughter to go so far away, to share so slippery and uncomfortable a throne as that of George I. Poor Greece, how must the shade of Byron weep over her sorrows. There she lies, surrounded by her thousand isles, misgoverned, torn by faction, and wasted by banditti, till she can hardly be said to live. It would be romantic, somewhat, it is true, to send a princess of England to hold court in Athens beneath the shadow of its classic glories, yet a mother's mind attaches little value to romance. What mother has the smallest belief in "love in a cottage," and that sort of stuff? So there has come out an official denial that there is any truth in the aforesaid rumour. People say, however, "Wait awhile, this is the age of the resurrection of nationalities, the 'sick man' is again in a bad way, and a Greek empire, holding the keys of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus, is not at all unlikely. We shall soon see what we shall see." Undoubtedly.

I have also to contradict another rumour, which I was the means of sending you. John Brown is not dismissed, and is not given to habits of intoxication. So that personage still retains his position as Her Majesty's faithful and honoured servitor. Lucky John, his greatness is "still a ripening," and the day, perhaps, is far distant when the tender leaves of hope and promise will suffer from a blight.

The Queen made her annual appearance last week at the Braemar Gathering. Do you know what the Braemar Gathering is? Simply a Highland festival, when the clans round Balmoral meet to display their strength and agility in national and characteristic games. For a long course of years these displays have been under the patronage of royalty, and at their celebration there is exhibited as much of the old clanish pomp and pride as has survived the march of time. A good deal of hollowness attaches to the affair, however. Its feudalism is a very electroplated article, the "clansmen" being for the most part servants in connexion with the establishments of the Highland seigneurs, and not, as of old, those who, otherwise independent, are bound to do suit and service at their lord's command. But, doubtless, the games are interesting; at least it is to be hoped so, seeing what exalted and illustrious personages condescend to honour them with their presence.

Another gathering has taken place just now, also of a national character, but which has had to get on as best it could without any high and mighty presence. I allude to the Eistedfodd at Chester. Very few of your readers, perhaps, know anything about the meaning of this portentous word. Let me have the pleasure of explaining. Well, then, the Eistedfodd is a Welsh festival, dating from a very remote period, almost prehistoric, in fact, at which assemble all those who are skilled in art or science, in order to compete for certain prizes there and then awarded to the most deserving. The descendants of the ancient Britons take an immense interest in this annual assembly, inasmuch as it flatters their nationality, and tends to prolong the existence of their mother tongue. The one just held in the border city of Chester seems to have been unusually successful. Thousands of sturdy and intelligent sons of St. David were present from all parts of the principality, and for a time the leek was exalted even on English ground, far above the rose, shamrock or thistle. The *Times* has contrived, in connection with

this business, mortally to offend the patriotic Welshmen. In a leader the other day, it sneered at the whole affair, said the Welsh language was the curse of Wales, and plainly intimated that the sooner it, and all other of their national peculiarities, were forgotten the better. In reply to this, the Welshmen have waxed furious, and have, with some justice, taunted the *Times* for recording at full length the Braemar Gathering, and writing down the Eistedfodd, which aimed at something so much higher and better. The *Times* was, doubtless, wrong on the merits, and very ill advised besides in stirring up the hot-headed western men, whose resentment is both fierce and enduring when the honour of their country is concerned.

Something more about the Fenians. Last week an armoury was discovered at Liverpool, and its contents duly seized by the police. No more important capture was made, for the birds had flown. Very ugly birds they must have been, for it seems that the worthies in question had some connection with a volunteer regiment, and carried on their traitorous designs in the guise of sworn defenders of the Queen. The foregoing is a fact; now for a rumour of a portentous order. It is said, but I don't believe it, that the 3rd Buffs, or a detachment of that famous Irish regiment, have mutinied against their officers on board a transport, thrown them into the sea, and are steering for America. The thing is absurd on the face of it, yet people may be found here who credit the story, just as, I should say, they would credit the wildest absurdity of a modern Baron Munchausen. The alarm we felt for you in connexion with the Fenian Brotherhood in the States has now partially subsided, and we are waiting calmly for the next move in the game. Are you doing the same?

An awful story has just come to us from the sea, which reminds me of what I used to read in my boyish days of peril and adventure. A ship was wrecked somewhere in the Pacific, and for I know not how many days one of the boats steered across the watery waste, seeking help and finding none, till the voyagers were reduced to the last extremity. They ate everything they could lay their hands upon, and when they caught sight of land, were actually speculating how long a sickly comrade would live, and how long they would be debarred from eating his flesh. Happy would it have been for these unfortunates, had they possessed the enduring powers of a Captain Casey, whose adventures have lately been a subject of wonder. For thirty days, or thereabouts, this poor man was in the maintop of his deserted and waterlogged ship, without a morsel of food. The thing seems incredible, yet the log book vouches for it, and the captain is now the recipient of public charity, consequent upon the horrible sufferings he underwent.

Talking of the sea reminds me that we have now among us a ship and its crew which lately made a remarkable passage from your side of the Atlantic to ours. The vessel itself is not a very big one, since they have carried it to the Crystal Palace for exhibition, and the crew is proportionately small, being two in number. It is true that one died off our coast, but then he was a dog. Quite a curiosity has been excited by the marvellous voyage of this wee craft, and the story of her adventures even now forms a standard source of wonder and admiration. As for the two sailors, they are the heroes of the hour.

In my last I gave an account of a curious phenomenon attending an accident by lightning; the appearance of a tree being found upon the body of the injured person. In connexion with this, a letter has appeared in the *Times* from Mr. C. Tomlinson, of King's College, who says:—"It is not generally known, however, that such a figure is really produced with every flash of lightning, and with every discharge of a Leyden jar. Most scientific men are aware of the fact, and that such figures can be made visible. If a thin sheet of window glass, about four inches square, be held between the knob of a charged jar and the discharging rod, the discharge will pass over the surface nearest the jar, turn over its edge,

and so get to the discharging rod. On holding the glass up to the light, no trace of the discharge will be seen; but on breathing upon the glass we get a remarkable ramified figure, consisting of a trunk, from which proceed a number of branches covered with minute spray, the whole figure presenting a striking resemblance to a tree. In some cases the discharge bifurcates, and even trifurcates, when we have two and three trunks, each accompanied by its own branches and spray." Whether this explains the appearance on the human body or not, it is a remarkable fact, and will, doubtless, be interesting to your scientific readers.

I have another fact to communicate, which will also excite their wonder. There lately appeared at Paris from Italy a man who professed to be in possession of a secret of the highest importance in connection with warlike matters. He succeeded in obtaining an interview with a General, who, after hearing what he had to say, introduced him to the Minister of War. Before that official this Italian appeared clothed in a dress weighing about 4½ lbs., which he asserted to be absolutely bullet proof. He did not shrink from putting his assertion to the test, and it is said that pistols were fired point blank at the man without injuring him in the least. Of course the invention was submitted to the Emperor, who, after trial, expressed his readiness to purchase it, and now it is rumoured that this wonderful coat will in future protect the bodies of the Emperor's soldiers. If all this be true, we are fast going back, in effect, to the days of yore, when armour was in the ascendant, and, before being killed, men had first to be cracked.

We are having serious weather just now. Our harvest is nothing like gathered in, and runs great risk of being spoiled, consequent upon the wet and inclement weather now so prevalent. In the northern counties large districts are quite under water, presenting the appearance of a vast lake, and still, day after day, the rain descends. Unless a change takes place, serious results will follow, and we shall have to purchase our bread from other and more favoured lands. Happy are we in the thought that anything like scarcity is impossible; and that now, by help of steam and free trade, the necessities of one nation are readily ministered to by the abundance of another.

But if we have gloomy prospects in one direction, there are bright ones in another. The cholera still diminishes, save only in Liverpool, and promises soon, as winter is coming on, to leave us altogether. May the lesson of its visit not be lost.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards' new story called "The Three Louisas," has given rise to a well-sustained file-fire of small jokes about that gentleman's evident penchant for "unlimited loo."

The author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," who is deservedly popular among novel-readers, has lately produced a new tale entitled "Lords and Ladies."

Mr. George Henry Francis, for many years connected with the London press, the writer in *Fraser's Magazine* of "The Age of Veneer," and the author of various other papers, died recently at Paris at the age of fifty.

It may be fittingly noted, by the way, that two men of letters, holding superior appointments in the Post Office, are, so to speak, running novels at the same time: Mr. Anthony Trollope, "The Claverings," in the *Cornhill*; and Mr. Edmund Yates, "Black Sheep," in *All the Year Round*.

"Napoleon III and the Rhine" is the title of a political brochure by Mr. Pope Hennessy, just published.

The author of "George Geith," Mrs. Riddell, has been, through severe illness, forbidden all literary labour, and through observance of the prohibition is slowly recovering.

Dr. John Brown, whose name will ever be associated with "Rab and his Friends," is, we regret to say, in the worst condition of health in which his friends could fear to see him.

Senior de la Barrera, the Spanish bibliographical writer, is about to publish a new life of Lope de Vega, founded on documents, hitherto unknown, and comprising a series of the poet's autograph letters, lately brought to light from the Archives of the Conde de Altamira. It is said, however, that the publication of these letters will be opposed, because they reveal that, even after he became a priest, Lope was somewhat given to the vanities of the world.

Dr. William Howard Russell promises us a novel. It will bear the title of "Dr. Brady."

Capt. Mayne Reid, has just brought out "The Bandolero," which, we doubt not, will be as popular with your younger readers as "The White Chief," and other stories of life in Mexico and the Southern States of America from the pen of this amusing and facile writer.

The pastoral literature of the French episcopacy is being narrowly watched by the *Journal des Débats*. In an address just published by the Archbishop of Paris, in reference to the Festival of the Assumption, the prelate styles the Virgin as "the most perfect of creatures," "our sister, born in Adam as we are born," "but now in heaven, to which men may attain by two means, Grace and Liberty." The *Débats* looks upon this as a disavowal of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Mr. Keith Johnston, and other gentlemen engaged in the exploration of Palestine, have discovered at Tell Hum, the ancient temple of Capernaum, nearly if not quite entire. The interest of this discovery is very great, since there is no other building at the present day which can be identified as one of those in which Jesus actually was.

The *London Review* speaking of *Punch* says: We cannot refrain from noticing with regret the badness of the illustrations, which, at one time the very perfection of comic art, are now, for the most part, neither comic nor artistic. Even Mr. Tenniel's cartoon is poor this week, and the large social illustrations are execrable. When we look back to the days of Leech and Doyle, we are conscious of a decline into something like barbarism—the result of a vicious style of drawing obstinately adhered to.

During the popular effervescence created by the cholera last year, Luisa Colet, the French writer, was exposed to danger in the island of Ischia. The ignorant multitude regarded her as one of the agents employed in sowing the seeds of the prevalent disease, and the local force was found insufficient to protect her. Since then she has been residing at Santa Lucio, near Caserta, and the results of her literary labours will see the light shortly in the form of a romance, entitled "Cibèle et les Derniers Abbés." The scenes of the Romance are selected in Terra di Lavoro, Monte Casino, and Monte Vergine, sites full of romantic interest.

## MUSICAL ITEMS.

A fluteless flautist is spoken of in Havre as performing wonderful things. He makes a flute out of his left hand, which he holds in his mouth, using the right in lieu of stops. The notes he produces are not to be distinguished from those of the real instrument. His name is Fereyra.

The grand-niece of Mozart is found to be existing in a most abject state of poverty in Germany. A subscription has been set on foot on her behalf by the leading musical journals of Prussia and Austria.

Great things are reported, in a Cologne musical paper, of a young Englishwoman, Miss Victoria Rosenfeld, who has been studying in the Musical Conservatory of that town. She is said to be one of the ablest piano players that have received their training at that institution. She is also said to possess a very considerable general talent for music—a talent that assisted her in profound studies on the science and theory of the art.

A member of a fashionable church in New York electrified a music-dealer the other day by

inquiring for Solomon's Song, saying his rector had spoken of it as a production of great genius and beauty, and that he wanted his daughter to learn it.

Verdi's new opera, "La Ferza del Destino," has just been brought out, with great success, at Colon, in Central America. It has not yet been heard in England.

Madame Rudersdorf, who is now in America, is said to be engaged in the composition of a grand opera.

Madame Anna Bishop, with several other members of an English Opera Company, while on a musical tour, going from San Francisco to Hong Kong, suffered shipwreck in March last, being cast on an uninhabited and dangerous reef, called Wake Island, in the China seas. After remaining there three weeks, and finding no water, both passengers and crew put off in two boats for the Ladrone Islands, 1,400 miles distant. At the date of the news, only one boat had arrived at its destination, after thirteen days and nights of great danger and horrible suffering. It is supposed that the second boat, containing the captain and crew, had gone down.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

*Continued from page 58.*

"You appear to forget, Mr. English, that my brother and his wife are both dead."

"Is Mrs. Kreefe dead?" said John in a tone of disappointment. My hopes lay in finding her still alive."

"She died shortly after her husband—seven years ago," said the widow, telling the lie boldly. Barbara Kreefe had only been dead a few months. "Besides which, they removed from Willsburgh sixteen or seventeen years since, and have doubtless been forgotten long ago."

"Then my hopes in that direction are crushed into a very small compass; said John.—"I need not detain you any longer, Mrs. Winch," he said as he rose. "I suspected you wrongly, and I am sorry for it."

"Pray do not speak of it, Mr. English," said the widow graciously. "If I can assist you in any way in this matter, I'm sure I shall be happy to do so."

John English took up his hat.

"Is your stay in Normanford likely to be a long one?" said the widow carelessly, as she proceeded to fold up the work on which she had been so busily engaged.

"I can hardly tell," said John with hesitation; I have little to stay for now, and you may expect any day to hear that I am gone."

"You will not go without saying good-bye, I hope," said the smiling landlady.

Scarcely had John said good-bye for the time being, and left the room, than the widow rose, and with flashing eyes, and her hands crossed over her bosom, as though to keep her excitement within bounds, began to pace the little apartment with rapid strides. "The danger is over, thank Heaven!" she exclaimed fervently; "but on the edge of what a precipice we have been standing—my Lady and I! How strange that he, out of all the millions now living in the world, should turn up at this out-of-the-way spot, without either instinct or memory to guide his footsteps hither! Who can say with surety that the evil they have done, be it ever so long ago, shall never be brought to light? What a straightforward, frank, handsome fellow he is! Ah, if he only knew all! But I dare not imagine such a possibility. No, we are safe now, my Lady and I—safe—safe—safe!"

Hardly had the last word escaped her lips, when the door was re-opened, and John English stood again before her. Some fine instinct warned her of coming danger, even before he had spoken a word, and she was on her guard in a moment. "I think, Mrs. Winch, said John—and there was a change in his tone which she did not fail to detect—"I think you stated most

positively that the fact of your brother having taken a child with him to America was entirely unknown to you?"

"Precisely so. I had no knowledge of the circumstance whatever."

"What port did your brother sail from?"

"From Liverpool, I believe."

"Did you not go to Liverpool with your brother to see him off?" demanded John.

"By what right do you catechise me in this way, Mr. English?" said the widow haughtily. All her efforts could not keep the tell-tale colour out of her cheeks.

"By the right of a man who has been foully wronged," replied John. "Answer me a straightforward question in a straightforward way, Mrs. Winch, did you, or did you not, accompany your brother to Liverpool, and see him safe on board ship?"

"I did," said the widow.

"Then most certainly you must be aware that your brother took a child with him in the vessel."

"I am aware of nothing of the kind. I am positive that there was no child there."

"Let me refresh your memory: and remember I have my information from an eye-witness who is still alive. You and your brother, together with his wife and a boy about five years old, were driven in a cab to the dock, in which the vessel they were to sail in, was moored. You bade them good-bye there and then. Dr. Kreefe, his wife, and the lad then went aboard; and after a last wave of the hand, you turned away, and were driven back in the same cab by which you had come.—Who was that boy?"

"I will answer no more questions," said the widow huskily. She was pale enough now.

