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The Saturday Reader.

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CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE

Of the exploits of the

NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS

Who infested

QUEBEC

In 1834 and 1835.

Translated for the Saturday Reader *from a French pamphlet published in* 1837.

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

CHAPTER XVII.

Religion in the "lock-up."—The character of Cambray from a new point of view.

As stated in the preceding chapter, Cambray asked for and received ministers of every religious belief, and for the space of two days appeared to waver between the doctrines of each; at last he determined in favour of Catholicism, and affected to adopt all its rites; he did not, however, cease to hold interviews with the ministers of other churches, for his object, as will appear hereafter, was to interest all in his favour.

The Catholic priest who attended him in his cell, deceived by his false pretences of honesty, had frequently visited him as a friend previous to his arrest.

"Ah well, Cambray," said the young priest with much softness, "how do you do?—doubtless ill at ease and troubled in spirit, I come to offer you as much consolation in your present state as lies in my power. You and I were well known to each other at one time; I never thought it could come have t his. You greatly deceived me. But it would be cruel to reproach you in a moment like the present, far better to lead you on the road to repentance, and to awaken you to the voice of reconciliation with God."

"Ah Heaven," replied Cambray, "with all my heart; I am indeed ill and suffer much, but not to compare with the torments of my soul. I know full well, that, for me there is neither help nor the consolation of re..ge in religion, mankind is now to me as nothing, God can only save me, could I but obtain his pardon, but there is one thing that troubles me greatly. Among so many religions of which I cannot tell one from the other, which is the best—how can a man in my circumstances, decide within an instant upon a matter of such great importance, without fear of mistake."

"Your moments are short and precious," said the young priest, "and you are entirely ignorant in the science of salvation, as Catholic priest and according to my belief, I must tell you in the presence of God and man, whom I take as witness of my sincerity and according to the founders of Christianity, that out of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome there is no salvation. But as I have said your moments are short and precious—I could prove to you each of the doctrines of our religion, but is there time? The Saviour did not tell us to discuss and prove, but to believe and pray, it is not with contentious subtlety that we must walk in the way of truth, but with a humble submissive and trusting heart—faith is a grace to be obtained from Heaven by fervently asking at the sacrifice of passion and of pride. If, therefore, you will throw yourself into the arms of the Catholic religion, say so, and I will devote myself wholly to your conversion—I will pour into your soul the sweet consolations of holy writ—mayhap the words of the Saviour may move you, and the example of his life inspire you with horror of the sins you are guilty of; do not despair, for the religion of Christ is one of love, of charity and of compassion, it pours forth the balm of consolation alike in the hospital, in the prison, in the cabin of the poor and in the palace of the rich, on the troubles of the virtuous and on the remorse of the contrite. Your crimes are no doubt great, but God is full of mercy—believe, weep and pray, and his heart will open to receive you."

These words pronounced with deep impressiveness had nearly softened the heart of the condemned, and in accents of grief, he cried out in a fit of passing repentance.

"Truly do I throw myself without delay into the arms of Divine mercy—I deplore my crimes and sincerely ask for pardon, but the time is so short—if people of virtue and influence would only interest themselves on my behalf—but, alas, human justice in condemning does not allow time for repentance. Do you think there would be any use in making the request?"

"Reckon not on that, for you may be deceived, and place yourself in a position of false security—perhaps it might be better for the salvation of your soul were death to remove you while repentance lasted, for the flesh is weak and the spirit strong in a nature as vitiated as thine. However, I will think of it. I will speak of it, and above all, I will regulate my conduct in accordance with the hopes I may entertain of your salvation."

The religion of Christ is touching and sublime, when it reveals to the unfortunate words of love and welcome, the mission of the priest noble and philanthropic, who visits even the cell of the condemned to administer peace and consolation, and the man who re..ses it, must, indeed be devoid of heart, and totally incurable. But why does religion extend pardon when the law withholds it—the former recoils from blood, the latter desires it—the former offers salvation, the latter presents despair and death. The law then that establishes punishment by death is inhuman, or rather, I should say, almost impious; it deprives of existence, yet throws a doubting soul into eternity.

Pause ye Legislators of our country, is there no means of reforming the fallen, instead of annihilating them. True, executions are rare, but still the law permits them, and if the law is not enforced, it becomes dangerous, a pledge of impunity and an invitation to crime. The reprobate who contemplates a violation of the law, thinks only of the punishment with which his offences are threatened, and if he discovers that there is a means of escape, he easily assures himself of the probability.

"At last," said Cambray, (for we must return to our subject), "I flatter myself that you will think of some means by which my sentence may be commuted, I will see you to-morrow, for I have never been baptised, I believe."

"Yes, I will return to-morrow," said the priest. "Good bye—peace be with you, but remember that in three days you are to appear before the Eternal tribunal." He then left.

"I do not despair," said Cambray to Mathieu, who, during the entire interview described, spoke not a syllable. "If I can only interest the clergy in my favor, we are saved," and a leer of satisfaction and hope lit up his countenance, for as yet he was only half repentant and half triumphant.

"It takes a good color," said Mathieu, "it takes a good color."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A visit to the prison—Charland—The Condemned—Gillan the murderer—Exportation—Departure.

Some days after the Criminal Term 1837, we visited the prison, and the turnkey introduced us to the rooms occupied by the criminals, he was on his rounds to ascertain the safety of his prisoners, this he repeated three times during the night, at eight o'clock, at midnight and at four in the morning. Each storey of the prison is divided by a passage or corridor, on each side of which are the rooms occupied by the prisoners. Each room is about fifteen feet square and contained twelve or fifteen persons; round these rooms which are used in common, are small cells, each of which serve as a sleeping apartment for two or three. As soon as the turnkey opens the door, the inmates range themselves in a semi-circle and answer to their names; those who have any thing to ask or any complaint to make profit by this occasion to lay their requests before the sheriff or jailer.

In the first room we visited, were such criminals as had been condemned to transportation; there were thirteen in number, all in the flower of their age, the youngest being about twelve years of age, the eldest about twenty-five. It is hardly possible to imagine a more thievish and ill looking set than composed this party, nevertheless, they were all full of spirits and buffoonery, and joked gaily with each other on the difference of time each was condemned to endure in exile.

"I don't care," said a young lad of twelve or fifteen years, "I'm only in for seven years, I'm not like Johnny there, who has four times seven. Johnny will be a big boy when he gets back."

"Bah," said another, "there will be several of us, we'll find lots of amusement, never fear—we'll give lots of trouble too."

From this room, we passed into one in which were the old delinquents, the incorrigible vagabonds and permanent boarders of the king, whose lives cling to the prison as those of fishes do to the water or birds to the air. At their head was Charland a witty and lively hunchback, full of chatter, politeness and courtesy, his hair was lank and light in color, his complexion sallow, his figure squat and round, his head in his shoulders, his shoulders in his chest, and his chest in his stomach, just such a figure as Mr. Goulie paints us in his clown Gangronet.

Charland the redoubtable robber of the Plains of Abraham and cherished prisoner of the guardians, Charland sanguine and energetic whilst exercising his craft, but soft, jovial, amiable and full of fun when in jail—lastly, Charland, thief and assassin—for the trade pleased him and he had no desire to change it.

"See here," said he, addressing the turnkey with an air of compassion and pointing out a young man who had nothing to cover him but a pair of torn trowsers, and whose bust was completely naked, "look at this poor child, look at him, could you not find him a shirt? Know you not that the air is raw in this apartment."

