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STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

GEORGE STEWART, JR.,

Price Ten Cents.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1867.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN introducing the first number of this Magazine to the notice of the public, it is but meet we should explain the reasons which have prompted us to launch our little craft upon the world of literature:—

We have often wondered and regretted that New Brunswick, with a population of nearly 300,000, did not furnish one local literary periodical, monthly or quarterly, devoted to pleasant and instructive reading. We have depended too long on our "American Cousins" for reading of this kind, and trusted too little to our own energies and efforts. As a consequence, the rising generation has thrust into its hands many publications of a very questionable moral character, and not at all adapted for the instruction of British youth. In most of the cheap Yankee literature which finds its way into our Province, there is a deep morbid hatred evinced of everything British, and every opportunity taken to stigmatise our country and constitution, and exalt unduly everything American. This should not be. Wholesome nourishment should be provided for the impressible young mind, and every reasonable care taken to keep from it all that is noxious, or likely to prove injurious to its mental and moral development.

We are not to be understood as saying that all American publications are objectionable; far from it. We allude only to the cheap novels—the trashy weeklies and immoral monthlies—which, we regret to say, have too many purchasers among the young of our city. It is these we condemn, and would, if we could, prohibit altogether. There are many respectable and talented periodicals in the United States, which we are pleased to see imported, and read by our youth; but it is to be feared that this class of reading has fewer charms for the young than the pernicious cheap literature which panders to the worst passions of the human mind,

and undermines its virtue, by giving to vice a gloss and glitter that is false and fiendish.

The reading of "Dime Novels," and other books of that ilk, has wrought incalculable injury to many a bright and promising lad. Tales of bucanears, murderers and highwaymen: of "fast young men," and "gay and festive gamblers," deaden the moral sensibilities—familiarises the mind with crime and lead it on to moral ruin. It is true there are no highwaymen now with mask and pistol, demanding "your money or your life!" nor blood-thirsty pirates, compelling unfortunate victims to "walk the plank!"—but if our youth cannot find work of this kind to do there is something else for them: they can learn to drink and smoke and swear and swagger in the truest dime novel style, and become the heroes and haunters of bar and billiard rooms. That numbers have been ruined in the way indicated is beyond question, but how many, eternity only will reveal! It behoves everyone to use his influence to free his country from the vice breeding literature with which it is now flooded.

At least such is our belief, and, for the reasons stated we have resolved to use our influence and that of others, to help forward as far as we can this good work. Whether the means we have adopted are the best that could be devised to secure the objects sought, we must leave to time to demonstrate. Believing strongly in the old maxim, that "where there's a will there's a way" of doing good, we have resolved to make an effort for the promotion of the mental, as well as the material, interests of our youthful compeers. Our Magazine, whatever it may be otherwise, will have at least the merit of being wholly original, and the work chiefly of young men belonging to our own Province, who have spent, in study and self-improvement, the spare time that many, more favorably circumstanced

than they, have spent in frivolity and idleness. We claim no superior literary excellency for our little quarterly, though we hope it will not compare unfavorably with some that are more pretentious in style and appearance. Whatever its faults may be in other respects, we hope it shall ever be free from the vicious and immoral, and that its tendency will be to elevate and refine, rather than degrade and brutalise, the peruser of its pages.

For the present, each number will be complete in itself, and we have resolved to make the price so low, as to put it within the reach of everyone to help it along, and thus aid in cherishing a local literature, the tendency of which will be to instruct and entertain, as well as stimulate our youth to seek enjoyment in books and study, and in rational conversation, rather

than in the pursuit of pleasures which stunt the mind and debase the morals. We therefore hope for and solicit an extensive and generous patronage.

We shall be pleased to receive original contributions in the form of tales, historic sketches, short scientific essays, poetry, &c., from any one in or out of the Province, but would prefer, of course, the former. We reserve the right, however, to decline or publish as we may see fit; but all manuscripts declined, will be returned at our expense. The writer must likewise give his real name and address, and if need be a reference, so that we may be assured of his good faith and honesty: he may, however, assume in the columns of the magazine any *nom de plume* he pleases.

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

SOME years ago the inhabitants of a populous and fertile district in this Province were startled from their propriety by the commission of a murder in their midst, so boldly executed that it seemed to have been the act of some insane person, yet done with such celerity and adroitness that the most careful investigation of the authorities on the spot failed to detect a single clew that could, by any possibility, lead to the discovery of the murderer. The particulars of this affair, which have never before been published, are given to the public now, to illustrate by another picture a sad and often portrayed aspect in the history of human passion.

JAMES WHITE was a young farmer of good character and moderate means, residing in the neighbourhood spoken of, and had been two or three years married to a young woman who, in her day, had been the belle of the place, but who, after her marriage, proved one of the most affectionate and exemplary of wives. An infant son had blessed their union, and no young couple in their own sphere had ever started in life with a fairer prospect of happiness and prosperity.

One stormy night in October, a stranger, enveloped in a large cloak, called at James White's house and enquired for him, but refused the invitation of his wife, who went to the door, to go into the house. White was not in the house at the time, and the stranger, on being informed of that fact, departed, refusing to give his name.

The stranger had scarcely left the front door of the house, when White entered by the kitchen, and being informed that some one wanted to see him, he followed the stranger into the darkness. Out of that darkness he never emerged alive!

After he had been absent more than an hour, his wife became apprehensive for his safety, and, on a search being made, he was found lying dead in the lane which lead from his house to the main road, with his throat cut from ear to ear! The place where he was discovered bore the marks of a severe struggle, but otherwise there was nothing to indicate whether one person or more than one had been engaged in the murder, at least nothing that so appeared to the parties who made the investigation.

The horror and alarm which this occurrence caused in the vicinity was most intense, and it is needless to say that the utmost zeal was evinced by every person in the parish to discover and bring the murderer to justice. A number of the Magistrates of the County proceeded to the spot and made an investigation, examining the premises with the greatest care, and it appeared as if nothing could have escaped their notice, yet they found nothing to throw any light on the mystery of the murder.

The wife of the deceased could give no account of the personal appearance of the man who had called to see her husband, and did not recognize him by his voice as any one within the circle of her acquaintances. In consequence

of the darkness, and the haste with which he departed, as well as the huge cloak he wore on his person, she had not had any distinct view of his face, and therefore, although there was every probability that he was connected with the murder, there was no possibility of tracing or identifying him. Under these circumstances, after the detective talent of the country Justices had been exhausted, the public mind sank in despairing apathy, and it was on all hands agreed that the murder was one of those mysteries which only the day of final Judgment would reveal.

At that time I happened to be residing at the house of a relative, within a mile or so of the place where the murder was committed, and I naturally took much interest in the attempt to investigate the matter.

I had been for some years engaged in the study of the law, and a too close attention to that exacting pursuit had somewhat impaired a naturally good constitution. Rest and freedom from study being recommended as a means for restoring me to health, I had sought for a time the retirement of the country and after three months spent in rustic life, I found myself in first-rate condition to resume my former pursuits.

Among the books with which I had beguiled my hours of retirement was the works of Edgar Allan Poe, and I was especially interested in these efforts of mental analysis and close reasoning which abound in his fascinating tales. I was an enthusiast in those days as most young men are, and I longed for an opportunity of putting into practice the exercise of that detective faculty which Poe illustrates so well. This mysterious murder gave me the wished for opportunity sooner than I anticipated, and in a way I had not dreamt of and certainly did not desire.

During the short time I had been in the neighbourhood the deceased had shown me much attention, and I had been frequently at his house. Indeed, a similarity in taste made us in a short time intimate friends, and a kind of mutual confidence had sprang up between us which is not often found in persons whose term of acquaintance had been so short as ours. I had obtained some slight insight into his former life, and found that before his marriage there had been many rivals in the field to contest with him for the affections of the young lady who afterwards became his wife. One of those was his friend, who became, after his marriage, his bitter enemy, and left the country shortly afterwards, parting with him not without words of bitterness and wrathful menaces. He believed he had gone to sea, although no person knew his fate with certainty. The name of this man was Charles Walters, and he was described as being tall and good looking, with dark eyes and hair, and a pleasing speech and manner. Indeed many persons wondered that he had not been preferred to the plainer and less ostentatious James White.

As soon as the authorities had exhausted their ingenuity in attempting to discover the murderer, I determined to take the matter in hand myself, and see what I could do towards solving the mystery. I, however, resolved for the present to allow no one to share my confidence excepting the father of the deceased, without whose aid I should have been unable to make much progress.

Singularly enough, I had from the first a suspicion that Walters must be in some way connected with the murder; although, on reflection, I was forced to admit to my own mind that the possibility of his being able to come into a neighbourhood where he was so well known, commit a murder, and afterwards get away without discovery, was very remote.

Obviously the first thing to be done in making an investigation was to examine the scene of the murder minutely, for the purpose of seeing if the assassin had left anything behind him by which he could be traced.

An attentive examination proved conclusively to my mind that only one person had been engaged in the deed, otherwise the struggle would have been slight where the parties came with the intention of murder. The struggle had been violent, as the state of the lane testified, therefore I argued that there was only one assassin immediately engaged in the murder.

After a careful search I found imbedded in the earth, where it had been evidently trampled during the struggle, a small copper waistcoat button. This button was of very peculiar pattern, being marked by the device of a crescent pierced by a crosslet. It was clearly such a button as was very unlikely to be worn by any resident of the Parish, and as it had evidently been torn off in the struggle, I was safe in assuming that the assassin, whoever he might be, did not reside in the vicinity.

A further search of the lane added nothing to my discoveries, and I was forced to be content with the very slight materials at my command. I had at least to a certain extent established two points—that the murder was committed by one person, and that this person was a stranger.

In a case of murder, one of the most essential ingredients to be considered is the motive for its commission. No one but a madman takes away the life of a fellow-man without some strong reasons for doing so, either revenge or the desire of gain, or some such cause must supply the impulse to commit the deed. What motive had the murderer of White? As I proceeded with my enquiries I was perpetually asking myself this question. Robbery was clearly not the motive, and White was too peaceable a man to have made enemies bitter enough to take his life.

At this stage of the enquiry I found myself at fault, when the deceased's quarrel with Walters, and the subsequent departure of the latter occurred to my mind. I determined at once to

discover how far this quarrel would seem to supply a motive for committing the crime. All the details I could gather in reference to this quarrel were meagre enough. It had been lightly regarded at the time as a trivial affair, and only derived any importance from Walters having left the place shortly afterwards, being provoked to take this step by the taunts of his companions, who laughed at him for being "cut out" by White. Walters had, it appeared, used threatening words in reference to White, and declared that he would have revenge; but his remarks excited as little notice at the time as the rash words of an angry man generally do. Indeed no one appeared to have thought them worth remembering, and my enquiries ended in my being as far from the solution of the mystery as ever. Still, when a man is lost in a vast forest he will follow the slightest path, however vague and ill defined it may be, in the hope that it may lead him to his hoped-for destination, and, adopting this principle, I resolved to pursue my enquiries with reference to Walters further, notwithstanding the apparently slight evidence on which my suspicions of his connexion with the murder rested.

The Magistrates, in making their investigation, made no search for the weapon with which the deed had been done, assuming that the assassin had taken it with him. I arrived at precisely the opposite conclusion. It appeared perfectly clear that the murderer would attempt to dispose of the weapon at once, either by throwing it into a brook or a ditch, or concealing it in some such way. I searched a good deal for the weapon in the neighbourhood of the place where the deed was done, but met with no success. Indeed any general search I could make for it was apparently a hopeless task, for he might have carried it a mile or more before throwing it away. I must admit that, at this stage of the investigation, I felt myself greatly at fault, and, although I rode repeatedly over the road by which I supposed the murderer had made his escape, which was the one leading to the nearest town, I could not arrive at any satisfactory result.

One day while I was thus engaged, when I had reached a point on the main road, some half a mile from the fatal spot, I met one of the neighbours with whom I was familiar, and, as usual, he stopped to talk with me over the gossip of the day. Close to where we stood by the roadside was the cellar of an old house which had been burnt some years before, and on my enquiring who had lived there, he told me that it was old Mr. Walters, Charles Walters' father.

"Poor man!" he continued, "the burning of that house was a sad loss to him."

"In a pecuniary point of view?" I enquired.

"No: but in another way. He had a son younger than Charles, and better, who was a mere child then. In the terror caused by the midnight alarm of the house being on fire, he rushed out, and, falling into the well, which

was dry at the time, was so badly hurt that he died in a few days."

"Is it deep?"

"Thirty feet and better. They were cleaning it out at the time, and the fence was removed for that purpose, which accounted for the child falling in. The loss of this boy broke the old man's heart, and he died within a year."

Without waiting to hear more, I tied my horse to the fence and went to the well, which was close to the side of the old cellar. A few rough boards covered it, but, on removing one of them, I could see that it was still in a good state of preservation, and that none of the stones had fallen in. A new idea had struck me: the weapon might be concealed in the well—at all events I resolved to see.

Bidding the talkative neighbour a hasty adieu, I galloped home, and returned with a small pocket mirror, for the purpose of exploring the well. Stripping off the boards, I managed to cast the rays of the sun, which was then declining, to the bottom of the well and found it dry. In another instant my heart gave such a bound as Newton's must have given when he discovered gravitation. THERE WAS A KNIFE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL!!

Yes, there was a knife, but was it the knife of the assassin? I determined not to remain long in doubt. Stripping off my shoes, I commenced to descend into the well, placing my feet in the crevices of the stones on each side, and holding on with my hands. In a short time I reached the bottom, picked up the knife, climbed up once more to the surface, and commenced to examine my new discovery.

It was an ordinary sheath knife, such as is worn by sailors, and on the handle was cut, in rude letters, PAUL THOROLD. The blade and handle were covered with blood, and I felt convinced that it was the very weapon with which the deed had been done. The evidence of this was perhaps not strong enough to have convinced a jury, but it was sufficient to convince me that I was on the right track for the murderer.

Another fact was established by this discovery of the knife in the well:—the murderer was familiar with the neighbourhood, or he would not have known of this place of concealment. The button proved that he had come from a distance, but the concealing of the knife showed that he was no stranger.

I stated before that Charles Walters was said to have gone to sea, and I determined at once to see whether this was correct or not. I proceeded to St. John, and, obtaining access to the books of the shipping master, I examined them for the name of Walters. I found it sooner than I expected. On the 20th October he had shipped on board the barque *Eleanor*, for England, and as I read the date, I remembered that on the 10th of the same month White had been killed. Just below the name of Charles Walters appeared that of Paul Thorold; they were evidently companions and had shipped in the same vessel.

Here was a discovery that settled the identity of the murderer, as far as my mind was concerned: although I was forced to admit that in a court of Justice it would not be strong enough to establish a presumption of guilt. It seemed clear to me that Walters was the man; but the motive for the deed was involved in as much mystery as ever. Indeed, from the first, this absence of motive for the commission of so grave a crime had been the great stumbling-block in the way of my investigations, and even with the evidence which I had in my possession, I was sometimes almost tempted to doubt the connexion of Walters with the murder.—Whether guilty or not he was at least for the present out of the reach of justice, and it did not appear that anything further could be accomplished.

In the meantime, I remained in the city and resumed my studies, after writing to the deceased's father, to tell him of the discovery I had made. I requested him to write to me at once if anything further transpired, or if Walters returned to the neighbourhood, for I knew that, with the fatality that attends all murderers, he would surely return to the scene of his crime. I am not prepared to account for the strange fascination which causes men to tread thus on the verge of danger. I only record a fact, which every observer of human nature knows to be correct.

Nearly a year had passed since the murder, when, one morning in looking over the newspaper, I saw the name of the barque *Eleanor* among the list of arrivals. In the course of the day I went down to the vessel, and found to my surprise that the captain was an old acquaintance of my own. He invited me into his cabin, and, knowing him to be a discreet man, I explained to him in a few words the object of my visit. He told me Charles Walters had been with him ever since he left St. John—that he was a first-rate hand, and the last man that would be suspected of murder. He was moody and silent at times, but that proved nothing. He also told me that he had left the vessel that morning and said he was going to the country.

"Have you a sailor here by the name of Paul Thorold?" I enquired.

"Yes; he shipped with me at the same time as Walters."

"His name was on the knife which I found in the well."

"Was it indeed? that is strange! Perhaps I had better call him and see if he ever lent Walters a knife, such as you describe?"

"Do so," I replied.

Thorold came aft at the captain's summons, and, on being questioned, said that he once had a sheath knife such as the one I found, and that he had lent it to Walters, who said he had lost it, and gave him a new one in its place. The captain appeared much surprised at this information, but said he could not believe that so good-natured a man as Walters would be guilty of so great a crime.

In a few days I received a letter from old Mr. White, stating that Walters had returned to the neighbourhood, and advising me to hasten to the place.

I expected this information, and hastened to obey the summons with all possible speed. I found that Walters had called on the widow of the murdered man, and she, having no suspicion of what we knew, had received him in a friendly manner. Even the father of the deceased could not believe that the young man, who seemed so open and friendly, had been his son's assassin.

Under the plea of ill health I took up my abode in the vicinity, and determined to watch the course of events. I knew that in a few weeks something would probably transpire to enable me to pursue my enquiries further.

Week after week passed on, but nothing worthy of note came under my observation. I saw Walters frequently, and he certainly did not look to me like a great criminal, or even like a person capable of committing such a crime as murder. Under ordinary circumstances I should never have suspected him; but there was the evidence of the knife—how was that to be got over?

In the meantime Walters continued his visits at Mrs. White's, and it was evident to me that he was not regarded by her with an unfavourable eye. I became sensible that something must be done speedily, or this perplexing affair would be further complicated by new entanglements of a character that would make further investigations impossible. I impressed this view of the case strongly on old Mr. White, and we decided on a course of action that would be likely to bring things to a crisis. In fact we resolved on an experiment, which could only fail in case Walters was entirely innocent, and which, in the event of his being guilty, must succeed.

The day after we resolved on this a fresh discovery awaited me. There was a fair or cattle show in the neighbourhood, and every person for miles around was there. I attended, and found that Walters was there also. He was well dressed and wore, I noticed particularly, a very flashy waistcoat. Several times in the course of the day I got near enough to him to examine the buttons on that waistcoat. If I had any doubt before as to the identity of the assassin, all doubt vanished after that inspection. The buttons on the waistcoat were of the same size and pattern as the one I found in the lane, on the spot where White was murdered!

I hastened to communicate this fact to old Mr. White, and we resolved to carry out our plan at once, modified of course to suit this fresh discovery.

I communicated with one of the local magistrates, and made such information as was sufficient to obtain a warrant for the arrest of Walters. Two constables were intrusted with its execution, and were to act under my direction. Walters was expected to be at the house of

Mrs. White that evening, and I determined to go there in company with old Mr. White, giving the constables directions to be within call.

I must confess that I felt considerably nervous at this stage of the proceedings, and almost regretted having ever meddled with the affair. The crisis, however, was at hand, and I had no alternative but to nerve myself for the unpleasant duty I had undertaken to perform.

That evening, in company with Mr. White and the constables, I set out for the widow's residence, where I expected to find Walters. The constables were directed to remain within call, outside, while Mr. White and I went into the house. We were not deceived in our calculations:—Walters was there, engaged in a lively conversation with the widow, with his chair drawn up beside the table, Mrs. White being seated opposite to him.

He gave a perceptible start when we entered, but soon recovered his composure. He was a fine-looking man, and my mind almost misgave me when I looked at him, as to whether, after all, I was not labouring under some dreadful error, with reference to the author of the crime. Close by, on the hearth, the widow's little son sat, looking up now and then into his mother's face, and amusing her with his childish prattle. The whole scene, on our entrance, was as remote from the tragic or terrible as it is possible to conceive; but the smoothest surface often covers the deepest and most treacherous abyss.

Walters wore on this occasion the waistcoat with the same fatal buttons, that I had noticed on him at the fair. I had in my pocket the button I had found in the lane, and I saw clearly now that those before me were its fellows in every particular. After a few minutes spent in ordinary conversation, I took it out and spun it on the table in a careless manner, watching his face all the while with a searching glance. He noticed the button in an instant, and a shade passed over his face, which I pretended not to notice.

"Let me see that button!" he exclaimed in a hurried manner.

"Take it," I replied; "it must belong to you. It is the same as those on your vest."

"Where did you get it?"

"In the lane here a year ago. There was blood where I found it; but it is little the worse now."

As I said these words I gave him a searching glance, and I felt that he quailed beneath my eye, and a leaden hue was stealing over his face. Before he had time to recover his composure, I drew the knife out of my pocket—blood-stained and ghastly as it was when I took it out of the old well—and threw it down on the table before him with a clang.

"There," said I, "is your knife—you may take that, too!"

I shall never forget the look which he gave at that moment. The change in his face would have been grotesque, had it not been so horrible. All power seemed to have left him, and

with a feeble groan he fell from the chair and sank to the floor.

I hastened to raise him and saw in an instant that his days were numbered. Blood was coming from his mouth, and it was evident that in the violence of his emotions he had burst a blood-vessel. The warrant we held was a useless document now; he had been cited to a higher court, and before a greater Judge.

