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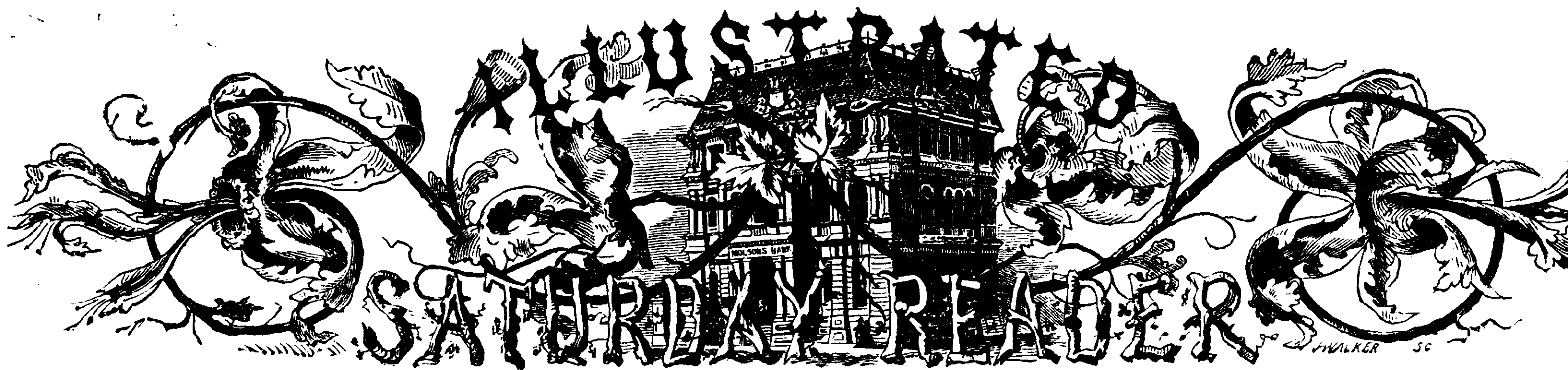


VOL. III.—No. 65. FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 1, 1866. 4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE EARL'S PROPOSAL TO HIS DAUGHTER.

THE events described in recent chapters stimulated the Earl of Bridgeminster into fresh action. Unable as yet to do anything directly against Lord Langton—who, he had no sort of doubt, was the diamond merchant—he directed all his efforts to the influencing Lady Hermia.

It is true, he waited just a day or two to let the shock of her danger pass off—if, indeed, the Dark Lady and his daughter were the same, as he now felt assured since Earnshaw's discovery—and being himself, in the meantime, glad to escape all chances of discussing so terrible a contingency.

But when he fancied he might venture to open the subject near to his heart—or what he conceived to be his heart, meaning his interests—he called his daughter to him one morning after breakfast, and requested her to walk with him in the park.

A quiet glance from Lady Hermia's eyes towards the earl's face told him she perfectly understood the significance of the invitation. It told him more—that he had probably better for the present be quiet.

But then he felt that, if he did remain quiet, the whole strength of his present position must in all probability soon pass away. Was it likely that, if Lord Langton and Lady Hermia met many times more, there would be the least probability of his obtaining a final separation ? No. He was determined they should never meet again.

That was the only safe solution.

Lady Hermia's face was threatening, it is true; but the earl was a man accustomed to make difficulties bend before him, and not himself to let them make him stoop.

They walked on, and, for a time, seemed to have no object whatever in their walk, beyond gazing with lack-lustre eyes on the grass beneath their feet, on the great beeches on either hand, and on the soft sky, dappled over with fleecy clouds, saying, the while, not a single word.

"Hermia!" said the earl, at last, and his daughter knew the tone only too well as one that always implied that, whatever patience he might exhibit in explanations, his mind was not in the least degree unsettled as to his aim or his absoluteness of will.

"Yes, sir?" said the daughter, and the earl could not but recognise a tone thoroughly responsive to his own—one suggesting a state of mind perhaps even more prepared to be gentle in expostulation, but equally immovable at the last.

"Sir Charles leaves us to-morrow."

"*Does* he?"

"He does. And I am sorry to say that I perceive, under his fixed silence to me, a feeling that you do not receive him with your old kindness."

"I *can* do so, if Sir Charles pleases."

"How is that?"

"By ceasing to suggest unpleasant thoughts

"Paul, Paul! This to a woman!"

to me—thoughts that you know, sir, to be connected with desires impossible of attainment."

"*He* does not know that, Hermia."

"No; and therefore, if he could be made to know it, or in any other way brought to understand that his marriage with me is beyond the scope even of speculation, I should be really glad; for then I might regain my friend. As a friend, I did value Sir Charles."

"And do you think, if there were no—no special obstacle, you might not value him as more than a friend?"

"Really, sir, I think that is a question your daughter may be excused for feeling too proud to answer, since she finds it impossible to believe in the contingency."

"Hermia, pray oblige me. Words are not much; I do not often now seek these interviews with you. I have respected your grief, your disappointment, your strangely painful and touching position—married and yet not married a virgin maiden, and yet with no hope of the maiden's natural desire being gratified in a pure and holy marriage."

"Not, sir! Am I not so married?"

"No, Hermia. To be candid with you, I think the time has come when you and I must reconsider this matter carefully. I owe you reparation for what I now feel to have been a great wrong—that foolish child-marriage, which has for so many years, and some of them the very flower of your maidenhood, been hanging above you like an iron chain, crippling you alike in body and soul. Hermia, that chain must now be broken."

"Must it!" Lady Hermia's look and tone had something scornful mingling in their defiance. The earl, however, cautiously avoided noticing it, and went on—

"It must!"

"It cannot!" said Lady Hermia, stopping in her walk, and there was an unmistakeable smile on her features.

"It can!" quietly repeated the earl.

"It shall not, at all events!" said Lady Hermia, drawing herself up, and standing still, confronting her father as if prepared, once for all, to come to a decision on the question he had raised.

"I might again reply, Hermia, It shall! and with at least equal probability of proving my words to be true ones; for I wish you distinctly to understand that there is a power apart from yourself to determine this——"

"Ha! What is that? What, sir, do you say that my marriage can be undone without my will or wish being consulted? Do you, sir, really"—"*dare* to say that" was the phrase suggested by Lady Hermia's look and attitude, but she softened the intended phrase down to—"do you really, sir, tell *me*, his wife, that?"

"I do, Hermia; but only that I may compel you to recognise my love for you, and my devotion to your best interests—for I hasten to add that under no circumstances will I use such a power without your consent."

"Oh, my dear father, is that true? Then, how I have wronged you in my thoughts!" Hermia came to him, took his hand, and he, in return, kissed her.

"Yes, Hermia, I repeat even more formally what I have now said; I will never myself, of my own notion alone, annul this marriage. Be easy, therefore. And now, have I entitled myself to look for a kind, attentive, respectful hearing in what else I have to say?"

"Yes, sir; yes." And Lady Hermia, who had taken his arm, allowed her fingers to search for and rest in his, with a timid, child-like gesture that her father remembered in her from a child, and which had often won his heart towards her in those days when state cares and personal ambition had not put that heart of his into a state of ossification.

"Well, darling, now then let us have the matter fairly out. I will tell you frankly my hopes and fears. I will disguise nothing from you—not even my bitter prejudices, which I am ready to confess. I only ask from you the same conduct in return. Let us thoroughly understand each other; let us thoroughly understand the position, and then let us try whether God will not so enlighten us that we may finally come to a common agreement that, if not all we may severally desire, may still be a wise one, leading to a wise and a kind end, such as a father and a daughter may be permanently satisfied with. To begin with, Sir Charles loves you, and Lord Langton does not. I do not say, as I might, "he cannot, having had no chance of loving you," but I say boldly, he does not!"

"That is very probable; but why do you thus place the two men in opposition?"

"I will tell you. Because both have just given you the proofs of the truth of what I say. You look surprised! It is so, as I will show you. Lord Langton knows—he cannot fail to know—that you are as hostile to this new and monstrous attempt at civil war as I am myself. Nevertheless, he goes on with it, and exactly at that moment when, I am free to confess, he might have shaken me in my hostility, had he come to me and sought from me my aid to get a pardon from the king and restoration to his rank and you."

"Would you, my dear father, have thus helped him?"

"I should not have liked it, but I would have done it for your sake, and in order to secure our country from the future efforts of so troublesome an enemy. Well, Hermia, that is Lord Langton, and that is his devotion to you. Now for Sir Charles. I think I never was more deeply moved in all my life than when he confessed to me in deep emotion he feared there was no hope, at his age, of his obtaining your love *before* marriage, and yet that he felt sure he would win it after, by a devotion to your service that should show the old chivalry was not yet dead!"

"I—I fully believe that Sir Charles is—is capable not only of meaning what he says, but of doing it, so far as the issue rests in his hands; but——"

"Say no more, Hermia. Leave the matter there for the present. I am well content with such an answer. Now to proceed. Suppose, Hermia, just for a single instant, that Lord Langton, feeling no real love, for which he has had no opportunity, still courted your society. Suppose further, that you, also, having no real love—which I am sure you cannot have—it would be so unmaidenly, so immodest——"

"Sir! My father! What means this?" demanded the Lady Hermia, her quiet words, and her sparkling indignant glances being in strange contrast.

"I mean, Hermia, that no love can grow on the basis that a woman, as a girl, knew something, and that not much, of a boy, who is now a man—one whom she has not even seen as a man, or if seen by any accident, of whom she is profoundly ignorant. I do not think that any highspirited woman would apply the word love to such an acquaintance, however peculiar the accidental tie that compelled them to think of one another." The earl had remembered, when he said this, that the diamond merchant might have made himself known; and the admission he was perforce obliged to make that Lord Langton might have been seen, weakened (so he felt) his case. He hastened, therefore, to stronger ground, for which, indeed, all this was mere preparation.

"Well, Hermia, we won't press that point too strongly either way. I grant you might, from romantic associations, be strongly inclined towards the man whom you have so long looked on as your husband, and he the same towards you. But then you must grant, in return, that is not the same thing as when a husband and a wife—or, to take a still more favourable example, two lovers—have been for months or years in constant communication, knowing each other's views, and temper, and habits, and growing, therefore, all the while in sympathy, which is the true bond of love. You own, Hermia, that is not the position?"

Hermia said nothing, but bent her head as if in acquiescence, though it might be merely in depression, to recollect how truly all this, which, in her soul, she knew did *not* apply to her, might, and probably did, apply to Lord Langton.

"Well, now, Hermia, heed me, I entreat you, for now I have to deal with matters of larger scope, and involving serious issues for us all. You will believe me when I tell you that there is no doubt whatever that Lord Langton has undertaken a Jacobite mission, and is now in England to fulfil it."

"I—I fear so!" murmured Lady Hermia.

"Very well. Out of that business what comes? Probably the scaffold! Do not tremble. It is not to alarm you I speak. It is not even in hostility to him I speak. I could find it in my heart to have a sort of pity for him."

"Could you, indeed?"

"I will convince you, Hermia, of that, if you give me a chance. But what was I saying? Oh, I know, I asked what must be the end of his undertaking? The scaffold, if he fails. If he succeeds, what for me and you? I leave you to speak of yourself, Hermia; but as to myself, I suppose it is no secret that the Jacobites hate me with an intensity that is simply devilish. I know their excuse—that I played the traitor to them, and so on. You do not believe that, Hermia."

"Oh, no. I am sure you did but what you thought right for the country."

"Well your only hope for Lord Langton must be, if he is not himself to fall before the executioner—your only hope, I say, then, must be that England is ruined by long periods of civil war—for it is quite impossible that the Jacobites can be left to enjoy their ill-gotten powers—and that I shall lose my estates, rank and life, and die as an attainted rebel! That is the alternative, Hermia; the only one. There is and can be no other. The ruin of your country and the ruin of your own family, or the salvation of your country and family by the destruction of your rebel husband. Nay, weep not, darling. Do I not feel for thee? I do—I do! Let me show thee what is in my heart. Consider about this marriage, while I, on my part, get all ready to proceed with the divorce, in case you should be finally content ——."

"No, no!"

"Stay, Hermia, hear me out. If you do that, you will probably then save Lord Langton himself."

"What! How is that?" hurriedly asked the unhappy wife.

"Supposing he does not fall in actual contests of any kind, which is not probable, his fate will in the event of failure, be in the hands of our king. Then, Hermia, I dare to say to you he will be in mine!"

"Ha, yes! I understand."

"Well, I ask for no decision to-day. I would rather you gave none. I will even let Sir Charles go away without any fresh satisfaction. Think, then, and think dispassionately. If you do as I advise, you will act a noble—a patriotic part to our country; and is it not fitting, Hermia, that you, my daughter, should be the one woman to play so grand a part—I mean, if your heart really is engaged. Well, do as I say, and you will win eternal fame; probably help to ensure the failure of the attempt, if it really has any chances, as, on the other hand, you will incur all the guilt and infamy of the rebellion itself if you sympathise with him. For that will soon become known; men will whisper I am going to change again; the Jacobites, with devilish ingenuity, will be sure to set that idea going, when they know that the leader of the rebellion is married, or going to be married, to the daughter of the minister, the Earl of Bridgeminster himself."

"You say you will save him if I consent—save him at any personal sacrifice?"

"I will, even if it be necessary to throw up my own position, or threaten to do so, in order to obtain his pardon."

"And if I do not consent—if I cannot—and he—he——." Her faltering words sufficiently expressed her meaning.

The earl took her two hands in his, and said, with something like real emotion—

"Hermia, I should grieve, my child, for thy sake, but I must, in that case, extricate my own name and character from all possibilities of supposed collusion; he would then surely die."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—REACTION.

When the first feeling of relief had passed away—relief from the danger of exposure

and punishment—relief, too, from the fear of being driven from the mercer in disgrace to get his bread how he could, it was succeeded by great lassitude and depression of spirits, which Paul could not shake off, but which he found, on the contrary, grow hourly stronger and stronger.

He was miserable at the sight of every face; for he fancied its owner might have got some inkling of his story, and might be speculating, in a kindly fashion, how long it would be before he was at the same game again.

He was miserable when he reflected on the mercer's daughter, Christina. Had she been told the whole of the sickening tale! If so, how could he ever face her again? And if she were still ignorant of it, he had no means of knowing, but would be always fancying, when there was the slightest peculiarity of look, or expression, or tone, or word, that she was thinking of the nocturnal thief.

He was miserable that Daniel Sterne, a man whom he so very much admired, should always have to think when he proposed to do anything to help Paul forward, could he do that particular thing with safety to the parties concerned, seeing what he had been once tempted to do against a kind master?

Above all, he was miserable at the thought of his misery and hopelessness. He seemed now utterly helpless, utterly hopeless! Indulgences he must expect *no more*; and yet he felt no moral power within able to lift him above the wish for indulgences.

Night after night he groaned in spirit as he thought over those things, and tried vainly to shape out some satisfying career.

The beautiful enchantress! He could not forget her! Again and again he speculated as to her feelings of mortification and most just anger at his shameful treatment of her on that memorable night.

He wondered whether she had seen him approaching. For if so, she must have guessed the terrible struggle going on within, when she also saw him turn and take to flight.

No; she might have seen nothing of the kind! She might only have seen a very shabby London prentice, whom she had unwisely favoured, who had ventured first to make love to her, then got frightened of his own temerity, of his own master, and taken to his heels to get out of temptation!

Thus did Paul torture himself. But let this much be said for him: he did not go to seek the lady, or venture on any explanations—not, certainly because he was afraid of her, for Paul believed in his heart she would have forgiven at once, after a brief expianation. No; he kept aloof because he believed he ought to do so. But he could not resist a certain hankering of his soul to see her again, now that he found himself shut out from every other gratification. Still he would—so he resolved—abide by his purpose, and wait and work and hope for some period of relief from his present anguish and abatement.

A miserable week had elapsed, when, one afternoon, as the shop was full and Paul at his busiest, he heard a voice that sent the blood to his face, and caused him to let a roll of delicate silk fall to the floor.

Sir Richard was in the shop, seated in an easy chair, laughing and chatting with a bevy of rouged and powdered dowagers, who found the mercer's shop a convenient place for collecting and circulating the latest fashionable scandal of the day. The younger ladies preferred being waited on by the 'prentices, some of whom they favoured with a sort of haughty insolent flirtation.

While Paul picked up the silk and began refolding it with moist, trembling hands, he heard behind him the peculiar wooden-sounding pat-pat of a lady's fashionable boot, with its enormously high heel, then, lifting his eyes, looked straight into Maria's. She returned his look with one which was at the same time inquisitive, amused, and yet reproachful.