"Then you refuse to answer the question I have just asked you?"

"I do."

"Consider well before you finally decide. You have been prevaricating with me from the first, and that you took a prominent part in the black piece of work which tore a helpless child from his home, and deprived him of his name, I can no longer doubt. But much of this evil may still be undone by a free and frank confession. I warn you, however, that should you still refuse to furnish me with the information I want, I will use my utmost efforts—ay, though it should cost me twenty of the best years of my life, and every penny I possess—to bring this crime to light, and punish the perpetrators of it. Once more I ask you, whose child was it that was taken aboard?"

"The child of a friend," said the landlady slowly and coldly, "which my brother agreed to take out to some of its relatives in America. It died during the voyage; and that is all I know of the matter."

"Woman, you lie!" said John savagely. "I see plainly that you will not speak the truth. I have given you fair warning; and when the day of retribution comes, I will not spare you."

"And I warn you, John English, not to meddle further in a matter that in no wise concerns you," said the widow. "You know not whither it may lead you. As for your threats I laugh at them—a young man's empty bravado!—nothing more.—He is gone, and does not hear me. Oh, my lady, my lady! What evil day is this coming surely upon us!"

John English, on leaving his lodgings to walk up to the hotel, had had a note from old Mr. Edwin put into his hands. It was a simple invitation to John to go and smoke a friendly pipe with the old gentleman that evening, if not otherwise engaged, but concluded with a postscript, couched in the following words: "I forgot to mention, when I was telling you the other evening about that affair of Kreefe's, in which you seemed so strangely interested, that Mrs. Winch of the *Hand and Dagger* was at the docks that day, at the same time that I was, and saw the doctor, his wife, and the strange child on board the ship." The postscript then went on to give the further details as recounted by John to Mrs. Winch.

John, on receiving the note, had opened it; and having taken in the contents with one careless glance without noticing the postscript, had then thrust it into his pocket, his mind being anxiously

engaged just then with his approaching visit to Mrs. Winch. On leaving the *Hand and Dagger*, he had referred to Mr. Edwin's note again, in order to ascertain whether any particular hour had been named by the old gentleman for his visit. What effect the perusal of the postscript had on him, the reader has already seen.

On leaving the *Hand and Dagger* for the second time, John English set off in the direction of Belair. He had made up his mind during the last few minutes to call upon Lady Spencelaugh, and seek from her some explanation as to the contents of Mrs. Winch's note, which seemed to connect him in some mysterious way with her Ladyship; for he no longer gave any credence to the landlady's version of the affair. "Mrs. Winch may perhaps be playing a hidden game on her own account, and without Lady Spencelaugh's knowledge; my seeing her Ladyship may therefore be of service both to herself and me. If, on the contrary, her Ladyship is leagued with Mrs. Winch against me, I shall at least know the forces against which I have to fight." The reading of the postscript had decided him not to leave Normanford for the present.

When he reached Belair, he sent in his card, with a remark pencilled on it, that his business was urgent and private. "Her Ladyship is not at home," said the large footman, returning after an interval of three minutes with John's card still on his salver. And so John was politely bowed out of the great house.—"I will write to Lady Spencelaugh to-night," said John to himself, as he sauntered back through the park; "she shall have my statement of the facts, as well as Mrs. Winch's; and she must then judge for herself between the two."

He wrote accordingly; but his letter was returned to him the following morning in a sealed envelope, without a word of any kind. "We are to be enemies, then, I suppose," said John sadly, as he flung his missive into the fire, and watched it shrivel into ashes.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—MR. BRACKENRIDGE'S NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

Cliff Cottage, as the reader is already aware, formed one of two small semi-detached houses standing on the outskirts of Normanford. The remaining house was dignified with the title of Beech Lodge, and was the residence of Mr. Brackenridge the chemist. Mr. Brackenridge's little establishment was supervised by his sister Hannah, a light-complexioned, demure-faced young woman, with quiet, sly manners, thoroughly devoted to her brother. Hannah's little scraps of local gossip, which she used to retail to Brackenridge over his meals, were generally regarded by that worthy as so much empty jabber, and treated with a contempt which he was at no pains to conceal; but of late, Hannah had found a subject for gossip in the sayings and doings of their new neighbour, Mr. John English, as retailed her daily, with sundry amplifications and exaggerations, by Mrs. Jakeway, and as noted by her own sharp eyes and ears, which never seemed to fail in interesting her brother. It was a subject, too, on which Hannah herself was never weary of dilating; for, to reveal a little secret, she had fallen in love, in her quiet, self-possessed way, with the handsome young photographer, and every little circumstance connected with him had a special interest in her eyes.

Gurney Brackenridge was sitting over his tea one evening, a few days after John English's interview with Mrs. Winch, as related in the last chapter, and Hannah was sitting opposite to him, replenishing his cup as often as it was empty, and keeping him supplied with fresh slices of toast. The chemist detested both his shop and his profession, as indeed he did anything that necessitated labour, either of head or hands; and he generally contrived to reach home between seven and eight o'clock, leaving later customers to the tender mercies of his assistant. He had lately been prescribing for Mrs. Jakeway, whose health was somewhat out of repair.

"Let her go on with the mixture as before," said Mr. Brackenridge, in reply to a remark by

his sister, that the old lady was worse rather than better to-day.

"I was in to see her about an hour ago," said Hannah, "and found her quite nervous at the idea of having to pass the night all alone in the house."

"All alone! How's that?" said the chemist, looking up with sudden interest.

"Oh, she contrived to quarrel with her servant this morning, and sent her about her business at a moment's notice."

"That's Mother Jake all over," remarked the chemist; "always quarrelling with her servants, and always getting fresh ones. But where's Mr. E.?"

"Oh, he went out on business this morning by the train, and left word that he should not be home till some time to-morrow."

"Not home till to-morrow?" said the chemist, quickly. Then, after a thoughtful pause, during which he sat gazing intently into the fire, he said: "You will be going in to see Mother Jake again, I suppose before the evening is over?"

"Yes," said Hannah; "I promised to go in at half-past nine, and give the old lady her medicine, and see the premises all safe for the night."

"And quite right too," said her brother. "But, before you go in, Hannah, I will give you a pill, which you must strictly enjoin her to take the last thing before getting into bed: and, Hannah, while you are there, just contrive to leave unfastened the shutters and window of the back sitting-room. Do you understand?"

The eyes of brother and sister met in a long, steady gaze. "I understand," said Hannah, slowly. "It shall be done."

It never entered into the mind of Hannah Brackenridge to question any order of her brother. Implicit obedience to his slightest wish was the rule of her life. Had Gurney said to her: "Hannah, oblige me by giving Mother Jake a quarter of an ounce of prussic acid," I think it probable that she would have complied with his request without demur.

Gurney, meanwhile, sat brooding at home in company with his pipe. Mrs. Winch's refusal to reveal to him the nature of the hidden bond that united her to Lady Spencelaugh in a common grudge against the young photographer, still preyed an undigested wrong, upon his mind. "Curse you both!" he muttered, shaking his fist at a china shepherd and shepherdess fixed in permanent loving embrace on the chimney-piece. "I'll find out the secret for myself, without any help from you, Martha, my dear; and then won't I make her Ladyship pay through the nose to keep me quiet! Mother Jake says her lodger is always writing—that he keeps a journal—more fool he!—so there ought to be something among his papers, if I could only get at 'em, which would give me the clue to what I want to know. At all events, I'll try. Nothing risk, nothing have. I shall be a gentleman yet—I know I shall."

Presently, he heard his sister letting herself in at the front-door. "Well, have you made all square?" he said, as she entered the room.

"I have done as you wished me to do," replied Hannah.

"Has the old woman taken her pill?"

"Yes I stayed with her while she took it."

"Get me out the brandy bottle, and then you can go to bed as soon as you like."

"Yes, Gurney," said the obedient Hannah; and having set out the favourite black bottle, together with hot water and sugar, she kissed her brother on the forehead; and next minute he heard her going softly up-stairs to bed.

The chemist sat smoking and drinking till the clock struck eleven. "Old mother Jake ought to be as sound as a top by this time, or else there's no virtue in my pill," he muttered to himself; and putting down his pipe, he rose, and went quietly into the next room, taking the candle with him. Having unlocked the drawer, he took out of it a pair of list slippers, a dark lantern, a bunch of skeleton keys, a small life-preserver, a black overcoat, and a sort of skull-cap, made of the skin of some animal, with the hair outside, and having long flaps to come low down over the ears, and tie under the chin.

After inducting himself into the overcoat, slippers, and cap—and so disguised, Hannah herself would hardly have known him at the first glance—he put the lantern, the keys, and the life-preserver into his pocket, blew out the candle, and let himself noiselessly out by a door which opened into the garden at the back of the house. The gardens of Beech Lodge and Cliff Cottage ran parallel one to the other, with only a low wall between them, than which the outer walls, shutting them in at sides and back, were considerably higher. The houses stood by themselves, with fields on three sides of them, which sloped gently up from the backs of the two gardens to where a thick plantation of young trees crowned the prospect.

The night was cold, calm, and overcast; and Hannah, sitting at her bedroom window shrouded in a thick shawl, could barely distinguish the black ominous shadow gliding stealthily over the sward below. At length it stopped for a moment, as if to reconnoitre, she still watching it with straining eyes; then, satisfied apparently that it was unseen, it leaped quickly over the dividing wall, and half crouching, half running, passed swiftly out of sight, doubling back towards the rear of Cliff Cottage. Hannah had taken the precaution to open her window an inch or two at the bottom; and after listening intently for a short time, she heard a slight creaking noise, which she knew to be produced by the opening of Mrs. Jakeway's window; followed by another and fainter creak, as the intruder closed it behind him; and then Hannah knew that so far her brother had safely accomplished his purpose, whatever that purpose might be.

The heart of Gurney Brackenridge failed him a little when he found himself standing alone in the dark in the little room which he had entered in so felonious a manner; but a hearty pull at a spirit flask, which he had not failed to bring with him, revived in some measure his fainting courage; and after a further stimulus of a double-distilled oath, muttered discreetly in his throat, he set about his perquisition with something of his old confidence. As a friend of Mrs. Jakeway, he was well acquainted with the interior of Cliff Cottage, and knew the position of the furniture; so that a very slender ray of light from his lantern sufficed to guide him safely to the door of the room in which he then was. This room was on the ground floor, and at the back of the house; but the object of which he was in search would be found, if anywhere, in the first-floor front, that being Mr. John English's sitting-room. So up the stairs in his list slippers, Mr. Brackenridge stole lightly, scarcely venturing to breathe till he found himself safe on the landing at the top. Three doors opened on to this landing—namely, that of Mrs. Jakeway's bedroom, that of John English's bedroom, and that of the latter's sitting-room. Mr. Brackenridge, applying his ear to the keyhole of Mrs. Jakeway's door, could hear the old lady breathing stertorously as she lay asleep; and a grim smile stole over his face as he listened. Softly he turned the handle, and softly he opened the door—a little way, just far enough to enable him to insert his arm, and draw the key from the inside. In another minute, Mrs. Jakeway was safely locked up in her own room.

Mr. Brackenridge's next proceeding was to enter John English's bedroom; but a brief glance round it, with the full light of his lantern turned on, was sufficient to satisfy his curiosity. Next into the sitting-room, where his first act was to draw the thick moreen curtains carefully across the windows, so that no ray of light could penetrate to the outside. Having closed the door, and feeling perfectly secure from intrusion, he lighted one of the two mould-candles on the table, and then refreshed himself with another drain from his flask. His scheme, so far, had succeeded admirably; but the most difficult part of it was yet to come. John English's brass bound mahogany writing-desk lay on the table before him, but fast locked; and if none of the skeleton keys he had brought with him were capable of opening it, he would still be as far as ever from the object of his search. One after the other he tried them carefully and knowingly, in a style

which seemed to indicate that it was not the first time he had fingered them; and one after the other they failed to touch the tongue of the lock, and were put aside as useless. The chemist's brow grew damp; his hands began to tremble; there was only one they left untried. He paused with it in his fingers for a moment, and glanced nervously around. The candle had guttered down for want of snuffing, and burned with a dull, unsteady flame; his own shadow, sprawling up the wall and half across the ceiling, struck him as hideous and unfamiliar. 'Serve me right for coming on such a fool's errand!' he muttered to himself. 'I wish I was well out of it.'

He inserted the last key in the lock as he he spoke; it gave a little click, and his heart echoed the sound. He forgot his nervousness in a moment; and after opening the room-door, and listening intently for a couple of minutes, he went back lightly to the table, drew the candle nearer, and opened the desk. The first articles that engaged Brackenridge's attention were a number of letters, some of recent, some of old date. A cursory glance satisfied him that the majority of them were merely business letters; but there were a few from John's sick friend at Nice, which gave promise of more interest, and the chemist deliberately set to work to read them through. He found several passages in them in which the names of Mrs. Winch and those of the different members of the family at Belair, were mentioned; but for want of a clue to what John himself had written, most of the allusions were past his comprehension. There was only one passage that he thought it worth his while to copy, and even that referred to things which as yet were so many mysteries to him, but which he hoped would not be so for long. The passage in question ran as follows: 'What you tell me with regard to your recognition of the portrait of Mrs. Winch's brother, and the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, which came so singularly under your notice, certainly seems to point to some hidden link of connection between yourself and these two women. The matter is undoubtedly worth further investigation, but I would not advise you to build too lofty a superstructure of hopes on so weak a foundation. From your description of Mrs. Winch, I should imagine her to be a very dangerous sort of woman. Make yourself acquainted, if possible, with her antecedents and past history. If it is to her interest to hide certain facts from you, it is equally to your interest to have those facts brought to light. I agree with you that, as it stands at present, the case is not one to call for legal assistance, but there is no knowing how soon it may be.'

Brackenridge turned to the desk with heightened curiosity, and there, at the very bottom, under a further litter of business documents, he found a thin morocco-bound volume labelled 'Diary,' on which he pounced with avidity. A very brief inspection of it was sufficient to enable him to find the date of John English's arrival at Normanford; and commencing at that point, he read forward carefully and steadily to the end. It was disappointing to find that end only brought him to a period some three weeks anterior to the date of his reading, after which time not a line had been written. Then again, the Diary was by no means so fully written as he had expected to find it; to the chemist's thinking, it did not enter sufficiently into detail; its narration of interesting facts was by far too bald and commonplace. The only philosophy, however, was to make the best of it as it was; and with several growls of dissatisfaction, Brackenridge turned over one page after another, till he had gone completely through it. He read the account of John's recognition of the portrait; he read a copy of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, as closely as John could recollect the words (and that puzzled him more than anything); he read the account of John's reception at Belair; and, finally, he read how a certain local rhyme, relating to the bells of St. Seven, had floated strangely into John's memory in the middle of the night. The interviews with Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Winch were after-events not set down in the Diary.

Brackenridge had gained something by his nefarious scheme, but certainly not so much as he had hoped for. He had gathered the vague outline of some dark conspiracy, in the meshes of which John English was blindly struggling; but beyond that, he had learned nothing. Baffled and enraged, he sat for some minutes brooding silently with the Diary before him. Suddenly, he heard the faint click of the garden wicket, and the crunching of gravel, as some one came up the little pathway towards the front-door. He started at the sound like the guilty scoundrel he was. In another moment he had put back the Diary and letters and had closed the desk; but he had no recollection of the process afterwards. Then he blew out the candles, and stepping lightly, made for the door, hoping to get back undetected by the way he had come. But he was too late already; the intruder, who, indeed, could be none other than John English come back by the last train, had admitted himself by means of a latch-key, and was now rubbing his feet on the mat. Big, brawny fellow though Gurney Brackenridge was, he shunned the risk of an encounter in the dark with the sinewy young photographer, and shewed his wisdom thereby. With the instinct of despair, he turned back into the room, and winding his way noiselessly between the chairs and tables, made for one of the windows, and drawing the thick curtains on one side, slipped behind them, and breathed once more.