"What did he do with the shirt given him yesterday?" said the turnkey.

"I do not know—it was so bad—it came to pieces."

"Well, I'll think of it."

On leaving, we asked the turnkey why Charland appeared to take such an interest in the young man.

"It is," said he, "because Charland is *Brigadier*, that is to say, the senior of the room, and as such is the spokesman of the others. There is perhaps another reason, it often happens that the prisoners hide their clothes among themselves, in order to get others given them, so that they can change the first for tobacco and rum.

For some days past Charland has been drunk from drinking liquor through an old pipe introduced through the gate by some friends without. It is nearly impossible to prevent communication with the people outside; every day we take from them instruments of every description, intended to pierce doors and walls, every day they are furnished with strong durable vestments, and yet they are always in rags,—they tear them among themselves. It is dif'cult to restrain these old troopers in crime, even the sewers and drains under the prison are to them attractive roads of escape. Mathieu once remained three days in the sewers beneath the city, amidst all the filth, visiting every nook to find an aperture by which to escape, until at last he was seized at one of the gratings, though not without deeply offending the nasal organs of the constables who discovered him."

(To be concluded in our next.)

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

I HAVE promised my husband to write him a detailed history of one year, out of my life—a year in which I wept more, laughed more, suffered more passionate sorrow, and sunned myself in more unearthly bliss, than ever I found included in by experience before or since. That I am happy now, and trying to be wise, I thank Heaven, that I was not happy once, and very far from wise, I am going to confess. I will begin by relating how it came that I got engaged to Luke Elphinstone. My father was Seth Gordon, a millowner of high repute, not alone in the quiet Border country where we lived, but out in the world, in the banks and on 'Change. Luke Elphinstone was his junior partner, who had lived with us for some years past. Gordon & Elphinstone was the business firm. The mills stood on one side of our river, and on the other our dwelling, the Mill-house, a large white building, with a great copper-beech lying up against its front, darkening and saddening all the chambers within, and with a rambling orchard crowding behind it, where the trees were bent with age, and every stone and trunk was eaten up with a hoary lichen.

For the Mill-house was not then what it is now. The billiard-room, and the ball-room, and the new dining-room had not been built, the pleasure-grounds had not been made. There were corn-fields within a stone's throw of the twig summer-house in the garden. The hill that sloped from the gable down to the river had not been cut up into flower-beds, it had only a simple garniture of sweet-peas and carnations at the top, and was given up to the growth of green abundant grass where the crimson tassels of the clover-flower nodded in their season. But the row of sycamores down by the river is just the same, the leaves spread their broad palms to catch the sun as ever, and the water flashes behind their trunks with the same free race.

Now the house looks to the river, getting glimpses through the sycamores of the mill settlement on the other side, and over the heads of the sycamores of the happy woods and fields, the hills and dales—green and golden, purple and brown—the church-spire, and handsome distant homesteads which cluster on the rising and falling land between the Mill-house and the horizon. Then, the front of the house was turned sideways, the best windows gazing straight into the foliage of the huge copper-beech which grew so lurid when the setting sun got into its branches.

The old-fashioned garden, built high on walls, and ascended to by flagged steps inside a narrow gate, is quite cleared away, but it was there in the time of my story, with its holly-hocks, its cabbage-roses, its cucumber-frames, and its bee-hives, its raspberry hedges, always found by the sun, and its sad murmur from the burn that ran behind its lillac-trees, under old iron gates that jangled and clashed when people came or went in the direction of the village. That, indeed, was but seldom, except when the cook stepped into Streamstown to scold the butcher, or I to pay a visit to my kind friend Miss Pollard. Most people preferred to cross the wooden bridge over the river to the mills, and go round by the mill-avenue to the town.

The orchard is gone, with its crimson and golden rain of apples over the drenched grass after a stormy night, and inside, the house is very grand. In the days I write of it was not grand. It was comfortable, but darksome, with blinds half-raised, with thick carpets everywhere, baize on every door, and a half-awake silence in all the chambers, as if stealthy feet were accustomed to cross the floors, and forms not good to be seen were used to muffle themselves in the shadows of the sad-coloured hangings at the approach of anything human. This was the fault of my father, who had an exaggerated horror of noise and glare, though we shall be obliged to hear Elspie on this subject.

My father was a stern man, rough in his manner, and despising all demonstrations of feeling. He lived through his mill; he ate and drink for his mill; he slept and often denied himself sleep for his mill. He had married an heiress to bring capital to his mill. Nothing had any interest for him that did not in some way bear upon his business. He was little at home except in the evenings, when he pored over little books with long list of figures in them. It was because of these little books that he liked his rooms so hushed. He had hardly ever leisure to smile over the edges of the pages at his daughter.

I fear I am speaking severely of my father, and I desire to deal very gently with his memory. I have since those days knelt at his death-bed, and seen into his heart, which was then a sealed book to me. But at that time he had never shown much tenderness for me. He did not understand girls, and he had not much patience with them. His one son, my brother Dick, had failed him at the mill and turned soldier, and besides the effects of this disappointment, I believe his heart was kept sore by the memory of my mother, who, gentle as she was, could never, I think, have suited him as a wife.

But now we must hear Elspie, not speaking aloud, but in whispers to herself, which were overheard by me, Mattie, her nursling. She said that my father had been harsh to his wife, whom she, Elspie, had loved and served, had quarrelled with her gentle ways and neglected her. She muttered to herself, now in her old age, of how she had gone down on her knees to her young mistress in days gone by, and prayed her not to marry Seth Gordon, for "ill would come of it." And the ill had come. A lonely life, a broken heart, an early grave, "and now," whispered Elspie, with her weird eyes gleaming through tears under her shaggy white brows, "a unquiet spirit," that would not be kept in heaven, but would come pattering with wistful feet down the Mill-house stairs, weeping in the Mill-house chambers, bending at midnight over the bedside of the beloved daughter, while that daughter sobbed for sympathy in her sleep, and the old woman, groaning to hear her, knelt praying with uplifted hands in her bed that the sorrowful spirit would trust the child to her and take its rest.

Of these things Elspie muttered to herself as she went hobbling about the Mill-house in her clean white mob-cap and ancient gown of Chinese-patterned print, or sat knitting in the narrow small-paned window of the dim room that had been my nursery. The housemaid dubbed her "owl," and the cook called her "witch;" and there were many besides these who said that, if the Mill-house were haunted, it was all Elspie's doing.

I have no very clear idea of what my own character was when I ceased to be a child, but I know that I was always either crushed with gloom and despondency, or walking on tiptoe in a state of unreasonable ecstasy. I believe I was a musing, indolent girl, with eccentric fancies and much passionate feeling. I had a craving for joy, with a superstitious belief that I should never be allowed to do more than just taste it, and return to the bitters appointed for me. Yet the tastes that I got were so sweet that I was always seeking for them. In the robust hunger of my youth I was constantly casting about for little morsels, which I devoured out of doors as birds feed on berries. Any unfinished tit-bit was left upon the lintel when I returned across the threshold of my home. I used to fancy that the outside of the Mill-house door was white, and the inside black; but it was painted all the same. Very little gave me pangs of delight—the pleasant purring noise from the beetling-house, the splashing of the mill-wheels, the humming of the bees, and the smell of the roses in the high old garden. But there was an ever-rising lump familiar to my throat. As to my person, I was a good height and womanly for my years. I cannot attempt to describe my face, for I believe that in those days it was as variable as my mind. I was pale when gloomy, and rosy when glad. My eyes were dark, and also my hair, which curled crisp and soft when I was well, but fell limp when I was sick. "What ails you, child?" Miss Pollard would say; "your hair is as straight as my apron-string!"