Paul glanced fearfully at Sir Richard, Maria did so too, and, seeing that the mercer's eyes were on them, she threw herself in a chair, and, taking hold of the silk, said to Paul, in a clear voice that rang through the shop so as to be heard by all in it—

"Come, come sir! if 'tis too much trouble to unfold, pray send me some one else less nice You see this end is frayed, and I shall not buy *if I see not the whole length.*"

Sir Richard heard this speech with a contemptuous smile, and still watched them as he talked to the chattering dowagers. Paul felt he was watching them, and felt sure he recognised Maria as his companion at the play, though she, not dreaming Sir Richard had seen her, felt safe.

"Oh, madam," murmured Paul, clumsily *unfolding the silk,* "why came you here? I did not deserve—I never thought—'tis too kind, but 'tis a kindness that may ruin me."

"There, sir, do you see that? I now perceive why you wished me to buy with my eyes shut," said Maria. Then, as she pretended to be showing him a fray, her fingers touched Paul's under the silk. The two clasped hands, and Paul, forgetting his master's eye, and everything in the world save that kind little hand and those tearful blue eyes he looked into, muttered—

"Maria, can it be possible? No, I have been too base—too contemptible. It could not be that you forgive me."

"And what, Paul, if I do forgive you?" she asked, with a deep sigh.

"Madam, I deserve it not—I desire it not. *My folly and presumption in daring to think* myself worthy of accepting your kindness, has already brought me well nigh to ruin. Do not forgive me. Scorn me—I deserve your scorn. Let me see you no more—I deserve to see you no more."

"Paul—Paul," said Maria, lifting her eyebrows with a look of childish misery and protestation, "what you have done I know not; but what have *I* done that I should be made to—— But heed not what I say. Let it be so; we will not again see each other. And yet, sir, some explanation is surely due to me."

"I am a scoundrel—'tis all the explanation I can give!" groaned Paul.

"Then that is——"

"Paul!" shouted Sir Richard. And then he came toward them.

CHAP. XXXVIII.—ONE OF UNPLEASANT QUESTIONS.

"Paul," said the mercer, the moment the door was closed, "who was that lady?"

"I cannot tell you, Sir Richard," was the respectful but unhesitating answer.

"You cannot tell me either her name, rank, or residence?"

"No, Sir Richard."

"Strange! We must ourselves see to those matters, I suppose, when she comes again."

"I trust not, Sir Richard. It is not my intention to see her again."

"Was it by any kind of appointment she came now?"

"No, Sir Richard; and I was *greatly* distressed when I saw her come in."

"Hem! Distress was not exactly the word I should have chosen to express your attitude and looks."

Paul was silent.

"Pray, is this the lady you were with on the night of the play?"

"It is, Sir Richard."

"And the lady to whom you were going on *that other* night?"

Paul trembled at this allusion to the night of his crime, but he answered, with the same quiet, dogged firmness as before—

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"Then permit me, Master Paul Arkdale, to express my belief that you are not dealing honestly with me. I do not believe that you can possibly be ignorant of this lady's name. You must know, sir, more than you choose to tell."

"Pardon me, Sir Richard; I did not say I did not know."

"Ha! What's that?"

"I said I could not possibly tell you."

"And why?" demanded the angry master.

"Because, as a gentleman——" Paul paused, coloured violently all over, then became deathly pale, and felt he would have given worlds to be able to recall the foolish phrase.

"Because, as a gentleman——?" maliciously repeated the mercer.

"Because, Sir Richard, as a man having the feelings of a man towards a woman, I could *not possibly expose her to any pain* or trouble that her brief connection with me might involve. If I am not now sufficiently punished, I am ready to bear whatever you please to inflict; but I ask you, Sir Richard, to let me alone bear it, and I promise you I will then see her no more."

"That won't do. She, it appears, follows you. I shall deal with this matter myself. Be wise. Tell me all you know, and I will guard all your reasonable susceptibilities to an extent greater than you deserve. Now, then, her name?"

"I decline to give it."

"Paul," said the mercer, growing for the first time really angry with him, "I warn you in good time. I have the power to exact obedience?"

"Not in this matter, Sir Richard."

"In any matter, sir, as I will take care to let you see. You are my apprentice, bound to obey all my reasonable orders; and is not this reasonable, that when I see some new Millwood at work, looking, I suppose, for some new George Barnwell—is it not reasonable that I should guard myself and you?"

Paul was silent, but his attitude showed the *stubbornness of his determination. The* mercer, seeing this, grew more and more irritable, and went about, while talking, as if engaged in half a dozen occupations—banging closet doors, pulling out drawers, and so on. Suddenly he paused opposite to Paul—

"Do you know that I can send you before the Mercer's Court of Assistants?"

What for?"

"To have you severely flogged for disobedience."

"Oh no, Sir Richard!" said Paul, with a smile that perfectly infuriated his master.

"Can't I, though? You forget One older than you was flogged to within an inch of his life not five years ago!"

"I am sure they won't flog me!" said Paul Arkdale.

"Why are you sure?"

"Because, before they flogged me, I'd give them occasion at least for a more dignified punishment. I should murder the man who touched me!"

The mercer looked at Paul's faithful but most stern-looking face, and he saw there something *that frightened him; and then, by* a revulsion of feeling, he began to feel ashamed of his threats, and to perceive their uselessness. Paul Arkdale was certainly not of the stuff that can be dealt with by flogging, even though he is so young.

"Can't you understand," said the mercer, in a quieter tone, "that it is for your own good I speak?"

"I do believe that, with my heart and soul!"

"And yet you refuse to be helped?"

"I must refuse."

"And will fall, in consequence, most likely. I wash my hands of you! I will be no more responsible! Go back to your former labours at the counter! I will not be reminded, every hour in the day, of my foolish confidence in one who has not the sense to understand his own interests!"

"Do you really wish me to do that, Sir Richard!" asked Paul, a little wistfully.

"Yes!" said the mercer, though the moment he had said it he regretted the word.

"Then I beg very earnestly, Sir Richard, that instead of humiliating me thus, and for such a reason—I beg that you will cancel my indentures, and let me go?"

"Whither?"

"I don't know, and I don't care!" said Paul, his firmness beginning to give way a little.

"Pooh! pooh! It's not to be thought of! Your brother would have a right to challenge my behaviour, I think, if I were to do anything *so weak. Proceed with those papers! think over* what has passed. I shall hope you will yet give me a better answer. Stop! I will not receive an

other word now. You can't want to ruin yourself; but if you do, you may as well think over how to do that magnificently. Do everything well, boy, even if it's to destroy yourself!

"Paul! Paul! Do for heaven's sake cease all this folly! What do you think my daughter will say to hear of such mad doings?"

CHAPTER XXXIX. PAUL AND MISTRESS PRESTON.

Towards evening, when Paul was assisting with the closing of the shop, a shrill voice said behind him—

"Paul Arkdale!" and when Paul turned, a little black boy, dressed as a page, gave a letter into his hand, then, setting his back against the wall, folded his arms and grinned, saying—

"Pompey wait answer."

"Go a little further, then," said Paul, looking round in dismay, and hiding his delicate little note in his cuff.

The shop was too full of curious 'prentice eyes for him to read it there, so he ran down to the packing room, tore his note open, and read it by the light at a hanging oil-lamp.

Kensington, October——.

PAUL,—I should not write or breathe this name after what has passed, but that, since morning, a new thought has troubled me. Paul, you spoke of having suffered; was it through me? Oh, how can I forgive myself if it is so? and how patient my dear friend was when I offered *him* forgiveness! Have I indeed brought you woe with my friendship? Then, Paul, put it from you. Think no more of it, but let me have one consolation. Let me know that you have forgiven me. Come and tell me so. Let me hear from your own lips you do not and will not always hate your poor MARIA.

Paul tore off the blank sheet, and, kneeling down by a bale, wrote with the packer's pen and ink—

SWEET MADAM, DEAREST AND KINDEST. Your poor servant comes to-night to thank you for your wondrous goodness to him, and to bid you farewell for ever.

PAUL.

He folded it and went out, and busied himself with the window bars and bolts till he could, unseen, thrust it into Pompey's hand, together with his last sixpence.

Paul had by him an old suit of violet velvet, which he had bought at a theatrical wardrobe. It was so much worn and faded, that he had rolled it up and hidden it in his garret, in the receptacle we have before spoken off, betwixt a beam and the ceiling, as being unfit to put on again.

To-night he got it down, and spread it on his bed.

"'Twere little vanity to put it on in this state," thought he, as he looked at it. "Heaven knows, I now desire to bear myself but as I am. Yet it would not do to disgrace her by going to her house as a poor pauper 'prentice."

So he put it on, and had a melancholy pleasure in knowing that, in spite of his lace ruffles being limp and old yellow, and his hair unpowdered and tied with a piece of black ribbon, he did not look at all amiss for such an interview.

The dead violet colour was very becoming to his fair complexion and light curls. His incessant anxiety had taken all the fresh colour out of his cheeks, and cast a dark shadow under his eyes that seemed to make their colour and feverish light more intense.

As he went hurrying through the streets, many a lady on her way to play or rout looked after him admiringly, taking him for the son of some noble house whose chief was exiled or ruined.

It was dark before Paul reached Kensington, and when he came to the house Maria had described to him, it was some minutes ere he made up his mind to knock.

He paced up and down the street, asking himself with much doubt and agitation if he really had courage to go through the ordeal he knew awaited him behind that little stone terrace of bright flowers flooded with light. He remembered how he had sworn to himself never to see Maria again of his own will, and how such a course had appeared the only thing to save him from being ridiculous in her eyes and base in the eyes of his master. But everything was changed since Sir Richard had spoken of her in such terms.

Paul's cheeks had burnt with anger to hear her so spoken of. Now it was she who must first be considered. Who was he, he asked himself, that he should hurt her pride, for the sake of saving his character? He—Paul Arkdale—a poor 'prentice, to insult a lady, by breaking an appointment so generously made, and then to shun her because he was too cowardly to offer such explanations as he could, ask her forgiveness, and tell her the honest truth. Now, without placing himself in a false and base position, he could never see her more.

"No," said Paul, going up the steps, "she may despise me for my coldness and blindness if she will, but not for my cowardice."

Pompey opened the door, and, showing his teeth in a broad grin, bade Paul wait in the lobby whilst he informed his mistress of his arrival.

Presently Paul heard the creak of a boot on the stairs, and, turning his head, saw a gentleman, whose face and form he instantly remembered to have seen, both at his master's shop and at his house at Blackheath. It was the earl of Bridgeminster. Paul hung his head, and drew close to the wall. Would the earl recognise him? No, scarcely, in such a place, and in a dress so different from that he usually wore.

Nearly at the bottom of the staircase the steps paused. Paul's breath seemed to stop at the same time. He glanced fearfully towards the stairs. The earl was standing still and looking at Paul, with his small, frowning eyes, from head to foot.

Paul's heart beat at a fearful rate at that moment, for he knew as well that he was recognised as if the earl had called him by name. The earl, however, did not speak, but turned abruptly, and went up-stairs again.

What had he gone to do? Tell Maria he had seen him—to ask her why he came? Then was Paul's heart filled with trouble for her—the embarrassment, the disgrace she must feel at his being discovered there by the earl, who was probably her friend, perhaps her guardian. What could Paul do? The only thing that occurred to him, in his agitation, was to save her from having to answer the earl's questions about him—to go up while the earl was there, and pretend he had come about some purchase she had made at the shop that morning.

So Paul leaped up three stairs at a time, feeling bold in his generous anxiety for Maria, and prepared to act the rude, unmannerly 'prentice, and burst into the room with his message.

A door stood open, and Paul, ere he had found courage to make any noise, saw a room divided by a large folding screen. While he hesitated an instant he heard Maria speaking in tones and words that seemed to fall like ice on his heart.

"Leave him to me, my lord!" said that sweet voice in cold, business-like tone. "You are right, it would be most hazardous in you to question him. What I told you about, sir Richard, I drew from him with some difficulty."

"I know! I know!" answered the earl; "'tis an arduous task you undertake, but a noble one. Perhaps, madam, another twenty pounds——"

"Nay, my lord," interrupted Maria, a little wearily, "I was saying that this Paul, though a simple fellow, is too faithful to his master to let us know another word concerning his affairs should he once discover our purpose."

"What! not for money?" said the earl. "Then Paul is a rare 'prentice indeed!"

"Nay, not even for money would Paul betray his master!"

"For love, then, charming Mistress Maria?"

Maria laughed, a clear ringing laugh, that made Paul's cheeks burn, then said—

"No, not knowingly for love, my lord!"

"For love unknowingly then, 'tis all the same. You are a clever woman, madam; I do not wonder that His Majesty at Rome prizes his fair spy——"

"I trust His Majesty at England does not prize her less, my lord," said Maria, a little sarcastically.

"Well, madam, if I mistake not, that pretty bauble on your neck scarcely came from your friends at Rome."

"Would it be treason to say that they are only less generous than my friends in England because less wealthy? Besides, they honour me in a way you do not—they trust me. Yes, you smile, my lord, but positively they trust me."

"And we——"

"And you, my lord, knowing how I use that trust, are wiser, for I doubt if the Chevalier St. George himself is more closely watched by Maria Clementina Preston than Maria Clementina Preston by her generous friends in England. Farewell, my lord! and trust me to get all that is to be got out of Sir Richard's truant 'prentice."

Paul, without hearing the opening or shutting of any door behind the screen, knew in an instant that the earl was gone.

"Now, Pompey," cried Maria, in a fresh, joyous voice.

She ran to a glass, and Paul, who had come from behind the screen, saw her putting two pink moss roses in her powdered hair and smiling to herself. Then she swept away, looking over her shoulder into the glass, and singing deliciously,

In this manner she came close to Paul, who moved on one side and bowed low. Maria, seeing him, started, blushed, and shrank back in girlish confusion. Then she recovered herself, and advanced with extended hand and eyes full of bashful but frank pleasure.

Paul looked at her, and neither spoke nor moved. Maria looked surprised and hurt, then, glancing up tearfully, said, with pouting lips—

"What, Paul, are you going to be angry with me for a little vanity? Was it a great sin in your eyes that I looked in the glass when you were coming? Was it a great sin to be anxious to look well? And then, when my glass, which I begin to fancy must have told me untruths—when my glass, I say, showed me at my poor best, was it sinful to laugh and sing for pleasure?"

"Nay, madam," said Paul, "rather ask yourself, is it worth being at such pains and anxiety to subdue so simple a fellow?"

Maria started back and stared at him.

"Even for another twenty pounds," said he looking at her with a pale face, and eyes that gleamed almost cruelly.

Maria ran to him, raising her arms and crying—

"Ah, is it so? Eavesdropping! eavesdropping! Then I am ruined indeed!"

"Ruined!" echoed Paul, throwing off the hand she had laid on his arm—"ruined, madam! What! because a "truant 'prentice" chances to overhear the little honour he has left being bargained for by you and your employer?"

"Paul, Paul, listen to me!" cried Maria clinging to his arm.

"Ruined!" went on Paul, raising his other hand above her, as if he would strike her—"ruined, because your plotting has been overheard by a poor fool like me, from whom you undertake to get all that is to be got? Well, madam, triumph that you have already got from me the two things most precious, even to a simple fellow—a fool!"