Scarcely was this accomplished, when John English entered the room. Mrs. Jakeway, not expecting him home till morning, had omitted to place a candle and matches on the bracket in the hall, and he was consequently still in the dark; but, after a few failures, he contrived to get a light from his fuses.

"Phew! how close and musty the room smells!" he exclaimed aloud. "A little fresh air would be an improvement;" and stalking to the window where Brackenridge was not, he drew aside the curtain, and flung up the sash, and let the cool night-air into the little room. "One last pipe, and then to bed," said John still aloud; and presently a waft of Cavendish penetrated to where the chemist lay perdue, revolving black schemes of revenge against the man who had been the unconscious means of placing him in so dangerous a predicament. How slowly the lagging minutes seemed to wear themselves away till John English, having finished his pipe, shut down the window, and after a last glance round, took the light with him, and went to bed! Brackenridge now breathed more freely, and allowed his cramped limbs a slight change of posture; but he knew that there was still a long dreary watch to be undergone before he might venture to leave his hiding-place, and try to steal away on the chance of John being soundly asleep. He heard one quarter after another chimed by the clock of the little church on the hill; but not till five of them had come and gone did he venture to emerge from his hiding-place. His lantern had burned itself out by this time, and he durst not venture to strike a match. He made his way across the room in the direction of the door, as a child goes up stairs, a step at a time, slowly. He had passed the table, and had coasted safely round the easy-chair, which, with its great sprawling legs, formed a dangerous obstacle in the dark, and was groping with out-stretched hands for the expected door, when he suddenly stumbled over John's travelling-case, which lay directly in his path, and in trying to save himself, he unconsciously clutched a frail mahogany whatnot, on which reposed several of Mrs. Jakeway's most cherished ornaments, and so came headlong to the floor with a terrible crash. With an instinct that would have done credit to a practised burglar, he lay perfectly still. Through the thin dividing-wall, he heard the creak of the bedstead, as John sprang suddenly up; and then a doubting "Who's there?" as though no answer were expected. None was given; and after a moment or two of intense silence, he heard John growl out something about "those confounded cats," and then turn over, to catch up the broken end of his sleep.

Brackenridge lay for fully half an hour among the fragments of Mrs. Jakeway's china, without stirring a limb. At the end of that time, he gathered himself up slowly and cautiously, without making as much noise as would have frightened a mouse. Then the door was noiselessly opened, and he found himself on the mat outside, and everything quiet so far. There was the landing to cross next, and then the stairs to descend, after which he would feel himself in comparative safety. But there was a loose plank in the flooring near the top of the stairs, and of course (as he afterwards said) it was like his "cursed luck" that he should happen to put his foot on it, which he did. John English slept as lightly as a Red Indian, and the familiar sound of the loose plank awoke him in an instant—awoke him to the consciousness that there must be some one in the house who had no business there, and with him, in such a case, action followed instantly on thought. Brackenridge heard John's leap out of bed, and turning on the instant, he sprang at the bedroom door, and turned the key in the lock, having noticed previously that it was on the outside; then down the stairs, and through the lower room, and out of the French window into the garden at a headlong pace.

Strong man though John English was, the stout old door resisted all his efforts to open it, a fact which he was not long in discovering; so he turned at once to the window, which looked out at the back of the house, and flung up the lower sash—turned in time to see a dark figure speeding along the garden, evidently making for the wall, and so over that into the fields beyond. John was never without firearms—he had a hunter's love for them—and in a case on his dressing-table was a brace of pistols, from one of which the charge had not been drawn, and the little drawer in his looking-glass was full of caps. It was the work of a moment to find his pistol in the dark, and put a fresh cap on the nipple. The clouds had cleared away, and the stars were shining brightly; and just as the man had succeeded in mounting the wall, John took steady aim, and fired. The man gave a loud cry, and flinging up his arms, dropped to the ground like a piece of lead on the outer side of the wall.

"My God! perhaps I have killed him," exclaimed John to himself with a shudder, for he had fired in the heat of his passion, without a thought for after-consequences; and he began to hurry on a few articles of dress, preparatory to going down to look after the burglar. But scarcely had two minutes elapsed, when his quick eyes caught sight of a figure hurrying up the sloping ground behind the garden, and evidently making for the shelter of the plantation at the top of the hill. John paused in his dressing and watched the figure till it was lost to view among the young trees.

"I'm glad I didn't kill him," murmured John to himself. "Let the beggar go. He's not worth troubling about further; but I think he has got something that will make him remember his visit to Cliff Cottage."

An hour later, the watchful Hannah, who had never been to bed, admitted her brother quietly at the front-door; and, like a sensible young woman, dressed his wound, and sympathised with him, without asking him any impertinent questions as to how he had come by his mishap.

(To be continued.)

## THE MONKS OF COCKAIGNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE MONASTERY OF COCKAIGNE CAME TO BE FOUNDED.

AT half-past six o'clock on the evening of the 15th April, 1852, four men entered the smoking-room of the *Cheshire Cheese*, and took their hard cherrywood seats around a social board, with four legs, varnished to represent mahogany. Three of them filled and lit long clay-pipes, piles of which were arranged about the room; one smoked a cigar which, taken from its box, and calculated alone, cost him exactly fivepence-half-penny. Presently, a waiter brought

in a china bowl filled with punch, and placed it on the increasingly social board—a lovely object, as it rested steaming in their midst, with a ladle gracefully reposing within it, and old-fashioned glasses—neither wine nor ale glasses, but in size and shape essentially peculiar to punch—clustered around it. The scene would have been perfect but for the incongruous cigar.

The man smoking it was named Percival Stone, an acute member of the Stock-Exchange, who was making money, but preferred to live quietly until such time as he should be rich enough to cut jobbing, and kick away the ladder by which he had risen; for he had relatives in what is termed "good society," who would have been ashamed of him at present, if he had appeared in the one club of which he was a member, or had nodded to them in the Park; so Percival avoided the West End. He was tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, big-whiskered, Roman-nosed, neatly dressed: not like his neighbour, Joseph Warrender, a solicitor, whose features were both intelligent and pleasing, but whose necktie was always awry, his coat fluffy, his gloves torn, his boots, even in the driest weather, muddy. He had seized upon the ladle, and was helping the punch, not without spilling some of it. Number three was a fine man; black hair crowning his head, black hair framing his face, black hair tickling his nose, black hair serving him for a shirt-front; that is, I believe he wore a linen one, but it was a piece of absurd superstition—you could see nothing between his nose and watch-chain but a silky, jetty horsetail; his complexion was sallow, his figure military, indeed, Jack Markam had served in the Indian cavalry, though he had exchanged the barrack-room for a merchant's office in the city of London, to the enlargement of his income and the diminution of his liver. The remaining *convive* had not run up to the height of Jack or Percy, but his stature was that which has always been found the most capable of enduring bodily fatigue, and is likewise most usually combined with a high order of intellect; his features were, perhaps, less regular than those of his companions, but the intelligence which beamed from every line rendered them far more attractive. I must, however, be silent upon his merits, and leave others to do him that justice which— But, thank goodness, William Stesso need not act as his own trumpeter. What his profession was, is not of the slightest importance.

"I am miserable!" said Joe Warrender.

"Of course," said Bill Stesso. "If you will make a hearty meal off marrow-bones and toasted cheese, you must expect unhappiness to be your next portion for some time afterwards. If, now, you had contented yourself with a chop—"

"Or a steak and oyster," substituted Jack Markam.

"Or half a fowl," proposed Percy Stone.

"You would now experience that feeling of peace and contentment which soothes the senses, and beautifies the features of your companions."

"Pshaw!" said Joe. "My digestion is all right; but I do regret being stifled up here in a musty room in London, instead of spending this delicious spring evening in the country."

"Ah!" said Percy. "One might just now be whipping a river for trout."

"Or cream for a dairymaid," suggested Jack. "If some are better off than ourselves, others are worse. Think of those poor fellows who are married."

"True!"

"Who have families."

"True!"

"Who may not indulge in either tobacco or punch."

"True!"

But Truth, probably in consequence of her habitual residence in a well, often has a dampening effect upon the conversation, and all sat ruminating and slowly smoking for several silent minutes.

"I bid the ordinary sum for anybody's thoughts," said Percy at length.

"Gone!" answered Jack, rapping the table. "Joe's regrets set me thinking about my house in Surrey."

"Ah, you have a house in Surrey?"

"Yes, indeed. Two years ago, I had a nice patch of freehold left me on the banks of the Thames, and I have built a house upon it, which is just finished, and I am looking out for a tenant. To earn my penny fairly and fully, I was also thinking that I was an ass not to build two smaller houses, in one of which I might have lived myself. For what should I do with three sitting and eight bed rooms?"

"The situation is convenient for a man whose work is in London, then?"

"Within a mile of the station, and an hour of town."

They all relapsed into a longer silence than before; at last Joe asked: "What is the lowest rent you mean to take?"

"One hundred and fifty," replied Jack.

"What! Unfurnished?"

"Unfurnished."

"Well, but if it does not let, what will you take?"

"A hundred."

"That is the real lowest?"

"The real lowest."

The four friends had a sympathetic suspicion of what was passing in Joe Warrender's head, and glanced at one another inquiringly, but none of them spoke. The lawyer was tacitly allowed to have the ear of the house, though it was thirty-one puffs and a sip before he beat upon the drum of it. Why will not our senators take to smoking "churchwards" during debate; there would then be some chance of their listening patiently to what other honourable members had to say, instead of watching so eagerly for an opportunity of letting off their own oratorical fireworks.

When Joe had properly considered the importance of his proposition, he suggested: "Let us take it. Each of the other three shall pay Jack twenty-five pounds a year and all other expenses shall be equally divided. We will furnish the house at the common cost; and if ever our association breaks up, the landlord shall take the furniture at a professional valuation, or it shall be sold, and the proceeds divided, at his option."

"It is not a bad idea," said Percival.

"On the contrary, it is a good one," said Bill; "for adding the price of a season ticket, the rent will not be higher than what I am paying for chambers, and my term is on the point of expiring."

"Well, for my part," said Jack, "I am ready to agree to the terms; and if you all decide upon establishing a happy family at Aitham, I will see about fitting up the Priory at once."

"The Priory! Is it called a Priory?"

"Yes; that is the absurd name which my builder has had painted on the gate-post, without consulting me."

"He was guilty of no absurdity; he was directed by the hand of Fate," said Stesso solemnly. "We will found a Brotherhood (Limited), devoted to celibacy and gudgeon-fishing; our House shall be called Cockaigne Priory, and ourselves the Monks of Cockaigne."

With one voice the other three exclaimed: "Agreed!"

"While retaining, for the sake of convenience in business, our ordinary names in our intercourse with the outer world, we shall be known amongst ourselves simply as Brother Percy, Brother Joe, Brother Jack, and Brother Bill."

"Agreed!"

"We must have a billiard-room," said Brother Jack: "the garrets are unusually lofty, and can easily be fitted up for the purpose."

"And boats," said Brother Joe. "There is a capital boat-house, I feel sure, at the bottom of the garden, and we can get any amount of wherries, outriggers, and canoes at a builder's mile and a half down the river."

"And some sort of trap," suggested Brother Percy. "There is a two-stalled stable and a coach-house."

"Brother Jack is a grand landlord," cried Brother Bill in enthusiasm. "I vote we make him Prior."

"No, no! We are a republic. Perfect Liberty (except to keep dinner waiting, or introduce

female relatives or friends, even for the purpose of shewing them over the establishment); perfect Equality (except in stature, ability, income, and dexterity with the oar or the cue); perfect Fraternity, without any exception whatever, and down with tyrants, especially female ones. Let that be our motto."

"Rather a long one, if we are to have it stamped on our letter-paper," said Brother Percy doubtfully. "Can we exist without a head? Even a republic must have a President."

"Because a republic has women in it, and women upset all the Rights of Man."

"Let us compromise," said Brother Jack. "Each of us shall be acting Prior in turn for a week at a time, the order to be decided in the first instance by lot, but ever afterwards remain the same. The duties of the Prior shall consist in regulating the household, which shall be composed of two elderly female servants—as hideous as can be conveniently procured—a groom, an occasional gardener, and perhaps a buttons; in ordering dinner, at which meal he shall preside and carve; and in making and pouring out the tea for breakfast. *Placet aut non placet?*"

"Placet!"

"Then ring the bell, and order writing materials. Brother Joe shall draw up a concise list of our rules and regulations without a fee. None of your six-and-eightpenny tricks with us, you know, Brother."

"Sordid considerations are beneath me!" said the lawyer-monk with a lofty air, as he dipped his pen.

"When he had written out a short but satisfactory document, a terse page which would have leavened fifty for a paying client, and the others had signed their names to it, the glasses were filled, the four stood up, and clasped left hands over the punch-bowl, after the fashion of the ladies in the second scene in the bowing act of the *Lancers*, while they held their bumpers tenderly with the right.

"Let us swear," said Brother Jack.

"We swear!"

"Stop, stop; you can't swear to nothing in that manner, like cats. We swear to endeavour to be ready for dinner at the proper time, and not to take it amiss if, when we happen to be late, the others begin without us."

"We swear!"

"That we entertain as great enmity as is compatible with human weakness to woman, the tyrant of the century, and repudiate her influence."

"We swear!"

"That we will be as good-humoured as we conveniently can, and yield to the Prior of the week in all things, unless his opinions are, in our estimation, inferior to our own."

"We swear!"

"Should one of these four hands now clasped in amity ever hesitate to relieve or defend a Brother; should it ever be raised in anger against a Brother; should it ever write malignantly of a Brother, or should it ever be offered matrimonially to a lady—may warts grow thereon for ever!"

"It is just! Prosperity to the Monks of Cockaigne!"

"Or, in the words of a toast common amongst secular Cockneys, 'Our noble selves.'"

The glasses were drained, and the Brothers sat down, much impressed with the solemnity of the rite they had just performed. But it was long afterwards remembered by one of them that the right hands had been employed in holding the glasses, and the vows had therefore been administered over the left. But no one observed the fact, or, at all events, cried *Absit omen* at the time.

#### CHAPTER II.—HOW THE MONKS OF COCKAIGNE SETTLED AT AITHAM.

Cockaigne Priory was soon got ready for the reception of the Order; four garrets knocked into one, and fitted with a skylight, made a capital billiard-room, which was at once furnished with a good table, ivory-topped cues, and the newest improvements for scoring games. Six bedrooms, furnished with equal comfort, shewed that the brethren had no intention of neglecting

the rites of hospitality; what would have been the drawing-room, had there been a lady in the place, was well stocked with papers, magazines, and Mudie-books; the furniture of the refectory was handsome and solid; a good plain cook, and an equally plain, hard-working housemaid, rising fifty each of them, inhabited the lower regions; two horses, four dogs, and a groom, tenanted the stables; an inside car stood in the coach-house, and several punts and boats of various kinds lay high and dry in the boat-shed, or were moored off the bottom of the lawn, which had been levelled to serve as a bowling-green, and a brand-new set of the implements employed in that pleasing game, which swells the muscles, cheers the mind, improves the health, and stirs the appetite, all without fatigue, lay piled in a box in the small conservatory. One thing had for a time nonplussed Brother Jack, who had been reared at Eton, and was half a drake: there was no accommodation for a plunging-bath, for the river was shallow where it laved the garden-bank, and the site, moreover, was commanded by the windows of neighbouring houses—a consideration shocking to modest celibacy. But the aquatic monk had conquered the difficulty. There was a lock some five hundred yards up-stream, and Tommy Caius, the guardian of it, had agreed, on certain terms, to have it filled every morning at an hour when boats and barges were never passing, and to fix a ladder to the smooth and well-like sides for the exit of the brotherhood, who, if they had rashly plunged therein, without that precaution being taken, would have been left literally cooling their heels and rubbing their noses against the slippery walls, like flies in a slop-basin.