We placed the dying man on a bed and sent for a physician. In a short time he arrived, and on examining the patient, informed us that he could not live,—he might live only a few hours, or he might linger for a few days; but in either case his days were numbered.

After lying in a state of insensibility for some time, he revived, and seeing me near, motioned me to his side and whispered,

"Send for a magistrate!"

I at once sent for the nearest magistrate, telling him to come prepared to take the deposition of a dying man. The magistrate came, and the deposition was taken in the words given below. I need not say how long and painful the process was,—how often the patient's voice failed him, and how many times we feared that he would die before the thing was done. The taking of the deposition was the work of hours. The reader may not require more minutes for its perusal.

The deposition was as follows:—

THIS IS THE DEPOSITION OF CHARLES WALTERS, MARINER, AGED 26:—"I feel that I am about to die, and desire to tell all I know about a great crime of which I am guilty,—I refer to the murder of James White. I deceased and I were rivals for the love of the same woman, the one who is now his widow. In consequence of his success and my disappointment, I went to sea, vowing that I would have revenge! My words were idle threats and I soon forgot them. In the course of time I returned from sea; I was resolved to shew White that I cherished no ill feeling; I resolved to visit him first. It was dark when I reached the neighbouring town, the night was stormy, but I wrapped a large cloak around me and resolved to walk to this settlement. Fatal resolution! I intended to stop at a relative's who lived beyond White's, but when I saw the house of my rival, I thought I would give him a call. I rapped at the door: his wife answered and said her husband was out. She did not seem to know me: she invited me in but I refused. Why I did so, I can scarcely say: if I had accepted her invitation, no blood would have been shed. I had scarcely left the house, when White came out; I did not, however, observe him, till I was half way down the lane, when he put his hand on my shoulder. I turned round. He recognized me at once, and said with a sneer: "What do you want here, I suppose you come for your revenge?" Stung by his ungenerous words, I gave an angry reply. He struck me. I grappled with him and we struggled together. At last he threw me on the ground, as I fell something hard touched my side. I put my hand instinctively back and felt the object: it was a sheath knife which I had in my belt. Maddened by anger and revenge, I seized it, and leaping to my feet, gave a wild sweep with it towards White's head. In another instant, he was stretched before me a corpse. That one fatal stroke did the work. He was dead with his throat cut. My anger was, in an instant, replaced by sorrow; but, neither anger or sorrow was of any use. I fled in horror from the place. As I passed my ruined home, I sat down to weep, and then I dropped the fatal knife down the well. I walked all night, and next morning was miles away; I never stopped until I reached St. John, and in a few days I again was at sea. Since that day, I have never had a moment's peace of mind. I be-

love that God will forgive me for a deed done in a moment of insane and thoughtless anger. I intended, if I had lived, to have made such reparation to the wife of the murdered man, as it was in my power to make, and it was to do this that I returned to the place, which, to me has been so fatal. How the proofs of my connection with the crime were obtained, I do not care to ask. I am willing to die, and I have confidence in the just Judge before whose tribunal I will shortly be called."

This deposition was signed by the dying man, with the proper formalities.

So the mystery of the murder was solved and the motive explained. Walters did not linger long: in a few days he passed silently and peacefully away—dying with all the composure of a sincere Christian, and professing to the last, full faith in the Redeemer.

I may rest my tale here. I leave it to the faculty, to explain the nature of that mental convulsion which brought such fatal consequences on the unfortunate Walters. It is enough for me to record the things that I was unfortunately called upon to witness.

It was long before Mrs. White recovered from the shock of the events I have just narrated. She never married again, but spent her time in educating her son, who lives with her on the farm, and is now a fine promising young man. Old Mr. White has been dead for some years.

The sad result of my investigation, and the tragic character of the events which were connected with them, had the effect of extinguishing my zeal as a detective at once and for ever. I resolved, that no amount of temptation should ever induce me again to embark in the pursuit of a criminal, and that resolution I have religiously kept. I cannot help reflecting at times, that, but for my officious zeal, Walters might have been now alive, and engaged in atoning by a life of sincere repentance, for his single and fatal crime. Those who volunteer to be avengers of blood, cannot always expect to escape from the pangs of a conscientious remorse.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

BY O'HARA.

OF the various movements of mind and matter that have from time to time agitated the world, none has of late years made a more conspicuous figure in society than the moustache movement. Yet, singularly enough, in this age of histories, biographies and autobiographies, the moustache movement is still without a historian. Without doubt, such a history—if any one sufficiently erudite could be found to undertake it—would be a most valuable and interesting work, and might perhaps be the means of explaining and throwing light on many doubtful and inexplicable passages in the annalistic lore of England. For instance, if it should be discovered that the moustached kings of the England of old days were those under whom she was uniformly victorious and successful, and that it was not until the time of the smooth faced House of Brunswick that she began to experience loss of territory or national dishonour, it might supply some advocate of the movement with an appropriate text to thunder at the evils which the barber inflicts on men and nations. Yet, without looking quite so deeply into the question, we think it will be quite possible to discover and trace the cause of the revival of the movement during the present Century. Any one who has seen the portraits of the great men of the sixteenth Century, will have remarked that, as a rule, they were a bearded and moustached race, whose faces were under no obligation to the barber or razor maker; and even during the seventeenth Century beards

were fashionable, and considered quite loyal and orthodox ornaments, in England. From the accession of the House of Brunswick these facial ornaments began to decline, and, in the reign of George III., even military men were bare-faced and beardless. The Iron Duke himself was closely shaven, and the officers of the British army, whether from necessity or choice, went without beard or moustache. Even at the present day in the Royal Navy, both officers and seaman are compelled to shave in a certain fashion, and moustaches are especially forbidden in the articles of war. Any one whose memory extends back for a quarter of a Century, can recall the contempt and disgust that our venerable fathers were accustomed to express at the wearing of moustaches. Any one who attempted so hazardous a feat was sure to be set down as a conceited fellow by the male sex and was regarded as a dangerous person by the ladies—a sort of compromise between a bandit and a *roué*—with whom no respectable person would care to associate. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the moustache movement languished and threatened to die out.—Such is the power of fashion that, for a century, Englishmen submitted day after day to the self-inflicted torture of being scraped by a dull razor—gashed and cut and maltreated—so that they might be able to get rid of that superfluous hair, with which nature had too abundantly adorned their faces. At length, after a long era of tyranny and oppression, the advocates of

the movement began to gain ground and take courage. The Crimean war was one of the causes which contributed to bring about a new order of things, and moustaches began to be cultivated in the army, and found their way by slow degrees into civil life. The Antis and obstructives resisted the movement and a bitter newspaper controversy followed, over which future generations will weep with mirth. The old foundations of the constitution were about to be shaken by the innovation:—the Englishman would lose his characteristics, and be undistinguishable from the French and Germans, with whom he mingled. On the other hand it was urged that the beard and moustache were a protection to the lungs, and especially so to men engaged in mechanical operations. Why then are not the females supplied with the same protection?—was the rejoinder of the Antis—and a shout of triumph rose from all their ranks. So the war went on; but, in spite of sarcasm and ridicule, moustaches were gaining ground, and desertion was rapidly thinning the ranks of the enemy. The workmen of England, especially those engaged in the manufacture of cutlery, became the strong advocates of the movement. The members of the Bar followed; and in our own Province can no longer be called the most bare-faced of men. The regions of mercantile life were rapidly invaded, and young men in all ranks of society were seen to display the obnoxious moustache. The grey beards, like

the old guard at Waterloo, resisted bravely for a while, and many of them vowed that they would resist to the death, but a wily enemy was in the field. The physicians became converts to the movement, and, as is their custom, were prepared to give a scientific reason for deserting their ancient principles. They discovered that there was a sympathy between the nerves of the upper lip and those of the eye, and that the process of shaving the lip, injured the vision. This decided the matter, as far as reasonable men were concerned. Old men who had shaved persistently for half a century, threw away their spectacles and commenced to cultivate. The pulpit even furnished its list of converts to the movement and horror of horrors! the bench, the sacred seat of justice was at last invaded.

Where the moustache movement will end is a problem which we must confess ourselves unable to solve. No man can predict what dire revolutions—what wars and crusades—what overturning of thrones—will follow the general adoption of this semi-military ornament. Or what philosopher can say what quantity of wisdom the sensitive tip of this capillary decoration may draw from the surrounding atmosphere—how much the turgid stream of modern oratory may be filtered and improved by its use—or the harsh cadences of modern music toned down by its influence. These are problems that we leave for the solution of the sages and philosophers of the future.

THE LAY OF THE "RINK."

To the tune of "The Brook."

BY GREYGAUNTLET.

My situation, as all know,
Lies in a quiet valley,
To see me, young and old do go—
They "make a sudden sally."

On Tuesday and on Friday e'en's,
The crowd, me covers over,
There's lords (Dundreary), fairy queens,
There's many a happy lover.

And hand-in-hand around they skate,
Young men and maids together;
But he, alas! who has no mate,
Must skate alone forever.

I'm lighted up with many lamps,
To make me look quite cheery,
And though affected by cold damps,
I never yet felt weary.

So long as folks around me glide,
I know no care—no sorrow—
'Tis ten o'clock I can't abide,—
'Then long I for to-morrow;

When hand-in-hand around they'll skate,
Young men and maids together;
And he, alas! who has no mate,
Must skate alone as ever.

The music pealing from my dome—
The loud and joyous laughter,—

The query "How are all at home,"—
Are echo'd by each rafter.

And sounds, however slight they be,
Are oft again repeated,
'Tis Echo tells them all to me,
And he cannot be cheated.

Though hand-in-hand around they skate,
Young men and maids together,
And though, he now, who has no mate,
Does skate alone as ever.

I dread in Summer's lonesome days,
The warm and sultry weather.
I long for Winter's snow and sleighs
To bring us all together.

To think how short my life's to run,
Is really quite alarming;
But then to think 'tis but begun,
Is surely quite as charming.

For though this season's nearly o'er,—
The skating all but ended,
Behind the scene there is lots more,
So I can't be offended.

For yet again around they'll skate,
Young men and maids together,
And he who then has still no mate,
Will skate no more forever.

TRIALS OF JOHN MARKHAM.

BY EARNSCLIFFE.

JOHN MARKHAM sat alone in his dimly lighted chamber. He had come home from the routine and drudgery of the Counting-room, wearied, dispirited, and somewhat desponding, for after many years earnest labour in the pursuit of wealth, he found himself no farther on the road to competence, than many years before, when the business he was so industriously prosecuting, first engaged his attention. He was yet, quite a young man, possessed of good habits, and endowed with talents, which, if directed in another channel, beside that of trade, would have given him a title to positions of influence and trust. But his life had been too secluded, his manners too unobtrusive and reticent; whilst a feeling of timidity and reserve, which he could not wholly conquer, prevented him from taking any very active part in the affairs of society. It is true, as regards moral worth, he bore an excellent character—kind, generous and forgiving—ever ready to write his name on any charitable subscription list, or give his influence towards the prosecution of any good work. But, for all that, he was not regarded as a popular man. Society kept aloof from him, regarding him as a person who lived apparently so exclusive, as proud, selfish, and misanthropic. It may be, probably owing to this misconceived opinion, and a natural repugnance he felt to the wishes and claims of it, which prevented him, in some measure, from gaining the favour and assistance of many who could have advanced his interests in many of the complicated transactions of business. But John Markham possessed an independent spirit, and in all mercantile affairs traded low, rather than incur too weighty responsibilities, or place himself under distressing obligations to others. Alas! too often, the popular man of society is the one least respected, for he gains admittance into many circles and ingratiates himself into the esteem of many at the sacrifice only of many estimable virtues. In this age of sham, of cant and hypocrisy, how often is it to be observed, and also deplored, that pretenders and charlatans occupy positions in society, and hold offices of emolument and trust; while modest but conscious merit, backed by honesty and genuine sincerity, remain in the background. I do not know whether such reflections as these crossed John Markham's mind as he sat musing by the comfortable fire; but, I think what has been spoken of cannot have escaped the attention of any of my readers who have long observed the forms and conventionalities of society.

This night in particular, he had cause for despondency, and as he threw up his arms as he was wont to do when weary, one could not but observe the strength and massiveness of his form, and features that gave indication of affection, self-reliance and decision. A very honest face was his, and handsome withal, with its large, deep, thoughtful grey eyes, the eyes of a sentimentalist or poet, instead of those of a shrewd practical business man.

After reading the news, he sat for a long time with his head resting on his arm, apparently absorbed in thought; at last, turning round his eye glanced at the table, and noticing an envelope on it, he took it up and read the following note—written in a bold legible hand:

MY DEAR MARKHAM,—I have heard of your loss and sincerely regret it. I shall be happy to render you any assistance in my power. I shall be at home to-morrow night, and shall be happy to have you call.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM GIBSON.

After reading the above, a smile illumined his pale, thoughtful features, and placing the note in the inside pocket of his coat, resumed his former position in the chair. "Well, this is joy indeed," he inwardly said; "there is hope yet that all will be well. My friend Gibson, how good, how true and how generous he is; I shall certainly visit him to-morrow: but how is it possible he could have heard of my loss?"

William Gibson, the gentleman here spoken of, was an old friend of Markham's father, who, after many years' unremitting toil in the city, retired from business for the purpose of spending the remainder of his days in learned leisure and studious employment. He occupied a pretty villa some distance from the city, at a small village called Norwich, which in the sunny season attracted tourists from all parts of the country, not only for the beauty of its scenery, but for the wealth and fashion that assembled there. A very beautiful place it was, too, with its pretty white cottages adorning the hill-side—the homes of refinement and wealth,—its long rows of lofty old elms, with groves of beech and poplar trees; while in front of the road which passed through the village, the eye wandered over a beautiful expanse of water to the opposite shore, with its forest-crowned hills and mountains, sharply defined against the summer sky.

It was to this village that Mr. Gibson came to reside with his only daughter, Venetia, a very beautiful lady at the time I write, but

possessed of a timid, shy and extremely modest disposition. She was a *blonde*, with a slight, nervous frame, a great wealth of golden hair and dark eyes that shone with a deep and lustrous glow. It is a singular thing to notice how character is moulded by the locality and advantages of society where one may dwell. Our Bob of the country, whose sole occupation consists in tending cows and following the plough over a furrowed field, with few thoughts or fancies to occupy his mind, becomes quite a different individual when the attractions of city life allure him from his home, and when society has placed him within the bounds of her magic circle. Though education early acquired may modify much of the awkwardness and *distract* manner peculiar to many who have long lived in solitude, a certain leaven of the old nature will constantly reveal itself, and which constant intercourse with society only can remove. It was strangely to be observed of Venetia how her seclusion from society, and absence of all social intercourse had developed those qualities which her own sex despise, but which men generally commend and admire. I believe it to be true, despite what the votaries of fashion may say, that a too close contact with society tends to weaken and deteriorate character. Venetia had lived at Norwich from her earliest childhood, and, with the exception of a few years spent at a celebrated academy, had been but seldom away from home. She took the greatest delight in wandering through the beautiful groves of the village, or sailing, with a few friends over the placid waters of the river. Sometimes she would wander away with book in hand and seat herself down beside some limpid stream and read till sunset burned itself away, and the changing hues grew dark in the western sky.

To Norwich, Markham had been a frequent visitor in the earlier part of his life, when the associations of youth threw a golden halo across his path. It was here he first became acquainted with Venetia, and a kind of childlike and sisterly affection had grown up between them, but the extreme modesty and bashful sensitiveness of the one had prevented their acquaintance from ripening into feeling of confidence and love.

The youth had early become an acknowledged favourite with Mr. Gibson, who loved him for his quiet, studious manner; and many were the long evenings he spent at the cottage, in winter, when his poor father was alive, discussing the old classic authors he loved when a boy, or singing with Venetia, some pretty favourite German air. After the death of Markham's father, he was called away from his studies, and the associations of his youth, to enter upon new duties, and, during an interval of many years, he became quite a stranger to the inmates of the cottage at Norwich. The earnestness and application he manifested in the pursuits of business, together with its cares and anxieties, had all a tendency to allure his mind from the memory of the past, but, for all

that, he had not forgotten the delicate beauty of the gentle Venetia. Mr. Gibson, too, loved to speak of him to his friends in the city, and rejoiced to hear of the esteem and confidence he enjoyed among business men.

For many years, John Markham was steadily advancing in the race to wealth and eminence; visions of domestic peace and contentment began to flit across his mind at times, in the solitude of his bachelor chambers, of a fair form he could fold tenderly in his burly arms, and eyes that could look softly and confiding in his own. But all this was not to be, the bright hopes he had cherished, and the dreams he expected would soon be realized, were all dispelled like the dew before an August sun, when the dismal fact stared him in the face, that the wealth of many years had become a prey to the raging sea. His heart sank when he looked upon the past on the morning of that day which brought him the fatal tidings. Memory, invariably recurs to the backward events of life, when the heart is smote with affliction and distress; we dare not, nor have we the strength, to look into the future; the heart seeks for consolation in the sympathies of friends, or in the peaceful shades of solitude. This was the first dark hour in John Markham's life, and gloomy were the reflections which crossed his mind, as he sat this evening in his bachelor chamber; but the note which he had just read, revived his drooping spirits, and brought the recollections of the past again to mind. He thought of his father's friend Gibson, and the lonely drives to the cottage; the pic-nics he attended in summer, when the groves were merry with the voices of children; his long journeys on snow-shoes in winter, when the snow was deep, and the skating on the river with Venetia moving gracefully by his side. All these scenes came back upon his mind with a vividness that quite banished the present, and made him dwell a little longer in on fancy than he was wont to do—on the old family circle at Norwich. It seems, thought he, as though this misfortune I have met with, is a just chastisement inflicted on me for my selfishness and neglect of those who have never ceased to take an interest in my affairs. How shall I meet my old friend and my father's friend too, after so long an absence? I hardly know in fact how to thank him for his kindness and consideration. Well, well,—to-morrow will either see me strong in hope or mournful, by feelings which I cannot even shake off now. I shall go to the News Room and glance at the papers. He threw on his heavy coat, for the night was cold and stormy, and immediately left the room.

The principal talk during the day amongst business men was the loss of a fine new vessel, with a valuable cargo, bound for the West Indies. John Markham was the owner of this vessel, and in it he had staked his earnings of many years. But when the news came it completely prostrated him, and he felt incompetent to perform the duties of his office, and on the

evening of that day, he felt that life was to be begun again, that all the toils and anxieties, the wearisome suspense and cruel disappointments of a business life, had left him like a frail barque stranded on the shores of want and sorrow. Sympathy from many of his business friends was not denied him, though not generally popular, there were a few persons that mutual reciprocations and good will had endeared to him. The news room was crowded on the evening of which I write, for the continual storms of the preceeding week had done considerable damage to shipping; while many came to hear tidings of the wealth they had committed to the deep, with dismay and fear on their faces. The unsettled state of affairs on the Continent, and the failure of many Banks and business firms, had produced a kind of panic, which the minds of many were little prepared to realize. Persons living in the enjoyment of wealth, and long accustomed to the refined amenities of life, were in a few days reduced to poverty and want, while hundreds of the poorer classes, dependent on the rich, were brought to mingle with that great mass where vice, misery and wretchedness prevail.

This state of things, not without effects in America, had produced a great shock, shaking the great masses of society, like a great stone which one throws in a lake, at first a small circle is made only, and then another, until the water, even the shore, is everywhere disturbed.

Markham was glancing over the paper with the listless air of a person indifferent to the progress of this world's welfare, when a slight touch upon his shoulder instantly made him turn around. At once his hand was grasped by one whom he had long known, but whose familiar face he had not seen for many months.

"Ah! Langdon, how are you? I'm really glad to see you," replied Markham. "This is a pleasure quite unexpected as it is surprising. I will not say you had altogether faded from my recollection,—but to tell the truth, I did not expect you would visit this city for many years to come: I heard you had gone to reside in a Southern climate. Ah! my old friend, there is some attraction that brings you to your old home again!"

The person addressed was tall and good-looking, but somewhat shabbily attired, and bore the unmistakable traces of dissipation on his fine countenance.

"Well Markham," he replied, "I have been wandering a good deal since you last saw me, but I feel glad to get home again. How have you been for this many a day? The wreck of the Janta in the Bay must, I think, be a severe loss to you,—but, I suppose, you had the vessel well insured?"

"I regret to say," "the amount will scarcely cover the cost of the cargo,—but as I have no heavy payments to make for some months, I expect to get safely over this trouble."

"I trust you may," Langdon replied, "for one with your application to business—steadiness

and perseverance—must, surely, in the end succeed. As, for myself, I have long despaired making any figure in the world. I am grown old before my time, and having frittered away the very best part of my life, I look forward to the future with feelings of indifference and apathy. Ah! Markham. Life is like wine,—he who would taste its sweetness must not drain the cup to the dregs."

"Where have you been residing," replied Markham, "since I last saw you?"

"On the death of my father, whom I think you must remember, I became possessed of a considerable amount of money, which, to a young man differently constituted than myself, would be a sufficient sum to start him in the world. But my former mode of life did not teach me the value of money—and not having engaged in any business or profession—and leading a life of idleness,—my old yearnings for travel induced me to wander again. I have just returned from the Continent, having spent the most of my time in England and Germany. But come to my room, I have much to tell you about Paris, London, and New York, and the wild pranks of German students."