I was my father's only child, now that my brother was dead. Dick had been a good deal older than I, and very little with me except during the holidays of his school years. Those holidays had been the white bits of my life. I had given as much love to this one as most people have to divide amongst many. To obtain him any trifling good I would have sat up a whole night upon the ghostly Mill-house stairs, though that might have cost me my life through fear. In such absurd ways do children measure the limits of their devotion, knowing nothing of the red-hot ploughshares preparing to sear the feet of their constancy through life. Dick's face, far out in the world, had shone on me from a happy distance. Some time to come my life would be happier through him. When the wind made a mournful sough in the copper-beech, it grumbled because he was away; when the sun shone, it shone on him somewhere. I wept with sore jealousy when he wrote me about one beautiful Sylvia who had taken the first place in his heart, and had promised to be his wife. But he came to see me and coaxed me out of my sadness, and I wrote her by him with promises of love. Soon after that his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and he was killed. In the anguish of my grief, I could be glad that I had opened my heart to Sylvia. Of her I shall have much to say further on, but at this stage of my story I knew little concerning her. I learned that her father died soon after my brother, leaving her quite unprovided for. I had her address, and knew that she earned her bread as companion to a noble lady. But I am forgetting that I purposed to begin this history by telling how I got engaged to Luke Elphinstone.

CHAPTER II.

"Mattie!" said Elspie on one well-remembered February night in the beginning of my year "come in out of the cauld an' bide i' the nursery. Your mither's been walkin' these twa nights. Don't you be sittin' right in her foot-pad."

I was sitting on the stairs watching the clock on the landing. The hands were creeping near midnight, and I was sorely uneasy for my father, who had gone over to the mills after dinner, and had not yet returned. Again and again I had gone to my own room to spy through the pane across the dark river, and between the gloomy trees, at the light still burning in his private counting-house. One by one the lights in the workpeople's cottages had twinkled and disappeared, and the landscape was all black, the rain descending unseen into the invisible river.

I had long guessed that affairs had been going wrong at the mills, but not until that morning had I known that inevitable ruin hung over the firm of Gordon and Elphinstone. My father had for the first time in his life taken me into his confidence, telling me that I must prepare to look poverty bravely in the face. In another day or two, at furthest, the smash of the Streamstown Mills must be known all over the kingdom. My father's agony had been terrible to behold. This was not the downfall of a mill only, it was the destruction of an idol to which a life had been sacrificed. I had drawn nearer to father in his

trouble than I had ever done before. I had always yearned to him with a natural love, and one was absent now whom, justly or unjustly, I had always blamed for keeping us apart.

"Where is Luke Elphinstone?" I said to my father that morning, for the junior partner had been absent for three weeks. "I hope he will not leave you to bear the brunt of this alone."

My father looked at me hastily, as if I had hit on a thought of his own, but he checked me sternly.

"Were he here," he said, "he is as powerless as I, and cowardice could only do him harm. Such conduct would not be like him."

I thought within myself that it would be like him, but I did not say another word.

The house had been as silent as a tomb all day. I had strayed through the dull sad rooms and wondered what might lie before me. After dark I sat on the staircase, shunning the big rooms below. Elspie had come out of my nursery, where she lived, and coaxed me to come to her, as I have written down, but I was not afraid of my mother that night. At this crisis I could have borne to meet her wandering spirit face to face. It was always before trouble befel us that her step was heard; but I was nineteen years of age now, and I had got used to the shadows of Mill house.

I sat thinking upon the stairs. I thought of all the friends who had ever come and gone about the old house, of my dear Dick, and of Sylvia, who had promised to come and visit me in the summer, but whom the Mill-house would never now receive again. I thought of Mrs. Hattercick, my mother's friend. She had lived at Eldergowan in my mother's lifetime, had come between my parents in their sad disagreements, and had nursed my mother in her last illness. I thought of Mark Hatteraick, her son, the tall soldier lad who had tossed me in his arms, and called me his little wife. Those two last friends were far away in a distant country now, but they haunted my mother's rooms to my fancy.

So there was a pang at thought of quitting the old house. I pictured myself and my father walking hand in hand out of the iron gates over the burn, with only Elspie in our wake, Luke Elphinstone going by a different road. A great sigh of satisfaction swelled my heart as I assured myself that he should have to go one way, and we another. This is what I felt for him that night.

I sat thinking on the stairs till it struck twelve, and I got terrible fears about my father all alone with his trouble in the gloom of the deserted mills. I remembered that men have done sad things in their extremity, that the dark river flowed by the counting-house window, and that the coming shame was more bitter than death to my father. To lighten my thoughts I went down and laid out a tempting little supper in the dining-room. I made the lamp bright, I heaped wood on the fire, I tugged the ugly curtains across the window where the wind was battering and the rain splashing. With one o'clock all my dreadful thoughts came back. I got so wild with fear that I left the house at last and got as far in the dark as the wooden bridge that led across to the mills, when I heard my father's laugh blowing towards me. I was back in time to open the door to his knock. Two came in then. Luke Elphinstone had returned.

We three sat down to supper, my father at the head of the table, and Luke and I facing one another. My father was in high spirits, the furrows were smoothed from his forehead, his face was flushed, he talked and laughed a great deal. Luke also had an air of suppressed jubilation about him. He ate and drank well, speaking little. But I did not mind him much, for my father was talking to me, piling my plate with food I could not eat, and filling my glass with wine. It was so new to me to be the object of such attentions from him that I felt overpowered by confusion and delight. I thought he had remembered my poor little efforts to comfort him, and we were going to be friends at last. God bless the day, even if poverty and ruin came with it! I laughed and chattered and sipped my wine, and spoke quite kindly to Luke Elphinstone, to whom I had often been hard in my thoughts. I had accused him of coming between me and my father, and widening the breach that had always divided us. I slipped my chair round closer to my father. We were both on one side of the table now, and Luke was at the other. I talked over quite kindly at Luke.

Next day I learned what was the secret of my father's change of mood. When Luke Elphinstone had walked into the counting-house that night, where my father sat alone in his misery, contemplating the ruin that was coming upon him, he had been the bearer of wonderful tidings. He, Luke, had inherited a fortune, the bulk of which I never clearly knew, but which was large even in my father's eyes. He had received notice of this three weeks before, when he had left the Mill-house for a run up to London. He had kept the affair a secret till he had actually become master of his newly acquired wealth. In his absence, matters had come to a crisis at the mills, and now he had returned just in time to save the credit of the firm, and with offers to my father to sink a large amount of capital in the business—upon one condition. In what words my father was made acquainted with that condition I do not know. How it was made known to me I am going to do my best to relate.

Looking back now, it is hard to find a motive for Luke Elphinstone strong enough to explain his conduct at this time. He must have known that I had a suspicion of his suit, and that I had done all in my power to check it. What he proposed to gain for himself by a victory over the will of an insignificant girl, with neither much beauty, much wit, nor any dowry, who had hitherto spent her life in loneliness and obscurity, I cannot attempt to guess. From my own experience I will state here that no contempt can equal that which a woman feels for a man who forces himself upon her when he knows that she has conceived a dislike to him. And I did dislike Luke Elphinstone. It was not that he was ugly; on the contrary, he had a well-made figure, fine curly black hair, and a smooth pale complexion, which gave a look of refinement to his face. There were many who called him handsome. But his feature were too sharp, and keen, and there was a narrowness about his forehead, and a furtive look in his eyes, the expression of qualities in his character which had always repelled me. There was a cruel determination about him when his will was crossed in little things, and a wavering hesitation when important steps were to be taken; and these two points in his character seemed to be always under my eyes those days.