And so, everything being prepared for their reception and comfort, the Monks of Cockaigne took possession of their priory, and reduced their theory of industrious and anti-ascetical conventual existence to practice. Their life was calm and uneventful. They rose every morning at half-past six, and hurrying on flannels and P-jackets, took boat for the lock, where they bathed in a gymnastic fashion; practising wonderful headers over ropes, turning somersaults, diving, swimming with their hands alone; with their feet alone; with but one hand or one foot; with their limbs contracted into strange attitudes; with their clothes on, and disporting themselves generally more like Bounding Brothers of the Mediterranean, at Neptune's Music-hall, than ordinary sons of the Thames. And in these amiable contests all were victorious, for each beat the others in a different department. Brother Percy took the most elegant headers; Brother Joe could stop the longest under water; Brother Bill could go the fastest through it; while Brother Jack excelled in floating on his back, and playing dismal tunes upon an accordion, like an instrumental merman. After an quarter of an hour or twenty minutes spent in such practices, they took a sharp, short row, returning to the Priory by half-past seven. They were shaved, dressed, civilised beings at eight, when they sat down to breakfast, for which meal, and its subsequent pipe, they had an hour—the inside car being ready to take them to the station at nine. At a quarter past nine, the train arrived, and whisked them up to London, where they separated, each gaining his particular crank by a little after ten.

After "gathering money all the day," as Dr. Watts beautifully teaches us, they returned to Aitham by the 4.50 express; and should any pain or care remain, they drowned it in the bowls—a game at which occupied the hour which elapsed before dinner most delightfully—and the peals of laughter which rose from the players often caused the passing and perspiring rower to rest upon his oars, with the suspicion that the Lotus-eaters were right, and that his life self-imposed toil was a mistake; often roused pensive Patience in his punt, cheering his flagging spirits with a gleam of hope, and causing him to throw in more ground-bait, and impale a fresh gentle.

The Monks of Cockaigne were not much tainted with that vice of the cloister, gluttony. Brother Percy was perhaps rather an epicure, occasionally bringing some red mullet, a bit of salmon, or some such delicacy, home from London with him; and Brother Joe took great pains

about the sherry; but the fact of their habitually dining at eating-houses like the *Cheshire Cheese* and the *Cock*, while living in London, shewed that though they might be particular in having things good of their kind, they were not fond of elaborate repasts. The dinners served in the refectory were very simple, much the same, in fact, as you would find in most English middle-class families, and not at all the luxurious banquets which four bachelors, who were making money, might be expected to indulge in. If you sat down with them, indeed, you would trace the hand of a masculine caterer; the leg of mutton had been hung just the right time, and was as tender as chicken; the salad, carefully prepared by Brother Percy himself, was quite a different thing from ordinary salads; the curry was made by a cook who had been patiently instructed by Brother Jack, who himself had acquired the art in India; the beer was never flat, or thick, or medicated, or corrected with soda; the wine was dry and soft, and pure, and of the right temperature. But on ordinary occasions, the brethren were out on the lawn again, an hour from their going in to dinner; and after conversing and digesting for the period of a cigar, they would take to canoe or skiff, and skim away over the waters, passing generally through the lock, where the scenery was prettier, and the stream less rapid. It was but rarely that they raced against each other, or put on spurts, or extended their row to a fatiguing distance; they were happily free from all aquatic superstitions, and boated for the sake of enjoyment, not to induce heart-disease, or develop the biceps into a monstrosity. So they slid along easily up-stream; or glided silently under the boughs of overhanging trees that fringed the garden-banks; or stole up the dead waters on the sheltered sides of aits, disturbing the callow cygnets, and hissed off by their mothers. Or one would seek a part where the shallow stream rushed murmuring over the shelving gravel, and dropping a mimic anchor, would tempt the dace with black gnat and palmer; or two of the brethren would take boat together, one with the sculls, forging gently along, within casting-distance of the banks; while the other, rod in hand, dropped a clumsy imitation of a bumble-bee on all the spots near which the vulgar chub might be supposed to lie. Then, home, as night swallowed up evening—home to a claret-cup, a soda and brandy, or a glass of cold grog, with a vesper pipe, and perhaps a rubber, a game at cribbage, or a billiard encounter, as their fancies drew them; but on fine warm nights, they were as often as not too cozy and chatty to care for extraneous amusement. But however that might be, they were seldom out of bed at eleven, for even visitors of less regular habits found that early rising and outdoor exercise produced a tendency to yawn before that time.

When the weather was wet, and the river consequently unattractive, the brethren prolonged their after-dinner sitting in the refectory, and lightened their cellar by an extra, though still a sober bottle or two; and then they repaired to the billiard-room, where, perhaps, a couple of acquaintances, who knew their habits, and resided in the neighbourhood, joined them; and the evening was passed merrily in a game at pool.

Or, occasionally, one or more of the monks would be tempted by some new and promising comedy, or by the performance of a favourite opera, to remain in town, and return by the last train; but such dissipation was rare.

More frequently, they arranged a holiday, and made a longer excursion up the river, dining at some picturesque river-side inn, and returning in the cool of the evening; or they would devote the day to fishing, and attack the roach, dace, barbel, gudgeon, and perch, in regular form, with punts and professional fishermen.

And so the summer sped.

It may well be imagined that the establishment of four eligible bachelors in Aitham made some slight stir among the ladies residing in that place, where society was limited, and suitors rare. The young ones dreamed of picnics, carpet-dances, and lively discourse tending to flirtation; their mothers' hopes, resting more upon

what was solid, tended towards respectable establishments and comfortable marriage settlements for their offspring; while the nerves of Miss Globe, the mistress of a finishing establishment not a quarter of a mile from the Priory, were shocked into a state of chronic twitter by the formation of a den of wolves so near her innocent flock. The innocent flock, if by chance the monsters, on the way to the station, passed them as they issued for their morning walk, left the *w* out of their twitter.

But the Monks of Cockaigne were firm; the school-girls smiled encouragement, but they kissed no responsive hands, ohtruded no surreptitious letters into Minerva House. Mr. Smith, the happy father of three adult and charming daughters, made their acquaintance in the train, and, wife-directed, called upon them. They asked him to dinner, and sent him home smelling strongly of tobacco, the use of which had for many years been denied him, and now got him into sore trouble; but they avoided entering his dangerous drawing-room. Other attempts to draw these monastic badgers failed in like manner; and their fair neighbours were soon persuaded, every woman of them, that they were bears, boors, sots, gamblers, and selfish curmudgeons. Nor were ingenious fables wanting. It was asserted that Brother Jack had a dark wife living at Kurrachee, whom he had shamefully deserted; that Brother Percy was also married to an unhappy lady, who had been separated from him on the grounds of his barbarous cruelty; and that the affected misogyny of Brothers Joe and Bill resulted from the fact, that they could not persuade any lady to have them: whereas these vituperated young men were only social conservatives, who found themselves very comfortable and happy in their present condition, and dreaded any change, however specious or even attractive in form; prudent mariners, who had seen old friends and companions founder before their eyes, and wished to give a wide berth to the reef upon which they had split.

They could not avoid tacking pretty near it at times; attractive young ladies, attired in wicked boating costumes, passed and repassed them on the river in the summer evenings, and were even occasionally shut up with them in the lock, when their pretty screams and witch-like laughter, as the flood boiled, bubbled, and subsided, and they sank lower and lower in what presented the appearance of a watery grave, were enough to penetrate the hardest heart. A widow with a handsome daughter lived in the very next house, and bevy of beauties were often assembled on her lawn, which was only separated from that of the Priory by a quickest hedge.

But the brethren were firm; only Brother Percy gave signs of frailty one autumn morning as he lounged in the garden between breakfast and train time.

"Uncommonly fine girl that!" he exclaimed, gazing over the hedge.

"Brother Percy," cried Brother Jack, who was Prior of the week, "I am surprised at you!"

"Oh, I merely spoke artistically; I only admire her as I would a horse, or a mountain, or a flower."

"That is different," said the Prior; "yet I would confine my admiration as much as possible to less dangerous beauty. A man gazes upon highly-finished stilettoes till his fingers clutch, and he thinks of his enemy; he watches the brilliant colours of a serpent, and the poison-fangs are fixed in his flesh: he admires the mechanism of the newest thing in concussion-shells, and the amiable missile slips through his hands, and explodes, and renders him fit for nothing but sausages: his eyes rest carelessly on a pretty girl, and sanity, liberty, happiness, are imperilled."

"You speak like a book, Jack," said Brother Percy: "but take care! By Jove, you are running into the same danger yourself!"

"I? I was only observing yonder swallow," returned the Prior.

"What swallow? Mine?" said Percy sarcastically. "You must think it capacious, with strong powers of gulp, to try and get that down, Brother."

"The Prior is not learned in ornithology," said Brother Joe, who had just lounged up; "what he took for a swallow was a Betty Martin."

The fact that a glimpse of a female form in a neighbouring garden gave rise to an exhortation, a moral reflection, an equivocation, and two bad puns, sufficiently shews how strictly the Monks of Cockaigne kept the rules of their Order during the first summer.

Strongly as the brethren struggled against the acknowledgment of the unpalatable truth, summer and autumn faded away; the evenings closed in quicker and quicker, and the morning plunge in the lock became a painful instead of a pleasurable anticipation. At length, Brother Joe got the rheumatism, and Brother Percy a cold in the head, and then the struggle was given up; the bathing was discontinued, the boats sent off to the builder's, the cellar examined and replenished, and fires fairly began.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## FREEMASONRY.

A RECENT Papal allocution having excited public attention to the masonic body, we take this opportunity of giving our readers some further information concerning that secret institution.

The freemasons boast that their fraternity is one of the oldest institutions in existence; and has existed from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Some say that King Solomon was the founder of the science; others, that it existed among the Egyptians who built the pyramids; while others, bolder still, pretend to trace it back as far as the time of Noah. We do not, however, intend to dive so deeply into the troubled waters of history, and shall content ourselves with stating that freemasonry such as exists at the present day is of a very modern origin, although founded upon pretty nearly the same principles as ancient freemasonry. In the middle ages, bands of skilled workmen wandered all over Europe, building those magnificent cathedrals and other edifices which have been the admiration of every succeeding age. No one was admitted into the craft unless properly qualified, and was duly examined as to whether he possessed a competent skill as an operative workman; and as masons, from the very nature of their business, were wanderers upon the earth, each person, on his obtaining admission into the craft, was intrusted with certain secrets, by which he was enabled to shew that he was a skilled craftsman, and to obtain employment from his brethren wherever he went, without being obliged to undergo a further examination as to his masonic qualifications. Certain laws were promulgated for the regulation of the order, and for preserving good conduct and social harmony among its members. Each band of workmen formed a lodge, which was presided over by some eminent brother, who saw that the members of his lodge properly performed their allotted task, and received their just due. It is some sixteen hundred years since the first lodge was formed in England, under the auspices of Caranusius, who collected a number of ingenious masons from different countries, and appointed his steward, St. Alban or Albanus, to be the principal superintendent, or Grand Master, of their assemblies. From that time until the seventeenth century, freemasonry flourished with varied success; the fraternity being employed in building cathedrals, churches, and the like; their last important work being the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, under the management of Sir Christopher Wren, who was the Grand Master of the lodge of masons connected with the building, which lodge held its assemblies at a tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard, called the *Goose and Gridiron*.

During the reign of Queen Anne, masonry made but little progress; and subsequently, the number of lodges fell off, the annual festivals were but very thinly attended, and the number of masons rapidly diminished. It was then determined by the brethren that the privileges of the order should no longer be confined to operative

masons only, but that any one duly proposed, approved, and initiated, should be admitted to a participation in them; so that freemasonry from an operative became but a speculative science. The different tools and implements made use of in architecture were selected to imprint serious and solemn truths on the memory of freemasons, whose principal object is to afford mutual aid, support, and protection to one another. Freemasonry is the centre of union between good men and true, and the happy means of conciliating friendship among those who most otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance; and being founded on the broad principles of morality, virtue, and brotherly love, unites under its banners men of every country, sect, and opinion.

Mr. Laurie, in his *History of Freemasonry in Scotland*, mentions that in 1748, M. Preverot, a gentleman in the navy, was shipwrecked on an island whose viceroy was a freemason. Along with his ship, M. Preverot had lost all his money and effects. In this destitute condition, he presented himself to the viceroy, and related his misfortunes. The viceroy made the masonic signs, which being immediately returned by the Frenchman, they recognised and embraced each other as brethren of the same order. M. Preverot was conducted to the viceroy's house, where he was furnished with all the comforts of life, till a ship bound for France touched the island. Before his departure in this vessel, the viceroy loaded him with gifts, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.

During the first American war, a young English officer was lying wounded in an intrenchment, and was about to receive the *coup de grace* from a bayonet, when he caught sight of an American officer, and indicated to him that he was a freemason; the officer knocked aside the bayonet with his sword, and thus saved the life of his enemy, whom he took to his own home, treated as a brother, and kept for two or three months in his family until his wounds had healed. The officer thus saved, came back to Scotland, and married a young lady, a relative of the noble family of Erskine; and the issue of that marriage was Lady Alison, the wife of the historian of Europe.

It is thought by some—and among others by the pope—that a freemason's lodge is nothing more or less, than a religious and political discussion society. It is true that in some cases freemasonry has been brought to bear upon politics; and in the United States, some forty years ago, a somewhat serious agitation was caused among the masons and the anti-masons, the latter headed by John Quincy Adams, who used his influence as President of the United States to put down "the abominable institution." It is said that one William Morgan having announced for publication a book professing to divulge the whole secrets of freemasonry, was kidnapped, under pretended forms and warrants of law, by his brother-masons, removed from the state of New York to the borders of Canada, near the falls of Niagara, and there most barbarously murdered. The different states were for many years much excited upon the subject—a regular warfare arose between the masons and anti-masons; newspapers and magazines were started, and many pamphlets and volumes published. Several persons were punished for the abduction, but the actual murderers, it is said, were sheltered by masonic lodges, and rescued from justice. But, notwithstanding all this, masons' lodges have as much to do with religious and political discussions as the attendants at a county ball, or the guests at a wedding-breakfast; and when we consider the number of eminent men who have been and are freemasons, we cannot believe them such a dangerous and wicked sect as some folks would have us believe. Frederick the Great, Washington, the present Emperor of the French, the late President Lincoln, and the king of the Belgians, princes and dukes by the dozen (including the Duke of Wellington), archbishops, bishops, and many of the leading men of modern times, have gone in boldly for the mystic gripe and been initiated into the secrets and mysteries of freemasonry. George IV, and William IV, were both masons,

and it is hoped by the fraternity that before long the heir-apparent will become a brother.

The supreme power is vested in the Grand Master, who is elected annually. The proper style of the craft is 'The Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons'—that is, persons who have received the freedom of the corporation and have been duly accepted or initiated into its mysteries; and when a person is once made a freemason, he remains a freemason, forever. For dishonest actions or improper behaviour, he may, however, be turned out of the lodges of which he is a member. When a regularly constituted body of freemasons assembles for masonic purposes, the place of meeting is called the lodge, although the term is also applied to the freemasons themselves; just as we use the word church to apply equally to the building in which the worshippers congregate, as well as to the congregation itself.

Ancient craft masonry consists of three degrees—including the Royal Arch—Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master Mason. The regulations regarding the admission of members into the fraternity are necessarily very stringent, in order that none but worthy men may be admitted into the craft. A lodge of masons is called together by summons sent to each member, and in such summons are set out the names, addresses, and occupations of all persons applying for admission into the lodge. When the lodge is held, each candidate is proposed and seconded, and then balloted for. If three black balls appear against him, he is rejected. In some lodges, one or two balls will exclude a candidate; but in any case, three will. Each candidate must be of the nobler sex, of the age of twenty-one (except in certain cases), and at the time of his initiation, in reputable circumstances.