The speaker, Charles Langdon, whom I have just introduced to the reader, was the son of a gentleman who possessed a princely estate, the reward of long years of successful labour in the profession of law. He, dying at an advanced age, left a large sum to his only son, Charles. The youth graduated with high honours after leaving college. Soon afterwards he travelled in the States, and became attached to a fascinating and handsome actress, whom he chanced to meet at a celebrated watering place.

The news of this, together with habits of dissipation, which he then formed, partially estranged him from his friends and family, and for many years he led a wild and reckless life in the most depraved circles on the Continent. He did not lose, however, that peculiar charm of manner, or divest himself of those external properties which the world consider as characteristics of a gentleman. Having squandered the princely amount left him by his father, in the vain pursuit of happiness and luxurious pleasure, and having inwardly felt the worthlessness of that enjoyment which cannot satisfy the heart, because immoral and degrading, he had come back to his native home with the promise, let us hope, of becoming a wiser and a better man.

The two walked arm in arm through the storm of wind and snow which had then arose in its fury, and a stranger noticing them at the time as they conversed with earnestness and attention, would doubt that any separation had taken place between them. In former years Markham had been closely acquainted with Langdon, and recognized and appreciated his brilliant attainments and scholarship. His faults were not owing to the absence of those qualities which make the very principle and essence of character; but from a feebleness of purpose and a want of steadiness and application, which

prevented him from engaging in any of the active duties of life. No man's hand was ever raised against him: on the contrary, he was well liked by his associates, while his conversational ability and pleasing address gave him, in his early manhood, an *entree* into the best of society. Arriving at last at the hotel, Langdon threw himself into an easy chair, with all the air and languor of one who had been satiated with the world's pleasures and follies.

CHAPTER II.

"How did you enjoy," said Markham, "your trip to the Continent?"

"O, excellently, at times; but, travelling as I did alone, I often felt a strange feeling of satiety and uneasiness, which even the novelty of the scenes I dwelt amidst, and the varied society observed, could not altogether remove. The heart will cling, no matter through what climes we may wander, to the associations and joys of childhood. I have seen all the wonders of Europe, the lakes of England, the curiosities of Ireland, the bold and romantic scenery of Scotland, besides visiting the most noted places hallowed by the footsteps of genius; but after all, my heart thrilled with a stronger pulsation of delight when I beheld again the bold and romantic shores of my own loved home! What a school of experience travel is, to one whose mind has been stored with the wisdom of the past, and who is careful to observe men, manners and things! There is an additional light shed in the upper story of that man's mind who fully appreciates the benefits of travel, and to whom the great truth is manifestly apparent, that there is much in this world to see and to know, which makes the heart charitable and lenient to the faults of others, and truly expands the mind. He cannot but return a wiser and better man, especially if his previous habits and formation of character have been such as to insure him success in life.

"But with all my worldly wisdom, I have erred most egregiously. Passion has found and kept me its veriest slave: but I intend now to make atonement for the sins of my youth. If I can only get a start in any business,—and perhaps you could assist me,—I shall endeavour, by industry, steadiness and application, to regain what I have foolishly squandered, and obtain, I hope, the esteem and confidence of my family."

"I trust you may," replied Markham, "and what little influence I have shall be exerted in your behalf. In the meantime, remain in the city: go not home yet. I think you can be of some service to me in this business connected with my vessel. I believe your family reside in the country?"

"Yes: about forty miles from the city. It is my intention of remaining for some weeks here, as I hear the travelling is very bad."

"In that case," said Markham, "you will have an opportunity of visiting your old friends, and perhaps you will find some employment suited to your talents. Whatever situation you

occupy, I hope you will remain in it, and not allow the seductive influences of society, nor the entreaties of friends, to entice you from your duties. A younger man than you, and probably less experienced—if age gives us experience and foresight—I hope you will pardon me if I talk to you more in the language of a counsellor than of a friend; but I know well how stale and wearisome a close attention to business or professional duties appear to one like you, after spending many years in luxurious ease, travel and enjoyment."

"I am well aware of that, but I hope to conquer all feelings of that nature. In fact work, as a means of existence, has become a stern necessity, for my wealth is nearly spent. I must soon learn to drink from fresher, and, I hope, purer springs."

He leaned back in his chair, and, taking from his pocket a beautiful cigar case, he lit one cigar and gave the other to Markham.

Silence followed, as they relapsed into the smokers' reverie. They obeyed the custom of the East, which demands instant quietness and repose after the pipes are lighted; and for a few minutes they both sat watching the curling clouds of smoke as if regardless of each other's presence.

It was a pleasing sight to notice the contrast between the two:—the manly form of the one, with the large and well-defined features, yet wearing an expression of pensive and anxious thoughtfulness,—to the tall, slight, graceful form of the other, with the handsome, regular features, and a countenance and head that indicated intellectual power, culture and refinement. But in Langdon's face, handsome as it was, there was an expression of scorn and pride, combined with a settled shade of melancholy and sorrow, that gave indication of one who had too early tasted life's bitter cup.

"Apropos," said Langdon, taking the cigar from his mouth, and holding it with admirable grace in his right hand,—“you have not told me of the queens of society, and the many pleasing episodes of gossip and scandal which usually occur in a small city like this.”

"I am sorry to say," replied Markham, "that I am in no mood to divert your mind with conversation of that kind. It is true I go oftener in society now than I did when you resided here, but I pay little attention to any idle story which I hear, and leave immediately that circle who ignore the great end of society and conversation."

"Ah! I understand," replied Langdon,—“your gold is in ingots, and you cannot deal in the small change that passes current in the mart of society. But tell me, who is queen now—at least among the ladies with whom you and I are acquainted? Does Kate Vernon reign yet?—the petulant, impatient beauty, with whom you carried on a game of flirtation, some years ago. What a pity that the love which impels one to that sort of thing should ever wane! And Laura Steadman, too,—”

At the mention of this lady's name, Langdon placed his hand somewhere near the region of his heart, and, looking at Markham, sighed: then, in mock heroic tones continued,—

“Does Laura still retain her beautiful cream coloured complexion, her large, dark, slumberous eyes, and tresses black as the raven's wing? Ah! me: the tender grace of those days will never come back; and, no matter how much one may decry sentiment, the recollections of old times, when the feelings were fresh and susceptible, will, at certain intervals, moisten the eyes with tears.”

Markham sat with his large grey eyes, apparently wandering to some scenes in his own joyous youth: or else his mind was dwelling in sadness on his own broken hopes and ruined aspirations, for his face wore a painful expression of despondency and gloom. He seemed as he mused to be utterly regardless of Langdon's presence, and had evidently paid little attention to the latter's interrogations or joyous happy mood.

“Come, come,” said Langdon, “cheer up my friend! Do not allow this loss you've sustained—which, I admit, is very great—to sadden your heart, or paralyze your energies.—Remember that life is new to you, and a brave heart and determined, will overcome many difficulties.”

“I am not desponding,” said Markham,—“but on the contrary, hopeful and reliant; but the thought occurred to my mind, in this fit of abstraction which sometimes comes over me, that I ought to go and see the vessel; besides I have not seen the Captain yet to learn the extent of the loss.”

“What is the Captain's name?” said Langdon. “It is very strange, since all the crew at the time of the wreck were saved, that he has not written to you. I was told the men were safely landed, and as the vessel lies stranded on the shore, some few miles from the city, I would advise you to visit the place without delay. I have no doubt a considerable part of the cargo could be saved, and, while I remain in the city, you may command my services to any extent you please, as I shall be only too happy to assist you in the execution of any business connected with the ship.”

He spoke with great earnestness, and with unusual sincerity and warmth of manner, not often to be observed in one who, for a long time, sacrificed all noble feelings and cherished sentiments of virtue, for selfish aims, pursuits and follies.

Markham thanked him for his kindness and consideration, and the interest he manifested in his behalf, remarking, that he intended to pay a visit to an old and esteemed friend on the morrow, and politely requested him to accompany him. They could also visit the ship on the same day.

He then related to him the circumstances connected with the contemplated visit—the note he had received,—when, at the mention of Norwich, Langdon went wild with delight, stat-

ing that he was at one time intimately acquainted with Mr. Gibson, and also that at Norwich he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life. After his father's death, and the successful completion of his college course, he had seen Mr. Gibson but seldom; while the reckless associates with whom he spent most of his time, and the habits of dissipation, tended to estrange him altogether from society, and, in the end, drove him forth as an outcast from his home.

“I shall accompany you with pleasure,” he replied; “for I long to see the dear old place again: and Venetia, too—how stupid in me to forget her! Is she much changed, or does she still retain the same beauty as of old, and that good-sense gentleness and modesty, which so much enhances personal loveliness? O Markham! how much we long in after years for that freshness of feeling, simplicity and guilelessness, and that freedom from anxiety and care which we lose with youth. The shadows also deepen, as we descend life's gloomy valley; but the golden sunrise of youth gilds its fragrant mountain tops.”

He reiterated again and again the pleasure this visit would afford him, and dwelt with eloquence and pathos on the memory of their early days—the associations and delights of childhood—the friendly contests and rivalries of youth.

“I regret to state,” Markham replied, in answer to the many repeated questions of Langdon, which, from his wild and exuberant manner of asking, often provoked a conflict of railery, intermingled with laughter and wit, “that I have seen Mr. Gibson but once since we left college. Business and its duties have so much occupied my mind, and attracted attention, that I had quite forgotten him, until the note which I received this evening, and his generous offers of assistance in my present fallen state of fortune, brought my mind back to the associations of the past, and gave me fresh courage and hope to dwell upon the future.”

“Well, I am glad you have one good friend you can look to in the hour of need. I shall call at your office in the morning, and we can start in the first train for Norwich. It was my intention on first arriving here to start immediately for home; and had I not seen you to-night, hearing as I did of your loss, I concluded upon calling at your office before leaving the city. Let us renew again,” he said tenderly, “the bond of that association which links the heart to the noble aspirations and unsullied dreams of youth! I am sick when I look back upon the barren past—of the life I have been leading for the last ten years—and, unless I find some business to engage my mind and banish reflection, I shall sink into a miserable sophist, cynic, or recluse!”

“I have better hopes of you than that, for you are now arriving at that period of life when reason triumphs over passion. But it is time I was starting,” said Markham, looking at his watch. “I expected to hear from you an account of your visit to Germany, but this plea-

sure I now anticipate at some future time. At present, I have only to congratulate you on your safe arrival home, and trust to see you occupy in society that eminent position which your talents and education have fitted you to adorn."

"Nay: you give me too much honour," said Langdon in reply; "a brighter destiny is in store for you than for me, and it only requires the exercise of self-reliance, assurance and energy, on your part, to insure you success in whatever you undertake. But as for me, I have built character on a bad foundation, and the props have almost fallen;—but, thank Heaven! human nature is not wholly evil,—there is a heaven of the good left, which we inherited from paradise, and I shall try to improve on that. Ah! well does Tennyson sing—

'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lead life to sovereign power!'

As he spoke, one could not fail to observe the tone of sincerity in which these words were uttered, and it was plainly evident to Markham, who watched the expression of his pale countenance, and marked the change in his manner, that, henceforth to him, life would be no idle play, or bright romantic day dream,—but one of earnest labour and duties faithfully performed.

Markham spoke a few words of encouragement and hope, and, bidding him good night, hastily left the room.

Once more in his solitary chamber, he sat down and began to reflect on the various events of the day. To him it had indeed been an eventful one—the most eventful, probably, in the whole course of his life. Never before had he been so impressed with the solemn duties of life as on this day. Disappointment and sorrow had sent their keenest sting,—while hope shed but a glimmering and momentary light. Proud, sensitive and reflective, he had always been anxious to occupy a high position in the city in which he dwelt; but to-day, on hearing his loss dwelt upon as an idle tale, and his name passed from mouth to mouth, his pride and ambition were touched. He felt then keenly, that adversity comes not without its lessons, and that humiliation teaches far more than the foolish parasite of property, sloth and luxurious ease can ever know. Wealth has its devotees, who crowd around the shrine of mammon, and there are those who sacrifice health, virtue and love to its external forms of influence and power; but let the young take care that avarice and selfishness sap not the foundations of their character, or that the world grows not too much with them.

Markham sat for a long time apparently in the deepest thought, now and again running his hand through the thick masses of dark brown hair, that shaded his broad intellectual brow. At last he rose from his seat, and, lighting a cigar, commenced to smoke; but it was plainly evident from his nervousness, and fitful abstracted manner, that his mind was not at ease.

"It is very singular," he murmured, "that I have seen nothing of Valdemar since the loss of the vessel. I cannot conceive how it is he should have neglected sending me word, either by note or by messenger, concerning this hated business. I am getting more impatient than ever to learn the particulars of this affair, and shall certainly have a strict investigation on the morrow. I seem already to have a dull presentiment of coming evil that all has not gone well; in fact I begin to have some misgivings of mind concerning him, and very much doubt now the propriety of having entrusted the care of a vessel to one I had so imperfectly known. However, I shall see to-morrow.—Heaven forbid that I should accuse any one wrongly, without having some indubitable proof of evil intended or actually committed!"

Markham, as he sat thus meditating, had more hopeful thoughts and brighter visions to beguile the few moments before retiring for the night, than those upon which his mind had just been dwelling.

To Venetia his thoughts had, even in company with his friend Langdon, often recurred. He thought of her now, not as she appeared in the simple days of his boyhood—a girl with slight, graceful form, timid and shy in manner—but as a woman, grown with a woman's keen tastes and perceptions, and possessing an educated and refined mind.

He dwelt in fancy on the pleasure he would feel at seeing her again—in conversing with her on the old joys and pleasures of their early youth, and in listening to the tones of her soft and tender voice. Old melodies rang in his ear—tender associations, linked with love, threw a bright halo on the past, and it seemed that the memory of these scenes were refreshing and dear to his soul: like a luxuriant flowery oasis, amid the sterile wastes and barren tracts of the past!

Thus musing, in the solitude of his chamber, with his massive head resting on his arm, and the fast dying fire now and then casting its fitful gleam of light on his pale and pensive face, we will leave him to his repose, conscious that adversity of whatever kind will test the strength of his character.

CHAPTER III.

In the cold light of a February morning the two friends wended their way to the station. There was a misty appearance in the atmosphere, which the sun, however soon dispelled, and as they passed the broad but deserted park, which in summer is clothed with luxuriant foliage, they did not fail to observe the crystal tracery of frost on the rugged branches of the trees, which glittered beneath the sun's bright rays, presenting a scene of fairy-like enchantment and beauty.

Langdon's appearance was quite prepossessing, being elegantly attired in a new suit of fashionable colour, which gave him quite a distinguished and aristocratic look, compared to Markham's plainer and sombre garb. Every-

thing about his person gave evidence of extreme good taste and refinement, which even the most fastidious in fashion and dress could not but admire, and which, to the cultivated mind, gives evidence of the social position of the wearer.

"This is really a beautiful morning," said Langdon, as they turned the corner of a hill which lead to the station. "How pure the air is, and how clear the sky; after the murky atmosphere we have had for the last three or four days, it is positively refreshing to look at."

"It is" said Markham in reply, "a beautiful day, and I do not think we could have chosen a milder one, at this season of the year, for our visit. But for all that, I have strange feelings of uneasiness, which weigh upon my spirits—a seeming presentiment of coming sorrow, and a dread of what the future may reveal—that I cannot wholly shake off or banish away."

Langdon looked calmly at him, and from the grave and anxious expression of his countenance, believed him to be sincere, and for the first time he felt, since their meeting, that Markham had worn the armour of suspicion and doubt so long that its weight had impeded his progress—that something weighed most heavily on his heart, which time only would remove. That there was doubt, suspicion and despondency upon his mind, he fully believed; but the cause of this, Langdon thought, he should sincerely and unreservedly reveal.

Why will he not trust and confide in me? It is true my former mode of life, with its habits of wild and reckless dissipation, frivolity and wildness, has not been such to insure esteem and respect; but that is past and forgotten now, and his, I am sure, is not the disposition to cherish deep rooted feelings of hatred and dislike for conduct such as mine. I shall watch him closely and strive, without wounding his feelings, or that keen sense of honour which he has, to fathom the secret of his despondency and gloom.

At the appointed time they arrived at the station, and, as they were wending their way 'mid a motley crowd of news' boys, hackmen, and simple country people, Markham was accosted by a tall young man, partly attired in a sailor's garb, wearing heavy boots, blue cloth pants and woollen shirt. He wore a large, black silk tie loosely round his neck, which, being freely exposed, gave him still more the appearance of a sea-faring person.

There was a shuffling and awkward gait, altogether unlike the rolling motions of the sailor, while his countenance indicated a great lack of intelligence or mental activity, wearing a dull, heavy, imbecile look. His eyes, which were small and of a dirty grey colour, were dull and devoid of expression. Altogether, he was a very common-place kind of a person, and had nothing in his countenance that would attract attention from even the most stupid and shallowest of observers.

"Mr. Markham, I suppose," said he, handing that gentleman a letter, and looking at him with

a vacant expression of countenance, as he broke the envelope. Markham read it, hurriedly, and with a strange and impatient manner, but, noticing nothing of interest in the letter, he thrust it into his pocket. It was simply a brief and concise account of the wreck, written in a scrawling and nervous hand.

"Who sent you with this letter?" said he, in a much sharper and impatient tone than he was wont to speak.

"Captain Valdemar, sir," said the young man hesitatingly, and speaking in a very disconnected style, and in an incoherent manner; "you see, sir—listen—you see, sir, he gave me this letter this morning to give to you—listen—before he went to the wreck: and I having made enquiries at the station, after landing from the cars, as to whereabouts your office was,—listen—when a gentleman standing by, pointed you out to me."

It was a peculiarity in this individual's phraseology, that the word 'listen' was introduced at the close of almost every sentence, as though he strove, by the constant repetition of it, to impress what he said more strongly on the listener's attention.

"What is your name?" said Markham, looking at him with a smiling expression of countenance, which the good-natured simplicitic individual in question regarded no doubt as positive proof of the esteem in which he was held.—Smiling and grinning, he looked at Markham, and not without an expression of cunning in his bleared and heavy eyes, as he replied,

"Amos Scribner, sir, of this parish."

"Well, Amos," said Markham, "did you arrive in the cars this morning?"

"Yes sir."

"From what place?"

"Norwich."

"Indeed; the Captain tells me you were with him at the time of the wreck. I shall probably request of you to give me some account of this unfortunate business."

"Listen! listen!"—he replied, and, drawing close to Markham as he spoke, with the strange gleam of cunning and deceit lighting up his eyes,—“I know more—listen—know more than I choose at present to tell.”

This was said with an air of touching bravado, but his countenance instantly relaxed to an expression of fear and surprise, as though he had said that which was not proper at the time.

"Well," said Markham, with an air of attempted indifference at what he said, "I shall expect a visit from you at my office in a week hence."

"Very well, sir," said he; "I shall be on hand."

"How long have you been staying at Norwich?"

"About five days," said he, biting at the same time a piece of tobacco with his big, yellow teeth.

"At what house did you stay during the time you spent there, Amos?"

"At Mrs. Martin's, on the hill, a short distance from Mr. Gibson's cottage."

"Who is Mr. Gibson?" replied Markham, with an air of *nonchalance* and apparent indifference.

Amos looked at him with the old grin, and with a forced composure of countenance, as he replied—

"He—listen—he lives a short distance from the station."

This was spoken in his usual slow, timid and hesitating manner.

"Did you make his acquaintance while at Norwich?"

"No, — listen — after we came from the wreck,"—here he paused again,—"*listen*—the Captain called to see Mr. Gibson."

"And you of course went with him," replied Markham. "The Captain, I suppose, was acquainted with Mr. Gibson?"

"Yes sir, I should — well, I think so," said he, spitting at the same time a great mouthful of tobacco juice, which came near dropping on our friend Langdon's polished boots.

While the conversation was being carried on between Markham and our eccentric acquaintance, Langdon was a silent observer of the young man's manner, and also a thoughtful and attentive listener. This was the first time he had heard of the name of the captain of Markham's vessel mentioned,—and many surmises and conjectures he had formed in his own mind, respecting this man. Was he young and a competent person to command a vessel? Was he trustworthy and honest? Was his character known to Markham? or had he been merely recommended by his business friends?

All these reflections Langdon revolved again and again in his mind, without coming to any solution of the matter upon which his mind could rest. On the contrary, the longer he dwelt upon them, the more interested he became in his friend's affairs, and he determined in his own mind, to become a silent observer of the incidents, which were yet to take place.

He would endeavour, by all honest and undisguised means, to sift the matter thoroughly to the end; and he hoped for the sake of his friend, and his own feelings of charity and respect for others, that by no insincere protestations, or the unprincipled and dishonourable scheming of any one, would he be made the victim of wrong.