Not one day did Luke Elphinstone lose in making known what his stipulation had been to me. The next morning after that important night I rose early, and with great content of heart went out to the orchard to pick up the fallen apples. A network of sunshine was wisped about the old trees, the rive was leaping like a river of gold at the foot of the hill: above the sycamores that lined it the smoke went up from the chimneys of the mill. The hum from the distant beetling-house made pleasant song in my ears; the bell rang out, the workpeople flocked home to their cottages for breakfast, and Luke Elphinstone came over the wooden bridge.

He espied me in the orchard, and came to join me. I felt so amiable towards every one that I was prepared to give him a friendly good morrow; but something in his face, as he approached, gave me a sudden apprehension of what was coming, and I began walking quickly towards the house. He begged me to stay a little, had something very important to say to me. He took my hand and drew it through his arm, and began to pour out a great deal that I do not care to remember, a great deal that startled me with me a painful surprise. I was grieved and shocked that he should feel as he did. I lost my presence of mind in my dismay, and, while striving for words to soften the pain I was about to give, I had not my answer ready at the proper moment. Perhaps this gave him encouragement. He held my hand which I was drawing away, and pressed a diamond ring upon my finger.

"Accept it, darling," he said, "as an earnest of my love, and wear it as a token of your promise to become my wife."

"Oh no, no, no!" I said, trying to pull it off; "I have not accepted your love. I have not promised to be your wife. I cannot do either, nor wear your ring."

My hand was swelled with the cold, the ring was tight, and would not move. How long it remained on my finger, and how at last it was removed, shall be seen. Luke Elphinstone stood by and smiled at my fierce endeavours to get it off. That smile took all the pity out of my heart.

"Take it as an omen, Mattie," he said; "it will not come away. You cannot get rid of me. What must be, must."

There spoke the true Luke. "Must?" I repeated, drawing myself up and eyeing him with defiance, and then turned on my heel and walked away, holding my bejewelled hand out at arm's length, as if I were just waiting for the convenience of a hatchet to strike it off. How I fumed over it all that day, while Elspie tried her utmost skill to remove the ring!

"And where wad you find a brawer man?" said Elspie. "Bairn, bairn, ye have been ower hasty. Do not throw the love o' a kind heart ower yer shouther. Ye'll greet for it all yer life."

"It may be that I am born to greet all my life, Elspie," said I, a sudden presentiment of trouble bringing a rush of tears to my eyes, "but I'll never greet for Luke Elphinstone."

But that evening, when my father was sleeping in the dining-room, and I was sitting alone in the firelight in the drawing-room, nursing my inflamed finger, and fretting over the stubborn ring, Luke Elphinstone came in, and began his irksome love-making again. He spoke smoothly and pleadingly.

"I have suddenly become a rich man, Mattie," he said, "or else it might have been many years before I could have spoken to you in this way. I cannot enjoy my riches unless I share them with you. If you go on refusing me every day for a year, I am determined not to take your denial."

I tried to keep my temper, and to parley with him patiently.

"What do you see in me?" said I. "I am poor, I am no beauty, I am stupid enough, I am not even good tempered, and I do not like you. You will easily find a wife who will bring you all the qualities I do not possess, and who will be thankful for your love and your riches."

He smiled at this speech, and said, "I think you beautiful and clever; I like your temper; I have wealth enough for both of us, and I intend to make you love me."

"More likely you will make me hate you," I said, fired by the complacence of his manner. This angered him, and he began to talk in a different strain. A flush rose on his face, and his eyes grew uneasy. With many furtive glances from me to the fire, and from the fire to me, he contrived to convey to me, in a long speech, which I would not remember if I could, the history of that condition which he had made with my father.

When he had done, I got up quickly and went straight into the dining-room, where my father was sleeping in his chair.

"Father!" I said, shaking him gently, "is it true what Luke Elphinstone says, that you have sold me to him for your mills?"

My father sat up, stared at me, and recollected. His eye fell before mine.

"Do not put things in such unpleasant words," said he. "Luke has turned out a millionaire. Any sensible girl would be glad to get him."

"I am not glad," said I, "tell me that he has said what is not the truth."

"I have promised that you shall marry him."

"But, father, I cannot do it," said I. And then a great storm of anger broke over my head. In the midst of it I heard Luke Elphinstone leave the house, and I called him a coward

in my heart. Such scenes as these had frightened my mother to death. It was like a thunderstorm, or anything else that is awful; but I outlived it. I was so strong in my own desperation that I hardly seemed to mind it. After it was over, I got up to leave the room, and I said wildly:

"It is not far to the river. I will get up in the night, when you are asleep, and drown myself sooner than marry Luke Elphinstone.'

It was the first time I had ever defied him, and my father was amazed. He called me back, and trembling and giddy, and hardly knowing what I did, I went and stood beside him. I think he thought me capable of doing what I had threatened. He looked in my face, and his voice broke when he tried to speak to me. He bowed his grey head in affliction and supplicated me to save his name, his occupation, his honour, before the world. Luke Elphinstone would be a good husband, he said, and what was a girl's whim in a lover to the ruin that would fall upon his old age? He wrought my soul to grief within me, brought down my spirit, broke my heart. I wept, and at last my arms were about his neck, and I was promising to "do what I could," sobbing that I would "think about it." And so it came that I was conqured.

"Eh, lass," said Elspie, "but the heart's a wilfu' thing!" And she put me to bed like a baby, and crooned me to sleep with her favourite ballad. "The Mitherless Bairn!"

The next day I was ill, I had caught a fever which was hanging about the neighbourhood. I had delirious dreams, in which I seemed to live long lifetimes, and from which I wakened quite meek. Elspie kept by my side, and I knew that Luke and my father were coming back and forward to my door all the time. I tried to be thankful that my life was precious. Lying there in a hushed room, with Elspie mumbling prayers and scraps of wisdom by my head, I had very pitiful thoughts about the world. Life was very short, and the other world very easy to be reached, and it did not matter much how or where we accomplished our few years. I did not want to get well quickly; but the strength would come back. Luke carried me down-stairs the first time, and I tried not to shrink from him. They tended me and petted me, those two men, and I passively agreed to all they said and did. Luke showed in his best light, and I thought I could better endure his good will than endless quarrelling and resistance. My likings and dislikings were flattened to much the same level, the hot side of my nature was quenched, my enthusiasm had gone out like sparks. If I had kept in my sound health, I believe I should have held out to the end, as I fell sick, I gave way. It seemed that things had taken a shape as if I were willing to do what was desired of me. I was but half alive at that time, and I drifted into compliance. But I insisted on getting a year—a whole year—at least, during which to grow accustomed to the idea of becoming a wife. Of all that was to fall out in that year I had very little thought. But that was how I got engaged to Luke Elphinstone.

The immovable ring remained on my finger. The first night I wore it with my own consent, I went up to my room dull and weary. What follows I never told to any one before. A figure was sitting by my fireside, wrapped in shimmering white, crowned with flowers like a bride, the head lowered on the hands in the attitude of weeping. Elspie only heard my scream, and found me insensible on the floor. I had heard my mother's step, but never had she visited me before. It did not need her visit now to make my heart sink at thought of the promise I had given. But Elspie and I kept this matter to ourselves.