From what has been already stated, it will be seen that the ladies are excluded from all masonic honours and secrets, giving rise, we dare say, to many matrimonial 'tiffs.' An anecdote is related of an occurrence at Vienna, shewing that the fair sex are the same there as here with respect to curiosity. Several German ladies having been baffled in their attempts upon the secrecy of their husbands and admirers, converted their curiosities into revenge, and attempted to inflame Maria Theresa, the empress-queen, against the lodges in Vienna. Their attempt was in some measure successful, as they persuaded her to issue an order for surprising all the freemasons in the city when assembled in their lodges. This plan was, however, frustrated by the intervention of the Emperor Francis I, being himself a freemason, declared his readiness to be answerable for the conduct of his masonic brethren.

It is one of the inviolable rules of freemasonry that none but males can be admitted. The ladies are therefore rigorously, and, as they say, unfeelingly excluded from a participation in the mysteries and privileges of the craft.

Notwithstanding this, one instance is on record of a young lady of noble birth having been made a freemason; but the means she took to obtain the honour were dishonourable in themselves, and therefore unworthy of being adopted by other members of the fair sex. In France, the fair creatures, excited perhaps by the perfection of character which their husbands had reached through being freemasons, or, what is much more likely, roused by the spirit of inquisitiveness which has accompanied all of them since our mother Eve, introduced a Masonry of Adoption for women. The members were called sisters; and the labours of the lodge being ended, balls and banquets pleasantly wound up the evening. The first of these female lodges, called *La Grandeur*, was opened in Paris in 1795, a duchess being the Grand Mistress. After the Revolution, the Empress Josephine presided over the 'Loge Imperial d'Adoption des Francs Chevaliers' at Strasbourg.

In round numbers, there are about one million and a quarter of free and accepted masons scattered upon the face of the globe. And papal allocutions and feminine denunciations notwithstanding, the masonic body is said to be everywhere increasing.



The officer took a printed paper from his pocket, and began to read aloud.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 61.)

### CHAPTER XVII.—A FRIEND IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

With a buoyant, almost joyous feeling, Daniel Sterne sat down to eat his first formal meal for the last two days, and which Arkdale had caused to be prepared.

Again and again he was about to give or to ask for explanations, but his friend still insisted on silencing him till he had time to recruit his wasted strength. And by the time Daniel Sterne had satisfied his appetite, and begun to feel himself once more a man—and able to cope with the gigantic difficulties of his career—Arkdale was busy outside, seeing to the horse that was to carry his friend to Harwich, and the man who was to accompany him as an additional precaution, and bring back the animal. Thus he was left alone.

As he sat ruminating over the escapes for the last few hours, with a feeling of pity for the wrecker's wife, he noticed through the open window a superior officer belonging to the Preventive Service ride hurriedly past the house, and motion to some person or persons in advance—probably the very Preventive Service men with whom the soldier had very lately to deal.

Quick to apprehend danger, Daniel Sterne called for his bill, paid it, and ordered his horse and the man to the door.

Though he was still so weak as to be unable to mount the horse unaided—he, who could at ordinary times vault into the saddle with no other held than a hand laid lightly on it, found, when he was in the saddle, he could ride; and a wonderful feeling of energy rose with his consciousness of that fact. His horse, too, though

not handsome, was fast—so the man said, who seemed apprehensive that the ailing gentleman would be thrown.

Daniel Sterne laughed, and made the horse caracole about as if he wanted to feel and to know her, what she was worth, her temper, and so on; and then he said—

“If I do start off don't be afraid. You will find me at an inn near the custom-house, at Harwich.”

Suddenly he remembered, in the hurry and excitement, he had forgotten his staff, with its precious-hidden document; and fearing to trust the question of finding it to anybody—for he had pushed it into a dark corner, out of the way of observation—he got down again, leaving the man holding the animal.

Returning with his treasure, and walking slowly by its aid, he happened to lift his eyes, and saw the whole batch of revenue officers back again, one of them holding the horse, and their superior officer, the horseman he had seen pass, remaining at a little distance.

Calming the sudden excitement of the blood and nerves, already so overwrought, Daniel Sterne moved on with dignity towards the horse-stone by which he was to mount, and then seeing they did not move, but stood and stared, he was himself constrained to do the same.

“Well, gentlemen, what now?” he demanded.

The man who held the horse, fancying himself addressed in particular, pointed to the officer on horseback, who urged his horse nearer, dismounted, and gave the bridle to one of his men.

He was a tall, thin, small-faced, sallow man, of a remarkable aspect. It was not simply the look of intense shrewdness or cunning that seemed to have moulded every line, and to shine out from every glance of his rapid, darting, bright, but furtive eye; it was more than this—there was something behind, or below, or above, inexplicable, mysterious, sinister! If that man

were in the possession of the king's proclamation (as yet, of course, unknown to the subject of it) woe to Daniel Sterne!

He was polite—almost too polite for Daniel Sterne's taste—when, after mutually bowing to each other, he began to put questions, and make comments on what had previously passed with the revenue officers, but as if quite accepting their story.

All the while Daniel Sterne was conscious that the man's eye and ear and thoughts were in a state of preternatural excitement, and he could not but ask himself—

“Did I leave any loophole open for discovery? Can the Government be on its guard already?”

When these preliminaries were over (Daniel Sterne preserving all the while an invincible good humour), the officer took a printed paper from his pocket, and began to read aloud, commenting as he went on, but without the slightest preliminary explanation.

“‘Height about five feet nine inches.’ Scarcely so tall, I think, but near enough. ‘Body erect, of slender frame, but of great strength and agility.’”

Daniel Sterne laughed, and said—

“I'm afraid that won't do for me. You see I am bowed as with age. And as to strength, I'm obliged to this friendly stone and to this man's arm for the means to get upon my horse.”

“Probably ill. Makes all the difference, Mr. Sterne.” And the officer read on: “‘Age—looks about thirty-five, but is younger.’ Yes, very deceptive face as to age, Mr. Sterne! But you agree with me, I dare say, that the difference says little. ‘Hair—reddish brown, &c.’ Turning grey here and there, I see, which is odd, if he's so young.”

“But if I am forty instead of thirty, what say you?” demanded Daniel Sterne, with the same gay, careless demeanour.

“‘Face—melancholy.’”

"Ha, ha, ha!" burst out Daniel Sterne. "That's too good, with one's whole life a jest."

"It is melancholy; very!" said the officer, looking steadily at Daniel Sterne's face, as if it were the face of a waxen image or a piece of marble sculpture, and not of a living man.

"Complexion naturally fair, though deepened by exposure.' Hum! hum! Must have been very much exposed, indeed, of late, *if not dyed.*"

Again Daniel Sterne laughed, and proposed to test the matter by a wash.

The officer coolly went on—

"Eyes soft, brown, dreamy, and at times extremely bright and penetrating."

"Look, sir," said Daniel Sterne; "I have been but now almost blind through a few hours' exposure at sea, so *weak* are my eyes. And as to bright—nay, I think you said *extremely* bright and penetrating—I pray you to look."

And then, with a happy instinct, Daniel Sterne managed, while looking into the officer's face, to recall in thought a vivid sense of his recently helpless and hopeless condition, and the officer appeared to own he saw nothing to justify the words he had repeated.

"Impudent scoundrels, Mr. Sterne, such as I take you to be— Ha! Exactly! I thought so. Dangerously bright and penetrating when angry. 'General bearing dignified.' No doubt of it. Pardon my rough jest just now, Mr. Sterne—it was only a *trick of trade*, such as you, I dare say, quite understand when bargaining. 'Speech slow and measured. Voice good, low, and melodious.' A little affected, I suppose, by the illness; but I can quite imagine, Mr. Sterne, the pleasure of listening to you, *especially when we think of the theme.*"

Daniel Sterne's equanimity was over. Danger—imminent, terrible—was again before him.

No matter; he was prepared. Haughty and indifferent he stood, leaving things to their course.

Was the personal description over? Who had given it? Happily, he saw still a gleam of hope. There was not one single trait yet adduced that was decisive, so if he could but—

"Mr. Sterne," said the officer, "very likely all this may be a mistake. But you look ill. Allow me to offer you my arm, to lead you back into the inn."

"Thank you, I have my stick, my unfailing friend."

And again Daniel Sterne smiled, as if he saw yet something to be done if he could but get hold of the officer alone. Something in the man's face made him fancy a bribe skilfully offered might avail.

They did get together and alone in the room, where the table was still covered with the remains of the late meal.

"Keep close watch outside. Surround the house. I'll make every man of you answerable if he escapes before I know what and who he is," cried the officer, loudly.

So saying, as he stood at the threshold of the door, to the men outside, he went in, closed the door, locked it, and drew down the blind, saying—

"How hot the sun is in this room!"

It was hot. The sun, like a ball of the intensest crimson fire—a sort of gigantic Polypheme with one angry eye—glared into the room, till rudely shut out by the officer's hand.

Turning from the blind, he took off his hat, bent low, and said, in a whisper that hissed and thrilled through the apartment, as if conscious of its import, and wanted to enlighten the whole world—

"Lord Langton, I salute you! Lieutenant John Montague Fox, of the Preventive Service, salutes you!"

For an indefinable minute, and yet felt space of time, Lord Langton hesitated, then burst into a hearty laugh, saying—

"Why, my friend, this is better and better. I, Daniel Sterne, become Lord Langton! No, my friend. I do own to a little ambition, but not quite to that. That's a cut, as they say, above me. I should like to be made alderman, to be knighted, have one's wife called Lady Sterne—I know she'd like it—and shine, in time, as Lord Mayor. But there I stop; can't go any farther

—no, really! And, pray, who the deuce is Lord Langton?"

The officer looked at him a little doubtfully, and Daniel Sterne saw a sort of quail pass over his face, as if he really thought he was about to lose a grand prize after all. But he said nothing, only took the proclamation from his pocket, and read a certain paragraph he had carefully avoided before, while in the presence of his men.

"A slight scar in the lobe of the left ear, which was cut through by a sabre, will furnish decisive means of identification, when taken in connection with all the rest. This, however, is not perceptible except on close examination."

"Permit me," said Lieutenant Fox, as he finished the paragraph, and approached the prisoner.

"Before you look, let me ask you, *Is it worth while?* You are a wise man, a prudent man; life has its chances for all of us. You think this is my chance, and that it is not a good chance. My friend, is it *your* chance, too; and you may make it *very good for us both!* Will you?"

"No, I throw off the mask! I want no bribes. Oh, my dear lord, did you suspect nothing all this time?"

"Suspect?"

"Aye, that King James has friends, in strange places, even in King George's own camp!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is true. But speak low—in whispers. You know now why I would not read the last paragraph before the men. But pray be on your guard, both for your sake and mine. Your life is not worth an hour's purchase if you endanger it by any *premature* attempt to escape; nor mine—if I were discovered to have shown any kind of friendly feeling towards you in my behaviour."

"What shall I do? I will implicitly trust you. How fortunate this is!"

"You will trust me, my lord!"

And the two men grasped hands, while the officer was so moved as to bend his head away to hide the emotion he felt. Then he said—

"We haven't a moment to lose. You must escape from here, before we get you behind prison walls. I can keep you here—*say for rest*—two or three hours, not more. Let me see!"

The officer ran to look out of the back window, which opened on a little back court, with a very high brick wall, one quite impossible for the captive to ascend without artificial aid. He jumped out to examine the door. It was a strong one, with a lock and key, and opened upon a bit of wild heath, which was, for the space of a few yards, not visible from any part of the house. He came back, and said, with some agitation—

It's a difficult job to do, and yet have to make it seem not done. But it must be this way:—Yes, I'll make them formally lock the door to the heath, and bring me the key. I have one at home so nearly resembling it that I am sure I can in a few minutes, with a file, make it answer. I've played many a trick of that kind when I used to act as messenger between the men over the water, and the men on this side of the water, before the dreadful days of '45, when we made such a mess of it, and when I was lucky enough to baffle inquiry by my zeal for King George!

"Well, now, my dear lord, in just two hours from this time, my horse shall be feeding just outside that door, on the heath, as waiting for me. She never moves far away when you put her to grass. Besides, I'll hitch the bride over a stiff bush to prevent accidents. At that time you'll hear some noise or commotion in front. That shall be a false alarm, which I will get up as well as I can to draw the men together in front, where we want them. Then fly!"

"I shall see you again, my dear, generous preserver?"

"No—I think not. It would be unsafe!"

"Take then this in remembrance!" and the earl put a diamond into his hand. "One of my family's jewels; you can have it re-set."

The officer hesitated, while glancing down at the sparkling gem, but said, at last—

"No, no, my dear lord! If I had been merely a mercenary of King George's, I won't say

what I might have done; but, *being what I am*, it is impossible! Do not tempt me?"

"As you please," said the earl, shaking him cordially by the hand, and detaining him for a wistful glance into his face, that might enable him ever after to recognise so valuable a friend! But the lieutenant, as if engrossed with the dangers to be encountered, did not respond to the movement, perhaps did notice it, but hurried away.

"Is he true?" was the soldier's first thought when alone. "Can I absolutely trust him! Surely no man could play so execrable a part to the victim he was going to lead to the scaffold! And for what? No, no, no!"

An instant afterwards the lieutenant was heard locking the door outside, giving orders in a loud, stern voice, about the key of the back door, planting his men in the passage of the house, and sending others to the front, and reiterating continually with an affection of severity that helped to satisfy the captive as to his good faith, his former orders about shooting the prisoner down if he attempted escape, and then he could hear no more.

The officer did *not go home* to fetch that counterfeit key. He went apart with a sub-officer to make quite other arrangements.

"Stubbs," said he, after a prolonged bit of musing, "how many men have you here?"

"Nine, sir."

"Have they all their carbines with them?"

"All here, or close by."

"Any good shots among them?"

"Two on 'em'll hit anything bigger than a hen, at a hundred yards: the rogues have learned, I suspect, by practising on neighbouring gentlemen's game o' nights!"

"Put one of those two men at a window upstairs commanding the view of the back court, and of the door. The other put on the heath, outside—say about twenty or thirty yards off—and tell him to conceal himself among the bushes, so that he can take certain aim at his leisure at any one coming through the door.

"The rest put in front of the house. Quick!"

The sub-officer went away to do his portentous errand, and soon came back to say the orders were executed, and the men were in position.

"Now, Stubbs, listen. This night may be the making of me; and, if I rise, you'll mount the ladder, too! Understand?"

Stubbs' overflowing, slavish gratitude showed he understood perfectly, and then his chief condescended to explain.

"I've a notion this man has some chance of escape, or he would not be so insolent and defiant. I've no doubt he's a rebel—and a very dangerous one. By the Lord! his illness made me forget to look at his ear! But I won't go in again just now, to make him suspect what I'm about; for I've quieted him a bit, while I get time to think what it's best to do with him. I shan't move from here till I see my way. He's very ill, and will be the better for two or three hours' rest. Besides, if I take him to Harwich goal—the only place at all near where there's safe custody—I shall lose sight of him, and be possibly juggled out of some of the advantages of the affair, which is likely to be good for us all.

"Well, as to his chances of escape. There can be no other way than through that back window of the room that he is in, into the back court, and then over the wall, which is very high; or through the door, which demands a key. Have we any traitors among us?"

"Oh, no—no, sir. No fear of that. Besides, there is not one of the men as has spoken to him in private; so it's clean impossible!"

"Then it may be the landlord, or that friend you told me, who testified for him. Anyhow, it doesn't matter. If he does want to escape, and actually makes the attempt—there, I know my man.

"Stubbs, my boy—I've had a hint that I dare not repeat to you; but, *if he is the man*, he's bound straight for the gallows unless some loyal servant of King George saves his majesty from a deal of unpleasant talk about cruelty, and so on. Understand, Stubbs?"

Stubbs looked a little flustered, and began to redden in the face, but presently he said—

"I'm only axed to obey my superior's orders, am I?"

"Nothing in the world else."

"All right, sir."

"Go and get yourself a glass of brandy, and give one to each of the two men you've planted. They're sober fellows, are they?"

"Very."

"Then one glass will only inflame their courage and determination, as well as rouse them to make sure use of their skill. Stay!"

"Stubbs!"

"Yes, sir."