Who is this Valdemar? he thought again and again. It is true I have asked Markham his name, but even he seemed disposed to evade my question. Can it be possible that he reproaches himself for taking him into his employ, merely at the recommendation of another? And does he doubt his character and name? Alas! I think so: and this, it seems to me, is the clue to this marked change in his manner, and to that melancholy which has settled like a cloud upon his spirit. I remember the name, but not in this city was it mentioned;—no; in another land—beneath a cloudless sky—and amid scenes and forms of society far different

from this. But he whom memory now calls up from the portals of the past, was a villain of the blackest dye, and —.

Langdon was startled from his reflections by the voice of Markham, who enquired at what time the train would start. Langdon, looking at his watch, remarked that the train would start in a few minutes.

"One moment," said Markham. "I have a few more questions to ask our obliging friend," and turning to Amos, who appeared by his sly look to anticipate what Markham was going to say.—

"Was there any persons accompanying Captain Valdemar this morning on his visit to the wreck?"

"Yes," he replied: "two ladies, who—listen—had I think told him they would like to see the vessel."

This was spoken in a very low tone, and with quite a grave expression on his face.

"Listen," he continued, and drawing near to Markham, a habit of his when he thought he had something wonderful and startling to tell: "*listen*—I am not certain whether the two ladies spoke to the captain about visiting the wreck or not:—*listen*—I don't think one of them did, because —."

"And which one was that?" said Markham, cutting him short, for to an intelligent person, it was positively painful and wearisome to *listen* as he remarked, to his slow recital of information, besides being very trying to the patience of his listener.

"Miss Venetia," said he, "would not have asked to go."

"And who is Miss Venetia?" replied Markham coolly, and with a slight attempt to conceal his impatience.

"Mr. Gibson's daughter, and—listen—a very nice looking lady she is, too."

"And how do you know she would not have asked to go?"

"Because it is not her style—*listen*—to put herself forward; well—*listen*—she—she is very quiet, and didn't seem to have much to say —."

"Indeed?"

"Listen—while I was there. The other lady was quite different, and would talk as much—*listen*—in ten minutes as you or I would in an hour!"

Markham could not but laugh as he turned to Langdon, at the reference he made to his own powers of conversation; and in all probability this sleepy individual would have been willing to enlighten him on other topics connected with the wreck; but the bell then rang, and, having secured their tickets, they were soon on board the cars.

Amos came shuffling after them just as the train was starting, and the indispensable word which he employed in his conversational flights was dinned for the last time in their ears.

Markham had now something to reflect upon, to beguile the tedium of his ride.

At once the great thought seemed to strike him with all the force of reality, that all had

not gone well. He knew this as far as the wreck was concerned, if the Captain's statement could be relied upon; but he felt now as though he was about to receive some ill-fated blow, which would destroy his happiness for ever. The intelligence he received concerning Venetia, and her visit with Valdemar to the wreck, gave him considerable perplexity and anxiety of mind, and pained him like the thrust of a dagger to the heart.

CHAPTER IV.

Langdon sat quietly reading a newspaper, now and again stopping to scrutinize the countenance of his friend, who sat, with arms folded, absorbed in his own reflections.

After a ride of half an hour the cars reached Norwich, when the two proceeded to the house of Mr. Gibson. The walk was a long one, but the change of scene, and the fresh morning air and sunshine, gave a keen sense of enjoyment and buoyant hope to the hour, that even Markham forgot his gloom and sadness.

In a short time they arrived at the house and were ushered into the library, where sat Mr. Gibson amid a pile of books and papers. He was a white-haired venerable looking gentleman, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, hale and hearty.

"This is my favorite retreat," he said, (taking Markham by the hand and shaking it warmly,) "but sometimes they will not allow me even here to rest in peace."

"Mr. Langdon," said Markham, introducing his friend.

"I beg your pardon," said the old gentleman, "for not noticing you before, but my sight is fast failing. Markham," he said, turning to the latter, "Mr. Langdon and myself are not strangers, I assure you. I remember him well in his youth; but after young people pass a certain age, and go away for some time from the home of their childhood, they soon fade from the recollection of persons whose days are drawing near to the tomb."

"Have you been long away from the city?" enquired the old gentleman of Langdon.

"Some ten years," the latter replied. "I have come home," he continued, "to profit by my experience of travel, and to put what philosophy I have learned into practice."

The conversation went *swimmingly* on for some minutes, Langdon giving a graphic and descriptive account of the many various scenes and sights he had witnessed abroad.

The old gentleman was in excellent spirits, and, having passed over many of the scenes described, he conversed with that frankness of manner and warmth of intimacy which is rare as it is valuable. Ah! there is nothing which tends so much to cement friendship as conversation with one who has travelled over the same scenes we have been a witness of, or read the same books with us.

"I regret very much indeed, John," said the old gentleman, addressing him by his christian name, and with a tone of touching tenderness

in his voice, "the loss you sustain by the wreck of your vessel. It was with reference to this unfortunate occurrence that I addressed you a note which I presume you received. For the sake of your father, who was a good and true friend to me, and the recollection of our early and long acquaintance, I shall be most happy to assist you in any way you desire, either by counsel or the advancement to you of a portion of my wealth."

"I am very grateful for your kind and considerate offer, and shall avail myself of it should occasion require; but at present I think I can see my way pretty clearly to the end. I received intelligence," continued Markham, "this morning, that the Captain had been here:—perhaps you could inform me if he has had any persons employed to save any of the materials of the wreck?"

"I do not know for certainty. When the intelligence reached me, George—whom you will recollect was quite young when you were last here—went to see the wreck with Venetia. There they met the Captain, who seems to be a perfect gentleman by education and address. They had quite a long conversation, stating of course they knew you, and, after remaining a long time, George invited him to call when on his way to the city. He has been here since the unlucky event took place, and this morning started for Westport beach, with Venetia and two ladies, to look after some materials that had drifted ashore."

A slight flush rose in Markham's countenance as these words were uttered, which Langdon instantly perceived. He knew then that a pang of sickening jealousy, distrust and suspicion had smote him to the heart, and that the still deeper trial of love had yet to be borne.

"It is my intention to go immediately there, as I wish to see Capt. Valdemar on some important business," said Markham calmly, and with a slight attempt to conceal his emotion. "Mr. Langdon has kindly consented to accompany me. Is the drive a long one?"

"I think it is nearly five miles from here; but had you not better stay and take dinner with us before you start?"

"Thank you; I am sorry I can not avail myself of your hospitality and kindness: at present my time is limited, as I return to the city to-night. But, as Langdon informs me, he intends to remain in Norwich for the purpose of seeing some of his old friends, and as we have since his return home, become very much attached to each other, it is my purpose to visit Norwich again as soon as opportunity will permit."

The old gentleman looked towards Langdon and smiled.

"Ah! I see," said he, addressing the latter—"there is then some attraction for you, my young gentleman, in the shape of a fair face, and sparkling eyes. Well, I wish you success in that delicate business; and, Markham, I hope you will call again, and not make yourself so great a stranger as you have hitherto been."

In reply he thanked the old gentleman for

his kindness, and, being impatient to depart, rose and shook him warmly by the hand.

In half an hour the two friends were on their way to Westport beach.

Markham sank into his former mood of reflection, and for a long time they conversed but little. Gloomy forebodings and suspicious reflections concerning Valdemar, whom he already considered as a rival in love, caused a sickening sensation to rise in his heart, mingled with feelings of distrust, hatred and fear.

Reticent, melancholy, and unhappy, he sat there for a long time indulging in his own morbid thoughts and fancies.

More than once was Langdon tempted to reveal his own suspicions and doubts concerning this man; but, on deeper reflection he concluded to adhere to the promise which he had made with himself, until he had seen Valdemar. He would observe closely his manner, and, if found guilty of treachery, fraud and dishonour, he would tear the mask from his face and reveal his character in its true guise.

Their conversation was of a desultory character, Langdon avoiding as much as possible, any train of thought that would suggest anything concerning Markham's own trials and sufferings.

"We are near the place, I think," said Langdon—"judging by the distance we have come—if Mr. Gibson has not been misinformed in regard to it."

"Yes," said Markham in reply: "beyond is the sea. What an interesting view we have now of the power, majesty, and sublimity of nature!"

The road which they now took branched off towards the sea shore, at a small distance from which, stood a cottage. From this place Langdon had a good view of the wreck and saw some person walking leisurely along the shore. It was wild and desolate—sufficient to excite sad and gloomy fancies, and to please thoughtful and solitary natures.

There was no sound to be heard save the moanings of the wind, or the roll of the surf on the barren shore.

"I shall rest myself here awhile," said Markham as he entered the cottage. "In the meantime you can see the Captain and acquaint him of my visit."

Langdon did as he was directed, and, jumping with agility and precision over the rocks and chasms, until he came upon the hard sandy beach, his eye caught the graceful outline of a woman's form walking directly towards him.

As they neared he thought he perceived something in her manner that indicated, on her part, a desire to turn back and retrace her steps by the way she came, for, all at once she stopped, and turned her eyes in the direction of those she had left behind. But, probably thinking the step might be considered one of cowardice by Langdon, who was fast approaching, she boldly continued her walk; not, however, without some feelings of uneasiness and fear, peculiar to the situation.

As they met Langdon raised his hat, smiled and bowed.

"I am very much pleased to see you, Miss Steadman," said he: "especially at this eventful meeting."

She changed colour, on hearing her name spoken by one who was to her apparently a stranger; but recovering self-possession, and smiling a faint sickly smile, she answered:

"This is indeed an eventful meeting, which I shall not soon forget. I remember your countenance; pray where did we meet before?"

"At Norwich, some years ago. I am your own —!"

Here he stopped, and looking up observed a faint blush mantling her beautiful face.

"I mean, Miss Steadman," said he, with an agreeable *bon hommie* in his manner, "that your society was once a great pleasure to me. My name is Charles Langdon. You surely cannot have forgotten me;—but, alas! the lapse of years *does* efface many fond recollections—although I have never ceased to remember our former acquaintance nor the many pleasing episodes connected with it."

"Oh! I remember you perfectly well now," she replied, speaking in a tone of enthusiasm and delight; "but what a long time has elapsed since your first visit to this place!"

"I suppose you thought at first I was some great sea monster coming towards you, to frighten you from these solitary wastes."

She laughed so loud and musical, that to Langdon's ears, in that situation, it seemed like the gushing music of Terni's Silvery Cascade.

Walking along in the cold bracing air, they conversed on the old joys and pleasures of the past, and finally Langdon touched upon the object of his visit.

"I have come home," said he, "after a long absence abroad, and having heard of Mr. Markham's loss—who *apropos*, is an old acquaintance of mine—we came here for the purpose of investigating matters connected with the wreck."

"Have you seen Capt. Valdemar?" said Miss Steadman archly.

"I have not seen the gentleman yet. Has he been long here?"

"About five days: and I think he is paying the greatest attention to Miss Gibson."

"Indeed!" said Langdon quietly.

"But where is Mr. Markham? I hope you have not been so cruel as to leave him on the road, in your hurry and joy to get here!"

"I left him in a cottage near the roadside, but expect him here in a short time."

"Are you acquainted with Capt. Valdemar, Mr. Langdon?"

"I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance; but you perhaps will introduce me?"

"O certainly: I shall be most happy. He is very handsome and very agreeable in society, and has not at all the appearance of a sea-faring person."

"You have met him then, in company?"

"Yes—at Miss Vernon's—and we had a delightful time. I am certain you will like him."

"I hope so," said Langdon, speaking in a low, subdued tone of voice, and looking towards Venetia and Valdemar, who were now approaching.

As they drew near, the keen eye of Langdon detected him in an instant—he, the coward and assassin—the unprincipled adventurer—who, behind the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, had slain in a duel, foully and unjustly, his best and dearest friend!

As he looked at him, he could scarcely suppress the wild torrent of passion that swelled his heart. He took the hand that was extended to him; but their conversation was soon interrupted by the presence of Markham.

After an exchange of compliments and congratulations between the two friends and the ladies, Markham and Valdemar walked away in the direction of the wreck.

Their conversation, it is unnecessary to set down here; but Markham was fully impressed by Valdemar's manner and speech, that he was very delinquent in regard to his duty as master of a vessel.

But his countenance changed, and his feelings were strongly excited, when told by Miss Steadman, that Valdemar was in the confidence of Venetia, who loved him with all the devotion of a young, inexperienced, and guileless heart.

The interview between Markham and Valdemar occupied a considerable length of time: and, while separate from the rest of the party, Langdon had gained from Miss Steadman much information, concerning the last named gentleman and Venetia.

At last Markham came from the wreck, and entered into conversation with Venetia, whom he beheld for the first time in many years. She was now a tall, graceful and beautiful woman—matured in mind, character and form—with that extreme modesty and gentleness of manner, which characterized her in days gone by, and which is, after all, the crowning excellence in a woman's character. Markham, however, was displeased with the reception he met, evidently expecting, on her part, a greater warmth of manner and of feeling.

"Do you return this evening to the city, Mr. Markham?"

"Such is my intention; but I shall visit Norwich again, as I wish to see your father on some important business. And you too, Venetia," said he, taking her hand, and speaking in a subdued tone of voice: "do you think I shall ever forget you again as I have in the past? Ah! no. I love you now more intensely and devotedly than ever, and all I seek is your love in return."

The tone of pathetic feeling in which these words were uttered, and the strange earnestness of his manner, quite startled her as she meekly replied—

"O Mr. Markham! speak not to me of that now. I fully believe your sincerity; but this is not the time and place for conversation such as yours!"

Markham's brow lowered, as he inwardly

thought—Can she be false to me? Alas! I doubt her now. Can it be possible that that deceitful, intriguing Valdemar, who, not satisfied with the unhappiness he has brought upon me, is now tampering with the heart of the only one I loved? His heart sickened at the thought, and bowing low, he bade her farewell.

That evening after visiting the wreck, Markham started in the cars for the city, and, arriving at a late hour, proceeded instantly to his home.

Langdon remained for several days in Norwich, visiting his friends, and watching with the greatest attention, the manner and movements of Valdemar.

It was during this time that the astounding intelligence reached his ears—the suspicion of which, more than once flashed like light across his mind—of the villanous and fiendish plot of Valdemar and his co-mates, which was to take the vessel to some Southern port and there trade to the best advantage. This dishonourable scheme, however, was providentially balked by the winds and waves.

Here is something for Markham's ears,—thought he. Little does he know of the traitorous designs which have been formed against his fortune and his happiness. I shall wait patiently for stronger proof of what I have heard to-day, and will then unmask the villain to his face.

On the evening of the day when the news was first communicated to him, he called on Miss Steadman. She was sitting in a tastefully furnished room, surrounded with ornaments of ormolu and buhl—arrayed in a beautifully fitting evening dress—her dark hair falling in luxuriant ringlets over her shoulder.

"I return to the city to-morrow, Miss Steadman. Intelligence of the most painful nature, which I have heard to-day concerning this wreck, and which Mr. Markham should be informed of at the earliest opportunity, makes it necessary for me at once to depart."

"Indeed; I am very sorry that anything should be revealed which would cause Mr. Markham sorrow. I think him a very estimable person, and hear his name spoken of in the highest respect."

Langdon then mentioned his long acquaintance with his friend—their old associations of youth—and how much they had since become attached to each other.

"I go now, Laura," he said, speaking in a tone of tenderness and love; "but I shall return again soon, for I cannot conceal from you the fact that your society is very dear to me!—for you alone are the sole object of my thoughts."

Space will not permit us to state the whole of their conversation;—sufficient to say, that Langdon left Norwich on the morrow with feelings very far different from those with which he had entered it. He had gained that which, to a young man on first setting out on the journey of life, reveals visions of bliss and domestic contentment—the possession of a pure, affectionate and trusting heart.

In the evening of the next day, he called on Markham at his office, and was surprised to see their old acquaintance Amos in close conversation with him.

"It is a diabolical plot they have been hatching," said he, addressing Langdon; "but I shall know now how to deal with Valdemar, the principal mover in this affair. Balked and ruined by the sea, and caught in the net he had prepared for others, this detractor, scoundrel and thief will yet live to rue the day on which he set his foot on these shores. Amos has told me all," said he, "and shall not go unrewarded."

"Listen," said Amos, speaking to Langdon—"I heard the Captain say—listen—I heard him say to the mate, shortly after leaving port, this is the best chance for wealth I have met with yet."

"And where were you, Amos, at the time?" replied Langdon calmly.

"Behind the cabin door. Listen—I heard the Captain say he intended to sell the vessel as soon as he got to some foreign port,—I forget now the name."

A long conversation followed, which Langdon fully corroborated as correct: at the same time telling Markham the same story he had heard from one of the men. He also communicated his own suspicions and doubts concerning Valdemar, and where he had first met him—the strange duel—his former robberies and escapes.

Little now remains to be told. The disclosures connected with the wreck passed from mouth to mouth, and reaching the ears of Valdemar, he fled at once to the Continent, where, if late information be correct, he attempted the same trick; but being arrested, and convicted of theft in his scheme, was tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation in a penal colony.

Years have passed now since these events took place. John Markham, notwithstanding his many difficulties and trials, has since progressed in business, and finds a good friend in Mr. Gibson, whose son-in-law he now is. He married Venetia soon after, who loves as only a true woman can love: and the only regret he feels, in looking back upon the past, is the thought of that eventful time, when he first doubted her love and struggled with his feelings.

Langdon has fully atoned for the errors of his youth, and is now an able and respected lawyer, having applied himself assiduously to the practice of his profession. The bright-eyed and coquettish Laura of his youth sits now at his fire side, and laughs at times over their hurried courtship and early acquaintance.

But there are purer joys in store for these, and for all, whom, as the years go by, love blesses and rewards, who live down the sins of slander, selfishness and pride, and who feel, through trial and suffering, that life's duties have been faithfully performed.

THE ST. JOHN.

BY J. H.

They may talk of the Rivers of other lands—

Of the Danube or noble Rhine,
Where fought of yore the undaunted bands
From Alps and A'penine—

Of the yellow Tiber, where sat entron'd
The City of old so grand—
Or the Don, by whose waters Serfs have groan'd
In a despot trampled land.

Let the Mississippi's waters sweep
To the sea with resistless tide,
And the great St. Lawrence in anger leap
O'er a mountain's rugged side;
While others sing of the pleasant Seine,
Or the mighty Amazon,
We'll raise our songs in as proud a strain
In praise of the broad St. John!

Five hundred miles in its long career
It flows on its lordly way,
Where the lofty pine and the cedar rear
Their crests to meridian day,
Through the forest dark it speeds along—
It winds through the vallies fair,
Where the boatman's voice and the raftman's song
Are borne on the morning air.

When the winter hath bound it with icy hand
To the hard unyielding beach,
The ice-boat speeds, by the keen winds fann'd,
Up the smooth and glittering Reach:

And the skater skims with his steel shod feet
O'er the river's glassy face,
And vies in speed with the courser fleet,
Or the hound which joins the chase.

When the summer hath melted the barrier frail,
And broken its icy seal,
Its surface is whiten'd by many a sail
And furrow'd by many a keel.
The steamboats trace on its waters dark
Their track in the snow-white foam,
And the Indian paddles his fragile bark
To his lowly wigwam home.

Down many a rapid it grandly glides,
Ere it reaches the tide toss'd bay,
In a thundring fall like an avalanche slides,
As it rushes upon its way.
It struggles and chafes in its rocky bed
With the swift in-coming tide,
Till the rocks are worn away and shed
From the gorge's rugged side.

Then out to the sea with a stately sweep—
Past the sides of the wave worn piers—
It mingles its tide with the mighty deep,
As it has for a thousand years.
Tho' thrones may be rent and kingdoms go
To premature decay,
The great St. John will still grandly flow
On its course as it flows to-day.

A COURTSHIP BY PROXY:
AND HOW IT ENDED.

BY E. S. J.

It is now nearly five-and-twenty years since I came to the city, where an elder brother of mine, who was connected with an extensive and flourishing mercantile house, resided. Upon the retiring of the senior partner of the firm, he had just risen to the head of the establishment, whereupon he at once offered to me a share in the business, which most generous offer I as promptly accepted, and less than a week beheld me transported from the peaceful quietude of a retired country village to the scene of my future operations, amid the turmoil and bustle of a busy city life.

My brother and I were respectively the eldest and youngest of a family of five boys, and, being my senior by some eight or ten years, I allowed him to acquire a kind of parental control over me; not that he laid any decided restriction upon my movements, but by a sort of unconscious influence, natural under the circumstances, I was usually restrained from doing any thing that I felt would be looked upon by him with displeasure.

But, although in some cases I allowed myself to be swayed by the opinion and advice of my brother, (whose name, I forgot to state, is William,) yet, in one particular, I took the liberty of thinking and acting for myself; but here, *en passant*, a few words of explanation may not be out of place:—

In the first place, let me observe that my brother William, though a bachelor, was not by any means an *old* bachelor, neither was he one of these miserable, musty, crusty specimens of humanity, commonly associated with our ideas of bachelorhood: but a noble, whole-hearted fellow, who always cared more for the welfare and happiness of those around him, than for his own pleasure; and whose friendship any man (or woman either) might well be proud to own.