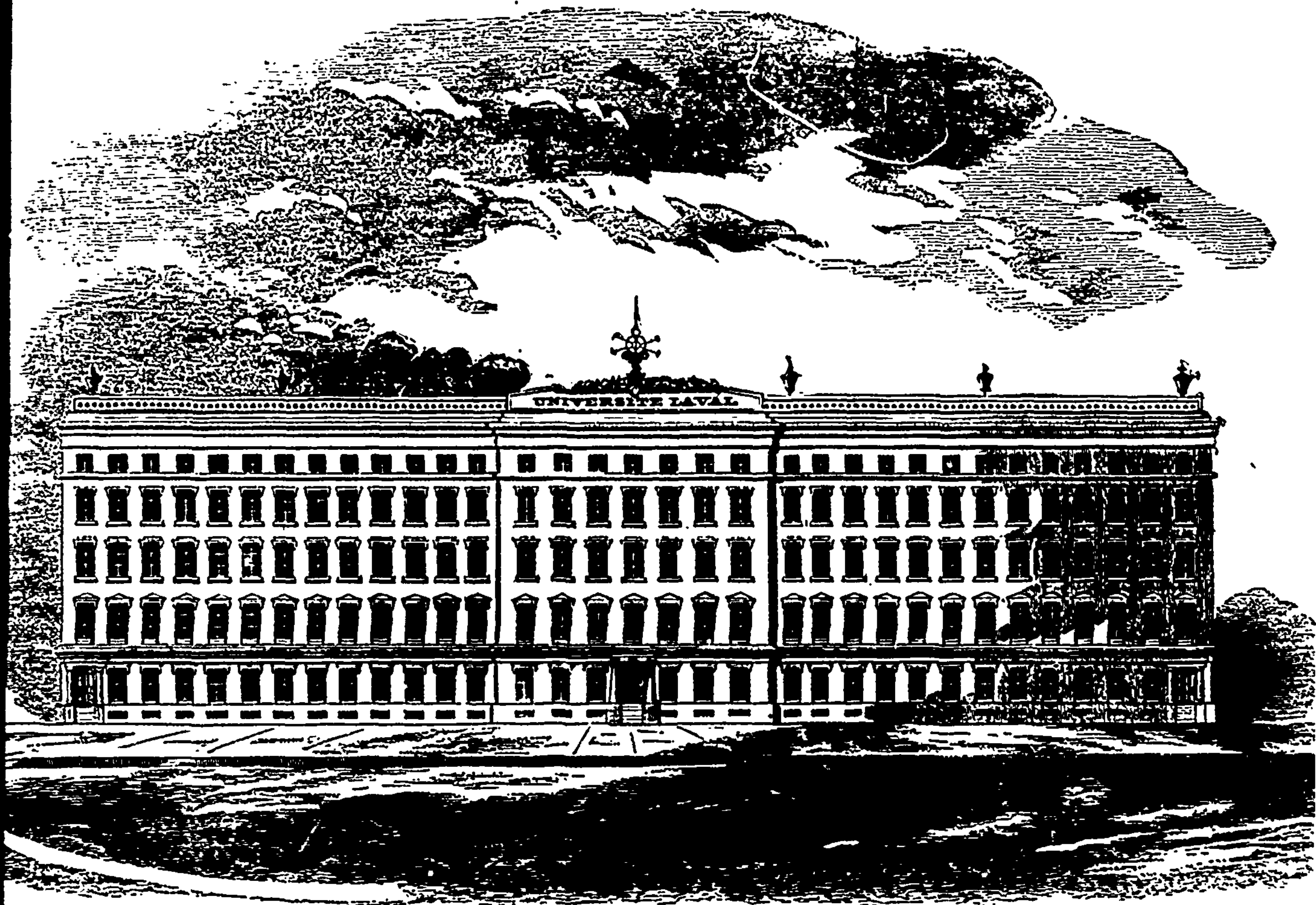
Maria, rudely pushed off by his arm, stood and gazed at him with eyes full of fear and astonishment.

"I had honesty," said Paul, "I had my master's confidence. I saw you: I lost both. I see plainly enough now that, from the day I first beheld you, you *intended* me to lose both. What more is it you want of me? My master's secrets? Let me tell you one, then, that may perchance concern you. Know that he hath a few stout 'prentices, sweet Mistress Preston, who would deal but roughly with spies found near his place, though they be fair even as yourself, or rejoice in the pay of two royal masters."

"Paul, Paul! This to a woman!"

Paul closed his lips, white with passion, and, almost leaning against the wall by which he stood, looked at her as she turned half towards him, her hands clasped, her cheeks nearly as white as her pyramid of powdered hair, her brows raised with amazement and horror.

Even thus she was lovely, and, looking on her, Paul felt the sting of his own words run in-



Laval University. See next page.

to his heart. She looked at him till her eyes filled with tears. Paul turned his face on his arm against the wall.

"Did mine ears deceive me, Paul? Was it *your* voice that spoke those savage words?"

"Did my ears deceive me, madam?" said Paul looking up at her—"was it not your voice, your own, from which I learnt what thing you are—a spy? Oh fear not, I speak it low, a double spy—that the beauty I thought a divine thing in your face is but a wrecker's light to lure men to their own destruction.

"Paul, Paul, I am not so wicked as you think."

"No, 'twere no wickedness to try to ruin my master—my kind master—and through me, a worthless wretch, who deserves no better wage from him than a halter! This were no wickedness, fair Mistress Preston—Oh, none, none!"

"Paul, were it known to the noble gentleman you saw with me but now how little I have thought of your master since it has been supposed I was watching him, 'tis likely it would go hard with me for bread this next month or two."

"What, then, you own to being what I have called you?" cried Paul. "I had half hoped—I had been mad enough to hope—you might convince me, in spite of all, that 'twas otherwise."

"I know you too well, Paul, to try to convince you of what is not true."

"Then you are——"

"I am what you have called me, in the cruellest words you could find," answered Maria, drawing herself up with an air of childish queenliness, and looking at him fearlessly; "though I must tell you, Paul, that to myself I scarce appear as wicked as I must to you. I act not for myself, but for great and clever men, and to them I leave the responsibility of all I do—'tis their business, not mine. To me 'tis mere child's play. I am an orphan—I have no money—I must live; and see, Paul, these hands were scarce made to bake or brew. As it is, I enjoy *life heartily while I earn my bread. I saw you* toiling and sad, and called you to come and be gay with me a little while; and you come and listen behind my screen, and find me out, and—heavens! what an ado!" And she hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Maria, Maria!" said Paul, passionately, "I dare not believe you. You are too clever to be so simple."

"Am I not simple?" replied Maria looking at him with flashing eyes. "I will tell you something, Paul, and you shall tell me then if I am wise or simple. First—do you think me fair?"

And she dried her eyes and looked at him without any apparent coquetry.

Paul's glance, gloomy as it was, proved sufficient answer.

"Would you believe, even from my lips," said Maria, glancing down at her little foot with sweet *shyness, "that both here in England, and* abroad, gallant—sometimes noble gentlemen—have courted me?"

"God help them, madam!" groaned Paul.

"And all with fair promises as I had been a duchess. And I—and, Paul, show me my wisdom—I listened to them not—was deaf to all."

"Oh, Paul," she said, sinking on her knees by the chair she held, and laughing hysterically —"oh, Paul! tell me now am I simple or wise: that love which a French courtier's grace, a gallant soldier's pleading, an Italian's passion, an English coronet could not win, hath been given, almost unsought—to whom? to what? Oh, Paul! what wisdom or what simplicity—to a London 'prentice!"

She bowed her head on the chair, and clasped her hands over it.

Paul half advanced towards her—then stopped and gazed upon her with bitter distrust.

"Oh, madam," said he, half pityingly, "you need not fear me, nor invent fresh falsehoods to make me keep your counsel. I would not betray you to save my own life. Maria, I came to bid *you farewell. 'Tis easier to do so* than one hour ago I thought it; though even now——"

He turned abruptly, and went to the door.

Maria moved half round on her knees, and cried in a tone of sharp pain—

"Paul—Paul, are ye going?"

He laid his hand on the door-handle, and at the sound Maria started to her feet, flew to him and clasped her hands on his arm.

"You will not leave me thus. Oh, Paul, not thus!"

Paul's pitying and loving heart whispered him, "Stay, stay." And it was to that, rather than to her, that he spoke in passionate resistance, when he shook the arm she clung to, and said—

"Off—off! Shall I stay to help you ruin my master? Tempt me no more—seek me no more I will keep secret all I have heard to-night, I give *you my pledge. But, madam, if I find you prying* into my master's matters, I promise you sharp punishment. What say you to Mistress Jane Shore's penance! Off, I say—off."

He flung her from him with such violence, that she tottered back and fell with a faint moan.

But for that moan, Paul would have fled. He clung to the door and listened. A dead silence, more touching and awful to him than any cry, followed.

He looked into the room with his hands to his brows. The girlish form lay quite still, the white cheek to the floor.

With a muttered imprecation on himself, Paul went and knelt beside it, and with a great throb, that seemed well-nigh to burst his heart, took the still form in his arms, and bore it to the sofa in the window, where a sluggish breeze *blew through the myrtles and geraniums.*

Paul held her supported against his fear-stricken, suffering heart while the breeze blew on her.

When the great blue eyes opened and stared at him, his own eyes filled and ran over, and his arms quivered.

"What has happened?" asked the weak, frightened voice. "Who is this?"

"Tis I, madam, your wretched servant, Paul?"

"Paul! I thought he went but now; I thought he left me with—with cruel words. Ah, yes, I fell. My arm! my poor arm!

"Alas, madam, he was savage, he was fiendish—mad—mad because of your confession which he durst not believe."

"But he is kind now. How is that! Will he believe now?"

"*Dare* he?" asked Paul, holding back the sweet face, and looking at it passionately. "Maria, he will; he does. Be it his bliss or bane, his salvation or his ruin, he will love you—will believe that you love him."

They sat together there in Maria's window till late in the evening—Paul with head and heart throbbing with feverish, unquiet happiness; Maria fast recovering all her usual bright and tender gaiety.

When the moon rose, Maria left Paul's side, and holding back the curtain with her arm, said—

"My poor friend, to-morrow you must labour, to-morrow you must be away from me. See how fair the night is. Come, let us hence, and enjoy it. I long to see the gardens I have told you of with you. I have never seen them, nor danced, nor feasted there with one I loved. Paul, Paul, I shall go wild with pleasure; and so shall you, my poor toiler, my weary one. Come, come!"

To be continued.

THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

[See preceding page.]

IN pursuance of our intention to present our readers with illustrations of the prominent public buildings in Canada, we now place before them an engraving of the Laval University, Quebec. The corner stone of this building was laid on the twenty-first of September, 1854, amid many imposing ceremonies in the presence of his Excellency the then Governor General, a large proportion of the Catholic Clergy of Canada, and a vast concourse of people of all creeds and origins. The work was pressed forward rapidly, and the building completed, if we are not mistaken, early in 1857. It is 296 feet in front by 50 feet in depth and 80 feet in height, and is divided into three great divisions, the centre one of which projects about three feet, and contains the offices of the moderator and of the secretary, the lecture rooms of the professors of physical science and belles lettres, and the reading room in connection with the libraries.

The right wing contains two laboratories, a cabinet of philosophical apparatus, separate rooms for large collections of zoology, entomology, geology and mineralogy, also a suite of rooms for the professors of chemistry, and separate libraries for the faculties of theology, of literature, and of medicine.

The left wing contains a fine reception room, the council room, four large lecture rooms, also numerous retiring rooms for professors, committees, and boards of examiners. The third and fourth stories of this wing are thrown into one, and form a magnificent convocation hall around which runs a gallery supported on cast iron pillars.

The main building, as well as the school of medicine and the *Pensionnat*, are substantially built of beautiful cut stone. The former, as our readers will observe, is almost entirely destitute of architectural ornament, although its proportions are faultless, and it is not without some pretensions to elegance and taste. It is to be regretted that these fine buildings should have been crowded into a narrow space where they are almost out of the sight of strangers visiting the city, and are perforce destitute of those embellishments of parks and shrubberies which are generally added to important educational institutions.

The Royal charter incorporating the "Université Laval" was granted in December, 1852. It appoints the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec for the time being, ex-officio, visitor of the University, and the Superior of the *Seminaire de Quebec*, for the time being, Rector. It is expressly provided in the charter, that no religious test or qualification shall be required of, or appointed for any persons admitted or matriculated as students.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 1, 1866.

THE CLUB SYSTEM.

THE Publisher, in order to extend the circulation of the READER, offers the following liberal inducements to persons who will interest themselves in forming clubs. Any one sending him the names of three new subscribers, with cash in advance for one year's subscription, will receive by return mail a copy of Garneau's History of Canada, 2 vols., originally published at $3.50. Any one forwarding the names of ten new subscribers with one year's subscription, each in advance will receive, in addition to the above, a copy of Christie's History of Canada, 6 vols. just published at $6.00. With a slight expenditure of effort hundreds of our country friends may thus become the possessors of one or both of these excellent histories of the land of their birth or adoption.

OUR MANUFACTURES.

THIS question is likely to command a large share of public attention for some time to come. There are few subjects on which men's sentiments are so much divided, although probably the differences between the contending parties, or at least the more sensible among them, are not so great as they may imagine. We suspect, indeed, that these differences would mostly disappear if the disputants could only understand one another, if the persons calling themselves Free Traders, and those calling themselves Protectionists, would discard the jargon of their respective sects, and substitute facts for the battle-cries, in which they both take an equal delight, for unfortunately, in their case, words are things, and very mischievous things, too. In this country, as we must have taxes from some source, and no politician, as yet, attempts to advocate direct taxation, a Free Trader must necessarily be one who would limit our fiscal burdens to the purposes of revenue, that is to say, he desires that the customs and other taxes should not exceed the amount needed for the expenses of the government, the payment of interest on the public debt, and other such necessary disbursements, while, on the other hand, moderate Protectionists profess to be content with the protection which they would derive from such a policy, under proper management. There are, it is true, persons of extreme views on both sides, but we believe that they are few in number, and do not wield much influence. If these are the desires of the two parties in the controversy, we cannot perceive what it is they are quarrelling about, or what all the angry abuse of each other means.

Taking the Protectionists, then, at their word, when they declare that they would be satisfied with the advantages which might accrue to them from a proper distribution of the existing duties and those which may hereafter be levied, which cannot fail to be considerable, let us see how matters stand with the friends of Free Trade. We suppose that they cannot well object to Mr. John Stuart Mill as an authority on the subject. In his famous work on the "Principles of Political Economy," Mr. Mill, after assuming generally that "duty, as a means of revenue, is inconsistent with its affording even incidentally, any protection" proceeds to say:—

"The only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties can be defensible, is when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation) in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production, often arises only from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience. A country which has this skill and experience yet to acquire, may in other respects be better adapted to the production than those which were earlier in the field: and besides, it is a just remark of Mr. Rae, that nothing has a greater tendency to promote improvements in any branch of production, than its trial under a new set of conditions. But it cannot be expected that individuals should, at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture, and bear the burthen of carrying it on until the producers have been educated up to the level of those with whom the processes are traditional. A protecting duty, continued for a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment. But the protection should be confined to cases in which there is good ground of assurance that the industry which it fosters will after a time be able to dispense with it; nor should the domestic producers ever be allowed to expect that it will be continued to them beyond the time necessary for a fair trial of what they are capable of accomplishing."

It will be thus seen that the leading political economist of the day goes beyond what is asked by the great body of Canadian manufacturers in the way of protection. Under the circumstances he mentions, he would accord to infant manufactures not only the protection they would receive from the revenue collected for governmental wants, but he would impose additional duties to aid their growth. This aid, indeed, would be only temporary and exceptional, but that does not alter the case, and in Canada the protection based upon revenue is much more advantageous, because of a more permanent nature.

Now Canada, as regards its manufacturing industry, is exactly in the situation described by Mr. Mill, it is "a young and rising nation, we are without "the skill and experience, and the capital, which older countries possess. But on the other hand, we have many of the elements out of which several of the most valuable manufactures are created, we have iron, copper, and other ores and minerals, wood, wool, and we could produce hemp and flax in abundance, while our water-power is unsurpassed in the world. After the Union of the Provinces, also, the Confederacy will possess an unlimited supply of coal, the great source of manufacturing prosperity. It is a most important fact, too, that there is in Lower Canada a vast amount of unemployed labor-power, especially in the winter months, and it surely were better that the tens of thousands of our young men and women, who seek work in the United States, should find it at home, if possible, and that the wealth they are creating in a foreign country should enrich their own. This last consideration is of the highest importance, and the statesman who will discover how to employ the idle hands in the Province, will be a true benefactor of the people. To do so is becoming a crying want, which is daily increasing.

In the distribution of aid to our manufactures, much discrimination is requisite; and our present tariff is greatly at fault in that respect. It is for the most part, founded on no principle, and acknowledges no commercial policy of any kind. It protects some articles which it ought

not to protect, and leaves others unprotected which have claims for encouragement, if any have. In the future legislation on this question, it should be borne in mind that "the requisites of production are labour and appropriate natural objects." But in the scale of duties now in force here, several manufactures are highly favoured, although not one of the raw materials of which they are composed is the produce of Canada, and the labour is often inconsiderable. It can scarcely be a matter of doubt that the articles to which support should be chiefly extended are those in the manufacture of which, besides labor, the products of the country are used.