The next event in my life was the arrival of the Hatteraicks at Eldergowan, after an absence of many years. Mrs. Hatteraick had lived in Italy, with two little orphan nieces, whilst her son was serving abroad. Now, Major Mark was off duty upon furlough, and they all came home in the early summer. I went to Eldergowan, and the world changed

CHAPTER III.

I went to Eldergowan, and the world changed. This was how it happened.

Orchards had bloomed out, and early roses had blossomed. I was standing on the steps outside the Mill-house door; Luke Elphinstone was in London on business, and my father was at the mill; the door was open, the house within quiet in its undisturbed shadows. A track of sunshine went up the stairs, and I could hear Elspie crooning above.

I turned my face to the old iron gate over the burn, and saw a strange lady alighting from a carriage and moving towards me. She was tall and stately, and all dressed in black satin, on her head a quilted hood tied with peach-coloured ribbons, falling back and showing her cap of rich point lace. Her hair was silver-grey, with still a soft wave on the brow, though she must have been sixty years old; her face, though wrinkled, was delicately fair, and a bloom arose on her cheeks as she acknowledged weakness by a smile and a little shake of the head coming up the steps. Never had I seen anything so trustable as the tenderness in those faded eyes.

She soon made herself known to me—Mrs. Hatteraick, my mother's friend, whose godchild and namesake I was. My tears started to see the meeting between her and Elspie. The two old women stood looking in one another's faces, and I knew they were gazing at scenes I had never witnessed, remembering words I had never heard. They did not speak much of the past which was opened up between them. A few words and mournful shakes of the head from Elspie, an incomplete sentence spoken with constrained lips by my godmother, and then they returned to me.

"We have the sweetest early roses in the country," said Mrs. Hatteraick, "and the most plentiful supply I have come for your father's permission to take you with me, to fatten you on strawberries and cream. You look fretted and thin; you have grown too quickly You were no taller than yonder gilliflower when I saw you last."

My father, who had a deep respect for Mrs. Hatteraick, and had been very indulgent to me of late, easily gave his permission to my going to Eldergowan. Luke was not there to object, and my godmother carried me off.

A long rambling avenue, scented with wild orange-blossoms, a far-stretching golden lawn, shelving into the flushed horizon, with knots of trees casting slanting shadows towards us, far down in a sleepy hollow a sedgy lake, and a group of cows and milkmaids to be descried through a ruddy haze; a dark-red house, almost brown with age, unfolding its many gables, and wings, and chimneys, from which the smoke arose in a curling, golden mist above a crowd of stately chesnuts; a bay-window lying open to the west, and a brood of white pigeons sunning themselves on the wide stone sill;—this is something like Eldergowan as I saw it first, on a summer evening at sunset. I remember the girls running out to meet us; Polly, in her white frock, plump and fair, like one of the pigeons that rose, scared at our approach, and fluttered off in a long snow-wreath over our heads; and Nell, with her longer skirts and laughing eyes. Close upon their heels came Uncle Mark, with the sun in his eyes, and his dark-red whiskers in a flame, a tall, beaming, somewhat lazy-looking gentleman, of thirty-five at least; ten years older than Luke Elphinstone, but younger-looking in the soft smiling of his blue eyes and the graciousness of his good-natured mouth. And this was the soldier-lad who had tossed me in his arms and called me his little wife.

All that night is associated with moonlight in my memory. It poured into the dining-room, gemming the oak carvings, and changing the pictures of crusty old squires and their commonplace dames into saints and angels with aurioles round their heads. I sat full in the midst of it, feeling all wrapped up in a silver mantle, and I saw Mark Hatteraick watching my face from his vantage ground in the shadows with an intent look, as if he were remembering, observing, or divining something regarding me. Catching my glance, he smiled with the same trustable look that had drawn me on the first instant to his mother. I believe he forgot my age that night, and thought he might assume towards me the same uncle-like demeanour with which he treated his nieces. It was impossible that my face should not catch and repeat his smile; and these kindly signals being exchanged, we were friends on the instant.

I sat up in bed that night and looked round me in a fever of sleepless happiness. My room was odd and pretty, with pale green walls all glistering with reflexions from the moonlight. Burning with excitement and expectation, I felt myself lapped in an atmosphere of purest calm. I dozed, and dreamed myself a red-hot coal lying in a cool green field, then waked and laughed at the conceit, surveying again with delight my couch-bedstead, with its dark carvings and red silk quilt, my quaint swinging bookshelves, my small pointed window over the garden, which had shadows of ivy-wreaths printed on the glass, and which framed the round moon, just setting behind the bloomy tips of the silvered fruit-trees. Sorrow and the Mill-house were forgotten; joy had already taken possession of me at Eldergowan.

The next morning Polly stopped buttering the muffins to exclaim at the beauty of my diamond ring I drew my hand hastily from the table where it had rested, and turned away to hide the blush on my face.

"Your mother had some pretty jewels, Mattie," said Mrs Hatteraick, who was making the tea "I remember her diamond ring."

So did I; but it lay in her jewel-case at home. Having thus passed over the opportunity to tell my friends of my engagement, I never sought for one again. They only knew of Luke Elphinstone as my father's partner, and I could not bring myself to enlighten them further concerning him

Six summer weeks passed, during which my heart took root at Eldergowan. I forgot that I should have to tear it away, and when I remembered, I tried to forget again. I was doing no harm, I told myself; I was saying my prayers, wearing my ring: my year was my own, to spend as I pleased. We had a gay, noisy time, hungry rambles, merry meals universal overflowing of milk and honey. I grew strong and robust, and as full of bounding life as any wild thing in the fields. They made me the pet of the house, and they spoiled me, calling me pretty names. Nell asking her uncle to describe me one day, he dubbed me the "fair and happy milkmaid." And at once I grew insufferably proud through his sticking this borrowed plume in my bonnet. It may have been owing to these new garnishings that I forgot my identity as I presently did.

Soldier Mark was the head and front, pillar and mainstay, of the house of Hatteraick. It was the fashion at Eldergowan to count him a hero. Every one, from Mrs Hatteraick downward, paid him worship, that sort of homage which simple appreciative souls give instinctively to what is at once strong and soft, commanding and winsome. To his mother he paid a tender deference, which reminded one that he had been a little child once, under her control, with Nell and Polly he was frolicksome as a schoolboy. Wonderful tales were whispered of his exploits in war, and his sword was looked on with a sort of superstitious reverence. Yet it was easier to imagine him consoling a dying comrade, or making merry after a victory, than dealing death and anguish his to fellow-men. So I thought at least, till one day when I overheard him swearing terrible in the stable-yard, and peeped through a curtain of acacia-trees.

The noonday sun was blazing on the pavement, the monthly roses and wallflowers from the kitchen-garden flaunting over the wall, a shaggy white horse drinking at the flowing water-trough, and a group of men standing near a bench where a little lad lay moaning. A cigar was lying burning itself quietly away upon the stones unobserved. I forgave Major Hatteraick his oaths, for the boy had been injured by a kick from a savage groom; but I saw

that his wrath could be fierce. Of the men, some looked on in awe and some in admiration as he strode about the y[illegible], frightening the pigeons from their dovecote on the gable, making the shaggy horse snuff and stare, and scattering the clucking hens that were pecking about the pavement.