Now, although William had not thus far taken upon himself the holy bonds of matrimony, yet, in the case of others, he strongly favored the adoption of such a course; and, more particularly, it was his desire to have me—as he put it—take a wife and settle quietly down like a sensible man.

In fact, my brother seemed to look upon me as a headstrong, careless fellow, inclined to be a little *fast* if left to myself, and, thinking that if he could manage to saddle me with the cares and responsibilities of married life, it might have the effect of sobering me down into a steady business-like individual like himself, he

repeatedly urged upon me the advisability of seeking out among my young lady friends and acquaintances, some fair creature worthy to share my name, fame and fortune.

But, in spite of all the skill and pains he employed to accomplish the purpose he had in view, and in spite of all the trouble he took to make effective these efforts, by introducing me into a number of families where he happened to be acquainted—in any of which he judged an excellent opportunity might be afforded me of making an eligible match with some fair daughter of the household—notwithstanding all this, owing either to my perverseness or stupidity, at the end of two years from the time he took the matter in hand, he found himself about as near the perfecting of his match-making operations, as at the commencement.

Thus it was that matters stood, one bright, sunny afternoon early in the month of July, which found my brother and me seated at the office desk,—he engaged in writing some letters, which required to be posted that evening: and I employed in posting some accounts into the ledger, from the smaller blank books, which lay open before me on the desk.

When William had finished, sealed and directed his last letter, he arose from the desk and walked over to the window which lighted the office. It was a habit of my brother's, when an unusually weighty matter engaged his attention, to think it out standing before that window: as though the light, which passed through its transparent panes, might have some influence in clearing up the knotty question under consideration.

After standing in that position a few minutes, William turned towards me and said,

“Frank, I have been thinking that you are not looking as well as usual—somewhat paler and less fleshy than you ought to be. In fact, I fear you have been sticking rather closely to your desk of late.”

I looked up in some surprise, and glanced involuntarily at a small looking-glass which hung upon the wall opposite me.

“Not looking well! did you say? Why, I don't think I ever *felt* better in my life,” I replied.

“Perhaps not—perhaps not,” returned my brother, with the air of one determined not to be convinced; “but there is no use in waiting until one is actually sick to start off to the country. Better the ounce of prevention now, than the pound of cure hereafter.”

"True; but I really do not think that there is any danger of my falling sick for want of exercise."

"Well, well, of course you know best about that; still I think that a few weeks' recreation would not do you any harm, at all events."

"Oh, certainly not," I replied; "and, if I could spare the time, I should enjoy it very much indeed."

"As to the time, there need be no difficulty about that. Besides, I have a little piece of business to transact, which, unless you will undertake to arrange for me, will necessitate my absence from the city for some time. Now, if you will take the matter in hand, you will not only enable me to remain here, but you will have an opportunity of spending a few weeks in as pleasant a spot as any one might wish to exist in."

"Rather an inducement to start, I must confess," said I. "But, as to the business you speak of: Is it anything connected with the firm?"

"Well, no, not exactly," answered William with a smile; "that is, it concerns directly only one of the firm, which is—myself. The fact of the matter is, Frank," continued my brother, assuming a more serious air, "that as you cannot make up your mind to act like a sensible man, and get married and have a comfortable home of your own, instead of a miserable apology for such, as is afforded by a couple of small rooms in an overcrowded hotel, I have, therefore, come to the conclusion to take the matter in hand and do all this myself. What do you think of that, eh?"

"Think of it?" I repeated, with a look of utter bewilderment. "I think it's very —, I mean I did not know that you had any intention of getting married."

"Of course not. But at present I have a very serious intention of doing so, and I should like to have your assistance very much to enable me to carry it out."

"Me? And how can I render you any possible assistance in this affair?"

"Well, you see," answered William, "that she whom I have selected to become the future Mrs. B. resides at some distance from the city, and, as I have not as yet consulted her upon the subject, it will be necessary for me to proceed thither and go through with the usual preliminaries, unless you will consent to act for me in this case, which, I should think, if willing, you might very easily do."

"Then, in plain language, you desire me to speed away to the home of this favored fair one, and humbly sue for her hand in your name, and, if successful, as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed, you —."

"Will step in and put the finishing touch upon the whole, with the aid of the parish rector. That's it, exactly."

"And may I enquire the name of her whom I may expect to look upon as my future sister-in-law?"

"Certainly," replied William. "You re-

member that when I was away last summer, on a fishing excursion, I stayed at the house of a gentleman, named Graham, for a few days?"

"Yes," said I; "Squire Graham, of Rosemount."

"The same. Well, while there I formed the acquaintance of his daughter, Miss Alice Graham, and she it is to whom I intend, through you, to pay my addresses. As to her personal appearance and disposition, I shall leave you to judge for yourself. And now, what do you say? Will you go or not?"

"Oh, certainly, if you are willing to intrust me with so important a mission, I have no objection to undertake it."

"Very well," returned William; "I suppose you will start to-morrow morning. And, by-the-bye, you had better go now and see about packing up any articles of wearing apparel that you may require during your stay at Rosemount; and, in the meanwhile, I will prepare a kind of introductory letter to the Squire, which will insure you a hearty welcome just as long as you desire to remain and behave yourself." And so saying he turned towards the desk, and I took my hat and proceeded to the hotel where William and I were then staying.

Well, next morning found me seated in the lumbering old stage coach, which was to convey me to a spot about three miles distant from Rosemount. To relieve the monotony of the journey, I engaged in sundry detached chats with the driver, gazed admiringly on the surrounding scenery, smoked cigars, and mused upon the rather singular errand on which I had started.

Ten hours of uninterrupted travel, save when we stopped for a short time to partake of a very poor dinner at a very high charge, brought me to the place where I was to leave the stage, and complete my journey on foot.

With a few hurried words of direction from the driver, I started off, valise in hand, at a brisk pace, for it was already growing late in the day, and I felt anxious to reach my place of destination before darkness came upon me. An hour's tramp, over a road running through as pretty a tract of country as I had ever beheld, placed me in front of the white painted gate-posts of Rosemount. I knew the place well enough, from the description given me by my brother. After passing through the gate I walked up a neatly gravelled avenue, which, after passing for some little distance through a double line of willow trees, of magnificent growth, separated to the right and left, and swept around on either side of a large enclosure, covered with groups of noble trees of various kinds, on the other side of which it again united a few yards in front of the house, which now came into view.

It was a handsome and commodious cottage, of the gothic style of architecture, painted a light fawn colour, which contrasted pleasingly with the surrounding foliage. A covered veranda or piazza extended along the front of the building, on which, as I drew nearer, I per-

ceived a somewhat stout, middle aged gentleman, who was leaning against one of the columns of the veranda, quietly enjoying his evening smoke.

As I approached, feeling somewhat uncomfortable at thus appearing, an unbidden and, it might be, an unwelcome guest, he removed the pipe from his lips and stood with a sort of surprised and enquiring gaze. Walking up in front of him, I enquired if Squire Graham lived there. As I expected, he replied that that was his name, whereupon I took from my pocket-book my brother's letter and, after handing it to him, I stood anxiously awaiting the effect it might produce.

After glancing briefly over the letter, the Squire grasped me cordially by the hand, in such a manner as to shake my late unpleasant feelings completely out of me. Then, taking up my valise, he led the way into the house and conducted me into a handsomely furnished parlour, at the same time expressing his regret at the absence of his wife and daughter, who were off on a visit to a neighbouring family, and would not return until late in the evening.

"So you see," he added, "we must endeavour to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances."

And we did make ourselves comfortable. After a quiet little chat of half an hour or so, we left the room on a foraging tour to the kitchen, where we discovered a cold fowl and some other little etceteras, which afforded us an excellent supper, to which I, at least, did ample justice. Then, the rest of the evening was occupied in smoking and the discussion of a wonderful variety of subjects, and about ten o'clock my kind host showed me to my room and bid me good night, and in fifteen minutes more I was sleeping as soundly as if I was in my own room at the hotel in the city.

When I awoke next morning, the early rays of the rising sun were just beginning to make visible the surrounding objects. I lay awake, turning over in my mind the events of the preceding day, until I heard a clock striking six, and then hopped out of bed and prepared to arrange my morning toilet.

Just as I had finished dressing, some one rapped at the door, and on opening it, I found the Squire standing outside.

"I heard you stirring about," he explained, "and thought I would ask you to take an early stroll until breakfast time, just to whet up our appetites a bit you know."

To this I readily agreed, and we sallied forth together to get a breath of the morning air.

The position of Rosemount was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme; situated on a portion of high land, it afforded a most charming view of a wide expanse of luxuriant meadow and magnificent forest. The grounds in the vicinity of the house were laid out with great skill and care, and altogether the scene was one of surpassing beauty.

After an hour had been spent in surveying the splendors of the natural panorama, which

lay before and around us, we turned and retraced our steps to the house.

At the breakfast table I was introduced to the worthy Squire's wife and daughter. The former was a fine sprightly lady with perfect good-nature beaming in every feature, and whose cheery smile, as well as her words, bespoke me a hearty welcome; the latter, Miss Alice Graham, was, without doubt, the most perfect specimen of feminine beauty that I have ever laid my eyes upon: a complexion of pure white and pink; eyes of heavenly blue; a tiny mouth whose rosy lips, when parted, revealed a double row of pearly teeth; bright flaxen hair, which hung in dancing ringlets about her neck and shoulders, and a figure of exquisite symmetry, all combined to produce a face and form such as might move to envy the fairest of our haughty city belles.

After breakfast, the Squire informed us that some business, of a legal character, would require him to proceed to the Shiretown, some miles distant, and very probably he would not return until late in the evening, and suggested that I might pass the forenoon very pleasantly by walking out with the ladies.

They having no objection to the arrangement, we set out at once, and a most pleasant time we had. I was as much delighted with my company as with the beauties of the landscape. Mrs. Graham was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, whose conversation and manner displayed such courtesy and affability of disposition, as enabled any one, even an utter stranger, to feel perfectly at ease in her presence.

Alice Graham possessed many of the excellent qualities of her mother. Her's was a happy, loving, trusting nature; her deportment was easy, graceful and without affectation; her language was simple yet elegant, and, in a word, she was one fitted to fill and adorn any position in society, however high and exalted.

Very quickly and pleasantly did the hours slip away that morning, as we rambled over the beautiful grounds of Rosemount; and by the time we had pretty well "done" the place, and were recalled to the house by a shrill blast of the dinner-horn, I felt as much at home with my kind hostess and her gentle daughter, as though I had known them long before, and not as if I had made their acquaintance, for the first time, but a few hours previously.

In the absence of the Squire, I consented to undertake the carving operations at dinner, but, owing to lack of skill and experience in the art, I only succeeded in hacking a few misshapen fragments from the joint, spattering the gravy over the snowy table-cloth, and getting very warm and red in the face. These little drawbacks, however, we did not allow to lessen the enjoyment of the occasion, and ample justice was done to the excellent viands which were set before us.

When we arose from the table, Alice invited me to accompany her into her flower garden which I had not yet seen. Of course I went.

It was a pretty spot; not very extensive, but tastefully arranged. A broad, general walk skirted the four sides of the garden, from which lesser walks branched off in various directions, dividing the interior into squares, diamonds, circles and crescents, producing a most pleasing effect. Alice Graham had a passion for roses, and the flower-beds of her garden contained some superb specimens of her favorite flower, including many rare and beautiful varieties, both of form and colour, from the delicate, pure white rose, to the rich deep-tinted scarlet and carmine species. Very proud was she, and justly so, of her little floral domain. She, herself, had planned the arrangement of its beds and paths, and it was her own skill and care, in the management of its affairs, that had gained for her roses such a celebrity in the neighbourhood as had given to the place, itself, its well-known name of Rosemount.

There being some garden work that required attending to, I volunteered my assistance, and was speedily at work budding, pruning, weeding and watering, and setting out and transplanting fresh plants, a work which, in itself, I never felt particularly fond of, but to which I was more than reconciled by the presence of my fair companion, whose sweet, musical voice, and clear, ringing laughter, fell upon my ear like strains of the sweetest music.

Thus passed the entire afternoon, until we heard the voice of the Squire, who had somehow managed to reach the house unnoticed by us, calling us to tea.

Supper over, we had some pleasant conversation, and in the course of the evening, at the request of her papa, Alice seated herself at the piano and treated us to some excellent music, accompanying the instrument with her own rich, silver treble, while I was delightfully employed in turning over the leaves of her music. And so the evening passed away, and when the hour for retiring arrived, I left the parlour and sought my room to wander in dream-land, over flowery leas and through shady dells, side by side with pretty Alice Graham.

My first day spent at Rosemount may be regarded as a fair sample of many other very happy days that followed it, during which time Alice and I were seldom apart. When the weather was favorable we walked or drove out together, and when the care of the garden demanded her attention, my opinion and assistance were invariably deemed necessary. We read, and played chess, and sung duets together, and I added my bass to the choir of the Parish church where Alice sang.

Thus the time slipped away until a month had elapsed, since the memorable evening on which I arrived at Rosemount, and then I received a letter from my brother. It was brought to the house, with some letters for the Squire, one evening when I was sitting in the parlor with the Grahams, and some friends of theirs who had come to take tea. As I could not well stop to read it at this time, I slipped it into my pocket, intending to peruse it as soon as disen-

gaged. When the company had dispersed, I took a light and went into my bed-room, in order to read the letter at my leisure. I broke the seal with some little anxiety, fearing lest my brother should have written desiring me to return to the city, which, as yet, I had no intention of doing. My fears, in this respect, however, proved groundless; he merely inquired as to how I was enjoying my visit, and then, concerning the progress I was making in his little *affaire d'amour*, what the prospects were of bringing it to a successful and happy termination; and yet, as I read, a heavy, troubled feeling came over me, one which I know not how to describe, only that, it was as painful as it was sudden. Why was it, I asked myself, that my brother's letter affected me thus. Could it be because he wished me to obtain the consent of Alice Graham to become his wife? Surely not: for was it not to accomplish this end that I had left my business in the city, and was even now here? Aye, but *then* I had not seen that winning smile, nor looked into those sweet blue eyes, nor listened to that gentle, thrilling voice! and then the truth came upon me like a blinding flash: *I loved Alice Graham.*

Words cannot describe the state of my feelings at this time. I threw myself upon a chair and covered my face with my hands. I bitterly cursed my folly and blindness in thus allowing one who it would be the basest treachery to hope could ever be more to me than a very dear friend, to obtain such a hold upon my heart. From the first, I knew that the presence of Alice made my stay at this place very pleasant, that I was never so happy as when in her company, but all this, I imagined, bespoke merely a warm friendship—nothing more. Such a thing as love, I had never dreamed of, and yet, I might have known, that one might as well expect to handle fire and not be burned, as to know, and be with Alice Graham, and not love her.

How long I sat there I know not, but when I looked up, the candle had burned out in its socket, and I was in darkness, and then I arose with the firm resolve that, however painful might be the task, I would prove faithful to the trust that had been placed in me, and do my best to secure for my brother, that heart and hand for which I would give all else on earth to call my own.

We, that is Alice and I, intended to have a drive next day, after dinner, and I resolved to take this opportunity to speak of William's attachment to her; for as yet, I had not broached the subject. Several times I had essayed to do so, but a strange reluctance, which I could not understand better now than then, prevented me. I told myself it was yet too soon, that too much abruptness might spoil the whole; so I contented myself by paving the way for further advances, in lauding my brother up to the skies, and telling her what a perfect paragon of sensibility, kindness and truth he was.

I will not weary the reader by attempting to describe the sleepless night and the unhappy

forenoon I passed until I handed Alice into the carriage, and drove down the gravelled walk and thence into the road. It was a glorious afternoon, earth and sky appeared to vie with each other to charm and delight the spectator, and Alice was unusually vivacious and happy. But I—selfish fellow—had my mind too much engrossed with my own, not over pleasant thoughts, to pay any attention to either. To all her attempts to draw me into a conversation, I responded only in monosyllables, until she, losing all patience, exclaimed poutingly :

“Dear me, what a very old Solomon you have suddenly become! I ought certainly to feel very much flattered by the amount of attention you have shown me since we left the house; I believe you have not said two words except ‘yes’ and ‘no’ during the whole time!”

“Pardon me, Miss Graham; I did not intend to slight you. In fact my thoughts have been so taken up with a matter of pressing importance that I almost forgot —.”

“That there even so much as existed such a person as I!”

“Far from it,” I replied. “On the contrary, it was of you and, I might say, you alone that I have been thinking for the last hour at least.”

“Is it possible? You really alarm me! To think that I should be the subject of such grave and silent deliberation! It’s positively awful!”

“But nevertheless true,” I returned. “And now would you not like to know what I have been thinking about concerning you?”

“I must confess to a little curiosity on this point; only I hope it is not anything unpleasant or serious?”

“Unpleasant it need not be, unless you choose to make it so; but as to its being serious, I believe it is a very serious matter, indeed, to one at least that I know of.”

“And that is —?”

“That is a certain individual who once left the smoky, dusty city, where was his home, to find a purer air and brighter sky at Rosemount. I need not say that he was delighted beyond measure with everything he saw there, and more especially with a blue-eyed, golden-haired maiden, who appeared so very beautiful and good in his eyes that he learned to love her, and wished in his heart that she would consent to become his own little wife, and thus make his lonely cheerless life bright and joyous. Can you guess the name of her of whom I speak?”

“Yes, I think I can; and yet —.”

Alice paused, as if at a loss how to proceed, while a crimson flush rose to her cheek and spread over her face. Noticing her embarrassment I continued,

“Now do you not think that it would be very cruel and heartless on the part of this maiden if, under these circumstances, she refused to comply with so simple a request? Do you think that you, if similarly situated, could act thus?”

“That would depend a good deal upon who this poor broken-hearted lover happened to be,” returned Alice, with a little laugh, while she vainly attempted to conceal her blushes by in-

clining her head forward until her glossy ringlets almost hid her glowing cheeks from view.

“Ah! then I shall tell you who he is:—he is my brother, William.”

“Your brother!” she repeated with a start, the color vanishing from her face as she spoke and giving place to a sudden pallor; and the blue eyes were turned to me with an enquiring, troubled look. “Sure, it is not of him you speak?”

“It is indeed,” I returned: “nor do I see anything surprising in the fact. Perhaps you wonder that he is not here in person, instead of sending another to act for him in this affair, but the demands of his business rendered such a course necessary. And I feel assured that you will not allow this circumstance, unavoidable as it was, to cause you to look with disfavor upon my brother’s proposal.”

“Were it possible for me to receive your brother’s proposal, probably this would not make any difference, but that I cannot do. It would be wrong in me to even encourage a hope which could never possibly be realized. And now let us return home, for I do not feel like driving further this afternoon.”

I turned the horse’s head in the direction of Rosemount, and as we drove homewards I entreated her to think more favorably of the matter, but she politely, yet firmly declined hearing anything further concerning it,—she had already made up her mind, and any present or future discussion of the subject would be at once useless on my part, and unpleasant on hers.

After this, but few words passed between Alice and I until we arrived at Rosemount cottage, and when I handed her from the carriage she passed by me with a simple “Thank you,” and entered the house. I did not see her again until tea-time when she appeared at the table looking very grave and reserved. The meal was a very quiet one, and when it was over Alice excused herself and left the room. I remained for some time conversing with the Squire and his better half, and then taking my hat, I walked out into the open air.

Without knowing or caring whither my steps led me, I wandered at random up and down the walks and paths belonging to the place. My brain was very busy in turning over the events of the afternoon. I could not help wondering at the sudden change that had taken place in Alice’s manner on the mention of my brother’s name. It was evident that she imagined I referred to some other person, but to who else could my words be taken to refer? There was only one such that I could think of, and that was—*myself*! I, like William, had left the city, and had stayed, or rather was staying, at Rosemount; and thus the remarks made in my conversation with Alice that afternoon were almost equally applicable to my brother’s case and to my own: hence the mistake.

From this reverie I was aroused by hearing a sob close by. I stopped and, looking up, found myself standing before a summer-house,

which was situated in one corner of the flower garden, into which I had unconsciously strayed. Curious to ascertain the cause of this sound of grief, I stepped softly up to the entrance of the arbor, and there a strange sight met my gaze: It was the form of a female who sat with her head bowed upon a table which occupied the centre of the floor. By the hat which lay at her feet, and by the flowing tresses which hung over the arm on which her head rested, I knew it to be none other than Alice Graham. For a few moments I stood regarding her in silent wonder, and then, without stopping to consider the impropriety of the act, I spoke her name.

At the sound of my voice she started up, and, on recognising me, said, with a look and tone of mingled indignation and reproach:

"Is it possible, sir, that you have presumed to follow me here? I thought that in this place at least, I would be free from intrusion!"

As she uttered these words she lifted her hat from the ground, and was about to sweep past me into the garden, when I caught her hand and gently detained her, saying,

"I beg you will allow me to explain, Miss Graham. I did not intend to follow you: it was wholly by accident that I came upon you here."

As she stood still and did not withdraw her hand, I added:

"And now will you not allow me to say a few words before you go? I shall not detain you long."

She did not reply but allowed me to lead her back to the bench from which she had just arisen. I seated myself beside her and said,

"You remember the subject of which I spoke to you this afternoon?"