It is highly desirable that this subject should be discussed on its own merits, irrespective of the empty talk of those who contend for the adoption of Free Trade or a Protective policy, as best calculated for the interests of the Province, while really knowing little of either system beyond the commonplaces picked up from newspapers and similar sources. In fact, the question is within a nutshell: we cannot do without a revenue, and it is difficult to show why our manufactures should not derive benefit from that revenue. These two propositions embrace the whole subject. This may not be Free Trade in the eyes of Free Trade foolometers; it may not be Protection in the estimation of the fosils of that persuasion; but it is common sense notwithstanding.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields; Montreal: R. Worthington.

This elegant little volume is composed of a number of short poems by Longfellow; the first in order giving its title to the book. Some of the pieces, we believe, if not all, have already appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which Magazine their author is a valued contributor. It is almost unnecessary to add that they are marked by the purity of thought and elegance of versification which characterize all Longfellow's shorter poems; still we do not think either of them is likely to achieve the wide-spread popularity attained by some of the earlier productions of this gifted poet, which have become "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have performed their share of the work in a manner which leaves little to be desired. The printing, binding and paper are alike excellent, and the illustrations are beautifully executed. Flower-de-Luce will be an elegant gift book for the approaching holiday season. We print in another page of the READER a poem which we have extracted from this work, entitled "Kambalu."

STORIES OF MANY LANDS. By GRACE GREENWOOD, Author of "History of My Pets," "Merrie England,' &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields; Montreal: R. Worthington.

Grace Greenwood writes charming stories for children, and we have no doubt the volume before us will be very popular with the little folk. It contains stories about English, Scottish, Irish, Swiss, Italian and American children; stories about titled people and also untitled ordinary people. The moral of each tale is excellent, and the group will serve to show the little ones that children all the world over are much alike. They all "laugh and weep, quarrel and make up, play hard, and eat heartily, love and try their mammas, pet and tease their little brothers and sisters, are a sweet care and a dear perplexity, and are God's little folk all of them." Interspersed through the book are a number of charades and enigmas which will prove a source of amusement through the holidays.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
O'er two thousand years ago,
When I followed and fought with the Roman host,
Under brave Scipio.
I carried a Roman standard then,
Boasted and swore "by Rome,"
And now for the glory of England's flag,
I over the wide world roam.

We had just beaten Hannibal,
Had entered Rome in pride,
Scipio proud in that triumph walked,
And I, proud to be by his side.
A young maid flung me a wreath of flowers,
I caught it upon my sword,
Waved her a kiss, she turn'd her head
And blush'd, while I adored.

Our triumph o'er, I found her out,
And 'neath a mulberry-tree,
Confess'd my love, and stole a kiss,
And she said not "Nay" to me;
And strange to tell, but I discover'd
This maid was cousin of mine!
Verily, love like that is rare,
Delightful as old wine.

Well, Scipio died, and so did I,
Rome's glory passed away,
And now I find my Roman soul
In my English body to-day.
The Roman maid who flung me the wreath,
I find in the flesh divine,
The very same eyes and the very same voice,
And the very same cousin of mine.

I knew my Roman love again,
She recognized me too,
There's no mistaking her blue eyes,
Her manner, kind and true;
And I believe, despite of all
What misbelievers say,
T's the Hermione I kissed in Rome,
I'm kissing again to-day.

GEORGIUS.

Monte Regio.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Book the First.

FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

CHAPTER I.—THE HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.

THERE are some houses whereof the outer aspect is sealed with the seal of respectability—houses which inspire confidence in the minds of the most sceptical of butchers and bakers—houses at whose area-gates the tradesman delivers his goods undoubtingly, and from whose spotless door-steps the vagabond children of the neighbourhood recoil as from a shrine too sacred for hop-scotch.

Such a house made its presence obvious, some years ago, in one of the smaller streets of that west-central region which lies between Holborn and St. Pancras Church. It is perhaps the nature of ultra respectability to be disagreeably conspicuous. The unsullied brightness of No. 14 Fitzgeorge-street was a standing reproach to every other house in the dingy thoroughfare. That one spot of cleanliness made the surrounding dirt cruelly palpable. The muslin curtains in the parlour windows of No. 15 would not have appeared of such a smoky yellow if the curtains of No. 14 had not been of such a pharisaical whiteness. Mrs. Magson, at No. 13, was a humble letter of lodgings, always more or less in arrear with the demands of quarter-day; and it seemed a hard thing that her door-steps, whereon were expended much labour and hearth-stone—not to mention house-flannel, which was in itself no unimportant item in the annual expenses—should be always thrown in the shade by the surpassing purity of the steps before No. 14.

Not satisfied with being the very pink and pattern of respectability, the objectionable house even aspired to a kind of prettiness. It was bright, and pleasant, and rural of aspect as any house within earshot of the roar and rattle of Holborn can be. There were flowers in the windows; gaudy scarlet geraniums, which seemed to enjoy an immunity from all the ills to which geraniums are subject, so impossible was it to discover a faded leaf amongst their greenness, or the presence of blight amidst their wealth of blossom. There were bird-cages within the shadow of the muslin curtains, and the colouring of the newly-painted brick-work was agreeably relieved by the vivid green of Venetian blinds. The freshly-varnished street-door bore a brass-plate, on which to look was to be dazzled; and the effect produced by this combination of white door-step, scarlet geranium, green blind, and brass-plate, was obtrusively brilliant.

Those who had been so privileged as to behold the interior of the house in Fitzgeorge-street brought away with them an envious admiration of its inner splendours. The pink and pattern of propriety within, as it was the pink and pattern of propriety without, it excited in every breast alike a wondering awe, as of a habitation tenanted by some mysterious being, infinitely superior to the common order of householders.

The inscription on the brass-plate informed the neighbourhood that No. 14 was occupied by Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist; and the dwellers in Fitzgeorge-street amused themselves in their leisure hours by speculative discussions upon the character and pursuits, belongings and surroundings of this gentleman.

Of course he was eminently respectable. On that question no Fitzgeorgian had ever hazarded a doubt. A householder with such a door-step and such muslin curtains could not be other than the most correct of mankind; for, if there is any external evidence by which a dissolute life or an ill-regulated mind will infallibly betray itself, that evidence is to be found in the yellowness and limpness of muslin window-curtains. The eyes are the windows of the soul, says the poet; but if a man's eyes are not open to your inspection, the windows of his house will help you to discover his character as an individual, and his solidity as a citizen. At least such was the opinion cherished in Fitzgeorge-street, Russell-square.

The person and habits of Mr. Sheldon were in perfect harmony with the aspect of the house. The unsullied snow of the door-step reproduced itself in the unsullied snow of his shirt-front; the brilliancy of the brass-plate was reflected in the glittering brightness of his gold studs; the varnish on the door was equalled by the lustrous surface of his black satin waistcoat; the careful pointing of the brick-work was in a manner imitated by the perfect order of his polished finger-nails and the irreproachable neatness of his hair and whiskers.

No dentist or medical practitioner of any denomination had inhabited the house in Fitzgeorge-street before the coming of Philip Sheldon. The house had been unoccupied for upwards of a year, and was in the last stage of shabbiness and decay, when the bills disappeared all at once from the windows, and busy painters and bricklayers set their ladders against the dingy brick-work. Mr. Sheldon took the house upon a long lease, and spent two or three hundred pounds in the embellishment of it. Upon the completion of all repairs and decorations, two great waggon-loads of furniture, distinguished by that old-fashioned clumsiness which is eminently suggestive of respectability, arrived from the Euston-square Terminus, while a young man of meditative aspect might have been seen on his knees, now in one empty chamber, anon in another, performing some species of indoor surveying, with a three-foot rule, a loose litle oblong memorandum-book, and the merest stump of a square lead-pencil. This was an emissary from the carpet warehouse; and before nightfall it was known to more than one inhabitant of Fitzgeorge street that the stranger was going to lay down new carpets. The new-comer was evidently of an active and energetic temperament, for within three days of his arrival the brass-plate on his street-door announced his profession, while a neat little glass-case, on a level with the eye of the passing pedestrian, exhibited specimens of his skill in mechanical dentistry, and afforded instruction and amusement to the boys of the neighbourhood, who criticised the glistening white teeth and impossibly red gums, displayed behind the plate-glass, with a like vigour and freedom of language. Nor did Mr. Sheldon's announcement of his profession confine itself to the brass-plate and the glass-case. A shabby-genteel young man pervaded the neighbourhood for some days after the surgeon-

dentist's advent, knocking a postman's knock, which only wanted the galvanic sharpness of the professional touch to be the real thing, and delivering neatly-printed circulars to the effect that Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist, of 14 Fitzgeorge-street, had invented some novel method of adjusting false teeth, incomparably superior to any existing method, and that he had, further, patented an improvement upon nature in the way of coral gums, the name whereof was an unpronounceable compound of Greek and Latin, calculated to awaken an awful reverence in the unprofessional and unclassical mind.

The Fitzgeorgians shook their heads with prophetic solemnity as they read these circulars. Struggling householders, who find it a hard task to keep the two ends which never have met, and never will meet from growing farther and farther asunder every year, are apt to derive a dreary kind of satisfaction from the contemplation of another man's impending ruin Fitzgeorge-street and its neighbourhood had existed without the services of a dentist, but it was very doubtful that a dentist would be able to exist on the custom to be obtained in Fitzgeorge-street. Mr. Sheldon may, perhaps, have pitched his tent under the impression that wherever there was mankind, there was likely to be toothache, and that the healer of an ill so common to frail humanity could scarcely fail to earn his bread, let him establish his abode of horror where he might. For some time after his arrival people watched him and wondered about him, and regarded him a little suspiciously, in spite of the substantial clumsiness of his furniture and the unwinking brightness of his windows. His neighbours asked one another how long all that outward semblance of prosperity would last, and there was sinister meaning in the question.

The Fitzgeorgians were not a little surprised, and were perhaps just a little disappointed, on finding that the newly-established dentist did manage to hold his ground somehow or other, and that the muslin curtains were renewed again and again in all their spotless purity, that the supplies of rotten-stone and oil, hearth-stone and house-flannel were unfailing as a perennial spring; and that the unsullied snow of Mr. Sheldon's shirt-fronts retained its primeval whiteness Wonder and suspicion gave place to a half-envious respect. Whether much custom came to the dentist no one could decide. There is no trade or profession in which the struggling man will not receive some faint show of encouragement. Pedestrians of agonised aspect, with handkerchiefs held convulsively before their mouths, were seen to rush wildly towards the dentist's door, then pause for a moment, stricken by a sudden terror, and anon feebly pull the handle of an inflexible bell. Cabs had been heard to approach that fatal door—generally on wet days; for there seems to be a kind of fitness in the choice of damp and dismal weather for the extraction of teeth. Elderly ladies and gentlemen had been known to come many times to the Fitzgeorgian mansion. There was a legend of an old lady who had been seen to arrive in a brougham, especially weird and nutcrackery of aspect, and to depart half-an-hour afterwards a beautified and renovated creature. One half of the Fitzgeorgians declared that Mr. Sheldon had established a very nice little practice, and was saving money; while the other half were still despondent, and opined that the dentist had private property, and was eating up his little capital. It transpired in course of time that Mr. Sheldon had left his native town of Little Barlingford, in Yorkshire, where his father and grandfather had been surgeon-dentists before him, to establish himself in London. He had disposed advantageousl of an excellent practice, and had transferred his household goods—the ponderous chairs and tables, the wood whereof had deepened and mellowed in tint under the indefatigable hand of his grandmother—to the metropolis, speculating on the chance that his talents and appearance, address and industry, could scarcely fail to achieve a position. It was further known that he had a brother, an attorney in Gray's Inn, who visited him very frequently; that he had few other friends or acquaintance; that he was a shining example of steadiness and sobriety; that he was on the sunnier side of thirty, a bachelor, and very good-looking; and that his household was comprised of a grim-visaged active old woman imported from Barlingford, a girl who ran errands, and a boy who opened the door, attended to the consulting-room, and did some mysterious work at odd times with a file and sundry queer lumps of plaster-of-paris, beeswax, and bone, in a dark little shed abutting on the yard at the back of the house. This much had the inhabitants of Fitzgeorge-street discovered respecting Mr. Sheldon when he had been amongst them four years; but they had discovered no more. He had made no local acquaintances, nor had he sought to make any. Those of his neighbours who had seen the interior of his house had entered it as patients. They left it as much pleased with Mr. Sheldon as one can be with a man at whose hands one has just undergone martyrdom, and circulated a very flattering report of the dentist's agreeable manners and delicate white handkerchief, fragrant with the odour of eau-de-cologne. For the rest, Philip Sheldon lived his own life, and dreamed his own dreams. His opposite neighbours, who watched him on sultry summer evenings as he lounged near an open window smoking his cigar, had no more knowledge of his thoughts and fancies than they would have had if he had been a Calmuck Tartar or an Abyssinian chief.

CHAPTER II.—PHILIP SHELDON READS THE "LANCET."

Fitzgeorge-street was chill and dreary of aspect, under a gray March sky, when Mr. Sheldon had returned to it after a week's absence from London. He had been to Little Barlingford, and had spent his brief holiday among old friends and acquaintance. The weather had not been in favour of that driving hither and thither in dog-carts, or riding rakish horses long distances to beat up old companions, which is accounted pleasure on such occasions. The blusterous winds of an unusually bitter March had buffeted Mr. Sheldon in the streets of his native town, and had almost blown him off the door-steps of his kindred. So it is scarcely strange if he returned to town looking none the better for his excursion. He looked considerably worse for his week's absence, the old Yorkshire-woman said, as she waited upon him while he eat a chop and drank two large cups of very strong tea.

Mr. Sheldon made short work of this impromptu meal. He seemed anxious to put an end to his housekeeper's affectionate interest in himself and his health, and to get her out of the room. She had nursed him nearly thirty years before, and the recollection that she had been very familiar with him when he was a handsome black-eyed baby, with a tendency to become suddenly stiff of body and crimson of visage without any obvious provocation, inclined her to take occasional liberties now. She watched him furtively as he sat in a big high-backed arm-chair staring moodily at the struggling fire, and would fain have questioned him a little about Barlingford and Barlingford people.

But Philip Sheldon was not a man with whom even a superannuated nurse can venture to take many liberties. He was a good master, paid his servants their wages with unfailing punctuality, and gave very little trouble. But he was the last person in the world upon whom a garrulous woman could venture to inflict her rambling discourse; as Nancy Woolper—by courtesy, Mrs. Woolper—was fain to confess to her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Magson, when her master was the subject of an afternoon gossip. The heads of a household may inhabit a neighbourhood for years without becoming acquainted even with the outward aspect of their neighbours; but in the lordly servant's halls of the West, or the modest kitchens of Bloomsbury, there will be interchange of civilities and friendly "droppings in" to tea or supper, let the master of the house be never so ungregarious a creature.

"You can take the tea-things, Nancy," Mr. Sheldon said presently, arousing himself suddenly from that sombre reverie in which he had been absorbed for the last ten minutes. "I am going to be very busy to-night, and I expect Mr. George in the course of the evening. Mind I am not at home to any body but him."

The old woman arranged the tea-things on her tray, but still kept a furtive watch on her master, who sat with his head a little bent, and his bright black eyes fixed on the fire, with that intensity of gaze peculiar to the eyes which see something far away from the object they seem to contemplate. She was in the habit of watching Mr. Sheldon rather curiously at all times, for she had never quite got over a difficulty in realizing the fact that the black-eyed baby with whom she had been so intimate *could* have developed into this self-contained inflexible young man, whose thoughts were so very far away from her. To-night she watched him more intently than she was accustomed to do, for to-night there was some change in his face which she was trying, in a dim way, to account for.

He looked up from the fire suddenly, and found her eyes fixed upon him. It may be that he had been disturbed by a semi-consciousness of that curious gaze, for he looked at her angrily.—"What are you staring at, Nancy?"