An hour afterwards I met this most passionate and compassionate soldier sauntering in the garden, lazy and smoking, saying he was heated, and asking me to talk and refresh him. So we sat in a shady nook, and talked after a fashion of our own, of which I had learned the trick from him. We had each our enthusiasms of different kinds, which harmonised well as contrasting colours mix into the most satisfactory hues. We were fond of bedecking common things with our mingled tints, and to-day we exerted ourselves as much as people care to do on a hot afternoon in a garden full of birds and flowers. A liquid song, was gurgling down on our heads from a blackbird's hiding-place somewhere in the boughs above the high hedges behind us, a luxurious wilderness of roses lay before our eyes and yellow plums hung within reach of our touch on the mossy wall by our side. It was all very sweet and good. I had some lace-work in my fingers, but through deep content my hands lay idle in my lap. I had come to be so used to these long talks with Mark Hatteraick that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to hear his voice going on at my side. I had ceased to wonder at the pleasant unembarrassed friendship that had sprung up between us, though at first it had surprised me much. Never had I been so intimate with any gentleman before, except my father or Luke; and, until the novelty wore off, it had seemed the oddest thing in the world to be sitting by the side of a man and not longing for something to happen which must immediately remove him or me.

Mark Hatteraick had a book on his knees, and sometimes, in the pauses of his talk, he would read aloud passages which seemed but the translation of all the sweet murmurs that were going on around us. At times like these I felt that my own thoughts made new essays, and were surprised to find that their inheritance was much wider than they had ever dreamed of. I felt that I was but an ignorant thing, brought up in a wilderness, beyond which there was a fair world in which I too might live. Listening to the travelled soldier, I heard the bells chime in distant cathedrals, I saw the sun rise upon the glaciers.

But that was the day and the hour when something was said which made a change in me, warning me that I had better have stayed in my wilderness than come straying into campaigns to whose velvet slopes my feet had no errand. I cannot say what it was. Who would care to hear repeated the chance changes of a trivial conversation? Something was said and something was looked which made the sun seem to drop out of the sky, and the garden to heave up and fling its flowers in my face. I did not know exactly what had been said, but I felt too well what had been looked. Polly came dancing up the walk on the instant, and I hastily returned with her into the house.

I think I have said in the beginning of this history that I was not very wise in my youth. It was owing to my want of wisdom that I did not that day declare my engagement and go home to the Mill-house. I had an instinctive feeling that, my secret told, I should not have been detained at Eldergowan. I do not think it was wickedness; it was only weakness and blindness that made me decide on remaining. After an hour of doubt and confusion, I persuaded myself that what had startled me had been only in my own imagination. Nothing had been said but what was meant in mere kindness. Major Hatteraick was no fonder of me than he need be.

Yet I must have been conscious of lurking danger, for I sat on the corner of my bed for long after that, rubbing up my diamond ring with a little bit of my gown, and trying to convince myself logically that Luke Elphinstone was a worthier man than Mark Hatteraick. Now, when I came to think of it, there was nothing commendable about Mark, except his smile which certainly did one good, his sympathetic good nature, and his eloquence when he chose to talk. As far as talking went, he had the best of it; for Luke had no stirring stories of defeats and victories, camps and watch-fires, to set quiet blood leaping; and though he was quite as great a demolisher of other determinations, he did not nail you to his wish like Luke, but had a pleasant trick of mixing your will up with his till you did not know your own when you saw it. But, coming so far as this in my reckoning, I found that the balance was getting all on the wrong side, and I had to begin again. Luke did not smoke so many cigars; he was not so inconveniently tall; he had a better nose by rule than Mark Hatteraick; and when he swore, it was quietly between his teeth.

After this I wore a little likeness of Luke as a safeguard, and every day I studied it, having first adjusted the rose-colored spectacles, through which I intended to behold it. In this way I left myself not the shadow of a doubt that Luke's dark keen eyes and fine pale features were a much better sight than any tawny beard or any laughing eyes; and I need not be at all afraid of this soldier off duty in the magnificent good humour of his summer holiday. So I told myself every day in the sunshine of my chamber at Eldergowan, with flowers in my breast, and the birds all singing around me. I said it so often, that I found myself too wise to require its so frequent repetition. I left off examining Luke's likeness.

Mrs. Hatteraick had a slight illness through which I nursed her; and in her convalescent chamber I drew somehow nearer to Mark, through her medium, I think; for I know she loved me well. Sitting at his feet by her chair, something went very far wrong within me. I seemed to let go some staff with which I had walked pretty straight till now. My life's boat, sailing down a summer river, got into a glamour of light that hindered my seeing; and I drifted on in golden dismay. Some agony mingled with the sweetness of my unthinking existence. I forgot that I was Luke's promised wife; but he came to remind me of it.

It was one hot evening when we were all gathered together under an awning on the broad steps in front of the house, Mrs. Hatteraick's invalid chair in the midst of our group. Nell had her arms round my waist, and Polly was on her uncle's knee. Nothing could be more snug and good than that hour; nothing could be more insanely joyous than I was. At Polly's request, Uncle Mark told us the story of a battle. He grew very grave, as he always did before speaking of such matters. He stared, smoking, awhile at the distance of orange horizon and purpled wood; and then a light came into his eye like the gleam of a sword, and he began to talk. Presently we held our breath, for we were in the thick of the affray, and our attention was centred on one solitary figure in which my excited fancy discerned my brother Dick. Life was particularly sweet to this young soldier; the thought of home was tugging at his heart-strings. His eye was on the foe, but it saw also the anguished face of his already widowed love; his ear was open to the word of command, but it heard also weeping farewells and blessings. How shall I describe this story, which made us all sad? Everything sweet in the world was striving to dim his steady glance, and make a coward of him while he led on his band to a forlorn hope and death in the moment of victory. Ah, well! he was cut down. The shout of triumph was snatched from his lips. Then came the dying injunctions to the friend, the moaning messages to her, and to her, and to him, the struggle for resignation, and again the pitiful yearning for the loved faces, the sad groping in the dark for the touch of hands never to be grasped again.

Oh the landscape faded away, the warm clouds, the rich greeneries, the sleepy lake, and the sun shone only on a red field of blood, and my dying brother Dick. I slipped from Nell's embrace, and hid myself in my room. When had I wept before? The tears I shed then washed the golden dust out of my eyes that had blinded me all these weeks past, and I saw myself as I was, untrue in my heart to Luke Elphinstone. Much unusual joy had turned my brain; a little natural grief had restored me to my senses.

Great fear gave me courage, and I felt quite strong when I returned slowly down the stairs. The sun was shining through the oriel window on the wide low landing above the hall, and many colours were wandering blissfully about this nook, which was a sort of a lingering place for idle feet at all hours of the day. Many an important question had been decided here, and many a conversation held, one gossip leaning against the carved corner of the banister, and another sitting on the lowest step of the upper stair. Here was Mark Hatteraick now, waiting for me.

"I did not mean to be cruel, Mattie," he said; "it is such a common story."

My courage shook under the fervent contrition in his eyes. My heavy hand lay in his clasp. I could see, from I stood the hall and the open door framing a little bit of lawn and golden sky. While I stood so, even as Mark Hatteraick's fingers were closing round mine, a figure appeared upon the threshold below, and Luke Elphinstone's face came between me and the light.

He had driven over from the Mill-house with a commission from my father to fetch me home. It was all quite natural and right, and he brought news which ought to have given me pleasure. Sylvia had arrived at last; my dead brother's almost widow had come to pay her long-promised visit to her almost sister.

I was completely sobered. I put on my bonnet without a murmur, even to my own heart. Major Hatteraick scanned the unwelcome messenger coldly, and I shunned his clouded eyes as I said my hasty good-bye.