"Perfectly," she replied; "and you no doubt remember the answer I gave you on that occasion, which you will of course consider final."

"I do not ask you to change your mind; I merely desire to make one enquiry. When you refused my brother's offer was it because you had already placed your affections upon another?"

"I did so because I felt I could not love your brother,—that is, well enough to become his wife," Alice returned somewhat evasively.

"One thing more I would ask, Miss Graham. Had I made that offer in my own name, instead of my brother's, would you have received it more favorably?"

"I might possibly have done so," was the reply; but her manner and tone of voice, which appeared to tremble as she spoke, told far more than her words. I knew that my suspicions were correct. Then, yielding to an irresistible impulse, which I could no more control than the beating of my own heart. I poured out an avowal of my love, in words as earnest and impassioned as those which I had employed a half-a-dozen of hours before to describe a similar feeling on the part of my brother. What an incomprehensible thing is the human heart!

When I escorted Alice back that evening it was as my promised bride! and I felt myself to

be at once the happiest and most miserable of mankind:—happy in the possession of such a treasure as I knew this fair young creature to be,—miserable, as the successful rival of my own dear brother.

* * * * *

Another fortnight passed away and I had obtained the consent of Alice's papa and mamma to our marriage, which was to take place in two weeks more.

As yet, I had not written to William, to inform him of my engagement. A dozen times, at least, I had essayed to do so; but these attempts only resulted in the spoiling of as many sheets of writing paper, and a great deal of vexation and anxious thought. Sometimes I wrote as if to defend my conduct against the anticipated displeasure of my brother; at others, to excuse it by pleading force of circumstances; or, again, to shirk an explanation by making light of the whole matter. But none of the letters penned in any of these strains, appeared to answer the purpose, and they were written only to be destroyed as soon as finished.

At length, sick and tired of these unsatisfactory attempts to palliate my course of action in this affair, I sat down and wrote a letter containing a simple and candid statement of the facts of the case, trusting to my brother's good-heartedness to pardon all short comings. This once sealed up and dispatched, a load seemed to be taken off my mind, and I felt enabled to await patiently—almost cheerfully—an answer from William.

But as, day by day, the time went by and still brought no reply to my letter, I began to feel uneasy, and anxious again. I feared that my brother was too much incensed, at the information it contained, to write to me in return. Still I comforted myself with the thought that perhaps my letter, or, it might be, the reply, through some irregularity of the mail, was detained on the way.

On the evening previous to the day on which was to be tied the nuptial knot, we two were sitting in the front parlor busily engaged in the pre-arranging of certain little household matters, (a delightful species of air-castle-building, especially appropriate to inexperienced young lovers,) when I was called to the window by the sound of wheels upon the gravelled walk before the house.

On looking out, I saw the Squire shaking hands with a gentleman who had just stepped from a carriage which stood before the door. A second glance showed me that, it was William, and in a moment more I was on the piazza to meet him.

As he extended his hand to me I looked into his face, expecting to find there, an expression of severity, but, much to my surprise, it wore a good natured smile instead. Greetings over, I inquired somewhat anxiously if he had received my letter.

"I did," he replied, "and was very happy to learn from it, that you have made such good use of your time since your arrival here."

"Then, you do not feel annoyed with me for not having—"

"Not a bit—not a bit," put in William, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "it's just exactly what I anticipated from the first."

"What!" I exclaimed, forgetting—in my eagerness—about the presence of the Squire. "Do you mean to say, that you anticipated, that I would marry Alice Graham myself?"

"Of course I did!" with a burst of merry laughter. "Did you suppose me such a fool, as to imagine that she would take a fancy to a hum-drum old foggy like me?"

"Then, after all, this mission on which you sent me was only a ruse to entrap me into a courtship."

"Nothing more or less, I assure you: you know I tried almost every other means without success, so I thought I would see what a little strategy would accomplish. But here comes the young lady herself," and William turned to shake hands with Alice who now appeared at the door.

Alice and I were married next morning in a quiet and unostentatious manner, my brother

acting the part of groomsman, while the Squire gave away the bride. The all important ceremony concluded, we sat down to a sumptuous repast, and the manner in which we got through with the edibles, bore evidence that the solemnity of the occasion had, by no means spoiled our appetites.

By the time we had finished our breakfast the carriage—which William had thoughtfully brought with him for our use—was at the door, and in less than half an hour the good-byes were uttered, and William and Alice and I were being whirled away from Rosemount at a slapping pace, behind a span of spirited greys.

* * * * *

Just on the city's outskirts, we found a rather handsome gothic cottage, which appeared to suit us to a charm, and into which, on our return from a pleasant little wedding tour, Alice and I entered and took possession. My brother—still unmarried—has been living with us ever since we commenced house-keeping, and appears to be perfectly satisfied with the way in which his "courtship by proxy" terminated, and—so am I.

THE HISTORY OF ACADIE.*

THIS work, although it has been before the public for some time, (having been published in monthly numbers from March 1865, to February 1867), has not received from any of the newspapers of the Lower Provinces, that share of attention which so laborious and important a work really deserves. Indeed, we are inclined to fear that, of the public journalists who have noticed it from time to time, but few have had leisure or inclination to give it a careful perusal. Nor is this a matter of much surprise. The style in which it is written, is such as to repel that large class, which, at the present day read only for pleasure, and certainly Mr. Murdoch's work cannot be regarded by any one as light and pleasant reading. The "History of Acadia," so far as completed, consists of nearly 2000 pages, octavo, and is brought down to the year 1827. The Author proposes "after a little rest," to continue the work down to the present time. It cannot be denied, that the industry and research which he has brought to bear on this undertaking, are most commendable, and entitle him to the gratitude of the future historians of these Provinces. But these qualities, however valuable they may be, are not the only ones necessary for success. Unfortunately for the Author, they are almost the only qualifications he possesses for the task he has undertaken. In generalization and skill in the arrangement of his materials he is miserably defective. He appears to have no conception

of the manner in which the facts at his command should be grouped, so as to make the pictures have the character of a living panorama of the times of which he writes. His whole work is like a Chinese painting, without perspective or shading. Facts that have the remotest possible connection with the main action of the History are given as prominently as the main action itself. A contemptible quarrel about some Maroons that were brought to Nova Scotia from Jamaica, receives more prominence than the Siege of Louisburg or the arrival of the Loyalists. Indeed Mr. Murdoch's work is in no sense of the word a History. It is simply a collection of facts in reference to the Province inartistically jumbled together, and might be appropriately termed—"Annals of Acadie."

Having said this much, we must not by any means, be understood as undervaluing the result of the Author's labor. It would be unfair not to admit, that Mr. Murdoch has done the people of the Lower Provinces a great service in putting on record, facts which, otherwise might soon have been utterly lost. No defects of style or arrangement, can rob him of the honor of being the first to give an extended account of the early settlement and conquest of these Provinces. Indeed it has often been a matter of surprise to us, that no one has before been found to undertake the task of writing such a History. The subject is, certainly, one of the greatest interest to us, not only as Colonists, but as subjects of the

* The History of Nova Scotia or Acadie, by Beames Murdoch, Esq., Q.C., A. & W. MacKinlay, Halifax, N.S.

Empire. In the early days of American discovery, while the Spaniards were searching for gold fields on the unhealthy shores of Central America, the French and English, with wiser foresight, directed their attention to the North and discovered the real gold fields of the Continent; the rich and inexhaustible fishing grounds of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. A Colony of French settled at Port Royal in 1605; a Colony of English Puritans landed 15 years later at Plymouth Rock. From these rival Colonies sprung all the wars and contentions by which the Continent was vexed for so many years. This is not the place to give a full account of the events which ended in the expulsion of the French from the Continent. The struggle was long and doubtful, and fortune wavered long between the rival banners. In the mean time, the English Settlements had extended to Cape Hatteras, and the French to the Island of Montreal. Louisburg became an almost impregnable fortress, and the River St. John was studded with forts from Partridge Island to the Nashwaak. The English Colonies rapidly rose into importance, and for many years carried on a constant warfare with the French Colonists of Acadie. Many of the deeds of valor done by the English Colonists in those days, were not surpassed by the bravest actions recorded in the War of Independence. The siege and capture of Louisburg in 1744, a work planned and carried out by the New England Colonists, was an achievement that is worthy to be named in connection with the capture of Quebec or the surprise of Gibraltar, and the taking of Fort Cumberland in 1755; afforded an additional illustration of the valor and loyalty of these men of New England.—Nor were they idle spectators, when five years later the last remnant of French power passed from this Continent. Of all the vast domain that France once possessed in the Northern part of the New World, only a few unimportant Islands are left—the feeble remnant of what was once so grand. How such an Empire was lost, must surely be a subject well worth the attention of the historian.

A little over a century ago, the British flag was planted on the Citadel of Quebec, and from that time a new era dawned on the history of Acadie. The French settlers were driven from their homes by the sides of its dykes and intervalles, and a new and more aggressive race usurped their places. Halifax was founded and English settlements commenced to be formed on the River St. John. But events were near which were destined to change the whole political aspect of the Continent. In a moment of insane folly, the British government claimed the right to tax the Colonists—and the attempt to enforce this right was followed by resistance. The sequel belongs to English history. During the war of Independence, the shores of Acadie were frequently attacked by privateers from the thirteen Colonies. But the people remained loyal, and all attempts to wrest Canada from the British were unsuccessful.

After peace was concluded in 1783, a large influx of loyalists from the New Republic hastened the settlement of the remaining British Colonies. Upper Canada was settled, and the foundations laid of those prosperous States which are now expanding into a new dominion. In the war of 1812, fresh trouble awaited the then feeble Colonies. Canada was persistently but unsuccessfully attacked, and troops were raised in all the lower Provinces for her defence. Halifax became the grand objective point from which the fleets of England issued to attack the Young Republic, and into its ample basin was brought the shattered *Chesapeake* after her memorable engagement with the *Shannon*. St. John was occasionally threatened, but in those days of sailing vessels, its violent tides and dangerous currents were its best defence.

More than half a century of peace has succeeded in which these Provinces have emerged from obscurity and become prosperous and wealthy; and the present year beholds them in process of being formed into a Confederacy—on which even the great neighbouring Republic affects to look with a jealous and even anxious eye. What the future destiny of the new Dominion is to be, no man can venture to predict; but the political changes wrought in this Continent during the past Century, have been so remarkable, that nothing which occurs in future, can justly excite our surprise. The Colonies of Britain which were so loyal, and fought so strenuously to extend her Empire, have become her commercial rivals, and, in a great measure her enemies; while the old Colonies of France—in former days so hostile to her interests, are peopled now by a loyal population, whom no temptation which the great Republic can hold out, can turn from their allegiance to the mother land. In the meantime, the people of these Provinces await the advent of some historian who will place before them a true mirror of the times of the Ancient Colony of Acadie—who will trace its history down from the time of its discovery by Cartier, to the expulsion of the French, and from thence to the present day—who will recount its battles and sieges, and its various changes of masters, and what is of still more importance, the social character and customs of its people—their struggles against the severity of a climate to which they were not inured, and the double evils of disease and famine. Such a history, written in a pleasing style, and without prejudice or partiality, would be a work of inestimable value to the inhabitants of the Provinces, both as a text book for the instruction of youth, and the information of those of maturer years. When such a work appears, we promise it a warm reception; and, in the mean time, we can only recommend such of our readers as are interested in the early history of the Province, to procure Mr. Murdoch's work, which, in spite of many defects, is a book of great value for reference, and well calculated to lead enquiring minds to make further search into the early history of Acadie.

METEOROLOGICAL

SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGIC OBSERVATIONS, for January and February, 1867, made at St. John, N. B. Lat. 45° 16' N.; Long. 66° 03' W.—G. MURDOCH.

	JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.
THERMOMETER —Highest—degrees.....	35°-00	46°-00
“ date.....	22nd.	10th.
Lowest—degrees.....	—13-00	—4-00
“ date.....	31st.	20th.
Oscillation per month.....	48-00	50-00
“ daily—mean.....	10-00	10-82
Warmest day—meant.....	33-00	40-00
“ date.....	22nd.	9th.
Coldest day—meant.....	—3-70	4-00
“ date.....	30th.	20th.
Mean—6 A. M.....	11-20	20-07
“ 2 P. M.....	18-16	28-07
“ 10 P. M.....	14-00	22-32
“ of readings.....	14-45	23-50
“ 7 years.....	18-03	21-87
BAROMETER —Highest—inches.....	20-332	30-766
“ date.....	30th.	11th.
Lowest—inches.....	29-076	29-213
“ date.....	8th & 18th.	10th.
Range for month.....	1-256	1-553
“ daily—mean.....	0-240	0-324
Greatest mean daily pressure....	30-210	30-719
“ date.....	1st.	11th.
Least mean daily pressure.....	29-094	29-485
“ date.....	8th.	3rd.
Mean pressure 6 A. M.....	29-726	29-987
“ 2 P. M.....	29-691	29-956
“ 10 P. M.....	29-701	30-011
“ of readings.....	29-706	29-985
“ 7 years.....	29-897	29-933
FORCE OF VAPOR —Greatest—inches.....	0-194	0-311
“ date.....	22nd.	10th.
Least—inches.....	0-025	0-027
“ date.....	31st.	20th.
Mean 8 A. M.....	0-065	0-105
“ 2 P. M.....	0-077	0-120
“ 10 P. M.....	0-072	0-108
“ of readings.....	0-071	0-111
RELATIVE HUMIDITY —Greatest—per cent.....	100 per ct.	100 per ct.
“ date.....	Often.	Often.
Least—per cent.....	55 per ct.	40 per ct.
“ date.....	11th.	15th.
Mean 8 A. M.....	77 per ct.	77 per ct.
“ 2 P. M.....	73	70
“ 10 P. M.....	78	71
“ of readings.....	76	73
WIND 2 P. M. E. to S. W.—Days.....	1 day.	10 days.
W. to N. W. “.....	30 “	18 “
Most prevalent.....	N. W.	N. W.
PRECIPITATION —Rain or Snow Fell.....	10 days.	6 days.
“ “.....	4 nights	9 nights.
Snow for month—inches.....	42-00	6-25
Rain “.....	0-100	4-590
Melted Snow and Rain.....	4-210	5-365
Avg. 7 years.....	4-488	4-291

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

BY HANNIBAL HATBLOCK.

I am a married man—thoroughly and unmistakably married. I have been married about three years. I used to call my wife my "Christmas Box," because we were married on that day; but lately I have got the habit (mentally) of naming her Pandora's Box.—Reason why—"woman's rights!" You see, my wife's name before she married me was Abigail Cheesecrumbe:—she was a sempstress, and I married her from pure love of her quiet, modest, maidenly ways, and I think she loved me too; but, dear me! things have changed since then so much that I sometimes wish I had never seen her. Reason for change—"woman's rights!" My wife is small in stature, wavy brown hair, hazel eyes, and used to have a sweet expression—but she has't now. Reason she has't—"woman's rights!" I am six-feet-two in my stockings, black hair, military moustache, large side whiskers, erect form, and used to have rather a fierce and determined aspect—look humble now—skulk along like a dog whose tail has been amputated, and the cut healed by turpentine. Reason I look humble—"woman's rights!" Used to go down town to my occupation (wholesale fruit dealer) with elastic step, order my clerks around and do a big business—don't do so now—go down like a bark mill horse to his harness. Reason for it—same as before—"woman's rights!" Used to come home and meet a pair of loving arms in the hall: also one kiss, at least, and sometimes two;—used to be lead in captive triumph to the drawing-room, where a flaming dressing-gown and a pair of slippers waited me before a cozy fire. 'Tisn't so now—often wonder if I dreamed it. Reason—"woman's rights!"

D—"woman's rights!" They are a humbug—a swindle—a myth;—and yet there must be some substance in them, for look what they've done for me. I who used to weigh 18 stone have become reduced to a mere skeleton of 14 ditto! Isn't that sad? Isn't it enough to make me tear my clothes and whiskers—wear sack-cloth and ashes—go into a convent—give up smoking, or do something else equally ridiculous? But, alas! clothes cost too much; I am not yet reduced to the degradation of being careless to the looks admiring school girls cast upon my hairy appendages;—sackcloth and ashes are said not to be healthy in winter time, and, besides, they are not much worn this season, at least I have not noticed them on the tailors' fashion plates;—convents I cannot abide, having been brought up a strict Presbyterian;—and as for giving up smoking—ye gods! just to think of it, and my new meerschaum beginning to color! Besides, you see, on second reflection, if I were to do something desperate it would please my wife too much,

and I don't care about amusing her at my own personal expense;—also an item to be considered—the fiendish glee of Miss Scraggyskin, the cause of all my woes. I was just beginning to settle into a subdued melancholy, but the thought of Scraggyskin rouses my ire. Will no one deliver me from Scraggyskin? Can't I get an act, banishing her forever as a nuisance? or why the mischief can't some one fall in love with her and marry her, or murder her, I don't care which. They say that "without charity we are as tinkling brass or sounding cymbal;" unfortunately this does not seem to apply in Scraggyskin's case. She is a whole brass band with an extra set of kettle-drums; but she is so charitable—dear me! she quite overwhelms me. Do you think it is inhuman to picture the pleasurable emotions you would feel in going to any (then living) person's funeral? Well, if so, I must be a brute, for I would travel ten miles to Scraggyskin's burial, and never quit the corpse till it was under six feet of earth, with delight; and, if permitted, I would have the procession accompanied with a number of disenthralled husbands, whose wives now bow before the shrine of Scraggyskin—each of said husbands to carry a broken chain as an emblem of their new found liberty, and each to play upon the flute (that is to say such as could pucker their mouths in the agonizing position required to extract melody from that hollow-hearted instrument,) some appropriate air about "shout with the battle cry of freedom," or "Brittania rules the waves, and Britons never," &c. By the way, that line about "never, never shall be slaves" is all folderol,—isn't it now? because Britons are slaves. I am a slave—a white slave—a slave to "woman's rights," personified in the form and proportions of Penelope Scraggyskin.

But all this time I am not telling my heart-rending tale, or how I became a slave. Well, let us proceed:—I had been married about two years—two years of perfect happiness—when my Paradise was invaded by the fiend. She came to lecture in our city, and being evidently a person of great talent—at least I judged so from the reports published in the morning papers (written, I have since learned, as is the usual custom, by the lecturer herself,)—I one evening proposed to my wife to go and hear this new doctrine. She declined—said she had rights enough: she had the right to "love, honour and obey," &c., and only yielded at last to my ridicule, when I teasingly asked her if her head was not level? if she could not hear and see a woman make a fool of herself for a living, without becoming a convert? She yielded, as I said before, and her unfortunate complaisance was the first step towards my slavery!

We reached the hall, and with some little difficulty succeeded in getting a good seat. In a few minutes the fair (?) lecturer entered. She was very tall and angular, wore green goggles, had no crinoline, and, in general, looked more like a demoralised male ghost apparelled in female attire than like a woman. I might state that the audience was almost wholly of the gentler sex. Scrag commenced and hammered away at the male portion of the population for an hour. Her ideas I need not repeat: they were the usual gasconade employed on such occasions;—sneering allusions to the phrase “lord and master,” harrowing tales of brow beaten wives said to be slaves to brutal husbands—in short the whole affair summed up represented women as angels and men as devils. It was so ridiculous that I would have laughed heartily, had I not noticed the deep effect Penelope’s words were making on my wife. She was silent all the way home, engaged in deep thought: silent at the breakfast table: silent at dinner, and made no reply to my nervous rallery. I went down from dinner sad and dispirited, a heavy presentiment was on my soul—why, I hardly knew. When I came home to tea no one waited for me in the hall—“why,” thought I, “can Abbey be sick?” I hurried in, but, alas! she was not alone—another was with her, from whom she was eagerly drinking in what I suppose seemed to her “gems of wisdom.” Who was that other? It was she who afterwards developed into my “white terror,”—twas Scraggyskin! From that moment my wife assumed a new aspect—informed me that she was my equal: she knew her rights and intended to act up to them. I was to be allowed the honor of supporting her as my wife, as before; but she was no longer to be the hireling of brutal man; she was my equal by birth, and greatly my superior in intellect. She was in future to be manager, while I was to fulfil the duty of man, viz., earning money to keep up my family, in the first instance, and devoting the balance towards sending out lecturers to free other women, millions of whom I was told were living in a state of willing bondage, because no light had been shed on their darkness. It is not to be supposed that I yielded to any such proposals, boldly and frankly as they were made. I stood with my two feet planted on my dignity, gracefully informed her that woman was the “weaker vessel,”—that although it would afford me great pleasure to labor for her sustenance, I did not really perceive that the path of duty lay in the way of sending out female lecturers. Nor did I yield on the willing bondage question, though slowly driven by the aggressions of the enemy from my first stand point. I could probably have withstood my wife; but, alas! I was no match for Scraggyskin. When she extended her right arm, and, pointing her finger at me in withering scorn, commenced her lecturing tirade of epithets, I invariably turned and ignominiously fled.—When I say that I was no match for Scraggyskin, you may imagine I saw her frequently.