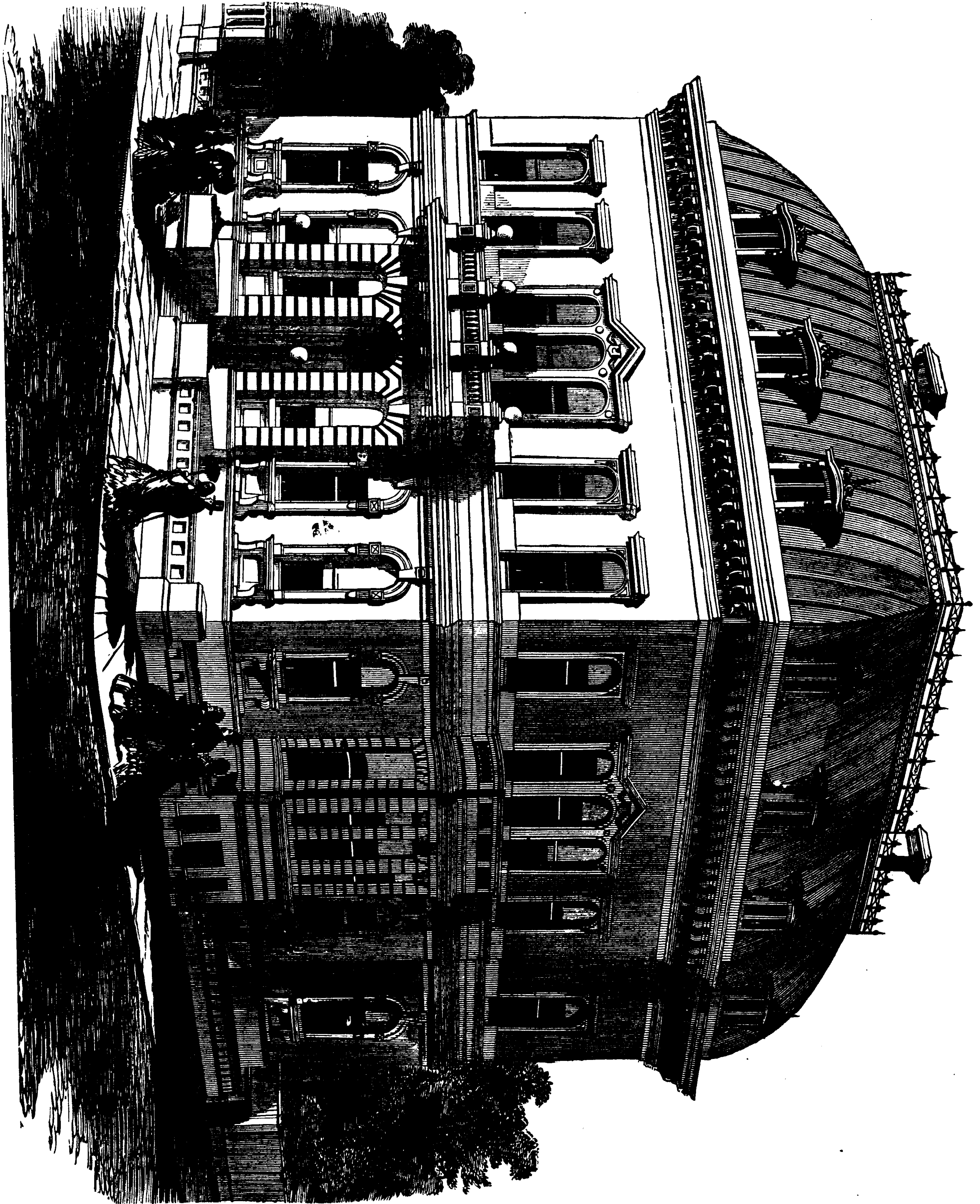
To be continued.

ST. JAMES' CLUB HOUSE.

WE recently published an article full of interesting gossip about the Clubs and Club-men of the great metropolis of the empire; and although in Canada Club literature has as yet no existence, Clubs, as the natural result perhaps of the increase of population, intelligence, and wealth, are beginning to flourish in our colonial cities. On the opposite page our readers will find an engraving of the spacious building recently erected for the accommodation of the members of the St. James' Club in this city. It is situated at the corner of Dorchester street and University avenue, and has a frontage of 68 feet on the former, with a depth of 62 feet on the latter. Our space will only permit us to give the following brief description of the interior of the structure.

The ground or principal floor, which is 17 feet high, is entered from Dorchester Street by an imposing flight of steps leading into the vestibule, on either side of which are the porter's and hat and cloak room, giving access to the spacious hall and principal or main staircase. On the right is the coffee room, a handsome apartment, 40 feet in length, by an average width of 25 feet, showing a large segmental bay-window overlooking University avenue. In rear of this room are the butler's pantry, bar and back staircase. On the left hand side of this hall is the morning room and library, another spacious apartment, 29 feet long by 22 feet in width with a bay-window from which access is gained to a small parterre on the street level. Adjoining the morning room is a waiting room for strangers desirous of seeing members of the Club; and in rear of this latter room is the strangers' dining room, 30 feet in length by 18 feet wide, and having side board, recess, &c. Serving room, lavatories, lifts, and other conveniences occupy the remaining portion of this floor. By the handsome staircase before mentioned, which consists of a centre flight 8 feet wide, and two side flights each 6 feet wide, access is obtained to a spacious upper hall 22 feet wide; opening from this on the left is the drawing or evening room, a handsome apartment, 40 by 21 feet, and 16 feet high. On the right is the house dining room of similar size to the morning room below, a small billiard room with service room attached, all opening on a wide covered gallery, overlooking the spacious ornamental grounds of the adjoining proprietor. Between the drawing and house dining rooms over the main entrance, and opening into both by folding doors, is the card room. On the upper story are the principal illiard room, smoking room, and sleeping accommodation for the servants of the establishment. The first mentioned room is 42 feet long

by 30 feet wide, and 18 feet in height, with a domed ceiling, and lighted from a large lantern light in addition to the four windows in the sides. Of the exterior of the building, we must leave our readers to judge for themselves. The base to a height of seven feet above the footwalk,



is executed in Montreal limestone, rough faced ashlars, with dressed mouldings and angles. The superstructure is in red brick, with Ohio stone cornices, window dressings, &c.; the entrance, bay-window and balconies being built entirely of the latter material.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 181.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WHITE GRANGE.

THE lone farmhouse known as White Grange was buried from the world among the bleak, desolate hills and solitary sheep-walks which stretch from the sea on one side, across the northeastern corner of Monkshire, almost to the edge of the lovely valley in which Normanford lies warm and sheltered; beyond which, the country becomes more fruitful and open, if less picturesque. White Grange was a gray, old, stormbeaten building, and bore the date of 1695 carved above its rude porch. Near it stood a barn, and a few other outbuildings, the whole surrounded by a ruinous, moss-grown wall; beyond which you came at once upon the bleak, high moorland, open to every wind that blew. In one of these out-houses was the well from which in former times the family supply of water had been drawn. Connected with this well, there was a dark story of a murdered traveller whose body had been thrown into it; which, whether true or false, gave the place an uncanny reputation through the country-side.

White Grange seems to have been unfortunate in its tenants for a long series of years. Such a story as that of the murdered traveller would hardly attach itself to any reputable household; and old Job Sandyson, as we have seen, was by no means the most respectable of men. The farm was now held by a brother-in-law of Job, a man named Nathan Orchard, to whom the family reputation clung tenaciously, and not, perhaps, without reason. He was a hard-drinking, hard-swearing, money-grasping old reprobate, this Nathan Orchard; disliked and feared at every market and country fair which he attended; and although no overt act of dishonesty could fairly be laid to his charge, there were whispered rumours in plenty, among those of his own station in life, of acts that any honest Monkshire farmer would have blushed to own: of sorry, spavined hacks doctored up and sold at distant fairs as sound young horses; of mildewed wheat, with a covering of wholesome grain, sold under a fictitious name and address; of a forged Bank of England note for fifty pounds traced home to him, which he swore to having received from some unknown man in part-payment of an account; together with other trifles needless to specify here. Nathan's household consisted of himself and four children—two sons and two daughters, all grown up; together with an old crone, who acted the part of domestic drudge. A rough, ignorant, hard-living crew they were, the sons following closely in the footsteps of their father, and the two girls being duplicates in softer clay of their brothers.

In a room on the upper floor of White Grange, two women were seated one wintry afternoon, It was a room with a wide, old-fashioned fire-place, and a stout oaken door, and a thick beam across the ceiling—a beam with a strong hook in it, from which depended a fragment of rope, darkly suggestive of a foregone suicide—a room with two diamond-paned windows, across each of which, on the inside, ran two stout iron bars, and in this respect different from any other windows in the house. Why the windows of this room should be barred, rather than those of any other room, was one of the mysteries of White Grange, which Nathan Orchard himself would have been quite unable to explain.

The younger of the two females, a stout ruddy-cheeked lass, was seated at one of those old-fashioned spining-wheels, which are becoming rarer every day, and crooning some country ditty to herself as she worked. She was Nathan Orchard's youngest daughter. The elder of the two females is known to the reader already, she being, indeed, none other than Madame Marie, Jane Garrod's sometime lodger at Kingsthorp Station, and the woman of whose murder Mr. Duplessis had been wrongfully suspected. But she was much changed since we saw her last. In the first place, there seemed nothing left of her but skin and bone, so thin and fleshless had she become. Her long black hair had all been cut off during the fit of raving madness which supervened upon her abduction and forcible confinement at White Grange; and although it had grown somewhat since that time, it was still as short as that of a man. Her dress, too, was rather out of the common way, consisting outwardly, as it did, of a red flannel dressing-robe which, although it reached to the ground when she walked, did not hide, as she sat there, her bare feet, thrust loosely into a pair of old slippers. It was her whim to be dressed thus, and neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to alter the style of her costume. Just now, she was painfully and laboriously busy with her needle, stitching a doll's clothes: that was her occupation day after day, the dressing of dolls, and instructions were given that her whim in this respect should be gratified. A quiet, harmless form of madness that expends itself on such trifles, is infinitely preferable to the vagaries of a raging lunatic. So she dressed and undressed her dolls, of which she had about a dozen in all, and talked to them, and scolded them, and caressed them, as any child of six might have done. She had a sweet voice; and sometimes in the twilight, she would sing little French love-songs to her dolls, trifles which had in them a pathos all their own, such even as touched sometimes—although she did not understand the words—the unsusceptible heart of Peg Orchard, her youthful jailer. Sometimes she would fall into a fit of sullen brooding, which would last for a couple of days, during which time she neither ate nor spoke, but would pass hour after hour crouched on the old-fashioned window-seat, staring out through the barred panes with such a hopeless, far-away look in her eyes as might have moved any one to pity. What she thought about at such times, no one ever knew. Perhaps, in her disordered mind, pictures of happy days long past, mirrored themselves brokenly, as in a troubled pool; perhaps she was brooding darkly over her wrongs, and striving to piece together some wild scheme of revenge. These sullen moods always ended in an outburst of hysterical sobs and tears, which did not cease till her little strength was utterly exhausted, when she would lapse into a deep, deathlike sleep as she lay on the floor, a sleep which would last for twelve or fourteen hours; after which she would awake as light and happy as a child, and call for food and brandy, and begin to dress her dolls again, and to sing her little love-songs, as though she had not a care in the world.

Peg and Madame had not been together all this time without learning to like one another, each in her own peculiar way. Peg, while being the most faithful and incorruptible of jailers, still contrived to secure for her charge many little indulgences, chiefly in the way of food; for Madame had always been nice in her eating, and the fare at White Grange was ordinarily of the coarsest kind. Madame was not ungrateful; and in her calmer and saner moments, would do her best to reciprocate the girl's kindness. Thus she taught Peg to improve her appearance by compressing her waist, and keeping her shoulder-blades in their proper place, thereby necessitating an upright carriage of the person: and as Madame prided herself on her taste, and was dexterous with her needle, she so altered and improved Peg's Sunday frock lengthening the body, and puffing the sleeves, and imparting to it such a graceful fall behind—that that young person felt she had never cut such a fashionable figure before. Then she taught Peg how to dress her hair in a more elegant style, and gave her the recipe for a wash that was warranted to beautify the complexion, however tanned or freckled it might be. Peg's heart was finally won when Madame presented her with the rings out of her own ears; only Peg was afraid to wear them, lest her greedy old father should force her to give them up, that he might pawn or sell them.

Sometimes, in mild, open weather, there would come over Madame a desire to exchange her close shut-up room for the fresh air outside. At such times, she would induce Peg to ask permission from the old man for them to walk in the orchard for half an hour. Sometimes the permission was given, sometimes it was not. When the answer was favourable, Madame would wrap a thick shawl round her, and taking Peg's arm, would pace till she was tired the gravelled walk which ran from end to end of the neglected strip of ground which, by some strange perversion of terms, was known as "the orchard." Mad though Madame might be on some points she was never mad enough to attempt to escape while taking her out-door exercise. In a personal encounter, she would have stood no chance against the stalwart Peg; and the fleet-footed farmer's daughter would have run her down before she had got twenty yards away.

It was while taking one of these quiet walks in charge of Peg that Madame's sharp eyes caught sight of something unusual lying half-concealed among the thick grass. She repassed it again and again before she could make out clearly that it was nothing more than a rusty old knife, and then she could have screamed aloud with all a maniac's fearful joy at sight of such a priceless treasure. But how to secure it without being seen? Disengaging her arm suddenly from Peg's she seated herself on the grass close to the knife, so that a fold of her shawl hid it from view. After that, it was easy to push it unobserved up her sleeve. When she got back to her own room, and the key was turned on her for the night, she brought forth her treasure, and kissed it, and stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to smother the wild bursts of laughter that would not be kept back when she thought how cleverly she had deceived them all, and what pretty things it was possible to accomplish even with such an ugly weapon as a rusty knife. There was a little bit broken away from the under-part of one of the window seats, leaving a small cavity between the woodwork and the bricks; and there, after much painful cogitation, she hid her treasure.

Madame was in one of her better moods this wintry afternoon, but hardly as talkative as usual; and as the shadows outside grew deeper, Peg, too, became mute, and the silence was broken only by the whir of the spinning-wheel or the weird muttering of the wind in the wide old chimney. At length Marie flung down her sewing with a petulant air. "There! I can see no longer," she exclaimed. "So Elise, poor darling, will have to go without her petticoat to-night, for I can't bear stitching by candle-light. Do, my dear child, go down stairs, and bring me up a cup of tea and a candle." She listened intently without stirring till Peg's foot-steps had died away down stairs; then she rose, and crossing the floor with quick, noiseless steps, drew the knife from its hiding-place. "A few more nights, and I shall be free," she muttered to herself. "The bar is nearly through, and soon the cage will be empty and the bird flown. Another windy night," she added, peering with white face and straining eyes into the gathering gloom outside. "The wind is Marie's friend. I like the sound of his rough voice; I like to hear him rattling the doors and windows, and shaking the crazy old house in his burly arms. He comes across the waste at midnight to summon me to my task. Then, when everybody in the house is fast asleep, and they think I am asleep too, I slip quietly out of bed, and begin my work; and oh! what weary work it is, sawing away, all in the dark, at the rotten old bar with my trusty friend here. But when the first streak of gray shews across the moorland, then I put my knife away, and creep back to bed with such aching bones, and such feet of ice; and when Peg comes in with my cup of tea, looking so fresh and innocent, I hide my head under the clothes, and laugh to myself to think what a simpleton she is, and how I am deceiving them all. And *he* is here! I know it. Sometimes I hear his voice. Black-hearted monster! I will be revenged—revenged—revenged on you before I go! But when I try to think how this must be, my head begins to ache, and motes, like drops of blood, dance before my eyes. But it will all come to me suddenly, like a flash of lightning, at the right moment. Yes, a few more nights, and the cage will be broken, and the bird flown. Oh, what fun it all is!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE READING OF THE WILL.

A wintry night, starless and lowering, with a bleakwind moaning drearily through the woods of Belair like a voice of sorrowful warning. Eight o'clock is striking by the turret-clock as the great doors of the Hall are flung wide open to let out for the last time him who had so long been master of that stately home. His pleasant voice and genial laugh, never more to be heard within its rooms; never more his tall, slender form and white head to be seen by tenant or farm-labourer in field or coppice, or at friendly rent-day feast. All that is left on earth of Sir Philip Spencelaugh is about to cross the threshold of his home for the last time; and to-morrow a new master will reign at Belair.

One by one, from a side-door, dark-cloaked figures to the number of thirty or forty come quietly out, each of them carrying a lighted torch; and range themselves in front of the main entrance. Presently the coffin makes its appearance, borne on the shoulders of men who have worked on the estate all their lives—men who have loved and respected him they are carrying, as their greatest earthly benefactor. Slowly and tenderly, down the wide, shallow steps, they bear their solemn burden, over which a great pall is thrown. Close behind, in solitary state, comes the son and heir, a tall, slender young man, with a worn, effeminate face; genuinely sorry for the loss of the kind-hearted old man he is following; half angry with himself because his eyes *will* remain so obstinately dry; with yet a lurking feeling of satisfaction in one corner of his heart, which will not be quite trampled out, that he is now really and veritably Sir Gaston Spencelaugh—that he may now clear off those confounded post-obits, and be his own master, with plenty of ready money for the future.