"You will return, you will return!" they all cried, hanging round me at the door. "You *must* return," whispered Mark Hatteraick, vehemently, as he crushed my hand in farewell; but I said, "No, no," under my breath as I drove away with Luke.

(To be continued.)

THE INNER WITNESS.

Simplicity and sublimity go hand in hand. It need not therefore surprise us to observe how, in instances where every device suggestible by human ingenuity has failed, some s[illegible]en, quiet appeal to conscience or to nature has resolved the most perplexing mystery. There are cases within every one's recollection in which all other means of arriving at the subtly hidden truth were, almost to demonstration, exhausted. All must remember questions so encumbered with conflicting testimony—so clothed with deeper darkness through the craft of paid advocacy—that they had to be dismissed from earthly tribunals to abide the fiat of the Judge who never errs, before whom the inner witness, so mute, so reticent here, speaks out unbidden.

Whether the machinery of modern law, constructed, as it apparently is, with the view of rendering as difficult as possible any appeal to conscience, be wholly sound in principle, it does not enter into our purpose to discuss. It is impossible, however, not to admire the results such appeals have produced; and the drawing these, or some of them, into juxtaposition with the issues of modern inquiry, may be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive.

At the head of these may be placed, (taking them in their order of time) the three great examples—too familiar to need more than mention—the judgment of Solomon, that of Daniel (not to be confounded with the prophet) in the case of Susannah, and that of the Saviour in regard to the woman taken in adultery. This was the crowning instance. It needed more than man to avert from a criminal thus convicted her merited doom. He called the "inner witness" to her aid; and, as she went forth—it is to be hoped; indeed, "to sin no more"—one feels that the calm sorrowful majesty of that forgive-

ness must have been more heart-piercing than the severest sentence of the law.

Analogous to such appeals are those addressed to another deeply rooted sentiment—the sense of shame. A wise self-knowledge prompted the warlike Spartans to substitute for city walls and bulwarks, the arms and courage of their citizens. Cowardice, in that age one of the worst of crimes, was visited with a punishment seemingly slight, in reality terrible. It was pronounced degrading to seek alliance with one who had proved recreant. He was compelled to wear garments of a particular hue; his beard was shaven on one side only, and any one meeting him in a public path was at liberty to strike him, without suffering retort in act or word.

After Leuctra, where the Spartans were defeated by the Thebans, under Epaminondas, a curious difficulty arose. So large a part of the Spartan force had participated in a disgraceful flight, that the Ephori—those noble upright magistrates who held with an equal hand the balance between kingly power and popular liberty—were at a loss how to deal with so vast a body of offenders. In their perplexity they referred the matter to Agesilas, who decreed for the integrity of the law, but added that it should be regarded as having "slept" on the day of Leuctra, to awake with renewed vigour and vigilance on the morrow! By this clever "dodge" the law was vindicated and the self-respect of the twenty thousand runaways preserved.

Zeleucus, the Locrian, seems to have been another student of human nature. He enacted that an adulterer should loose both eyes. Among the first transgressors was his own son. Zeleucus condemned him, but requested and obtained permission to save one of his son's eyes at the cost of one of his own. What adulterous Locrian, after that, could look in his judge's disfigured face and seek remission?

It was Zeleucus who ordained that any one who proposed to change a law should appear with a rope round his neck, prepared to be strangled where he stood, in the event of his amendment not being carried. The revival of this ancient custom would lend a sensational interest to the legal debates of our own time.

Some of the decrees of Zeleucus, though wise, were mild, not to say jocose. We have called him a close student of human nature, and he certainly had unexpected ways of arriving at its inner sanctuaries. His citizens—the ladies especially—were becoming too luxurious. He was urged to follow the example of neighbouring states, and exact penalties against excessive show. These, he saw, had not always answered their end. Fines and confiscations might be defied, because they carried with them no element of shame. He adopted a different course. He decreed that no woman of condition should appear in public with more than one attendant, unless she was *drunk*. That she should not quit the city at night, unless for the purpose of keeping a secret assignation. That she should wear no gold spangles nor embroidery upon her garments, unless it were her intention to lead an abandoned life. Following this principle, Henry the Fourth of France issued an edict limiting the use of hair-nets to women of shameless life, "such" (it was added) "being below our legislative care."

The Locrian dandies of the day were forbidden to sport jewellery, or wear the costly stuffs of Miletus, unless bound for some resort of vice and infamy.

By the agency of these wise yet gentle laws Zeleucus succeeded in establishing modesty for licence, virtue for immorality, simplicity for luxury and the corrupt manners which invariably follow in its train.

A curious escape from a judicial difficulty was that resorted to by the Areopagus, to which renowned tribunal Dolabella, when pro-consul of Asia, referred a question he found himself unable to decide: A Smyrniote woman was accused before him of the murder of her husband, in revenge for the latter's having slain a son of hers by a former marriage. Here was a dilemma. He could not acquit a convicted murderess, and yet shrank from condemning a mother whom love for her offspring had betrayed into crime. The laws allowed no mitigated penalties. He sent the case to the Areopagus, who, equally perplexed, tided over the difficulty by directing the criminal to come up for judgment in—one hundred years. The Emperor Claudius, who was certainly no Solomon, nevertheless pronounced a judgment which might bear a parallel with that of the wise king. A mother who disavowed her son was cited by the latter before the imperial seat. The evidence proved conflicting. Claudius cut the Gordian knot by ordering the woman to *marry* the young complainant. This unexpected decree awoke the inner witness. The mother confessed her son.

Pedro the Cruel's judgment in the case of a tiler, is deserving of remembrance. While pursuing his calling on the roof of a lofty mansion, the man lost his balance, and, after clinging some agonised moments to a slight protection, let go his hold, and fell into the street. As fate would have it, he dropped plump upon an individual unluckier than himself, who was passing at that inopportune moment, and was killed on the spot, the tiler himself sustaining no serious injury. The son of the man who was killed commenced a process against him who had fallen: and the case was brought before the king, who decreed that the tiler should be absolved from all demands. Leave, however, was reserved for the plaintiff, if he pleased, to jump from an elevation equal to that from which the defendant had fallen; the latter being first placed below in a convenient position to break the other's fall. The proposal was declined.

The story of Shylock and Antonia seems to date from the age of Amurath the First. A Turk lent a Christian trader one hundred crowns, on the condition that if the debt were not paid at a certain period the defaulter should forfeit two ounces of flesh. This was in strict conformity with the Turkish maxim, "Qui non solvit in ære, solvat in cute;" which may be briefly rendered, "Money, or skin." The debtor failed. The Moslem Shylock stuck to his bond. Amurath decreed that he might exact the penalty; but with the understanding that, if he took an atom more or less than his due, he should suffer in a similar manner. No vexatious stipulations were made, as at Venice, about the "blood."

Charles the Fifth appealed successfully to the inner testimony, in the case of two ladies of quality, who, after much disputing, applied to the king as to which should take precedence of the other.

"The sillier," decided his majesty.