I should rather think I did see her much too often. One month after that lecture my wife invited her to come and visit her:—she came and has remained, excepting at short intervals, till this date. She has assumed complete dominion of my establishment; she is supreme. My wife pays her willing obedience, unfortunately for my peace of mind I do not. I am ready to break my fetters at the first moment. I am like the Polish serfs: I am in forced bondage, but I all the while watch the horizon of passing events for relief from my thralldom. I feel certain that if Scrag, as I playfully term her. (mentally) were away, or pointed out in some delinquency, it would deceive my wife, consequently Scrag’s outgoings and incomings are objects of especial moment to me; for, somehow or other, I cannot rid my mind of the idea that she is not what she seems—that she is an imposter; but to prove her in it is what the negro melodists term the “pull back.”—Alas! my surveillance has as yet amounted to nothing. Her visits are only to other wives than mine who are converts to her doctrine. I never could trace her to any low haunts. She does not imbibe intoxicating beverages, although from variations in her demeanour I sometimes strongly suspect her of intemperance. If I could only gain admittance to her private apartment, but she always keeps that locked. Never mind, I will follow her as a blood-hound, and woe to her when I run her to the ground! I am getting to be a regular savage, so intense is my desire for vengeance; I am blood-thirsty! I think I must file my teeth into the saw design, *a-la* the Australian savages, put an ornamental block through my nose and tattoo my face. I wonder if I would not be convicted of “Justifiable Homicide,” by a jury of my countrymen, if I were to get up a fit of temporary insanity, eat opium and run amuck, taking precious good care to injure no one but Scraggyskin;—if I only get twelve of the enslaved husbands to act on that jury I think I could safely try it. Would it not be a good plan to nail up her door and set the house on fire? I have a great mind to advertise in the papers, offering \$1000 reward to the heroic individual who will rid me of her! I wish it was a crime, punishable with penal servitude for life, to advocate “woman’s rights!” Here’s a public offer to politicians:—I will vote perpetually and consecutively for any aspirant, who will enter parliament with the fixed determination to exterminate female lectures, or die in the attempt. Really, the thing is coming to a crisis!—I cannot stand it any longer; I will put on a monk’s attire—shave my crown—embroider the red cross on my breast, and, like a second Peter the Hermit, start on a crusade in favor of down-trodden man. I am very sorry to see a desire for inviolable secrecy on the true state of the domestic affairs of the interior exhibited by my “companions in distress.”—This is radically wrong: it should not be. We must agitate the question and bring it prominently before the eyes of the general public;—

we must hold a congress and take measures for the proper fortification and defence of "Men's Rights." Have men no privileges? One would imagine so from the ease and carelessness with which they allow the waves of "woman's rights" to swamp them. Be warned! this question has not yet reached its climax;—presently they will dock us of our cigars, our meerschaums, our social meetings, and everything that tends to make our present down-fallen position at all bearable. No mercy will be shown you—the black petticoat will be mounted on the banner pole, and, alas! "ye hapless sons of clay," where will ye be?—at the feet of a victorious conqueror, and obliged to submit to the most humiliating terms! Do you need a leader? I will lead you. Do you need a banner? What can be more appropriate than your torn coat, which your wife's elevated position by nature and right will not allow her to mend. Think of your buttonless shirts, undarned stockings—your cold coffee, hard boiled eggs, heavy bread, and cheerless home—arise, and victory is ours! One thousand years after this date, let it be chronologically recorded thus:—"1866-7.—About this time female demagogues having by their artful speeches misled the wives of the world into the belief that they were not allowed their birthright, a great furore was made and great trouble was caused by the so-called "Woman's Rights." But, happily for succeeding generations, a man was found to combat the evil, and by his judicious leadership to exterminate it entirely. Need we record the name of this individual?—'twas the illustrious PETERKIN PODGER, (my name—printer put it in big type!) whose birth of rich but intelligent parents—whose heroic life and noble death: are they not recorded in the records of the doings of the wise men in all ages of the world?" But stop! I have it! Eureka—a plan for the demolition of Scraggyskin. They are helped who help themselves. If I succeed I will attach a postscript to this document, if not it shall be printed as it is, to expose my sufferings to the gaze of a heartless world. I must away. Would it were the old times when I could shout to my vassals, Demonio! my broadsword: Catstailo! my hauberk, &c.; ad infinitum, but it isn't—so I start out on my errand, quietly, calmly and deliberately. No one to scan my expressive countenance would ever read my blood-thirsty heart. I go for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! Laugh ye fiends! and smile yeimps! I go! I go! Adieu for the present—I am gone!

One week later:—As I promised to add a postscript in case of success, I am now forced to fulfil my undertaking. Victory crowned my humble efforts. The reign of Scraggyskin is over—she has departed, and Podger is triumphant. The idea that struck me so suddenly in my written confession above was no less than this, that SCRAGGYSKIN WAS A MAN! My reason for this thought would be difficult to tell; however, it might be imagined I drew it from the too affectionate manner in which she im-

planted the "kiss of peace" on all her female subjects on greeting them. My method of proceeding was very simple: I took an opportunity during her absence of forcing her room door, and, upon perusing her multifarious correspondence, I was fully sustained in my idea. I also learned her real name; it was Sampson Sharptrick, the escaped convict. I fastened the door again as well as I could, and calmly waited the denouement. Scraggyskin came home to tea—my wife was with her, both were in great spirits: some new converts had been made. I was all smiles and complaisance.—After a period tea was served and eaten; a ring at the bell and the evening paper arrived; I took it up and commenced to read aloud, (purely from imagination,)—"We are very sorry to learn that a heartless hoax has been practised upon the liege subjects of our city. From positive information received we are able to aver and prove that Miss Penelope Scraggyskin, now exciting much public attention as an agitator of woman's rights, is no other than the notorious Sam Sharptrick, whose escape in female costume from the States Prison of the State of Ohio was recorded in the American papers some months ago." I paused—Scraggyskin, or Sharptrick as I shall now call him, was making for the door. I intercepted him, "Not so fast!" said I, putting myself in the most approved pugilistic attitude—"no, Mr. Sharptrick, I will not let you go till I have given you one lesson you will most probably remember. Curse on, you gallow's-bird! I will make mince-meat of you!" To my utter dismay the coward sank on his knees and whined "Pardon." I forcibly raised him to his feet: informed that, owing to my sedentary habits, I stood in great need of stirring physical exercise, and, grasping him by the neck of his dress, commenced vigorously kicking him around my apartments. He proved himself to be a thorough "Non Resistant," so, after a season of this delightful amusement, I concluded by opening the door and expediting his progress into the street, telling him his traps should be sent to any address he named. He has not sent for them, so I am going to sell them for his board. Farewell, Oh! Scraggyskin! Sudden was thy rise—sudden thy fall! I returned to the room, and found my wife greatly agitated; thought it prudent to say nothing to her at that time, so commenced to whistle as if nothing had happened, and went out for a stroll. Next day wife acknowledged the corn, and things have reverted to their rightful course. She is loving as before; meets me in the hall—kisses—slippers—cosy fire, &c. But she is sore on the subject, so I alter the clause in the History of England to suit her case—you remember it:—"And all Spain, except the Province of Catalonia, returned to their allegiance to Philip their sovereign." As revised it reads: "and all Abigail, except the department of Wounded Pride returned to their allegiance to Podger their sovereign." Three groans for Woman's Rights! *Exeunt Omnes.*

BURGLARY.

BURGLARY is one of the evils that are incident to a high state of civilization and the accumulation of capital and wealth. Wherever riches increase, and bank safes grow plethoric with gold or greenbacks, burglars will be found attempting to wrest the hoarded treasure from its lawful owner. The manner in which they accomplish their purpose has frequently formed the subject of interesting papers to the magazines and reviews, and a few stray remarks on the subject may interest our readers, especially as St. John has within a year been visited by a gang of the safe-robbing fraternity.

Most people are not aware that burglary is a profession, and that its higher branches are never attempted but by those who have become adepts at their business. We are not prepared to state whether the burglars have colleges at which they graduate; but this much is certain, that, individually, they differ widely in the degree of skill with which they practise their unlawful occupation—so much so, indeed, that a skillful detective, in examining premises that have been broken into, will often say "this is White Headed Bob's work," or "Billy go fast did this," and the result of further investigation will, in most instances, confirm the correctness of the surmise.

The class of thieves that most people call burglars are technically termed cracksmen, and they invariably make their head quarters in some large city. They generally work in gangs, and often the person by whom the affair is planned and arranged, leaves it to his confederates to accomplish the robbery. This is done especially when the operation is performed in a small city, for the purpose of warding suspicion from the leading cracksmen, who frequently succeeds in obtaining access to good society, and being invited to the houses of respectable people. Not till after he has left the place is the robbery committed by his confederates, who have been in the meantime furnished by him with elaborately prepared plans of the premises to be robbed, and full directions how to proceed. One of the boldest and most ingenious robberies of this kind we ever heard of, occurred some years ago in a large town in Hampshire. The following account of it is from the *London Quarterly*:—

"A gang of first-rate cracksmen having heard that a certain banker in a country town was in the habit of keeping large sums of money in a strong-box of the banking-house in which he himself dwelt, determined to carry it off. For this purpose the most astute and respectable-looking middle-aged man of the gang was despatched to the town, reconnoitre the premises and get an insight into the character of their victim. The banker, he ascertained, belonged

to the sect of Primitive Methodists, and held what is termed 'love-feasts.' The cracksmen accordingly got himself up as a preacher, studied the peculiar method of holding forth in favour with the sect, wore a white neckhandkerchief, assumed a nasal whine, and laid in a powerful stock of Scripture phrases. Thus armed, he took occasion to hold forth, and that so 'movingly,' that the rumour of his 'discourses' soon came to the ears of the banker, and he was admitted as a guest. His foot once inside the doors, he rapidly 'improved the occasion' in his own peculiar manner. The intimacy grew, and he was speedily on such terms of friendship with every one in the house that he came and went without notice. He acquainted himself with the position of the strong box, and took impressions in wax of the wards of the locks. These he sent up to his pals in town, and in due course he was supplied with false keys. With these he opened the strong box, made exact notes of the value and nature of its contents, and replaced everything as he found it. A plan of the street, the house, and of the particular chamber in which the treasure was kept, was then prepared and forwarded to the confederates in London. He persuaded his kind friend the banker to hold a love-feast on the evening of the final stroke. A few minutes before the time appointed for the robbery, he proposed that the whole assembly should join with him in raising voices to the glory of the Lord. The cracksmen laboured hard and long to keep up the hymn, and noise enough was made to cover the designs of less adroit confederates than his own. The pseudo-preacher, to disarm suspicion, remained with his friend a fortnight after the theft, and on his departure, all the women of the 'persuasion' wept that so good a man should go away from among them!"

The skill attained by some cracksmen is so great that no system of bolts and bars is capable of keeping them out. A sheet of iron, however, in the inside of the panel of a shutter or door will frequently keep out the best among them; and those of them who have opened their minds to the prison authorities, state that it is totally impossible, without alarming the inmates, to force a window that is lightly barred with a thin iron bar and supplied with a bell. A shutter thus protected, and which gives a little with pressure, will not allow the centre-bit to work without ringing the alarm.

Most large house robberies are what is termed "put up,"—that is, the thieves are in correspondence with the servants of the house, or with those who have been discarded. The vanity of female servants is said to be a more fertile cause of burglaries than any other. A smart young cracksmen, hearing where there is a large

booty to be obtained, makes the acquaintance of one of the female domestics, and makes violent love to her. All young women are very communicative to their sweethearts, and, in a short time, he gets from her every information he requires—the habits of the family—their times of going out—the position of the plate-chest—and the fastenings of the doors. Where only a servant of all work is kept, his purpose is easily accomplished. He calls at the house when the family are absent at church, proposes a walk, takes charge of the street door key, which is passed to a confederate, and, while the lovers are enjoying the cool of the evening, the house is being ransacked.

Robberies are frequently conducted on the joint-stock principle, "with limited liabilities." When a good thing is in prospect—a gold dust robbery or a bank robbery—each individual will "post" £50 or so, to provide the sinews of war to carry on the plan in a business-like manner. If the job succeeds, the money advanced is carefully paid back to those advancing it. The receivers of stolen goods frequently embark in speculations of this kind, and are often the moving spirits in those unlawful ventures, plotting the robbery of a jeweller's shop with as much coolness and shrewdness as if it were an ordinary mercantile speculation.

The bank robber stands at the head of the fraternity of cracksmen, and occupies the same relation to the ordinary house-breaker, as the skillful engineer does to the ordinary mechanic. Bank robbing is one of the higher branches of the profession, and is only attempted by adepts. A cracksmen is frequently employed for months, maturing his plan for the purpose of obtaining access to the bank intended to be robbed. A

house next to the bank is sometimes hired, and an under-ground passage dug from it to the money vault. The counter inventions used for the purpose of breaking open safes, and making them incapable of being broken open—resembles nothing so much as the contest commenced by Sir William Armstrong, between his guns and the iron plates. An ordinary iron chest can easily be opened by the burglars with their perfect boring instruments, and the ingenuity of safe-makers has been taxed to prepare iron in such a manner as to resist their efforts. Special attention has also been given to the manufacture of locks for safes, and Chubb, Hobbes, and many others, have apparently exhausted the ingenuity of man in their beautifully complicated locks. When the picking of locks became impracticable or difficult, the cracksmen resorted to gun powder to effect their object by blowing the lock to pieces. To meet this, locks were invented which could not be injured by gun-powder; but the recent robbery at Portland proves that they have not come into universal use, even where it might be expected they would have been found.

An enumeration of the various devices by which safes are opened would be too long for the columns of this magazine, and many of them are of such a nature that they could not be explained except by means of cuts. We shall think we have done enough for the present if we have induced our readers to look further into a subject that is at once useful and amusing. Useful, because it will enable them to be on their guard against the encroachments of the burglar; and amusing, because it illustrates the wonderful ingenuity of man, even if employed in an unlawful calling.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS.

DID it ever occur to the imaginative reader, the strange and capricious influence which such works produce on his or her mind. Life would be very sweet, no doubt, if it could be guided and controlled like the destinies of those ideal persons who live in the fair pages of a romance. And this thought is most likely to occur in the early days of life, when everything in art and literature appears new, strange and startling. But time dissolves the enchanting chimeras of the imagination, grown out of a too morbid desire to see things, not as they really exist, but in a false and fictitious light. It is said that imagination, is the last faculty which is developed in the human mind; this we think is a wise arrangement of Providence in the strange and mysterious domain of physiology. Who would wish to be ruled always by that light, which as the poet Wordsworth says, "is never upon sea or shore the consecration and the poets' dream." Who would wish to live in that unreal and fantastic realm, seen only by the

inner eye. when the heart at the same time, is engrossed in duties which have to be performed and linked with associations and joys of a less ethereal kind. In the minds of children, imagination exerts a weird and fascinating influence, and while we think the faculty a good one, when properly controlled and regulated by the understanding,—on the other hand, we regret that, in the present system of family discipline and education, it is allowed, like bad weeds, to hinder the growth of rich and fragrant flowers. The morbid excitement for novel reading, and the numbers of sensational works published at the present day—in which crime and its evils are so darkly portrayed, is but one of the many evidences of the truth of our remark. We hope to see soon the dawn of a purer and more correct taste, when writers of fiction will inculcate wiser lessons of life, and stimulate a taste for all that is pure, noble and refined. Alas! at present "plain living and high thinking are no more."

JOHN GRANTLY'S WIFE.

BY JESSIE MCRAT.

"Guess who's come home, Jessie?—guess who's come home?" cried my sister Stella in the popular raid style. That is, my time and patience were taken forcible possession of, and that without an apology.

"I can't!" I replied rather curtly, for I do dislike everything of the guess race; and then Stella has such an aggravating way of propounding her conundrums, for all the world like a mental challenge. "You know that I never ventured a guess in my life, but it was sure to turn out exactly contrary."

"Well! just say then that Jasper Grantly has returned from California in a state of celibacy, and you'll know John has arrived and brought a wife with him!"

"John Grantly home and married?" I exclaimed, suddenly interested. "O, what a simpleton—why he's not worth a cent!"

"Ah!" said my sister, settling herself gracefully in my favorite arm-chair, "what a mind you have for grasping a subject; but, unfortunately for the subject and not our cousin, you are mistaken this time, for legally and morally John has returned a rich man."

"What a tongue *you* have for paradoxical information!" I retorted as I threw myself back in my chair in imitation of my sister's position.

"Oh!" sighed Stella, in tantalizing opposition to my own impatience, "*we* have no affinity with the ancient Athenians; *we* don't care in the least whether John's home or abroad—married or single—rich or poor; no indeed! *we're* the rock that all the gossiping surf of society dashes against without a vestige of effect."

"If you've quite finished your reflections," I suggested, "I should be glad to learn how John has so suddenly grown rich?"

"There are more ways than one, it seems, of proving one's simplicity," said Stella, sarcastically; "but in answer to your query, John has married a rich wife."

"Oh!" I ejaculated involuntarily, as I resumed my former erect attitude, and caught up my pen.

"Is the audience finished?" asked my sister with mock solemnity.

"Have you anything more to tell?" I interrogated.

"Do you suppose Aunt Mattie came all the way here with no heavier bulletin than that? I should expect to see some wonderful phenomenon—a fac-simile of King George's Island rising up out in the Bay, for instance—if it should happen to be the case. No: aunt has seen John's bride, and she reports her little better than a baby. She says that he married her for her money, and as a matter of course regrets his bargain before this—that she strongly suspects the child's father must have struck

'ile' over in some of them States, and that's how she came to be so rich: and she concluded with a few general reflections, such as 'one can't expect better of the young men now-a-days, though in *her* time they were above such mercenary actions.'

Stella disappeared with her general reflections and left me with particular ones, sufficient to occupy my mind for the rest of the evening. I was going away the next day to act as bridesmaid for my friend Emma Blount, and afterwards accompany the "happy couple" on their wedding tour.

"How provoking," I muttered, "that John should bring his wife just now when I have no time to call on her."

When I went down to tea, Aunt Mattie had not exhausted the new subject, as I had hoped. She was indulging in some of her happiest strictures when I entered, about young men, and for the particular edification of brother Tom, who, having only come in, was hearing for the first time of John's marriage.

"I went on purpose to see her," continued the old lady, "and I must say I was disappointed in John, for I used to fancy he was above the average young men of the present day. Why she's scarcely taller than Lucy," and my aunt glanced inspectingly over her spectacles, "and looks quite as much a child!"

Lucy pouted, for she was in her fifteenth year and had begun to think about trailing skirts and waterfalls.

"And then it's always a bad thing to marry a girl with money, for it is sure to make her extravagant and uppish—not but a certain amount of self-esteem is proper enough—and in this case it certainly has a suspicious look, for more than likely the gold was obtained through cheating them unfortunate soldiers, and is just equal to 'blood money,' or else it has sprung from that new fangled mint they call oil wells. I always remarked that money got in a hurry goes in a hurry."

"Perhaps she's an Anneke Jans?" observed Tom.

"A what?" cried my aunt in a shrill tone.

Aunt Mattie generally received Tom's suggestions with considerable caution.

"A family in New York that claims no end of property," explained Tom, with an aside to Stella, whose auxiliary he was—a sort of social aid-de-camp—"if they ever get it."

"Perhaps so," admitted our aunt reflectively.

I excused myself as soon as possible, on the plea of packing, and had hardly closed my door when I heard a quick tread on the stairs and a low rap.

I thought it was Tom, but on looking round there stood John Grantly, and in the door was

framed one of the sweetest pictures I ever remember to have seen. I went over immediately and drawing her in, said:

"You are very welcome, dear; I don't think I know your name."

"Thank you;" and then she smiled in such a way that for a moment I thought my little room was converted into an Eden,—“my name is Rosemond; Doctor Grantly calls me Rose.”

"And I shall call you Rose, too," as I placed a chair for her beside me, "for I don't know another name that would suit you so well.—And, John, I am so glad you came for I was just lamenting that I should be obliged to go away without seeing my new cousin."

"So I heard," remarked John in his easy way, "and I got Ralph to drive us down, for I wanted you to see Rose."

Rose smiled again, and her pretty soft hand that lay in mine seemed to quiver slightly as he pronounced her name.

Before they left me, I had made up my mind that Doctor Grantly loved his wife; who, though young was by no means childish. It was her timid, shrinking manner, that must have given aunt Mattie an impression of extreme youthfulness. She seemed wonderfully sensitive, and feeling that a family investigation was being entered into, no doubt it confounded her,—yes, I had been sure from the first that John Grantly had found some more sterling coin than even gold and silver in his young wife.

As for Rose, I could not form an opinion so readily, concerning the state of her heart towards her husband. Yet, why had she married him? I asked myself that question, again and again.

Two months had rolled on, and I glanced back just as I had often done at the long array preceeding them. I was thinking more of them, perhaps, than the present, as I stepped ashore, at our pretty little town, and found Stella and Tom both appropriating a hand that I had only a moment before fancied my own individual property. As we hurried through the crowd, gathered to look at the steamer, I stopped suddenly, for just before me I saw John's wife laughing and chatting in a very easy dont-care-style with Jack Stratton, the one man above all others, in whom I had no confidence. She met my eyes as I stopped, but turned her own away again in an indifferent manner.