So down the main avenue of the Park the long procession slowly moved, lighted up by the lurid blaze of the torches, which shewed from a distance like gigantic fire-flies among the trees. Behind Sir Gaston, at a respecful distance, came a numerous array of the personal friends of the dead man; magnates of the county; friends of the cover-side and the stubble-field; men who not seldom had sat at his table; men at whose houses he had visited, and to whose wives and daughters he had been well known. Behind these, again, came a long string of humbler friends—small farmers and labourers on the estate, whose grief for the los of the man they were following was probably quite as genuine as that of more aristocratic friends.

Little groups of country-people, women and children mostly, whose husbands and brothers took part in the procession, were scattered about the Park close to the line of march; and many a tear was shed, and many a blessing invoked to the memory of the benefactor they would never see again. With such accompaniments was Sir Philip Spencelaugh borne to his grave.

Never had the little church of Belair been more densley crowded than it was on the night of the baronet's funeral. The first to enter it, and the last to leave it, were two women, who sat in an obscure corner of the gallery, and the hoods of whose black cloaks completely hid their faces from observation. When the solemn service was at an end—when the body had been lowered into its resting-place in the vault underneath the chancel—when the vicar's last Amen had been said, and the last notes of the choir had died away into silence, these two hooded women were the last of all there to lean over the dark cavity in the floor, and bid farewell in tearful silence to him who slept so soundly below. Then homeward through the already, deserted Park by near ways well known to themselves.

These were Frederica Spencelaugh and Jane Garrod.

Frederica had passed only one night at Belair after her return from town. Now that its master was dead, she felt that not without derogation to herself could she stay there any longer. As the antagonist of Lady Spencelaugh in the course which she, Frederica, was fully determined to pursue, she felt that for the future her home must be elsewhere; so she went to her friend, Mrs. Barber of Ashleigh Park, and there took asylum for a week or two. She had telegraphed for Mr. Penning on the day following her uncle's death; and that gentlemen, acting on her instructions, had intimated to Mr. Greenhough, the family lawyer, that he would be prepared, on the reading of the will, to offer certain evidence which would go far to prove that Gaston Spencelaugh was not the rightful heir to the entail and title of his father.

The reading of the will was fixed to take place in the great drawing-room of Belair at ten o'clock on the morning after the funeral. Mr. Greenhough, instructed by Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch as to the nature of the evidence which was likely to be put in by Mr. Penning in opposition to the natural and lawful claim of Sir Gaston, pooh-poohed the whole affair cheerfully; and hinted delicately how sorry he was to find that a lady for whom he entertained so profound a respect as he did for Miss Spencelaugh, should have lent herself so credulously to the schemes of an impostor. Under the influence of this mild tonic, and the exordiums of her staunch friend Mrs. Winch, her Ladyship's drooping courage revived in some measure; and it was with tolerable composure both of mind and body that she took her seat, on the eventful morning, in the great chair of carved oak, which had been brought from the library on purpose, and so sat, with Gaston on her right hand, to hear the reading of her husband's will. Her mourning became her admirably. The style of her corsage, and the cut of her sleeves, had been a source of some anxiety to her; but little Miss Penny, assisted by a hint now and then from Clotilde, had overcome all difficulties admirably; and nothing could have been more becoming, and at the same time more pensively stylish, than her Ladyship's toilet on this her first appearance in public in her new *role* of widow.

At the opposite end of the long table sat Frederica looking very pale, but very lonely. The executors named under the will were Sir Michael Casey, a middle-aged Irish baronet, who resided a few miles from Belair; and Dr. Allen, the vicar of Normanford, and one of Sir Philip's oldest friends. Both these gentlemen followed Lady Spencelaugh into the room, and sat down opposite Mr. Greenhough, the lawyer. There, too, were assembled Mrs. Jones the housekeeper, and Mr. Bellamy the steward, and a few of the older domestics, whose grief for the loss of their master was probably tempered by some natural anticipations of a legacy. Discreetly in the background sat Dr. Roach, the great medical luminary of the district, blandly unconscious, to all outward appearance, that his name was mentioned in the will of his late esteemed patient, although his friend Mr. Greenhough had whispered that pleasing fact in his ear as they drove home from the funeral together on the preceding night.

A very brief abstract of the contents of Sir Philip Spencelaugh's will, as read slowly and distinctly by Mr. Greenhough, is all that need be given here. The Belair and Hillgrove estates were both entailed, and beyond these, the amount of property left for division was not very considerable. The savings of the baronet's later years, consisting chiefly of securities in various public undertakings, amounting in the aggregate to about fifteen thousand pounds, together with a small banker's balance, were all left to Gaston, burdened only with a few legacies to certain old servants, and the cost of a few mementoes to the executors and other friends. To Lady Spencelaugh was left, for her own absolute disposal, the small Norfolk estate of Dene Towers, of the value of five hundred pounds per annum; with the further addition of a life-charge on the general estates of four hundred a year more. Frederica's name was mentioned last of all. We give the extract relating to her in its entirety:

"To my well-beloved kinswoman, Frederica Mary Spencelaugh" (so ran the will, "I give and bequeath the necklace and coronet of diamonds formerly the property of my mother; together with the miniatures, painted on ivory, of her father, my dear cousin and companion-in-arms, and myself, which will be found in the top left-hand drawer of my private bureau. These (knowing her to be in no need of worldly goods), together with an old man's love and blessing, are all that I have to bequeath to the aforesaid Frederica Mary Spencelaugh; but they will be enough for her to remember me by."

Mr. Greenhough took off his spectacles, and proceeded slowly to fold up the will. Mrs. Jones took the hint, and rising, dropped a stately courtesy to my Lady, and sailed out of the room, followed by the other domestics. An uneasy brooding sense, as of a moral thunder-cloud about to burst over their heads vested upon the majority of those closes now left in the room—for it had been whispered about that something strange would follow upon the reading of the will. Mr. Greenhough proceeded in the midst of profound silence to rub his spectacles deliberately with his pocket-handkerchief, then to adjust them carefully on his nose, and then to select a letter from a bundle of other documents all labelled and tied together with red tape.

"Your Ladyship and gentlemen," began Mr. Greenhough, "I have here a communication of a very singular character, received by me five days ago, and signed by a gentleman of the name of Penning, who is, I believe, like myself, a lawyer, and who, in this matter, is acting under instructions from Miss Spencelaugh. Before laying this document before you, Miss Spencelaugh will perhaps allow me to ask her one question?"

A slight motion of Frederica's head gave Mr. Greenhough the required permission.

"Is it your deliberate intention, Miss Spencelaugh, may I ask, to persevere in this matter? There is yet time to draw back. Those blazing embers would destroy this letter in a few seconds. No eye but my own has seen it, and I would forget that it had ever been written."

"It *is* my deliberate intention to proceed with this matter," said Frederica in a low, clear voice.

"Then I have no alternative but to read the letter," said Mr. Greenhough.

"Before you begin, I should like Mr. Penning to be present," said Frederica.

Then when Mr. Penning, who had been waiting in an ante-room, was seated, and had been duly scrutinised by the assembled company, Mr. Greenhough proceeded to read the letter, which, as before stated, was simply an intimation that Miss Spencelaugh was prepared with certain evidence to dispute the right of Gaston to the title and estates of his father.

The Irish baronet took snuff nervously; family disagreements were his especial abhorrence. The vicar looked very grave; he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own ears. It sounded to him like the assertion of a lunatic to state that Gaston Spencelaugh, who had grown up among them all from childhood, was not his father's heir. And that such an assertion should emanate from Frederica, of all people in the world! But that he had known her intimately for years, and had long recognised her as by far the cleverest and most able of the female coadjutors whom he had enlisted under his banner, he felt that he should really have had cause this morning to doubt her sanity. In such a case it was evidently his duty to remonstrate with her, and the vicar was a man who never shrank from a duty however unpleasant it might be. So he crossed the room, and leaned over her and spoke to her in a low voice. Frederica listened quietly to all he had to urge, but only shook her head when he had done, and laying her hand gently in his, said: "You are prejudging me. Wait till you shall have heard everything. Heaven knows, this task is not of my seeking. It has come to me unsought; and I should be doing foul wrong to the memory of the dead, and the rights of the living, were I to abandon it now." After this, the worthy vicar could only go back to his seat, wondering more and more.

Lady Spencelaugh was sitting near the fire, with her face so far turned away from the company that nothing of it was visible but the profile. Gaston, chafing inwardly, was seated near

her. What was all this bother about, he should like to know? Dispute his title, indeed! Was he not Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, owner of Belair, and of all that fair landscape which could be seen through the windows stretching far into the dim distance? He had half a mind to ring the bell, and order Green to show these old fogies the door. It was high time they remembered who was master now. He was touched a little to think that Freddy, whom he had always liked and loved in his own careless fashion, should be turning against him at such a time with some trumped-up story of another heir, but he felt so secure in his new position that he could afford to let her have her fling, and then be magnanimous, and forgive her.

"The evidence of which you speak in this letter," said Mr. Greenhough to Mr Penning, "will be, I presume, forthcoming without difficulty?"

"We are prepared to go into the question at once," said Mr. Penning.

"Before entering into particulars,' returned Mr. Greenhough, "you will perhaps furnish us with the name of the individual in whose favour these extraordinary proceedings are taken."

"Willingly. The gentleman to whom you allude is known at present as Mr. John English.'

"I should like to ask this Mr. John English a few questions. Oblige me by producing him.'

"We are unable to do so just now," answered Mr. Penning, not without hesitation.

"Do you, in fact, know where this Mr John English is living at the present time?' asked Mr. Greenhough.

"We certainly do not," answered the London man of law.

"Precisely so," said Mr. Greenhough, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction.—"Gentlemen," he added, turning to the baronet and the vicar, "from information received, as the detectives say, I am able to throw a little light upon the history of the individual in question. By occupation he is a wandering photographer, and in this capacity he seems to have knocked about the world for several years. Chance or design brought him at last to Normanford, and he had not been there many days before he obtained an introduction to Lady Spencelaugh, who, with her customary liberality and kindness of heart, at once gave him several commissions. The privilege of *entrée* to Belair which he thus obtained, he systematically abused by ferreting out, from the domestics and others, all the information they could give him respecting the private history of the family, supplementing the same by further insidious inquiries among the old people of the neighbouring villages, till having, as he thinks, picked up sufficient information to serve his vile purpose, he deliberately sits down and writes out a statement in which he claims to be heir to the title and estates of Belair. The whole affair would be no more than a piece of wretched absurdity, unworthy the attention of any sane man, were it not for the annoyance which, at a period of deep domestic affliction, it has caused a most estimable lady. But, gentlemen, the comedy, if I may call it such, is not yet played out This individual, in consequence of an accident, is obliged to take up his residence for a while at Pevsey Bay, from which place he sends his Statement to Miss Spencelaugh, and is so far successful that he induces a lady of whose good sense and discernment I had hitherto had the highest opinion, to espouse his cause. But, gentleman, the climax is yet to come. The very day after that on which he sends his Statement to Miss Spencelaugh, this man, this impostor as I ought rather to call him, disappears, and has never been heard of since. But shall I tell you why he disappears? Because he is afraid of being arrested and taken to task for previous attempts of a similar kind. Yes, gentlemen, the man himself has gone, no one knows whither—has neither been seen nor heard of for eight weeks; and yet we are seriously called upon to-day to test the validity of his ridiculous pretensions! The whole affair is really too absurd for belief." And Mr. Greenhough leaned back in his chair, and glanced at Mr. Penning with an air that seemed to say: "I think, my friend, your case has not a leg to stand on," at the same time refreshing himself copiously from the baronet's box.

"Then I suppose we may consider this little unpleasantness as at an end?" said the vicar with a genial smile.

"That's right: let's make everything pleasant," said the baronet encouragingly.

"I beg, gentlemen, that you will not put us out of court in such a summary manner," said Mr. Penning with a deprecatory smile. "What Mr. Greenhough has just urged sounds very plausible, I must admit, but, pray, remember that as yet you have only heard one side of the question. We at once confess that the disappearance of Mr. English is a circumstance for which we are unable to account, and one which, at the first glance, may seem to prejudice our case. But putting this fact for the moment on one side, I beg to state seriously and earnestly, on the part of Miss Spencelaugh, that we are prepared with evidence which will go far to prove that many years ago, under this very roof, a heinous crime was perpetrated—by whom, we do not say—and a good man most foully deceived, and if right still be right, and wrong still be wrong, then does it most certainly rest with you two gentlemen, whom the dead master of this house appointed executors of his last will and testament, to do what he himself would have done, had he lived—to mete out, so far as in you lies, simple justice to the living and the dead.'

"I really don't see," said Mr. Greenhough with emphasis, "that in the absence of chief—what shall I call him?—conspirator, we can proceed any further in this business. Let this Mr. English come forward in proper person, and we shall then be prepared to hear what he may have to say for himself."

Mr. Penning shrugged his shoulders. "Do you really wish to force us into a court of law?" he said. "Miss Spencelaugh thought, and I quite concurred with her, that it was advisable, in the first instance at least, to sift this affair, which deeply concerns the honour of an ancient and reputable family, before some tribunal of private friends; and not make a public scandal of it, unless after-circumstances should render such a course imperatively necessary.'

"You are right, sir," said the vicar with dignity. "In the position in which I and my colleague are placed by the will of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh, we cannot do otherwise than lend an attentive hearing to what you may have to say, and either nip this matter in the bud, if it be based on a lie, or if it have truth for its foundation, see that justice be done to all whom it may affect. Before entering, however, upon any of your proofs, I wish to know, and I daresay my curiosity is shared by others, whom this Mr. John English asserts himself to be."

There was a general stir and movement in the room as the vicar ceased speaking. Lady Spencelaugh's cheek paled perceptibly, but she shaded her face with a hand-screen, and gazed more intently into the fire. Gaston unfolded his arms, and lifted himself for a moment out of the state of moody irritation into which he had fallen Vague fears of some impending disaster were beginning to coil themselves round his heart. What was the meaning of this dark conspiracy which was gathering so ominously about him at the outset of his new career? The Irish baronet paused, in the act of opening his snuff-box, to listen, and the vicar himself drew up closer to the table, and leaned forward with one hand to his ear.

Then Mr. Penning spoke. "Mr. John English," he said, "asserts himself to be the eldest son of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh by his first marriage."

"But," said the vicar, recovering from his surprise, "the late baronet had only one son by his first marriage, Arthur by name, who died in infancy, and lies buried in the family vault."

"Mr. English asserts that *he* is the child in question," said Mr. Penning; "and if this be true, he is now Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, and the owner of Belair."

"Produce your proofs," said the vicar.

"Things are not looking so pleasant as they might do," thought the baronet. "I wish I was well out of this."

KAMBALU.

By H. W. Longfellow.

Into the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed,
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scymitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarr[ed]
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone
Rose in revolt against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he
wore;
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within,
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled,
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that was called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thou art old.
Thou has no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honour sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer nor a cry nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands;
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

HOME FOR DOGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN TEXAS."

"With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy the solace, and the aid of man:
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend;
The only creature faithful to the end."

SOME time in the summer of 1860 an advertisement appeared in "the London Times" that a home for lost and starving dogs was about to be established by two or three ladies. Much ridicule was cast upon the project; "leaders" were written in various papers, and as much cold water thrown upon it as could conveniently be emptied; but, in spite of all, it has lived on, and during last year two thousand five hundred dogs found a refuge in it, where they were supported until either claimed by their owners, or new masters found for them, or else were mercifully put out of their misery by the least painful method possible.

The conductor of the omnibus which conveyed me to Holloway said he knew the place to which I wished to go; and, setting me down at the corner of the St. James's Road, a very short walk brought me to Hollingsworth Street, where the "home" is situated. Hammering at some high boarded gates, painted blue, I set several dogs barking, and their clamour soon brought the keeper to see what was the matter. The keeper received me very civilly, and, upon my stating that I wished to see the home and its inhabitants, he led the way down a short, broad, gravelly walk, at the end of which on the right was a paddock, strongly wired in, on the left a large open yard, and in front the keeper's house, and three enclosed, warm-looking kennels, each capable of housing a good many dogs.