"At the precise moment when I shall fancy he might be thinking things favourable, couldn't you raise a false alarm, anything will do to make a row in the front of the house. The devil's in it, if that doesn't tempt him, if he really wants to escape!"

"I'll do it, sir."

"And, stop, Stubbs! Mind, don't you and your squad come hurrying round to the back, because it is impossible to say when he might move, and a glimpse of any of you at the back would stop him. It's a little risky, perhaps, to trust all to two men, but—Now then, off!"

The lieutenant took a note-book from his pocket, and read to himself, with extreme gravity and deliberation, the following words, which he had himself written there, from some other written document, or from the dictation of a superior, who knew this man's lynx-eyed character and ambition.

"Although it would be desirable, in the interest of justice, to capture him uninjured, it is still more to be desired that no conceivable chance of escape should be afforded him, by any imprudent scruples. If he is once identified, he is to be so dealt with that escape shall be impossible."

"Hum! ha! It is desirable that he be uninjured, but more desirable that he shan't escape, injured or uninjured. *Imprudent scruples.* Mark that! Escape to be impossible! How, unless by—"

"What if it be not Lord Langton after all! What infernal fiend put that thought in my mind just now, when all looks so wonderfully fair?"

"He may be some one else also in danger of law and authority, but not worth twopenny to the Government or to me! If so, how neatly he accepted his rank in order to puzzle me!"

"I can't murder the man in ignorance, and then, perhaps, be myself compromised when it is found I have made a mistake."

"And yet I'd give one hundred pounds rather than see him again, and yet I must! I must take him the key myself, if it be only to look at his ear."

Then himself taking some of the brandy he had been recommending, but by no means confining himself to the same little glass-full he had assigned to his men, for he drank half a tumbler-full to stimulate his courage before going to see his captive, and putting on a most visibly artificial face as he paused an instant at the door for the purpose, he went in.

"My dear lord," he whispered, "before I give you the key that is to be your 'Open Sesame,' permit me to make myself quite sure I am not incurring all this risk except for the man whose family have for so many years been a household thought with me; permit me to look at your ear!"

"Certainly," said the captive, smiling.

"Yes, it is the mark—the sabre cut. I had not the least doubt, but wanted to satisfy my conscience—my conscience, my dear lord. Heaven bless and prosper you! Farewell! When you hear the row in front—"

"I am ready now."

"Farewell!"

The officer now goes to an upper back room, where he finds a man kneeling at the window, resting his carbine on the window-sill.

"Higgins, Stubbs tells me you are a superb marksman."

"Thank'ee, sir; pretty well, considering the sort o' weapon."

"If he should try to escape from that door, you are certain to hit him."

"He hadn't better try it on, sir."

"Promotion, Higgins, may come out of this."

"All right, sir. Do I wait till I see him on the wall, or trying to manage the lock?"

"Wait only so long as to be sure he is trying to get away. Don't try to wing him; that may cause you to miss. Aim at the centre of his back. I fancy it may be soon. Don't stir, whatever noise you may hear in the front. Don't let your eye leave that door till he lies there dead, or you are relieved."

"Trust me, sir."

The officer then went to the outside of the house, saw Stubbs and his men ready for the signal, and in passing, whispered—

"Stubbs, when you see me lead my horse away—it is now grazing close to the back door—when you see me lead it away, give the alarm. Make row enough. Run everywhere except to the back, till you hear shots; then you might draw round to the back too, as additional help in case of need."

"Tonson, if he should escape Higgins, and pass safely through the door, can you trust your nerves to keep steady, and bring him down?"

"Let me alone for that, sir."

The officer now went along with downcast eyes towards his horse, which, seeing him, began to neigh.

"Fortune itself favours me! He knows now the horse is here. One minute more, and Stephen Lord Langton is a dead man, and John Montague Fox will have made his name famous where he wants it to be famous, earned promotion, and a thousand pounds."

Not trusting to his previous directions to Stubbs, he walked round with his horse.

Stubbs turned, and saw him standing there in the moonlight with one arm raised, and knew Lord Langton's hour had come, even if his officer had not uttered a low, but distinct and fierce "Now!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE EXPLOSION.

"Now!" said the treacherous lieutenant, as he gave the signal agreed on with his subordinate, Stubbs.

And breathlessly he stood at a little distance, to watch the moment of explosion that was to destroy Lord Langton, bring the officer a reward of a thousand pounds, and mark him out, as he fondly hoped, for speedy promotion.

And if he thought of his victim at all, it was only to desire, with greater intensity of hate, to make his fate more sure, so that no chance should bring victim and executioner together while the former retained the power to speak, and tell the latter what a miscreant he was.

Hark! Yes, there are the cries—

"Escape! Escape! The prisoner has escaped!"

Stubbs rushes out of the inn amid the clamour he has himself raised, and urges the men to pursuit in every direction, except towards the back of the house. They are soon scattered about, hunting among the woods, the water-courses, behind hay ricks, and knocking at the doors of the few cottages that are within sight.

"He *must* have heard that noise," thought Lieutenant John Montague Fox, to himself. "He must have heard it. No doubt he'll wait a moment or two to see that all the men have gone, that no one sly lingerer keeps on the watch."

"Yes, now he'll be satisfied. He can see the men through the window. He must be quitting the room by this time, is now probably in the passage, and now he'll have got to the yard!"

"Now, then, now! When will that sluggard whom I posted in the room above him, fire!"

"He waits, perhaps, to make sure of his intention to escape! Idiot! As though any other motive could take him into that place!"

"But what am I about? Getting nervous? Pooh! And what's this on my face? Actually the cold sweat beginning to roll down! Ridiculous!"

"Still silent! I must go round to the front. I cannot—dare not delay any longer. Were he, through these arrangements of mine, to

escape, I might not only be ruined, but my life even pay the forfeit, if anybody (an enemy) charged me with being a Jacobite in disguise! Fool, not to have weighed that danger before!"

"Ha! he fires! He has killed him! I triumph! The plan was well laid! I triumph!"

Just one half-hour before the lieutenant gave the signal, as we have just shown, Lord Langton was sitting in a dark corner of the room, gazing gloomily towards the window and the open country he saw beyond. He could not tell what ailed him, but he seemed to be haunted with all kinds of dark forebodings. He would never reach *Hermia* alive! or if he reached her it would only be to find that she had grown up in the deepest hatred of the Jacobite cause, and would, therefore, never recognize or receive him as her husband; prolonged illness about to come on, violence on the road as he travelled, recurrence of his late blindness, these and a host of kindred suggestions exercised a perfectly morbid influence upon him, that he could only explain to himself by a reference to the terrible scenes he had that day passed through. But at last he stood suddenly up and stood still, in an attitude so extraordinary, that an unseen spectator could almost have guessed the kind of thought that had come over him, and paralysed his very movement.

"Is it? can it be?" he half murmured aloud.

"Strange, my instinct warned me from the first against this man, and now there seems to come over me, as in a great irresistible stream of more damning conviction, a score of seeming trifles that tell me, as a whole, this man means to murder me!"

Still standing motionless where he was, as if concentrating every bodily and mental power on the one idea, "How shall I save myself?" he at last started, went to the bell and rang it, though taking care to do so very gently.

Just as he had hoped—the girl who had previously waited on him answered the bell. He remembered now that this girl, who was a plain, course-featured damsel, but with a kindly expression, and a soft bright eye, had looked at him a good deal with a sort of wonder and interest, as if inviting him to speak to her.

Not being accustomed to respond to such seemingly flattering advances, he had taken no notice, and she had left the room without speaking to him. Now he wanted to see whether she might not have had quite a different kind of thought from that which he had idly fancied.

She came in, looking this time decidedly agitated. And when Lord Langton, after speaking to her a few careless, but kind words, suddenly closed the door, and took her hand, she burst into tears almost before he had time to say a word.

"My good girl," he said, "it has always been my faith to trust a woman in my worst dangers. Dare I trust you, now?"

"Yes—yes," she sobbed. And then, waiting for no more; but glad to be relieved of her perilous secret, she explained to the horrified soldier his position: that two men were waiting to shoot him dead—the one from an upper window, who was to kill him the moment he appeared in the back yard; and the other who was lying among the bushes outside, to kill him if through any accident, he escaped unhurt through the door when the first man should fire at him. One of these very men—the man upstairs—was her sweetheart, and thus she had discovered the whole secret of the devilish plot.

"Lieutenant Fox," she added, "is himself waiting outside on the heath near the door, and all his other men are in the front, and they are to be sent to seek for you there when a false alarm of your escape is given."

"Fiend! monstrous fiend!" cried the soldier. "That very signal he invented for my sake, that I might be sure to find the back of the house unguarded! My dear, noble-minded maiden, take this in recompense," and he gave her a small piece of money. "And take this too," and here the soldier gave her a kiss, but with all the air of a devoted courtier saluting a titled dame.

"Now, then," said he, "to finish your good work. You will find a friend of mine and a saddled horse somewhere in the immediate neigh-

borhood; both, I am sure, are very near by this time. Find them, and direct them to wait for me at the corner of that wood, about a quarter of a mile off, but out of sight. There I will run as fast as my strength will permit, sheltering myself from observation as well as I can. If you fail to find my friend, you cannot fail to find the horse, for it is waiting somewhere about, ready saddled for me. Can you ride it yourself on an emergency?"

"Ay, that I can—and will, if I don't find your friend."

"And can you bring me any kind of fire-arm, however rusty, that will go off?"

"You don't want to kill anybody with it?"

"No; I want to fire it, merely to make them think that that is the shot which is to kill me."

"Wait! I won't be a minute." The girl stole away on tiptoe up the stairs to her lover, and found him so anxious and absorbed at the window that, though he noticed her entrance, he did not suspect her aim, which was to remove a spare carbine he had placed ready on the floor behind him, just within reach of his hand.

Taking advantage of his putting his head out of the window in his extreme anxiety to discover whether the critical moment was approaching, she was able to achieve her object without discovery.

"Here!" she said, breathlessly, as she glided back into the room, looking as white as a ghost. "Here! it is double-barrelled! Promise me you will not fire at the man upstairs, whatever happens; he only obeys orders, and he's—he's—my—"

"Yes, I understand, and I do promise. Now then my fate is in your hands. There will not be many more minutes left before the signal be given, and then I must fly, or be captured, which means for me—*death!*"

"Oh dear, oh dear! Well, I'm gone; I'll find your horse, trust me, if it is to be found. Good-bye dear, sweet, hapless gentleman! You're a great lord, they say!"

And then Lord Langton, to hurry her off, was obliged again to give the kiss that was tempting her to stay; the first kiss from a great lord, and so unfortunate a gentleman, having strangely disturbed her imagination.

Let us now return to the lieutenant, in his moment of triumph, as he heard the shot fired, and exults in his future fame and fortune.

The shot was fired! And apart from its immediate and deadly object, that shot was to be the signal for the pursuers in front to return instantly towards the back of the house, to be ready when the fugitive must have committed himself irrevocably to flight, to assist in the business of his capture and destruction, should unlucky circumstances cause both the watching and skilled marksmen to fail in hitting him.

"Shall I find him dead, quite dead, I wonder?" said the lieutenant to himself. "A dying man's eye reproaching you, I wouldn't care to have, all through the rest of my life. Pooh! what a superstitious ass this business makes me! I ought to know better, or else keep out of such delicate jobs!"

He had got round by this time to the man who was ambushed among the bushes, and who he found, had risen in excitement, to tell the lieutenant something was wrong; neither he nor his partner at the window had fired, yet somebody had, and the prisoner was making no sign that he was about to come forth.

With curses on his lips, and an almost insane frenzy in his heart, the lieutenant ran round to the front of the house, burst into its passages and rooms, upstairs and downstairs, but no Lord Langton gratified his eye: the prisoner had really escaped now!

"My horse! Quick! And a carbine! Stubbs, follow me as fast as you can run. Let all the men do the same. We might be ruined if this man escapes us now!"

He paused a moment while they fetched the horse and the carbine, and was lost in gloomy thought.

Suppose the earl did escape—what then? Why, he (the lieutenant) would certainly suffer in his place if it became known that this man was Lord Langton. But why should it be

known? He might even now say that he had examined the earl, and found that it was not him. That would effectually protect him if the earl escaped, for nobody would trouble their heads about the matter, except in consequence of the lieutenant's own behaviour in connection with the king's proclamation.

On the other hand, if he overtook him, captured him, and killed him, it was equally necessary then to prove that the sufferer was Lord Langton.

Cruel position! What should he do? He determined to tell the lie, and invent an excuse afterwards for unsaying it if he had the luck even yet to succeed in dispatching his victim.

"Stubbs" said he, as his subordinate held the horse for him to mount, "I forgot to tell you this is not the man mentioned in the proclamation. I made sure it was till just now, when I saw his ear, and found no mark there.

"But I fancy he's a fellow of the same kidney. So quick, after me to hunt him down!"

#### CHAPTER XIX. THE PURSUIT.

The very instant after the earl had fired the first of the two shots contained in the carbine, and which he had taken care to fire within hearing of all the men who were engaged in the front hunting him, in accordance with Stubbs' false declaration that he had escaped—that very instant, we repeat, he saw the pause in the pursuit, and the almost immediate return of the preventive officers. Yes, he saw them fast hurrying in obedience to their directions, to the back of the house, which, with its surroundings of garden, yard, outbuildings &c., stretched over a good piece of ground.

Rapidly Lord Langton reckoned them up—one, two, three, four, five, six, but there stopped. He saw nothing of the seventh. There were nine in all, including the two marksmen—he was quite sure of that. Where was the ninth?

To his inexpressible comfort, while he delayed just half a minute after the last of the six returning men had got out of his way, he saw the seventh re-appear from out of a water-course, along which he had been hunting.

Another half minute of intense anxiety, and Lord Langton, carbine in hand, was standing in that same water-course alone, stooping low to conceal his head, and hurrying along as fast as his trembling limbs—trembling with weakness, not lack of courage—would let him.

As he ran he could hear the hubbub distinctly coming nearer, as though all the men had again got to the front of the inn before starting on a new quest.

If any one of them came to the water-course, he must see the earl, for it was perfectly straight for nearly half a mile; then it turned. If only he could reach that corner unseen, he would be safe, his route unsuspected, and he would be close to the place where the girl waited with the horse.

Now and then he glanced back, and saw no one, and that gave him fresh strength. He even fancied he could hear, from the sounds of the men calling one to another, that they had got on a false scent.

At last he reached the corner, turned to see if he was still unpursued, got round it, and dropped in sheer exhaustion. How his heart was beating! How his head throbbed! And yet, with his physical powers in this state of collapse, never for a single instant did he lose his presence of mind, his patience, or his fortitude.

The moment the turmoil of heart and brain had become a little assuaged—in other words, when the violence of the blood thus driven with undue rapidity and volume through all the finer passages of the blood-vessels at the very time they were in a state of congestion, and therefore less than ordinarily fit for the usual tide—when this state of things ceased a little, the soldier rose, dipped his head in a little pool of water that was close by his side, the bed of the stream generally being now dry, and then walked collectedly away, poisoning his carbine as coolly as if he were taking his morning's walk.

The girl and the horse were at the appointed place, the former looking positively handsome for the moment under the vivid colours that

these incidents, so full of romance for her, had brought out.

"Have you seen my friend?" he asked her.

"No, sir—no, my lord," said she, blushing under his eye.

"My name is Daniel Sterne, and I am a travelling merchant, my good girl. Farewell! May the gratitude of an honest man ever dwell about you, and give you solace in your own misfortunes."

He then mounted his horse, shook her heartily by the hand, and bade her good-by, taking no apparent notice of the tears he saw coursing each other down her cheeks.

As he turned his horse's head he had a new surprise. He saw, at scarcely a quarter of a mile, a horseman, carbine in hand, galloping furiously towards him.

"Lieutenant John Montague Fox!" said the earl, deliberately, to himself, arresting his horse, and beginning quietly to feel that all was right with the piece he held in his hand.

"If his piece is double-barrelled like this, I am lost, unless I can draw from him a rapid and useless shot, and then myself make my one shot as decisive as it must be quick."