"She only saw me once, and that in the evening," I said apologetically to myself; but Stella pulled my hand expressively saying:

"Don't stop, Jessie, I'll tell you why another time."

After we had checked our pace, she resumed indignantly:

"We thought her such a child at first, but even aunt Mattie has succumbed to a mistake for once. Why she's the greatest flirt imaginable! She never blossomed out all at once, not to have had a scientific training before John married her. I tell you, Jessie, there's not a Grantly or McKay in the country that don't feel

scandalized, and it really seems as if that is what she intends. And poor John has gone off to the States again, I saw him on his way to the steamer, though I never for a moment dreamed that he was leaving that minx on our hands. 'Tis the only mean thing I ever knew John Grantly guilty of."

"John gone!" I echoed in amazement.

"Yes: and if ever I read a face correctly, his told that he would be glad to be on the battle field once more."

"But did he not try to check such imprudent behaviour?" I asked in a bewildered way.

"How can we tell? At first he used to look surprised at her manner, then he grew restless and anxious and at last moody; but he never mentioned her to one of us, save with respectful kindness. She scatters money around like dirt, and the whims she indulges in, makes me laugh in spite of myself. But Nettie Fisher says she is as quiet as a lamb, except when some of her husband's friends are near. Though why she should try or wish to affront us, I can't see." I felt suddenly, that I had got the key to the secret, whatever it was, but it was a rusty one and wouldn't turn at once. I was convinced that the poor girl had received a shock of some kind. Those shy, reticent people, have often a deep vein of opposition running through their nature, and when anything comes in contact with their acute sensibilities, to arouse it, can be firm enough.

As a first step, I resolved to go and see John's wife, so when evening came, without mentioning my purpose to any one, I went up to Mr. Fisher's, where she boarded. The door of the room to which I had been directed was ajar, and I pushed it open noiselessly. It was early twilight, yet I could see its one occupant easily, and never did I see a human countenance that so entranced my whole being with sympathy. Dejection is too weak a word to express her appearance. An utter weariness of life—a resolute repudiation of its purposes, so far as self was concerned, seemed to have taken possession of mind and body. She started up like a young fury as my step broke the spell of her morbid imaginings. The dejection had vanished the weariness was chased away by a quick surge of emotions. She neither spoke nor moved, but stood like a hunted creature at bay.

I never felt my own powerlessness so thoroughly, as at that moment; it was like preparing for a contest blindfolded. Still, I knew that a duty must be performed by some one, towards the young isolated creature thus thrown among us,—John having deserted his position, some one must step in; I was trying to take the step, even though there was no track. Looking into the defiant eyes, I advanced, and said gently:

"Are you not going to give me a welcome, Rose?"

The blood rushed up to her face, and she almost gasped for breath. It might have been my tone that touched her—it might have been

her name, spoken as John had called her—whatever it was the, fierce eyes drooped, and she replied softly:

“Did you expect or wish a welcome from me?”

“Certainly, I wished one, and I might have expected it, only that you did not recognize me to day.”

She glanced quickly at me, and then sank upon her seat, and buried her face in the pillows. I thought as I looked at the wild burst of tears I had invoked, that there must have been a sahara of anguish burning into brain and heart; that flood had had no precursor, I was certain. When it had partly ceased, I drew away her shielding hands, and said, “Rose.” I felt intuitively, that it was the “sesame” to her heart. “Rose, I am your friend; you will not refuse to tell your friend, then, what troubles you.”

“Are you my friend? Can you be my friend and his love at the same time?”

I looked at her in surprise. “Whose love, dear. I don’t understand you?”

“Are you speaking truly?” she said, and a glance of the old spirit shot from her eyes. “Are you not Doctor Grantly’s first—id to be his first means forever with him; I know that—his is first love?”

The key was hardly so rusty now as at first! Perseverance certainly is an excellent lubricator. I smiled frankly into those earnest, defying, pleading eyes for my answer would bring hope or ruin to the waiting spirit.

“I love John Grantly as a cousin, and no more. I respect his moral virtues; I admire his honourable nature. That is the only tie that was ever between us. Who could have told you otherwise, Rose?”

“Your aunt Mattie.”

“Aunt Mattie is a very good woman, so far as intention goes, dear, but she has some odd ways: one of them is, that she is very apt to form her belief after her wishes. She wished to make a match between John and I once, and I dare say she now believes, that we wished it.”

Instead of relief, my words seemed to bring despair; she mourned feebly:

“And I have offended him so deeply. Oh! and she clung to me despondently: “if you could only know how I grieved him; and he was so gentle and kind to me always. Oh! John come back to me.”

Suddenly she looked up; another thought seemed burning into her heart.

“What did he marry me for? Jessie McKay can you tell me that?”

“I know nothing of the circumstances connected with your marriage, yet I think he loved you. My knowledge of the man’s character, makes me sure his motive was an honourable one, whatever it was.”

“Would it be honorable to marry for money?” she asked hesitatingly, as her face flushed deeply.

“I have some odd notions too, cousin Rose, and I should say it is dishonourable to marry for money alone; but John Grantly never did that, I’m sure. Did aunt Mattie tell you that too?”

“No; that is she did not tell me, but I heard her saying so to another—I would not have heard it if I could have helped it, and I tried not to believe it,—I determined not to believe it,—yet somehow, the idea was before me all the time. I know I am not fit to look at him, let alone being his wife. Then, when I heard the other, I yielded up every hope, I grew obstinate and perverse, and tried my best to annoy him, and his friends too—for you may be sure I heard aunt Mattie say enough besides that, I hated myself for making him suffer, yet was glad to see his misery, I need never expect he will overlook it,” she wailed—after a pause she continued:

“I’m going to tell you about myself; it is not much: I have been an orphan ever since I can remember. My mother left me a large fortune, and I lived with my grandfather, who left me another, so you see, Jessie, that my money didn’t come in that horrid way; but I never thought or cared anything about it, till aunt Mattie set me thinking. I had everything that money could buy; but it could not bring back my dear mother, and I longed for her so dreadfully. Grandpa, loved me, I know, but he spent most of his time in his study, he was a scholar, so you may judge what a sad time I had. Well, we went out often on fine days for a short drive, and one day the horse was frightened and dashed down the street fearfully. I shut my eyes and held on to the carriage, it was all I could do. Suddenly I felt a violent shock, but I did not fall; presently a pair of strong arms lifted me out, and when I ventured to look, it was John Grantly who held me, and his beautiful dark eyes were looking pitifully into mine. But the shock had thrown grandpa out of the carriage, and his arm was broken. They carried him home, and then we found that John was a doctor, for he set the broken limb at once. Poor grandpa was ill a long time, and of course he would have no one else with him, as a physician I mean: it was just at the close of the war, and he had been with the army, and he used to amuse his patient, telling about what he had seen. But, Oh dear! I had learned to wait for his visits as ardently as dear grandpa, I thought it was because he was so agreeable and entertaining. Grandpa never got well, and one day, just before he died, he said to me:

“My poor little daughter, I’m afraid you’ve had a lonely life with an old man. But when I am gone, you will be quite alone. Will you marry Doctor Grantly, my dear? I want to feel that you have a protector.”

“I was so amazed and bewildered, that I could not speak, and then he, (the doctor), came in. He spoke to me so gently, though I never could remember what he said, it was his voice and manner that persuaded me, and not his words, that I made no opposition. We were married that same day, and grandpa died

a few hours after. He made a new will, and left half his fortune to my husband, the rest to me. I loved John Grantly with my whole existence—no one but the desolate can understand such love. When I came here I was anxious to love his friends too; but you see what I've done, I've driven him away, and made my very name hateful amongst his relatives. Do you think he *could* forgive me?"

"Of course he will," I said cheerfully, "and when he comes back I want you to promise me two things; will you?"

"Oh! if he only comes again I'll promise anything you wish—if I can do it—what are they?" and she looked up hopefully.

"First, that you will never heed anything aunt Mattie says—the rest of us never do—and the other is, always make a confidant of John. If you had only told him, dear, how different it would have been." Well, John came home. I was there to receive him in my right of mediator, so I looked very grave, and severe, and

the poor fellow began to feel himself a dreadful culprit. When he had arrived at the proper grade in the vale of humility, I said, something in the style of a Judge, (I imagine,)

"The next time, Doctor Grantly, that you run off and leave this poor, timid child, to be tossed about among the gossiping surf (I was quoting Stella, you see,) around here, you need not depend on me to come and pull her out."

"Don't Jessie," he answered penitently; and then he commenced to say more—but who would stop to listen to a man's gratitude, I'd like to know. Ah! who indeed? 'Tis a very pleasant thing to *feel* but not to listen to.

And John Grantly did love pretty Rosamond after all,—that is, I should judge by a certain happy face, that it was the case. Being aunt Mattie's niece, I hope I will be excused if I add that I have a few independent ideas, on the subject—but of course I'm not going to commit myself by telling what I think about masculine devotion, &c., &c., just now!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

It is we think a fitting time, in the short space allotted here, to say something concerning the character and writings of Alexander Smith. That he was an artist in the first sense of the word, and gifted with rare poetic powers, no one we think will pretend to deny. And it is not too much to say, that if he had applied himself industriously to painting, his country in all probability would rejoice in annexing his name to the list of those who are ever to be revered and honoured for the works they have left behind. But the poetic faculty developed itself early in his mind, and allured him on to drink from those sweet and refreshing springs dedicated to the children of song. After his death, which, unfortunately for his country and his fame, occurred some months ago, the literary journals of both England and America gave their impartial testimony to his worth, both as a man and a writer, and vied with one another in expressions of regret and sorrow for the loss of one who, by his writings, had endeared himself to all thoughtful readers. And it is our purpose here to speak of him reverentially, and with all sincere honour, and to add our humble tribute of respect to his memory.

He came to Glasgow when quite young, and was, at the time of the publication of the *Life Drama*, his first poem, a clerk in a mercantile house of good standing; but the success of this poem, and the very flattering reception it met with from the public, induced him, no doubt, to change his employment for one more congenial to his tastes, and where he could find a more favourable opportunity for the display of his rare and gifted talents. He obtained a situation in the University, and retired, 'mid its cloisters and classic retreats, to a life of con-

templation and study. It is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon his mode of life in his new situation; but we can well imagine the delight the change must have given him, and how he must have rejoiced at the thought of leaving the drudgery and routine of a merchant's office, for the quiet life and hermit repose which was to be found in the University. "Solitude, says Gibbon, "is the school of genius;" if there is any truth in this aphorism, we think it is exemplified in the life of Alexander Smith. To his change of pursuits more suited to his talents we are indebted for the works he has written, and it is indeed to be regretted that his life was not spared, for he had those qualities in him which patient study would have amply developed, and the world had yet much to learn from him; but the dreariest day will have its ending, our fairest visions vanish like the sun-beam, and life is not to be measured by time, as Festus says, "we live in thoughts, not years." We know of no more melancholy spectacle than that of a man of genius stricken down in the prime of life, at a time when the glowing dawn of reputation and fame begins to light his way onward to the end. The world is full of examples such as these, and the remark is often unjustly applied to young writers that it is fortunate for their reputation they have passed away, before detraction or envy could blight or defame their character. Sympathy, they say, is always allotted to those who die young and have written little, since we are more concerned about the productions left behind than the creations which were yet to be executed. Our author has not written much, for he was a conscientious and pains-taking artist, but every new book he gave to the public gave evidence

of power more finely developed, and was no doubt the growth of larger wisdom and experience. His *Life Drama* is sown with beautiful pearls of expression, and, to be enjoyed, must be read in the country on a golden summer's day, for there is a freshness, a simplicity, and terseness of expression in every page, which contributes to it its greatest charm; and truly does the *Westminster Review* remark, in speaking of his book:—"The most striking characteristic of these poems is their abundant *imagery*—fresh, vivid concrete images, actually present to the poet's mind, and thrown out with a distinctiveness and a delicacy only poets can achieve. There is not a page of this volume on which we cannot find some novel image, some Shakspearean felicity of expression, or some striking simile." There are a few sonnets in his volume of the *Life Drama*, which bear a very strong resemblance to those of Wordsworth's: indeed, everywhere in his poetry, we find evidence of that appreciative love of Nature in all her moods, which eminently characterizes the writing of the former poet. From his sonnets we select the following, a rare poetic gem, revealing as it does the tender and emotional heart of the writer:—

"Last night my cheek was wetted with warm tears,
Each worth a world. They fell from eyes divine.
Last night a loving lip was pressed to mine,
And at its touch fled all the barren years:
And softly couched upon a bosom white,
Which came and went beneath me like a sea,
An emperor I lay in empire bright,
Lord of the beating heart, while tenderly
Love words were glutting my love greedy ears.
Kind love, I thank thee for that happy night!
Richer this cheek with those warm tears of thine
Than the vast midnight, with its gleaming spheres.
Leander, toiling through the midnight brine,
Kingdomless Antony, were scarce my peers."

These poems, the fruits of his early labours, placed their author at once upon the list for fame, and was soon followed by the mythical romance of *Edwin of Deira*, which, however, did not attract so much notice as the *Life Drama*. He soon turned his attention to other fields of labour, and wrote those inimitable essays published under the title *Dreamthorp*. In this volume the reader is enabled to comprehend the artistic and esthetic spirit of the writer. The book as a book, cannot be excelled for the beauty and simplicity of the style, the freshness and correctness of its description, and for the tenderness, the pathos and wisdom, which everywhere abound in its pages. One lingers with pleasure on its homely texts of morals, manners, and the conduct of life, and learns to respect and love the writer. The writing of this book seems to our mind to have been a labour of love, the style is so free, so flowing and so easy, pervaded as it is with the pure spirit of poetry. The imagination of the author is so vivid, and his descriptions so graphic and natural, that the mind of the reader is insensibly carried away. We seem to be denizens of the old fashioned conservative village he so beautifully describes: we mingle with the villagers, and, with our poetic *Cicerone*, are led from scene to scene. This work shows

that Alexander Smith possessed the highest qualities of the literary artist, revealing a rare command and power of good homely English, combined with a style original, terse, and expressive.

Two novels and a racy entertaining book of travel sum up the completion of his labours.—What he might have done further in the great world of art can only be conjectured; but we think he has done enough to secure for himself an honourable position in that great temple of genius, hallowed by the recollections of the good and the wise of every clime. We have no hesitation in placing Smith side by side with such writers as Lamb, Hawthorne, and others of the same school, nor will we deny him the place of being first upon the list. His genius was not in the highest sense of the word creative; like his old favourite, Montaigne, he loved to observe and depict the homely ways and manners of men, with a feeling of tenderness mixed with humour for their faults and follies. If an author's style is judged by his variety of expression, no one, we think, will stand the test better than Smith. It has all the charm and simplicity of our old writers, combined with the force of illustration and beauty of sentiment of those of our day.

His easy flowing and graceful expression, is the great charm of all his writings. His skill in the construction of sentences, shows at once the great literary artist, and this can only be acquired by him or her who has in some measure that sense of the poetic, combined with a taste for harmony and song. It is upon this ground we contend that writers of poetry are also the best writers of prose, which the literature of every country sufficiently attest. But this art of composition can only be acquired by long and laborious practice, by the exercise of patience and persevering application. We have evidence in many of the lives of literary men, born with great powers of conception, but who lacked expression—such a great German called the dumb ones of heaven. In fact, expression is everything in art, and the maxims and thoughts of writers expressed in one generation are repeated in the next, only under different forms.

Mr. Smith died at an age which is said to be generally very fatal to men of genius, having barely completed his thirty-seventh year. But, there is no doubt, his excessive application to study, hastened his end. He was born at Kilmarnock, 31st December, 1829, and died at Gesto Villa, Wardie, Jan. 5, 1867. Towards the close of his life he contributed to *Blackwood*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The North British Review*, *the Museum*, *the West of Scotland Magazine*, *Good Words*, and latterly to the *Argosy* and *Quiver*. In the language of a celebrated reviewer, we can only say "his work is done; the too short day of performance merged forever in night." In the language of Mrs. Browning, applied to another lamented poet, we say—

"Earth surely now can give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish."

Our Puzzle Department.

We shall always be happy to receive contributions to this department. Only original puzzles and those possessing real merit are desired. Puzzles must be neatly and correctly prepared, and answers to every part of each are required with them. Solutions to the following will be given in our next.]

In order to make this department of our Magazine more attractive to our readers, we offer to the subscriber, who shall send us the largest number of correct solutions to the puzzles below, a copy of Messrs. Ticknor & Field's *Diamond Edition* of TENNYSON'S POEMS, or one of CHAS. DICKENS' works, (*Diamond Edition*.) All answers must reach our office before the fifteenth of May next, and none but subscribers will be permitted to compete.]

1.

My first is a river in Europe.
My second is a canine.
My whole is found in every house.

2.

My first is to bind.
My second is to rave.
My whole is a cruel being.

3.

My first is a shriek.
My second is a negative.
My third is a string.
My whole is often worn by ladies.

4.

I am composed of 28 letters—
My 2, 22, 12, 5, 23, 15 is a girl's name.
“ 8, 27, 17, 3, 10, 27, is a boy's name.
“ 7, 13, 26, 24, 11, is possessed by everybody.
“ 21, 1, 4, 19, 6, is weak. [humorist.
“ 20, 17, 9, 16, 27, is the *nom de plume* of a
“ 14, 4, 18, 25, 23, 5, is a musical instrument.
“ 28, 9, 17, 12, is to gape.
My whole is a well known saying.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.—T t n n n n a a e e r r b d d u k m l h o—
two counties in New Brunswick.
2.—T t t t t d n n n a a a a r e r o o o o o l w m
—three cities in Canada.
3.—D d d w r x p i i i u y f b g l a a a h t s o o c n n
—four towns in Nova Scotia.

5.

A CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of 56 letters—
My 43, 54, 21, 56, 33, 10, 26, 6, was an Athenian
Philosopher and Atheist.
“ 16, 45, 32, 9, 17, 49, 40, 3, 13, 5, 48, was a
famous Athenian Orator.
“ 4, 12, 19, 25, 41, 9, 24, 36, 44, 28, 51, 42, 18,
23, 33, 55, were two giants, killed with
stones from heaven.
“ 37, 21, 10, 32, 46, 27, 54, 47, 50, 11, was a
Grecian Philosopher.
“ 55, 41, 52, 9, 39, 19, 14, 33, 44, was a ty-
rant of Salamis, who ordered the Phil-
osopher Anaxarchus to be pounded to
pieces in a mortar.
“ 8, 9, 13, 33, 10, was a Roman Goddess.
“ 34, 9, 39, 19, 21, 1, 11, 17, was a celebrat-
ed Athenian Philosopher.
“ 7, 15, 42, 20, 52, 42, 23, 47, 45, 34, was a
comic poet of Athens.

My 2, 26, 10, 37, 54, 45, 17, were three mon-
sters with faces of Virgins, bodies of
Vultures, and monstrous claws on their
hands.

“ 22, 23, 34, 30, 32, is an Island at the en-
trance of the Gulf of Persia.

“ 35, 53, 9, 29, 8, was an Egyptian god.

“ 33, 10, 3, 17, 38, 46, 48, was a governor of
Egypt.

My whole is an old maxim.

6.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 44 letters—
My 6, 42, 17, 14, 33, 11, is a town in Africa.
“ 34, 2, 9, 29, is a town in Arabia.
“ 18, 39, 10, is the ancient name of the River
Volga, in Russia.
“ 14, 22, 34, 34, 4, 43, is a city in Germany.
“ 26, 4, 8, 21, 26, 41, 27, is a country in Asia.
“ 39, 42, 14, 25, 24, is a Volcano.
“ 41, 5, 35, 4, 25, 43, is a River in Lancashire,
England.
“ 41, 34, 2, 15, 38, 14, 39, 27, is a town in
European Turkey.
“ 15, 10, 32, 27, 37, 44, 22, is a town in Cau-
casia, Russia.
“ 6, 43, 2, 12, 41, 31, 25, 7, 42, 34, is a town
in Wales.
“ 23, 4, 28, 42, is a town in France.
“ 1, 4, 43, 34, is a town in Austria, contain-
ing a castle.
“ 20, 18, 10, 40, 2, 25, 26, 29, 5, is the name
of a naval engagement.
“ 3, 13, 37, 20, 36, 34, 27, a city in Spain.
“ 19, 4, 1, 16, 18, 17, 30, 34, 35, 41, 14, 15, is
a portion of America.
My whole are the names of four great battles.

CRYPTOGRAPHS.

1.

· UIA. “CPBSEAS'T MBNAOV.”
Ibt! gps esablgbtu,
Ibt! gps ejoaas,
Ibt! gps tvqqas,
Ibt! !

2.

Coc ufd xjke mjtt, xfdo hpdtf hpqnxpc't
Nz EDPBVKBT, nz Penco Cotqsz, [ckcpt,
Nz ncjke ACBWFVT kdery jouq nz cpnt,
Bqoudoude ufdpd uq ejd!

UDOOZTQO.