In the paddock were about, as nearly as I could count so many constantly moving animals, thirty dogs of all sizes, but not degrees; being mostly curs, mongrels, rough and smooth haired terriers; but no hound, pointer, setter, or spaniel. Some of the terriers seemed sharp little fellows enough, who would doubtless make useful little watch-dogs for detached villas, and the keeper said that very many found homes for that purpose in the suburbs of London.

How many were confined in the long, enclosed kennels (they seem formerly to have been stables), I did not count, as two or three fierce dogs, fastened to long chains, indicated a strong desire to become very intimately acquainted with the calves of my legs; and one, a very large red mastiff, would have made short work with my throat had he been as free as he was willing.

Inside the door of the middle kennel, where the keeper kept his accounts, was a notice that dogs could be *boarded* at a rate of from two to four shillings per week, according to size; and my friend the red mastiff, from his size and sleekness, seemed to have the best of the bargain, even at the highest figure.

Another notice, however, close by was of a different character, and ran thus: "The Committee are anxious to impress upon the public the fact that this institution is not intended to be a permanent home for old and worn out favourites, nor an hospital for the cure of gentlemen's sick dogs, but simply what it professes to be, a place to which humane persons may send really homeless and famishing dogs *found in the streets*. They particularly wish to caution persons that it is a great wrong to the charity, and a great cruelty to the poor animals, to bring any that are not proper objects for it, out of mere caprice, or to escape some trifling inconvenience; for, while the really homeless dog soon shows his sense of gratitude at being provided with food and shelter, the dog brought from a home which he has learned to regard as his own, and from a master who, up to that time, had been, perhaps, kind to him, and whom the poor dog loves truly, naturally pines, as all will readily believe who know the sensitive and affectionate character of the animal."

Whenever an apparently valuable dog is brought to the home, the police are always communicated with, so that, should the owner make any inquiries for his lost favourite, he may stand some chance of hearing of and recovering it.

Whenever any one makes an application for a dog, and promises to care for and treat it kindly, he is allowed to take it; but he is expected to make some donation to the home, so as to in some measure pay for its keep; but this charge is always very trifling, and according to the supposed value of the dog. The donation rarely reaches half a guinea, and generally ranges between half a crown and five shillings.

The food of the dogs consist of meal, greaves, etc., and, from the general appearance of all, both boarders and "casuals," they seem to be well cared for.

I will now add a word or two on my own account about the dog. An enthusiastic admirer of the dog has asserted that he must have been the second animal tamed by man; "for," as he says, "Abel, being a keeper of sheep, must have had a shepherd's dog." The dog, that he should belong wholly to man, has been endowed with a predilection for the companionship and friendship of man at the sacrifice of those instinctive passions which most animals have of their own kind; but the dog cares far more for the society of his master than for his canine acquaintances.

In the East the dog has never been a favourite, and it is rather remarkable that neither in the New or Old Testament is the animal spoken of with kindness. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" seems to point to the dog having been held in much contempt by the Jews of those days; and in the East they still are regarded with the same dislike.

The faithfulness and retentiveness of memory in the dog are remarkable, and have been noticed in all ages; indeed, Homer uses this well-known characteristic in describing the return of Ulysses:—

"The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew:
Him when he saw, he rose and crawled to meet—
'Twas all he could—and fawned, and kissed his feet."

And in later times another poet writes of the dog as—

"The poor dog! in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

Most writers (nearly every one) who have treated of the higher animals, in giving instances of their sagacity, have been content to ascribe it to instinct; but not one, not the cleverest of them all, has ever been able to decide where instinct ends and reason begins. The dog sees, hears, remembers; nay, more, he dreams—when the body is at rest *the mind is active*—he remembers the past, and applies his experience to protect or guide himself afterwards. A dog that has been snake-bitten and recovered, recognises the fetid smell of the poisonous reptile, and gives it a wide berth. The experienced bear-dog, who has been engaged in a hundred bear-fights, is cautious how he closes with Bruin: he remembers how those claws can cut, and the fearful hug of his arms. He tempers valour with discretion: he recollects that once, when an inexperienced puppy, he came out of a combat half skinned.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, a most acute metaphysician, and a man of the strictest veracity, used to tell the following story:—"I knew a dog once that, in pursuit of his master, came to a place where three roads branched off. The dog ran down one road and carefully scented the earth, then ran down the second road and carefully scented that; without further hesitation he rapidly took the third road, and accomplished his purpose. The argument in the dog's mind was as follows: "My master, I perceive, when he came to these forks, did not take either of the two roads I examined, therefore he must have taken the third." Thus he afforded an example of absolute induction, the highest effort of the reasoning powers.

With dogs, even more than men, talents are hereditary; and nothing more shows their long domestication than does the ear. The finer, more hanging, and tremulous this organ is, the more does the animal differ from its original type. The wolf, the jackal, and the least intellectual of domestic dogs, the greyhound, have ears erect—or, in the latter case, nearly erect; for on their acute sense of hearing much depends in securing their prey; whilst those kinds which have been longest domesticated and dependent on man, such as the spaniel, the pointer, and the setter, have long pendant ears.

Dogs once were extensively used on the Belgian frontiers for smuggling. Packed with light loads of silk or other valuable articles, they were started for their destination in the night, and are said to have performed immense distances whilst thus engaged.

They have also been employed as the motive power to drive light machinery. A gentleman once set two to grind, and for this purpose they were put upon a small kind of tread-mill. After a while the motion of the mill was noticed from time to time to be considerably retarded. When the tender would go to the mill to see if the dogs were doing their duty, they always appeared to be at work. One interruption after another occurred, and this so often that the owner began to suspect that his dogs were playing some trick with him. Accordingly he placed an observer where all the movements of the animals could be seen, and the mystery was soon discovered. After the two dogs had wrought together for some time, one of them was seen to step off the tread-mill and seat himself where he could catch the first warning of any approaching footstep. After resting awhile, he took his place at the wheel again, and allowed his "mate" to rest, and thus alternately they relieved each other.

When hunting in Texas I was often, except my horse and dogs, alone in the forest for months; and the latter, from constant companionship—hunting during the day, and stretched around the camp-fire by night—became wonderfully intelligent, and seemed to understand all I said to them. They would crawl upon their bellies behind me on the prairie when I have been trying to get close to deer, obey my slightest motions, and even seem to understand my whisper of caution.

With all their courage dogs are very timid when anything occurs which is unusual to them, and even the fiercest will turn tail when it meets with something it cannot comprehend. On one occasion, in Louisiana, a very ferocious mastiff flew at a negro child. The child stepped back and fell into a hole which had been made by the fall of a tree, whose weight had wrenched up its roots. The sudden disappearance of the little negro amazed the mastiff, who at once turned round and retreated to its kennel.

Nothing shows more than his silence, upon all ordinary occasions, that a dog has been properly brought up. Whenever a yelping cur is found that always is barking, it may be concluded at once that its education has been seriously neglected; and I can quite understand the feelings of the Western traveller who, being a passenger on board a steamboat, had been kept awake all night by the constant barking of a small dog. In the morning he sought out the owner of the dog, and asked to be allowed to purchase it, or even a half or quarter share in the animal. "Why, sir! what on earth would you do with half my dog?" asked the astonished owner. "Well, stranger, I rather think that if I owned any share in that dog," said the Western man, with great solemnity, "I should destroy my interest in it immediately."

A curious story is related by Charles Fenno Hoffman of New York. A favourite hound, belonging to an old hunter, came to his master one morning when he was engaged in chopping wood in the forest, and by various intelligible signs persuaded his owner to follow him to a thicket some little distance off in the woods. The hunter, on following his dog, found there a small and very feeble fawn entangled in some vines and brambles so that it was impossible for it to extricate itself. The unfortunate fawn was

carried to the house, and fed upon milk; but the hound, who was ever ready to hunt and pull down the wild deer in the forest, seemed to understand that he had saved this little animal's life: he made it share his bed at night, and through the day was ever on the look-out to defend or aid it, till the rest of the pack of hounds learned to know it, and to understand that they were not to molest their companion's pet.

MAB'S CROSS.

WIGAN, in Lancashire, is a town of considerable antiquity, though not mentioned in the Domesday Book. It was anciently called Wibiggin, and a patent for paving the town and erecting a bridge over the river Douglas was granted in the early part of the reign of Edward III. In these days Wigan is a thriving place of business, the centre of an extensive coal-field, with a rapidly-increasing cotton manufacture. The town is situated on a hill, and is irregularly built over a large extent of ground; its houses, places of worship, commercial establishments, public offices, schools, &c., are all in tolerably good taste, but there is nothing remarkably attractive about them. The historical interest of the place chiefly belongs to the period of the civil war; but near one of the four gates—or, rather, where the gates used to be in days of yore—stands an old ruined stone cross. Many visitors may have passed Wigan Standish Gate without a glance towards, or a thought of the legend of Mab's Cross—for so is the rude erection called—a mere heap of stones; but "thereby hangs a tale."

About five centuries and a half ago the Bradshaighs held the Haigh, near Wigan. It was a feudal pretension, with strong walls and a stronger donjon, whose "stony strength would laugh a siege to scorn." There was born and bred Sir William Bradshaigh, who wooed and won and wedded the Lady Mabel—as comely a couple as were ever bound in holy wedlock's bonds; she fair as the dawn, he true as his sword—and they loved each other and lived in each other's love.

The times were "out of joint." Edward the Hammer was in his grave; Edward of Caernarvon feebly held the sceptre. Piers Gaveston, the royal favourite, had affected all the pomp of kingly splendour, had poured studied insults on the great nobles. With him, Lancaster was the "Old Hog;" Pembroke, "Joseph, the Jew;" Gloster, "Cuckolds Bird;" and Warwick, "Black Dog of Ardenne." Gaveston had paid for his folly—he had felt mortally the tooth of the Black Dog and had lost his head on Blacklow Hill. The Scots, taking advantage of the condition of affairs in England—"a house divided against itself," the king against the nobles, and the nobles in arms against the king—rose in assertion of their independent nationality, and the flower of English chivalry was sent forth to maintain English authority. Sir William Bradshaigh joined the English forces; he took farewell of his wife, not without a dark foreboding of evil, and rode at the head of his men-at-arms towards the border. The whole country appeared covered with moving troops; the number of banners, pennons, standards, flags, made so gallant a show, that the most numerous army in Christendom might have been alarmed at its approach. Never had England sent forth a more magnificent host, never did one approach the battle-field with more imposing aspect; but the terrible "Hammer of Scotland" was no longer there.

The battle of Bannockburn decided the fate of Scotland. The English never before or afterwards, whether, in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle, nor did the Scots ever gain a victory of the same importance. Fifty thousand English were killed or taken prisoners, and the remnant of the army was pursued as far as Berwick. "O day of vengeance and misfortune," says the monk of Malmesbury; "day of disgrace and perdition! unworthy to be included in the circle of the year, which tarnished the fame of England, and enriched the Scots with the plunder of the precious stuffs of our nation to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds!"

Among the sixty brave knights who were taken prisoners by the Scots was Sir William Bradshaigh. For ten years he remained in captivity, and his death was commonly reported in England. Not long after the news of the death of Sir William had been received, and his widowed lady, with two young children, mourned his loss, and in the first agony of her grief was almost inconsolable, there came to the Haigh a Welsh knight, Sir Osmund Neville by name, and paid his court to the widow. His suit was indignantly repulsed, and nothing more was heard of him for some months. Then he returned only to be repulsed again; but at his third coming he approached the Lady Mabel with bolder freedom. He told not only the story of his love, but the secret of his power. All the lands of Bradshaigh had been formally granted to him by the Earl of Lancaster, as a reward for his good services, and unless she consented to share it with him as his lady wife, she must e'en go forth a beggar. She *did* consent, but her wedding is said to have been more like a funeral, with a bride's veil for a winding-sheet.

As to the grant of land, whether or no he had obtained it was often matter of doubt; whether, indeed, if he had obtained it, the grant, even in those wild times, was tenable, still it was his when he married the widow, and he employed it as his own.

Haigh underwent many changes. Old servants were changed for new ones, except in some particular instances; the tenantry became uncomfortably acquainted with their new lord; a band of some thirty Welsh men-of-arms formed the garrison. Lady Mabel was deprived of many sources of comfort, and, with her children, was subjected to many indignities. Sir Osmund Neville was even accused of personal violence to his new wife. He was hated, and he knew it; but he gave back hatred for hatred, scorn for scorn. Woe to the hind who had offended him; woe to the vassal who failed in allegiance! Sir Osmund was a stranger to pity as he was to honour. Sordid, cruel, revengeful, the Welsh knight led a solitary life, and, except when he caroused with his body guard, indulged in no festivity.

Ten years and more had flown by, and sorrow more than time had marked the once beautiful face of Lady Mabel. She was still young—not more than two-and-thirty—but she looked fifty; the last ten years sat heavily upon her. It was the day for the alms gifts. A bell high up in the turret was calling the poor to the friend of the poor—to the Lady Mabel, who was about to dispense her charities with her own hands. The mendicants gathered in the grand hall, and waited patiently my lady's coming. The gifts to be disposed of were ranged on a long stone bench at the upper end of the chamber; they consisted of meat, bread, herbs of healing, warm garments, etc.; and the almoner, with his book and ink-horn, sat over against them, to check the gifts and the recipients.

Lady Mabel, attended, not by tire-woman, but by her two children, both girls, the eldest but twelve years old, entered the hall, and every sound was hushed as a priest pronounced a blessing. Then the gifts were dispensed with kind words of counsel or encouragement, sometimes of caution and reproof. As the last of the applicants turned away with his gift, a pilgrim who had been patiently waiting in the rear of the throng, stepped forward and craved audience.

"Speak thy wishes, holy sir—what is thy behest?" So Mabel addressed him, as he stood before her.

He answered, "I have a gift to give. Doth my lady recognise this ring?"

He held a ring towards her as he spoke, and she knew it for her dead lord's signet. The little colour which the stranger's words had called to her cheeks faded, and her voice trembled as she asked—

"Whence came this pledge?"

"Lady, it comes from the dead; I drew it from thy lord's finger. It was, he told me, a pledge of unchanging fidelity; I was to bear it to thee."

There was a deep silence; and Lady Mabel, with her arms about her children, drew them close to her. "Tell me, pilgrim," she said, "tell me where lie his hallowed bones, that I may make my journey thither."

"What recks it, lady? thou hast another mate."

"Another! Oh, name him not! with him I mated for a piece of bread, that these my young ones might not die?"

"*Mabel!*" The tones of the stranger's voice awakened echoes in her heart that had long been silent. She heard *his* voice—her husband's voice. She gazed in wild transport on the features of the pilgrim, and with a great cry rushed into his arms. Their lips met.

At this moment there entered Sir Osmund Neville. With fierce and angry words, he attempted to drag Mabel from the embrace of Sir William, for the pilgrim was no other than the long absent lord of Haigh. Passionate was the scene which ensued. Sir William boldly claimed his wife and lands; Sir Osmund stoutly denied his right, averring that he was an impostor, and that Sir William was really dead. While so protesting, the wily Welshman took care quietly to issue his instructions, so that, when Sir William was in the midst of hot dispute, and hurling foul scorn on his foe, a dozen men-at-arms appeared, forcibly seized him, separated the Lady Mabel from his embrace, and dragged Sir William, despite his protestations, to the dungeons below the keep.

All was so far well for the Welshman, but he was not secure, and he would not hesitate at any crime. If murder were wanting, his own hand, or that of a hireling, would do it. But he had blundered. In the confusion of the arrest three or four of the old servants of the house had seen, heard, and recognised their former master. They knew that any attempt on their part for his immediate rescue would be futile. They waited; but that night the news was spread far and wide. Sir William had returned! The vassals and tenantry were in arms, beating at the castle gates; the whole country was roused. Sir Osmund had time only to escape, offering no parley with the assailants, before the oaken doors gave way, and a mixed multitude, armed with all kinds of weapons, spread over the Haigh. A few minutes served to find the prison of Sir William, to beat in the door, and rescue the prisoner. A few minutes more, and Lady Mabel was folded in her husband's embrace, and the children felt in earnest the kisses of which they had so often dreamed. Then, armed, and with a few faithful attendants, the injured knight went forth in pursuit of the crafty Welshman, came up with him on the site of Newton-le-Willows, and slew him in single combat.

Happily for many years—happy in each other's love, and happy in their children's affection and obedience—lived the Lord and Lady of the Haigh. They lie together buried in the Church of All Saints, Wigan, where their tomb and sculptured effigies may still be seen.