On came the officer, nearer and nearer, evidently knowing nothing of the carbine in the soldier's hand, which he carefully veiled from observation.

When within about fifty yards he paused, and there was instantly a suspicious-looking movement of the arm, as if the officer also tried to disguise, not his possession of the piece, but his intention to fire.

At that instant the soldier turned his horse, spurred him violently, and fell flat at full length on the animal's back and neck; and, just as he expected, the carbine was fired, and the shot whistled harmlessly over him.

Wheeling round at the very top of his speed, he suddenly faced the lieutenant, just at the moment he was least prepared for a second shot; for he was gathering the reins, to urge another rapid advance, and to get nearer, before firing a second time.

"Hold!" shouted the earl to him; "or you are a dead man! At this distance I never miss. Hold! I say. If you raise your weapon, no human power can save you. I offer you your life, worthless as it is, on one condition. Deny all knowledge of me; say you were mistaken; and then it won't be to your interest, my friend, to let anything more be said about me."

"I have denied it," shouted the lieutenant in reply; "so, if that's all you want, drop your weapon, and let's have a word of quiet explanation, and then you may go where you like—to the devil, if it so please you!"

"Farewell, Lieutenant John Montague Fox; but mind this. If I am caught, either now or hereafter, my very first confession shall be, that King George's zealous and most admirable officer was the man who found me out—and let me go."

"Take that first!" shouted the lieutenant, having, as he fancied, caught an unguarded moment—and fired!

It was a pity, for his own sake. Stung by this new treachery, the earl, though he would not fire at him, literally rode him and his horse right down, in a fashion utterly unexpected by the lieutenant. A master of all cavalry movements, the earl had no sooner mounted his horse than he perceived, though without then thinking of its importance to him, that the animal was an old military charger. Now, at the critical moment, he rode right at the lieutenant, made his horse rear at the moment of contact in a style that was not only terrible to witness, but still more terrible to withstand. The shock threw the assailed horse and rider both to the ground with tremendous violence, and then the frightened animal got away, leaving the lieutenant helpless on the ground. In vain he sprang to his feet, and strove to grasp the earl's rein or bridle. Every attempt of the kind was foiled by a blow from the butt-end of the carbine; till he again, in the agitation and violent movements of the maddened horse—ceaselessly spurred—was cast to the ground, where the earl rode his horse right over him, once and again.

Then he left him in a frightful condition, no limbs actually broken, as it happened, no fatal injuries inflicted—but so many bruises, and in so many parts of the body, that it was weeks before the worthy lieutenant was sufficiently recovered to explain his desperate encounter with that villainous *smuggler*, whom he confessed he had at first mistaken for a political hero.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MERCHANT ONCE MORE.

What was the earl to do now? He knew not, in the absence of Arkdale, who had gone to the custom-house at Harwich to pay the duties for him, and try to get the goods dispatched instantly to Stourbridge Fair.

"I must go to Harwich myself," he said; "risky as it is, it is not so risky since I have disposed of my kind Jacobite friend in perfect safety for a few hours. I must risk it, or I lose all the advantages I promised myself in entering England as a merchant."

To his great relief he had not gone more than half the distance when he met Arkdale hurrying back to tell him he had settled everything, and seen his goods packed in a great wagon then loading for the fair, and which left the inn-yard before he himself quitted the town.

Turning off into another road that led towards the fair, Arkdale walked on in silence by the horse, considering whether his friend was going to explain what motive it was that after so many years had caused him to write the letter that had brought the barber to the fair.

But the soldier also rode on in silence, wondering what he was to do. One fixed determination guided him, to let no human being suffer by his own perilous undertaking, if he could possibly help it. He dared not, therefore, breathe one word to Arkdale of all this fresh business with the lieutenant, more than to say that seeing they were determined to arrest him as a smuggler, he had escaped, and not without violence.

But reticence here was easy, for fortune had favoured him by keeping Arkdale out of the way through the whole of this most perilous incident. But what about the letter he had written to him? What about the event that had originally brought his mother and himself to the Arkdale family for shelter? The boy might not have been expected to explain much to the boy. But the man, when looking back to the period, and reviving it by writing a letter so interesting to his old companion, must know all, and might naturally be expected to be frank.

Even that Lord Langton felt he dared not do. The father of the Arkdales must have had some suspicion of the cause of his hospitality being asked, but he, for his own sake, had doubtless held his tongue, knowing the danger of aiding fugitive rebels; and now to tell the son would be instantly mixing them up together in a manner dangerous to Humphrey Arkdale. What then remained? Why, the one thing he had all along prepared to do.

"Arkdale," he began, after a very long pause. "Can't you understand how a boyish acquaintance may survive, even after the parties have separated; and not only survive, but be kept bright and pleasant in one's remembrance through all sorts of serious worldly experiences?"

"Yes, I can understand that. I feel it now." "Well, this is what I have felt for you ever since we slept and chatted and read together in your father's garret, so long ago. I am not able to explain the misfortunes that brought us together. My mother was a lady, but very poor just then, and had passed through, I believe, some sad domestic calamity. However, she's dead. Heaven rest her soul!

"Well, since then, I have often speculated on you and I meeting again, and at last the chance happened. I have served in the army and saved money, and got my discharge, and purchased all these goods for Stourbridge Fair, but I don't feel a bit of the talent in me required for disposing of them to the best advantage. Will you be my agent, and take a commission? It would pay you well. I should think a few weeks would suffice to dispose of all, and even at the cost price, a commission of five per cent. would give you something handsome, if managed quickly."

"Arkdale's bright glancing eye showed the

pleasure with which he listened to this proposition; but he was naturally cautious in all mere business transactions, and some secret thought or feeling—what he knew not—made him hesitate while he should strive to learn more. So he began to speak of his late fortune with Joan, his approaching marriage, and then to hint, rather mysteriously, at other matters resting on his thoughts, which did not square with the proposed offer. Of course, he was very grateful, and to show his good feeling he offered to arrange with his friend, the mercer at Stourbridge Fair, to dispose of the less costly portion of the merchandise, guaranteeing that he would account honestly.

Daniel Sterne caught at this. The secret truth was that the incidents of the landing had so shaken him that he thought it best to avoid all unnecessary labour, and concentrate his whole power in going straight to the mark he desired to hit.

"But what about the thrown silk?" he demanded of Arkdale. And the latter, a keen observer of men, could not help fancying there was some hidden mystery in the words, simply as they sounded.

"Oh!" said Arkdale, "I can help you there, too. My young brother, Paul, is apprenticed to Sir Richard Constable, knight and mercer, of London. When we were boys in the garret he was only a tradesman of our town, Bolton; but he dabbled in the lace manufacture, when he got somehow, a sudden lift in his purse, which nobody could ever make out, unless he did it by stock-jobbing during a political crisis; went to London, and is now alderman, knight, and quite the Court mercer."

The bright sparkle of Daniel Sterne's eyes did not escape Arkdale, and he said again to himself, "There's more in this than I understand!"

"And he is now a silk manufacturer, is he?" asked Daniel Sterne, "and likely to buy my thrown silk?"

"Decidedly, and he's the very man for you to go to, for he's too honest to bargain you out of your rights. I'll give you a letter to Paul, who I fancy is rather a favourite with Sir Richard, in spite of his being a little wild. And, by-the-by, if you do go to London, you would repay me anything and everything I have done for you, if you would talk to Paul a bit, understand him, and let me know whether he is, or is not, on the whole going right."

Three days after Daniel Sterne was starting in the coach from Cambridge for London, Arkdale having just concluded a bargain with his friend, the mercer, for the whole of the goods, excepting only the thrown silk, and certain of the very finest laces, which were to be the earl's means of introduction to difficult persons.

Arkdale, just at the last moment, brought him the money—in guineas—in a canvas bag, his friend having had some difficulty to manage the right amount, and then they shook hands and wished each other good-bye.

"I have written direct to Paul," said Arkdale, "he'll be waiting for you in the Saracen's Head inn yard, Snow Hill, on your arrival."

"You are very—very good! Farewell!" said Daniel Sterne. "If I live, I will compel you to let me repay you my obligations, which involve life itself. But for you, the wrecker would have left me on the cliffs, a prey to the unclean birds! Farewell!"

"Farewell!"

And it was only when they had parted, and Arkdale, moved himself by the merchant's emotion, began to review all that had passed that a new and alarming thought struck him, which drove the colour in an instant from his cheek and made him for the instant beside himself with passion.

Arkdale was not—let us avow it at the outset—a sentimental hero of romance though for once in his life we have seen him fall into an attitude and feeling of romance, under the power of the magic influence—Love. But at all ordinary times he was a keen and close calculator, a prudent man—a little selfish, perhaps, though honest and just—and with a certain ideal element, of which we have not yet spoken, but

which was largely to influence his and Joan's future.

The thought that so alarmed him was that Daniel Sterne was possibly a political conspirator, with no right to that name, and that he had been using him—Arkdale—perhaps in more ways than was yet known to him, to facilitate an unsuspected landing; and then to get to a man, of whom he had seemed to be ignorant, but with whom Arkdale now began to fancy he was perfectly acquainted.

"The Court mercer was once, they say, a Jacobite himself—though that's many years ago. The Pretender wants, perhaps, to renew relations with him, or, at least, to try if it be possible; and how is that to be done? Obviously, by somebody going to him on quite another business, and as if sent in the most innocent manner.

"Exactly! That's what they've got out of me! Fool that I was to leave my own business to attend to the business of other people!"

"Not for the world would I be even suspected of such connections. Apart from the tremendous danger, it would be ruinous to me in the things I meditate. If I succeed in my gigantic enterprise, I shall need aid and countenance from all quarters, especially from the Government. So Master Daniel Sterne look to yourself, if you play me false! Look to yourself!"

*To be continued.*

NICOLO PAGANINI.

TOWARDS the end of September, 1832, it was announced amongst the artistic circles of Paris, that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill, at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimately ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions, Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbour in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life; some love-story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organised in favour of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that were he to mix in our society he might be asked for similar favours."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders, but, like Galileo of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with anyone

except Nicette. This was the housemaid who attended on him; a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh, yes! sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises he has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of him."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault!"

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "How could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long sallow fingers, as he said, "If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf:—

"Mem.—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:—

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbours of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half-an-hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavoured with orange flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, a custom exists in France, very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills it. It is calculated that one year with another the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucrée*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly, a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always accepts presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dexterous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that, on New Year's Eve, Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonnière, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvellous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of its pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally, his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jewelled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's travelling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin house-keeping. Take this shoe-violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich ama-

teur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Ambassador at Paris.

## A LADY'S CONFESSION.

I DID not mean to love Richard Holden; but somehow, a woman is always doing the most inconsistent things. If I had said to myself, at our first meeting, "Now I shall love that man by-and-by," I dare say we should have been polite enemies soon enough, but he repelled me so strongly then, that I was thrown off my guard.

I could not help meeting him. He began to transact my aunt Tracy's business when I was seventeen; and, after that, scarcely a day passed without our seeing him, either at morning, noon, or night. A good lawyer, a thorough and refined scholar, standing high in his profession; yet there seemed to be a subtle under-current to his life, which was in direct and deadly antagonism to his standing character as a man. A woman never would trust him fully, though she might love him well enough to coin her heart's blood for his.

Before I grew accustomed to it, a kind of suffocating feeling used to creep over me when before him, as if his presence had, in some way, excluded all the air and light and sunshine; and I remember well what a relieved, free breath used to come, when I was sure that the door had closed between us, and that he had certainly gone.

I suppose he meant to make me his slave from the first, though he never confessed that much. He was not a man to tell his purposes either before or after their completion; but whatever he willed was sure to come. If your happiness and his resolves clashed, be quite certain that your happiness would go down. That was nothing to him in comparison with the accomplishment of his plans; and, what was more than all, if once he had acquired the slightest influence over you, he would hold that influence for ever.

This was the man I was destined and compelled to love, I had never been controlled at all, and was wilful and obstinate, under restraint as he soon learned. My aunt used sometimes to send me to his office with papers, and once, the first time he tried his actual power over me—though I knew he had been watching and measuring my strength for weeks,—he wished me to return immediately with a message to her. I had other arrangements, and intended to carry them out.

"You will take these back directly, Miss Adelaide," he said, writing a hasty line, after I had delivered my papers one morning at his office.

"I am not going home yet. Your office boys will do as well," I answered, walking towards the door.

"They are busy."

"Busy? Ah!"

I smiled a little, for I knew his clerks could go wherever their master wished, at any hour of the day, and, besides, I saw them at work in the adjoining room. He lifted his eyes, and looked at me a moment.

"I wish you to take them," he said, in a resolute tone, as if he knew he should be obeyed. "I am obliged to you," I said, coolly: "but my aunt would not wish the reins of government taken from her own hands. Good morning, sir."

I walked out of the door, and half down the street; then turned, and, retracing my steps, went into the office again, and took up the papers, and carried them straight home to my aunt. I hated him for it, though, while I felt that it was folly to attempt to thwart him. I was not strong enough to cope long with such an adversary.

That evening he came to the house; but by no word or sign did he show that he felt his victory, though I was very well aware he considered it as such. As he was leaving he asked my aunt's permission to take me to a concert the following afternoon.

"Thank you, Mr. Holden, but she has an en-

agement," my aunt answered, in a decided manner.

I understood, by her tone, that she did not dare, or, at least, did not wish, to trust me with her confidential adviser.

After he left, my aunt sat for some time without speaking. What her thoughts were, I could not tell; but I knew, by the sternness on her face, that they were far from pleasant ones. At last she turned, and looked at me searchingly.

"What is it?"

"Has this man ever shown you any particular attention, Adelaide?"

"This man?" Who do you mean?" I asked, as if I had forgotten our evening visitor.

"Richard Holden."

"Not the slightest. Why?"

"Be cautious of him, my dear. He is a deep, resolute man; remember."

"But he is your lawyer. You trust him."

I wanted to know just how far she did have faith in him.

"I trust his business qualities, but not his heart, Adelaide;"—her voice grew excited and earnest. "It would be better for you to die here to-night, than to love that man."

"Do not fear," I answered. "I am far enough off loving him now."

I spoke bravely, but my tones belied my real feelings. I had no faith in myself, knowing what the man was, and knowing that his eyes were upon me.

That evening was the beginning of the change that was coming. Our outer lines moved on as usual, but he knew, and I knew that there was more than a two-years' stretch between my seventeenth birthday, when I had never looked into his eyes, and my nineteenth one, when I had a thousand times shrank shivering away from his burning, conquering glance.

I never walked a step with him alone; my aunt would not have allowed it. But he used to ask me to play for him often; and while my fingers were running over the keys, he would talk to my aunt of securities, and bonds, and stocks; and she would listen as if she thought he was really thinking of what he was speaking, as I suppose he was, in one way; but if I stopped, he was at my side in an instant, and, "You will favour us with one piece more, Miss Adelaide?" came in his slow, measured tones, while his eyes were looking straight into mine. A dangerous man he was, in truth—more dangerous than even my aunt had imagined.

On Wednesday evenings, it was my aunt's custom to attend the church services, and on one of these occasions, when she had gone, and I was sitting alone, the servant ushered in Mr. Richard Holden. I was startled at seeing him, for such a thing had never happened before, and I knew that he was aware of my aunt's absence.

He deliberately removed his gloves, declined taking off his overcoat, but loosened it a little, ran his fingers through his hair with a slight nervous motion—a rare thing for him—and sat down.

"Your aunt is away?" he began with.

"Yes. She is at church. You wished to see her?"

I said it, because I did not know what else to say.

"No. I came to see you," he answered.

"Indeed! I am proud of the honour. Shall we discuss business-matters?" I said, with a poor attempt at lightness.

"I have something else to say to you," he replied, his voice cool and steady as I had ever heard it in my life.

"I shall be happy to listen to you," I answered, determined to appear as unconcerned as himself.

He turned his eyes from the fire to me.

"You have a sister in Hampshire, I believe?"