The offence which Lady Mabel had unintentionally committed lay for awhile heavily upon her conscience. She took ghostly counsel from her father confessor, who in conformity with the practice of those times, suggested this penance: That once a week, so long as she should live, my Lady Mabel should walk barefoot from the Haigh to a place outside the walls of Wigan, where a cross of stone should be erected bearing her name.

There the erection still stands, and still bears the old name—MAB'S CROSS."

WATERPROOFING—The following plan of rendering tissues waterproof is said to be very effective:—Plunge the fabric into a solution containing 20 per cent. of soap, and afterwards into another solution containing the same percentage of sulphate of copper; wash the fabric, and the operation is finished. An indissoluble stearate, margarate or oleate of copper, is formed in the interstices of the tissue, which thus becomes impervious to moisture. This process is particularly recommended for rich cloths, awnings, and similar objects.

THE KENTUCKY TWINS.

MANY of our readers will remember the Siamese twins, two youths named Eng and Chang, born in 1811 of Chinese parents in Siam. Their bodies were united by a flesh-band stretching from breast-bone to breast-bone. Originally the band united them face to face, but constant traction had so stretched it and changed its natural direction, that they could stand almost side by side. The greatest length of this flesh-cord was four inches, and its greatest thickness an inch and a-half. It seems to communicate with the nervous system of each, for being touched in the centre both feel the touch, this, however, is not the case when the medial band is touched in any point nearer to one body than the other, for then only the person nearest the point touched is sensible of it. This "lusus naturæ" was purchased at Meklong, a city of Siam, in 1829, and exhibited in America by Captain Coffin and Mr. Hunter. After making the tour of Europe they realized a competency, and settled in one of the Southern States of America, where they married two sisters, and had offspring, but, owing to domestic quarrels, it was found essential to have two establishments, one for each wife, where the household arrangements are wholly controlled by the sister-in-law. The late disastrous civil war in America, which has brought ruin to so many families, has laid its hand on the Siamese twins, who are about to make another tour, and may possibly visit Canada.

The Siamese union of bodies was thought to be a unique concurrence, and therefore excited a very large share of public attention, but, strange to say, this wonderful phenomenon has been already repeated in the opposite sex. About nine years ago, two sisters were born corded together by a natural ligature precisely like that referred to above. It is fastened to the lower part of the chest in each, and its sensibility is precisely analogous to that which unites Eng and Chang. If touched midway between the two sisters, both feel the touch, but if pricked with a needle or pinched with the fingers elsewhere, only that one is sensible of the puncture or pinch which is nearest the part experimented on. Except in this flesh-bond, each sister is a separate individual; each feels her own individual wants; each suffers hunger or thirst, sleepiness or vigilance, pleasure or pain, independent of the other; they love separately, and have their individual tastes and specialties. No doubt the necessity of co-operation has modified their individuality, and trained their minds to mutual forbearance, it has shown to them by that strongest of all arguments, personal comfort, that each must sacrifice something to the other, and that they must try to act and feel in unison, but there is no one-ness of mind between them, no common nervous system, no union of perception and thought; what they do in common is done by voluntary submission, habit, or sisterly sympathy. These sisters were born in Kentucky of negro parents, and were first exhibited by Mr. Barnum, in his monster American museum. It is said that they are now about to make the tour of Europe.

It has been often asked whether this uniting cord could not be cut without endangering life. The only safe answer to this question will be a reference to a case recorded by Ambrose Paré, of two sisters united by a flesh-cord in the forehead. One died at the age of ten, when it was actually essential to divide the ligature. The operation was performed most skilfully, but proved fatal, for the survivor lingered a day or two, and was then buried beside her sister. Of them it may emphatically be said, "They were united in life, and in death they were not divided."

CANTER AND DE-CANTER.—Jones's studies in physiology, equitation, and the practical chemistry of alcohol, have convinced him that a canter will give you ruddy cheeks and a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

THE OLD ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE operation of fishing up the old Atlantic cable is thus described by Cyrus W. Field. "Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed, but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship, and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken, only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room to see if our long-sought-for treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine-rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep, which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well, and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm as if she knew that the vital cord, which was to join two hemispheres, hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 7th of September, we brought our second cable safely to the shore."

PASTIMES.

We shall be glad to receive from any of our friends who take an interest in this column original contributions of Puzzles, Charades, Problems, &c. Solutions should in each case accompany questions forwarded.

ARITHMOREM.

1.	650 and *no ague*	=	A town in France.
2.	56 ,, *roe*	=	A man's name.
3.	4 ,, *err*	=	A large current of water
4.	1,600 ,, *era*	=	An illusion.
5.	1,550 ,, *Bertha run on*	=	A county of England.
6.	1,001 ,, *peer*	=	An imperial power.
7.	51 ,, *the*	=	A town in Scotland.
8.	650 ,, *sat on*	=	A country of Europe.
9.	500 ,, *onset*	=	A town in Holland.
10.	1,005 ,, *be Nore*	=	A calendar month.

The *initials* will name a famous sailor, whose exploits are read with admiration.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is a fog, my *second* a French article, my *third* a part of the foot, and my *whole* is seen at Christmas.

2 I am a word of nine letters My 2, 3, 8, 4, 5, 6 is the edge of anything; my 4, 7, 9 is to be merry: my 2, 3, 9 is a month, my 4, 1, 6 is a spirit, my 2, 3, 8, 9 is a lady's name, my 2, 3, 5, 6 is the principal part, my 8, 7, 2 is a sheep; my 8, 3, 4, 6 is what we could not do without, my 4, 3, 7, 1, 6 is corn, and my *whole* is visionary. J C.

2. I'm bright, and I'm black, I'm clean, and I'm dirty;
I'm round, and I'm oval; my age? perhaps thirty:
I'm wet, and I'm dry; I'm hot, and I'm cold,
And not often used before I am sold.
I'm useful to many, and valued by all,
For I'm found in the cottage, camp, mansion, or hall.
I've never learned music,
But yet I can sing:
Now am I not, reader,
A wonderful thing?

H. R.

3. The thunder roars and lightnings flash,
The sea runs mountains high,
A gallant bark is tempest-tossed;
For help the sailors cry.

In eager haste my *first* to save,
They try my *second's* aid:
And leave the vessel to her fate;
Fearful, yet undismayed.

They turn their gaze o'er waters vast;
Now hope inspires each soul—
For, hastening to their rescue then,
They see my gallant *whole*.

W. S. L.

DECAPITATION.

Complete, I'm a very small word, of meaning great—
Dear reader, don't think that I wish to prate;
Beheaded, I'm a relation, then let me state,
Whose affection, we trust, may never abate,
Again behead, transpose, and then will be found
A cask of large size, which is kept underground;
Once more transpose me, and then I abound
In the woods; now turn me around.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1 *Hans a cut.*
2. *The sear see.*
3. *O' mild rag.*
4. *Rub cut, pet.*
5. *Lucan run us*
6 *Munch my hearts.*
7. *Reud veal.*
8. *Pile hot ore.*
9. *Lead no din.*
10. *Dr. Powson.*
11. *Cheek us only,*
12 *R law fellow.*

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

1. A town in England.
2 A river in England.
3. A country of Europe.
4. An island in the Mediterranean.
5. A country of Asia.
6. A river in Spain.
7. A country of America.
8. A chain of mountains in Europe.
9. A river in France.

The initials read downwards will name a joyous season.

PROBLEM.

A grazier being asked the number of his live-stock, replied, "I have some horses, five times as many neat cattle as I have horses, and eight times as many sheep as I have neat cattle If I had fewer horses by 6, and fewer neat cattle by 10, and if my sheep were 9 times as many as my neat cattle would then be, I should have 710 head in all." Required the number he had of each kind of stock, and how many altogether. R. B.

SOLUTIONS TO ENIGMA, &c., No. 62.

Enigma.—1, *Mercury*, Medina, Edinburgh, Rotterdam, Calcutta, Ushant, Rheims, York. 2, Age.

Decapitations.—1, Glass-lass-ass. 2, Spear-pear-sear. 3, Sword-word-rod. 3, There-here-ere.

Charades.—1. Sol-ace. 2, Brace-let. 3, Wreck-crew. 4 Lamirande.

Arithmorems.—1 William Makepeace Thackeray. 2, Charles Dickens. 3 Edward, Bulwer Lytton. 4, Hannah Moore. 5, Theodore Hook. 6, Mayne Reid.

Problem.—9 gallons @ 22s.
12 " @ 15s.

SOLUTIONS TO ARITHMOREM, &c., No. 63.

Arithmorem Leonidas.—1, Lucan. 2, Euclid. 3, Ovid. 4, Numidicus. 5, Ixion. 6, Diocletian. 7, Alcibiades. 8 Simonides.

Enigma.—A bay.

Charade.—An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Anagrams.—1, Anthony Trollope. 2, Charles Dickens.

Problem.—£600 each.

The following solutions have been received.

No. 62.—Problem, C. Legge.

No. 63.—*Arithmorem*, C. J. C., H. H. V., Ellen, Bericus. *Charade*, J. E. D'A., Ellen, Usherwood, Pilot. *Anagram*, J. E. D'A., H. H. V., Pilot, Bericus. *Problem*, Custus, Leoni.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

In resuming our correspondents' column, we would observe that we hope to make it more than ever a medium for bringing editor and readers generally into closer, and more confidential intercourse. We shall welcome communications on all subjects which come fairly within the scope of this journal, and shall, in return, be always happy to afford any information in our power to our subscribers. In framing our replies, we will endeavour to make them as far as possible, generally interesting, and with a large circle of correspondents, we think there will be no difficulty in effecting this. We wish every reader of this periodical to feel that the Editor's letter-box is open to him, and that the editor's services are at his disposal.

A. B.—The H. should be sounded in "humble;" authorities to the contrary may be quoted, but to omit it sounds pedantic and smacks too much of Uriah Heap.

Mary H.—The following is an excellent recipe for modelling wax.—Take ½ lb beeswax, 2½ lbs. lard, and ½ stone of whiting. Pound dry and sift the whiting, warm the wax and lard together, and pour them into the whiting. Mix well, and roll well, a rolling-pin like dough. Warm before rising.

A. S. L.—Your suggestions respecting the introduction of new features in the Reader, will receive our careful attention.

Fergus.—Your anxiety respecting "The Lion in the Path" will be relieved when you receive the present number, and we are pleased to be able to assure you that the story will in future appear regularly.

Wyvant.—The MS. is not in our possession; it was delivered to a gentleman who undertook to forward it, as well as several others to the addresses of the respective authors. The gentleman is not now in town, on his return we will ascertain if the MS. was mailed to you, and, if not, will see that it is forwarded. We shall be happy to receive your contributions on the same terms as formerly.

J. E. D A.—You are correct, the omission was an error on the part of the printer.

W. P. B, West Troy.—Will reply to your communication *per mail.*

Polly.—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is the first line of Keats' celebrated poem of "Endymion."

MISCELLANEA.

Cure for Chilblains.—It is said that speedy relief is obtained by simply rubbing the parts affected with kerosene oil, two or three applications being generally sufficient to perform a cure.

There has been a very large white turnip exhibited at Sydney, New South Wales. It weighs 43 lbs., and measures 3 feet 8½ inches in circumference. When cut it was found to be perfectly solid.

In the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a blacksmith of London, named Mark Scaliot, made a lock of iron, steel, and brass, of eleven pieces, and a pipe key, all of which only weighed one grain.

Curious Fact.—There exists a spot in the German Ocean which is the central point of an area of rotation produced by the meeting and mutual action of two opposite tides, and where, consequently, no rise or fall of tide could occur.

At the Paris Exhibition will be shown a mechanical horse, which trots, gallops, or walks, as may suit the pleasure of the rider. He even prances after the most approved style, and neighs when that sound is agreeable to his possessor.

A widow and her two daughters have just been poisoned in France from eating a stew made in a copper saucepan which had been allowed to stand without being cleaned, and in that way had generated a quantity of verdigris

Distance of the Earth from the Sun.—To make the distance of the earth from the sun intelligible, M. Guillemin states that a railway train leaving the earth and going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would require rather more than 347 years to reach it; so that if such a train had started on January 1st, 1860, it would be A. D. 2213 before it arrived at its destination.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A safety net, for the purpose of arresting the fall of workmen while engaged at a height from the ground, has been patented in England.

Mr. John Holly, of Blackwall, lately exhibited at the office of the Board of Trade, Whitehall, his model of a new brake for railways, giving the power to the driver as well as to the guard.

Russia leather derives its well-known odour, and its power of withstanding the attacks of insects, and the progress of decay, from its being manufactured with oil obtained from the destructive distillation of the bark of the birch.

Astronomical observers of the sun will be interested to know that M. L. Foucault has discovered a method of diminishing the effect of the sun's rays on the focus of telescope lenses. By means of an extremely thin layer of silver placed on the object glass, the sun can be observed without injury to the sight. M. Foucault has communicated the particulars of his invention to the Paris Academy of Sciences.

A scientific way of lighting pipes and cigars has been recently introduced in Paris under the name of *poudre de feu.* It consists of pyrophorus, which is preserved in a small tin case with a narrow orifice. When a little of this black powder is poured out on the end of a cigar, or on the tobacco in a pipe stem, and then gently breathed upon, it becomes incandescent, and is in a condition to light the said pipe or cigar.

Improved Tap.—According to the general method of constructing taps there is a plug which fits into the body of the tap, but it is difficult to make this plug fit with exactness, so that sooner or later leakage ensues. Another fault is, that from their general construction the water-way is necessarily inconveniently small, by reason of the bearing being generally only about one-quarter or one-half the size of the shank of the tap. A further inconvenience which is also inseparable from their construction is, that upon driving the tap into a barrel a false blow frequently carries away the plug. According to an invention which has been patented by Mr. Samuel Mason, of Birmingham, *the plug is dispensed with altogether, and* instead thereof a valve is provided. Leakage is impossible, and from its constructing the water-way may be either the same size or the shank or if needful larger than it.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Romantic Death.—A young lady drowned in tears.

What are you always to-morrow, though you can't be to-day?—Older.

A Fair Inference.—If you jump at conclusions, you may take a leap in the dark.

"Short visits are always the best," as the fly said when he alighted on a hot stove.

The speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

"Mind your eye," as the arrow said to the target.

What is 't we frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

Happy Ladies.—At what age are ladies most happy?—Marri-age.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, although he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

"Good blood will show itself," as the old lady said, when she was struck with the redness of her nose.

Good Advice.—Husband: Mary, my love this apple dumpling is not half done. Wife: Well, finish it then, my dear.

"Thou rainest in this bosom," as the chap said, when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

A Christian Duty.—A lazy young dandy of our acquaintance says that he is a model of "one's duty to one's neighbour," he loves both ease and shes.

Too true.—He who pokes his nose everywhere, will sometimes put it between a thumb and finger.

A speaker at a meeting in Preston the other day caused great laughter by declaring that he had been a working man ever since he was a boy.

Why is it impossible for a young lady to be suitably married?—Because she is sure to be mismatched (mis-matched).

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glance.

An American newspaper, in publishing the marriage of an old man with a young girl, appends the following:—"Friends will please to accept of this infatuation."

An Irish servant being asked whether his master was within, replied "No." "When will he return?"—"Oh, when master gives orders to say that he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

On two Prussians of the same name being accused of the same crime, it was remarked as curious that they were not in any way related to each other. "A mistake" said Charles Lamb: "they are cozens german."

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" was lately asked of a German witness. "Vell," replied the witness, "ash, for dat, I gant zay. I trink feefty to seexty classes a tay, and it took not hurt me, but I don't know how it would be if a man vash to make a hog of hisself."

A Deep Lake.—A land speculator in America, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland county, says it is so clear and deep that by looking into it, you can see them making tea in China.

Effect of a Lecture.—An anti-tobacco lecturer spoke so powerfully against the use of tobacco, that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths—by way of punishment.

A Definition.—"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, sir," said John, "attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man down, and attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up.

Western Etiquette.—The Yankee traveller who saw the live hoosier has again written to his mother, telling her his experience, as follows—"Western people are death on etiquette. *You can't tell a man here he lies without fighting.* A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbours, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'Lay there, stranger.' And in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says he, 'You are afraid of fever and ague, aint you?' 'Very much,' says I. "Well," replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honour of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols,' which he held cocked in his hands, 'shall cure you of that disorder entirely.' So I knelt down and politely apologised. I admire this Western country much, but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me unawares."