"Yes, Why?"

"You had better go there for a year."

"And for what reason, pray? You make a singular remark."

He rose suddenly, and, taking a turn across the floor, came back, and leaning one hand upon the mantel, looked down upon me.

"Because you love me."

"What!"—and the blood rushed to my face in torrents.

"Because you love me," he repeated, never for an instant losing his self-possession. "You knew three years ago that I was a wicked man—perhaps a scoundrel; but, for all that, you love me to-night as you will never love another. You dare not deny it. Your will, strong as it is, was nothing to mine. You could not resist my power."

He was waiting for some reply, but my lips were sealed.

"You love me, I say. Tell me if it be false?" he said, peremptorily.

"No!" I whispered, fiercely, my eyes dropping, and my cheeks growing cold and bloodless.

He bent down, and drew my face to his for an instant. The touch of his lips sent the blood surging through my veins.

"You love me—let me say it again—therefore I have come to you to-night, to warn you, and to tell you that you were not mistaken in your judgment of me. I am a villain! I have committed a fraud for ten thousand pounds on—"

he whispered in my ear the name of a certain banking-house. "I shall leave the country before to-morrow morning, and, as you see, you must go to another place than this."

He waited a moment, to see the effect of his words; but I was still and quiet as if death had struck me.

"You would die to remain here, where everything tells of the man you love," he said, his voice growing tender and pitiful for the first time. "I shall come for you some day."

Little fear but he would do that! He kissed me again—then, catching up his gloves and hat, hurried out of the door, leaving me in a bewildered stupor, more like insanity than anything I ever experienced before.

I dragged myself to my room, and crept into bed. Oh, for the sweet rest, the tranquil sleep, which would never come to me again! No more quiet nights, or quiet days! Alas! I was bound with cords to a living torture—a more than Inquisitional rack.

I gained permission to pay a year's visit to my sister, after I knew that Richard Holden was safe away from the keen detectives; I kept my own bitter counsel. No danger of his being betrayed by any word of mine!

After I had been in Hampshire ten months, one stormy, tempestuous night, when the wind swept by in mad fury, a horseman stopped at our door, and inquired for Miss Adelaide Stuart.

"She is here. Walk in," I heard my brother-in-law say; and Richard Holden came and stood before me.

I knew how white my face was growing, as he reached out his hand and clasped mine; and I half remember introducing him to my brother and sister, but only half. I soon learnt that we were to be married in three days, and that I was to accompany him abroad.

My sister came into my room after I had retired that night, and sat down upon the bed beside me.

"Did I understand that you were to marry that man?" she asked.

"Yes; in three days."

"In three days? You shall not, Adelaide! Who is he? Why have you never spoken of him?"

I did not answer, and she went on.

"It is this that has made you so gloomy. At any rate, I am very certain that no sister of mine shall marry a man she does not love," she said, decidedly.

I started up.

"Love! Oh, Mary! I should go with that man, if he took me to the end of the earth!"

She threw her arms about my neck, and burst into tears. I did not cry—I could not. My eyes were wild and dry as fire.

"I shall come home to you, Mary, when he is dead," I said, after a pause, shuddering as I spoke, and clasping her hands tightly. I felt, then, that our sojourn together would not be for long. "I can never live in London again. Write, after I am away, and tell aunt Tracy so, and say to her that I am Richard Holden's wife. She will understand the rest."

Three days thence, while the rain was pouring

down, and the sky was black and gloomy, I became Richard Holden's wife; and, before noon, we were at the sea-coast, and aboard a steamer bound for Alexandria.

A year ago, I came back to my sister's home and heart, leaving my husband's mortal remains upon a foreign soil. His life was stormy, mysterious, and sinful; his death sad and dreary. But how do we know? Perhaps heaven had mercy in the end.

## PASTIMES.

### ARITHMOREM.

1. 51 and *tub Ha* = A kind of fish.
2. 100 " *A Gore* = A sprightly motion in music.
3. 5 " *be R* = A part of speech.
4. 551 " *as U Ana* = A Spanish province.
5. 201 " *ran to* = A stupefying drug.
6. 102 " *R. N. T.* = An acid.
7. 250 " *U Oapa* = A Mexican town.

The initials and finals, read downwards, will name the former a town in the West Indies, the latter what it is noted for.

### WORD PUZZLE.

The following beautiful distich is of great antiquity, and is both good Saxon and good English:—

DOWN TOOTH ERS A SY  
OUW OULD BED ONE BY.

### CHARADES.

1. My first can't bark, yet bite it may,  
And cause some rest to pass away,  
From some by night, if not by day.  
  
My second is a savage brute,  
Whose hugging must be most acute,  
I pray you keep from his salute.  
  
My whole is framed to cause affright,  
And far from pleasing to the sight;  
If you are scared, then serve you right.
2. When Garibaldi through the streets  
Of Florence ledetofy rode,  
My first and second people cried,  
To greet the patriot good;  
  
And through the third and fourth there ran  
The news, heard with delight,  
That from his island home he'd come  
To mingle in the fight.  
  
Then, with my whole, Italians shook  
Each other by the hand,  
And praised the hero, who had come  
To free their well-loved land. W. S. L.
3. Though many strive hard to my first to attain,  
Their labour, alas! proves labour in vain,  
For they never arrive at the goal.  
My second the may more easily get;  
Yet, mark me, there are but few who, as yet,  
Have prospered by means of my whole.

### DECAPITATION.

Complete, a look of discontent  
Or frowning I express;  
Cut off my head, I then shall name  
Part of a monkish dress;  
Behold again, and then a bird  
I am, you must confess. W. S. L.

### ARITHMOREMS.

#### BRITISH POETS.

1. 600 and an ear. *O page!*
2. 1,201 " *Ann hung Ana.*
3. 1,050 " *or no bone, G., or Gregory.*
4. 151 " *'T stare worst.*
5. 550 " *yes, fear not, N. N.*
6. 2,000 " *seen respuit.*

### SQUARE WORDS.

1. A Period of time.
2. A musical composition.
3. When the Fenians will take Canada.
4. What we all enjoy.
5. Makes of the Red deer.

### ENIGMA.

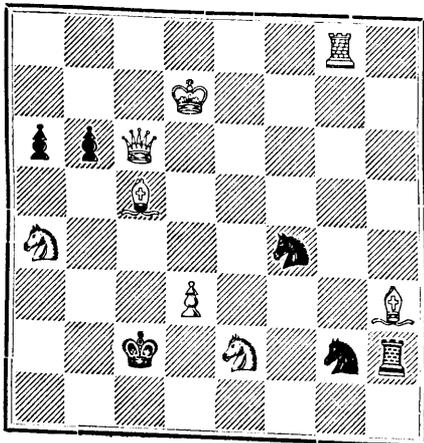
Dear reader, I do sigh and moan,  
Though trouble is to me unknown;  
I murmur, too, as if in pain:  
But I of nothing can complain.  
Sometimes I'm strong, sometimes I'm mild,  
At other times, I'm raging wild;  
Sometime I move with lazy gait—  
Anon, at a tremendous rate;  
Often I venture on the deep,  
And when the mariners do sleep,  
In sport I toss them in their beds,  
While dreams distract their weary heads;  
Of music I've not the least notion,  
Yet play the harp by simple motion;  
It may, perhaps, seem rather curious,  
But I'm both healthful and injurious;  
Although I extend from pole to pole,  
I can creep through the smallest hole;  
Although I've worked mills for ages,  
Never yet received I wages;  
Through the wide world I ever roam,  
Still I am always near your home;  
Always the same, e'en though I change,  
Doubtless you think me very strange.

## CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 44.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

SECOND STIPULATION.

Remove White Rook, and the Black Pawn at Kt's 3rd.

White still mates in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 42.

WHITE.

1. Q R takes B (ch.)
2. R to K B 3.
3. B to Q Kt 5.
5. B Mates.

BLACK.

- P takes R.
- K moves.
- K takes Kt, or moves to K 3.

The following is the seventh game in the Anderssen-Steinitz match.

EVAN'S GAMBIT.

WHITE, (Anderssen.)

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 K Kt to B 3.
- 3 B to Q B 4.
- 4 P to Q Kt 4.
- 5 P to Q B 3.
- 6 Castles.
- 7 P to Q 4.
- 8 P takes P.
- 9 P to Q 5.
- 10 Q B to Kt 2.
- 11 K B to Q 3.
- 12 Q Kt to B 3.
- 13 Q to Q 2.
- 14 Q Kt to K 2.
- 15 Q Kt to Kt 3.
- 16 Q B takes K Kt P (a).
- 17 B takes R.
- 18 R to Q B sq.
- 19 Q Kt to K B 5.
- 20 K to R sq.
- 21 P to Kt 4.
- 22 P to K Kt 5.
- 23 P takes P.
- 24 K Kt to K Kt 5.
- 25 B to Q Kt sq.
- 26 K R to K Kt sq.
- 27 Q to Q B 3.
- 28 P takes B.
- 29 Q to K Kt 3.
- 30 Kt takes K R P (c).
- 31 P to B 6.
- 32 R to Kt 2.
- 33 K Kt to K Kt 5.
- 34 Kt to B 7 (ch.)

BLACK, (Steinitz.)

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 Q Kt to B 3.
- 3 B to Q B 4.
- 4 B takes Kt P
- 5 B to Q B 4.
- 6 P to Q 3.
- 7 P takes P.
- 8 B to Kt 3.
- 9 Kt to Q R 4.
- 10 Kt to K 2.
- 11 Castles.
- 12 Kt to Kt 3.
- 13 P to Q B 4.
- 14 Q B to Q 2.
- 15 K B to Q B 2.
- 16 P to K B 3 (b).
- 17 Q takes B.
- 18 P to Q Kt 4.
- 19 Q Kt to Kt 2.
- 20 P to Q R 4.
- 21 P to Q B 5.
- 22 R to K sq.
- 23 Q takes P.
- 24 K Kt to K 4.
- 25 Q Kt to Q B 4.
- 26 R to R sq.
- 27 Q B takes Kt.
- 28 P to Q Kt 5.
- 29 B to Q sq.
- 30 Q to K B 2.
- 31 Q takes P (ch.)
- 32 R to Kt sq.
- 32 B takes P.

and Black resigns.

(a.) Mr. Anderssen here catches his opponent in a trap which was familiar enough to the former, but of which Mr. Steinitz knew nothing.

(b.) If he take the Bishop, White plays Q Kt to R 5 (ch.), followed by Q to K R 6 and K Kt to its 5, winning Black's Queen for two minor pieces.

(c.) The termination is conducted in Anderssen's usual masterly manner.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Potash water is the quickest cure for wasp stings; a small quantity should be kept in a glass-stoppered bottle. Open the sting with a needle, and put on one drop of the potash water.

Mr. D. Hall, of Wharton, Cheshire, has patented an invention in the manufacture of salt, which consists in an improved method of feeding the fires with small coal; an improved method of preventing the formation of pan-

scale on the bottoms of salt pans, and a mode of removing the salt into pans and waggons.

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**—A discovery of considerable interest is reported from South Wales. It is well-known that during the process of copper-smelting, fumes of the sulphuric acid are given off in great quantity, the effect of which is in all ways most deleterious. The herbage is destroyed for miles round, and the country, which might be rich and productive, is turned into a treeless desert. Thanks, however, to a process which has just been discovered, this state of things is said to be no longer likely to continue. The sulphuric acid, instead of being poured into the air to poison it, will be condensed, and the product utilised. The results will be varied and important.

**STEAM A DISINFECTANT.**—The use of steam at a high temperature as a disinfectant was recently tested at the house of the Metropolitan Engine Company, in New York, under the superintendence of Dr. Bell, the introducer of the process. Steam was raised on one of the fire engines, and discharged into an iron chest three or four feet square, containing a coil of iron pipe. A small quantity of carbolic acid was placed in the super-heater. Under this vessel a fire was built to give the requisite degree of heat to the steam. After a trial of fifteen minutes, it was found, that by a self-registering thermometer, the temperature of the room to be disinfected was raised to 150 degrees.

**CHARCOAL.**—Among the many properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste and colour; and, as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat, the smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or flavour will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this, for when the water is bad at sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to clarify it. Colour is materially influenced by charcoal and in a number of instances, in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colours, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its colouring, and become tawny.

**COAL FOR THE CURE OF HOG CHOLERA.**—A western farmer is convinced that bituminous coal is a preventive of hog cholera. He has four hogs that will average 300 lbs. live weight each, and now about seven months old; some three months since he began to feed them daily with coal, and to determine the amount consumed, weighed it. For the first twenty days they consumed 14 lb. each; during the past month he has resumed weighing again, and finds that they eat 2 lbs. each. He thinks this daily feeding keeps them in a more healthy condition. They have no desire to root like other hogs, as this coal supplies what they would get from the soil. He also contends that the cutting of the snouts to prevent rooting is barbarous—positive destruction of the health of the porker. The hog does not root simply for the fun of it, but to supply a want, and as coal answers the purpose, he ceases to root, and lies down in lazy quiet. When the coal has been omitted for two or three weeks the propensity to root returns.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

**ROMANTIC DEATH.**—A young lady drowned in tears.

**MOVEABLE FEASTS.**—"Baked tatars all hot!"

**WHAT A NAME FOR A SENATOR.**—"Doolittle!"

**THE EFFECT.**—A man said ale was excellent drink, though taken in large quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen it make you lean," said a bystander.

**PHELIN** explains that his wife and he fall out because they are of one mind: she wants to be master, and so does he!

**WHY** is the SATURDAY READER like a tooth-brush? D'ye give it up?—Because everybody should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbour's.

**WHAT** is the most uncertain thing in life?—A woman's age.

**WHEN** is a lawyer like a donkey?—When he draws out a conveyance.

A **CONTEMPORARY** suggests that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because, in so-lacing herself, she is getting tight.

An old lady arguing with a tectotaller, observed that Adam drank nothing but water, and lived to a great age; but, for all she knew, if he had drunk ale he might have lived till now.

By the ancient laws of Hungary a man convicted of bigamy was compelled to live with both wives in the same house. As a consequence, the crime was exceedingly rare in that country.

In Fredonia, New York, the Health Board, in order to stir the people to action with regard to cleaning up, have posted the following notice:—"The cholera is coming! By order of the committee."

An old maid, who hates the male sex most venomously, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

**BILLS AND FLOWERS OVER DUE.**—"When I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a pensive bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart."—"Indeed!" responded his sympathizing friend, "I should have thought they would remind you of your pecuniary troubles; for, like your bills, they are all *over due*."

**SHERIDAN AND THE BOOTS.**—Sheridan (who was noted for not paying his bills) made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?"—Many *probable* guesses then took place.—"No," said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them and paid for them."

"Sir! I'd have you to know that I keep one of the best tables in the town, sir!" exclaimed an indignant landlady to a boarder who had been finding fault with his fare. "That may be true, ma'am," quietly retorted the boarder, "but you put very little upon it."

**NEW DISCOVERIES.**—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes. The club with which an idea struck the poet. A stick to measure narrow escapes. The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold. An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants. A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a week for. A glass of lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.

**THE SMITHS ALARMED.**—Everybody knows that Smith is a very common name, but hardly anybody would have thought of turning its commonness to account in such a queer and cruel way as the following:—Entering a pit, in the middle of the first act, and finding every seat occupied, a wag bawled out, "Mr. Smith's house is on fire!" In an instant, upwards of twenty Mr. Smiths rushed out of the pit, and the wicked fellow, chuckling at the success of his stratagem, coolly took possession of one of the vacated seats.

**SCHOLASTIC.**—The following appears in a New York paper:—"To Schoolmasters.—To be sold, a threshing machine, in good working order; has birch, and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat."

**A YARD OF MILK.**—Speaking of the coldness of the late winter, a Yankee milk-dealer said:—"I live four miles west of the city, and it was so cold this morning when I went out to milk that the stream froze from the cow to the pail, and I was obliged to sell it by the yard!" After that, his hearers agreed that the winter was a cold one.