The judgments of the Duke d'Ossuna might have suggested to Cervantes the never-to-be-forgotten decisions of Sancho Pança, during his brief but brilliant rule at Barataria: On the occasion of a grand fête, the duke went on board one of the galleys, with the humane purpose of releasing a prisoner, in honour of the day. Approaching the first bench, to which six of the unfortunate convicts were chained, he questioned the nearest as to his crime. The man demurely replied that he was entirely innocent of crime, but found his consolation in the reflection that the Almighty dispenser of events supplied him with the patience his case required. Number Two declared that the machinations of his personal enemies alone had brought him to the oar. Number Three took a mere legal objection. He had not enjoyed the full formality of a trial. Number Four's case was particularly hard. The lord of his village had corrupted his wife, and, to get rid of him, suborned false testimony. Number Five had been accused of theft. Of that, however, he was completely innocent, and, were the whole village (that of Somma) fortunately present, they would prove it in the most triumphant manner. Number Six, who had enjoyed the opportunity of observing that none of these little explanations had entirely satisfied the duke, adopted a different course. "Your excellency," he replied, "I am from Naples. It is a large city; but, upon my faith, I do not believe its walls enclosed a greater rascal than I. Justice has dealt leniently with such a wretch, in condemning him only to the galleys." The duke smiled. "Take this scoundrel instantly from the bench," he said. "He is enough to corrupt a whole gallery of such innocent men as those beside him! Give him ten crowns to buy some clothes; and see, you rascal," he added, "that you reform your ways. As for these other worthy but unfortunate gentlemen, they will, I am sure, return me their thanks for ridding them of a fellow who might have corrupted even them."

The rumour of this incident spread rapidly in convict circles, and when, two days later, the duke paid a similar visit to another gallery, and addressed his accustomed questions to the crew, the amount of self-accusation was perfectly appalling! Not a man but, by his own account, merited either the gibbet or the wheel. The duke was moved, as well he might be, by their terrible revelations. "It is strange," he said, "to find so many souls capable of such diabolical wickedness! Their punishment is the only public safety. To release these three hundred miscreants were to turn loose in the ripe cornfields as many foxes, with firebrands at their tails. Give every man of them a heavier chain." One alone made answer. He was an apostate monk. "The fetters of a convent," he remarked, "were more galling than those of the galleys."

"Strike off this fellow's chain," said the duke. "Send him back to the slavery he finds the worst."

This duke was a humorist. An old merchant of Naples, named Morelli, who had realised a splendid fortune, formed a resolution never, on any occasion, to lose sight of the walls of the city that had witnessed his growing prosperity He was a man of great fixity of purpose, and, fully content with his means, was beyond the reach of temptation; nevertheless, the duke set himself the task of overcoming this fancy. With profound knowledge of human nature, he sent Morelli an edict from the king, forbidding him, under the penalty of a thousand crowns ever to cross the frontier of the kingdom. Morelli laughed heartily at an order that chimed harmoniously with his own inclination. The joke was not less realised by his friends, and many were the pleasant allusions to the superfluous severity of the duke. Somehow, these jests at length lost their raciness, Morelli ceased to smile, and found himself perpetually recurring to conjecture! What could possibly be the object of the government in placing this singular restraint upon the movements of a peaceful and loyal citizen? A thousand ideas haunted his mind He began to lose sleep and health, and, in place of these, came a morbid desire to do the very thing that had been so strangely prohibited. He gave it way. Sending a thousand crowns to the duke, Morelli threw himself into his carriage, and travelled into the Papal States. He remained but one night, and then returned to Naples. Informed of his return, the duke sent five hundred crowns to the public hospital, and remitted the other half of the penalty to Morelli, with the words, "Nitimur in vetitum". ("Opposition augments desire"); adding, that the five hundred crowns had sufficed to teach the public how to deal with a madman.

The records of French law present us with the following remarkable case: A worker in tapestry sought to recover from a lady a certain sum for goods supplied. He was his own lawyer, and availed himself of the opportunity to make a speech of such unnecessary length, that the fair defendant, out of all patience, broke in

"Gentlemen, permit me to explain the matter in two words. This person undertook, for the sum named, to supply me with a piece of Flemish tapestry—comprising several figures, well designed—one, especially being as handsome—as engaging—as—whom shall I say?—as M. le Président! Instead of that, he delivers me a work displaying a group of creatures of almost diabolical hideousness—the principal an exact portrait of himself!"

That plaintiff was nonsuited.

There is no safe reliance upon the discretion of our "inner witness." He will blurt out the truth at the most unseasonable times.

Bertrand Solas, a wealthy Spaniard resident at Naples, was accustomed to "take his walks abroad" clad in very gorgeous apparel. On one of these occasions he was run against by a

porter, carrying a huge bundle of firewood, a portion of which caught and tore his silken robe. In a furious rage, he carried his complaint to the viceroy himself. The latter knew that it was the invariable custom with porters to call out to any approaching passenger, "Gare!" Anglicè, "By your leave!" and inquired if he had given the usual warning? Solas replied in the negative. "Then I will punish him severely," said the viceroy.

The porter was apprehended, but was warned by the viceroy's orders, that, whatever questions might be addressed to him, he was to remain perfectly mute. The case was then heard—the prisoner only responded by signs. "What penalty," asked the judge, turning to Solas, "can I possibly inflict on this wretched dumb fellow?"

"He is trifling with your excellency," said the hot Spaniard. "He is no more dumb than I am. I heard him shout out 'Gare!'"

"Ah—you did? Then why didn't you take his warning? You will pay him ten crowns for his loss of time."

Can a child have two fathers? An act of the Paris Parliament has decreed that it *can!*

A French officer of good family, Monsieur Navré, passing through Provence, fell violently in love with a beautiful young lady, at whose mother's house he paid a brief visit. On his return, some weeks afterwards, he made his proposals, was accepted, and, the marriage being in due course celebrated, the couple commenced their domestic career with the prospects of a happiness, too soon interrupted by the outbreak of war. Monsieur Navré rejoined his regiment, and, at the battle of Saragossa, where he fought like a paladin of old, was left stretched among heaps of dead.

Ill news, which travels apace, was not long in informing Madame Navré that she was a widow. Mourning became her well, and the spectacle of so much loveliness in tears proved too much for a gallant young officer, Captain Pagache, who, with national impetuosity, laid seige to the beautiful fortress without delay. Within a twelvemonth it capitulated. But a certificate of her late husband's death was required before the second espousals could take place. This was unhesitatingly supplied by the officers of Navré's regiment and the ceremony was performed.

On the day succeeding the event, the young couple (it was not then the fashion to take refuge in obscure country corners) gave a grand fancy ball. Among the guests, appeared an individual of stately presence, but wearing the habit of a Provençal peasant, who made himself noticeable in the gay throng by his bold and lively bearing, and evident intimate acquaintance with most of those present. He was masked, however, and concealed his incognito to perfection. He danced—danced superbly—with the bride. With the bluntness of his assumed character, he did not scruple to jest with the bridegroom on his short but successful suit, or with the lady on the charming facility with which she had yielded thereto; and so ingenious were his sallies, that the laugh of his wit-loving countrymen was invariably on his side.

Late at night, the Provençal peasant contrived to draw the bride's mother apart from the crowd, and, unmasking, displayed the well-remembered features of Navré! He told her that, being found still breathing on the field of Saragossa by a humane German officer, the latter had him borne to his own quarters, where, after months of suffering that perpetually threatened death, he was at length restored to both mental and bodily health. Monsieur Navré concluded his little narrative with the expression of his strong disinclination to create any unnecessary disturbance. The matter was simple enough. Here he was, ready to resume the position and rights he had never vacated. All that remained, was, to consult the feelings of the unwidowed bride as much as might be.

That lady had fortunately a heart that accommodated itself readily to any chance of circumstances. She received back her lost husband with pleasure; upon the whole, indeed she preferred him to the other. That gentleman, being summoned to the family council, and made acquainted with the unexpected turn of events, was disposed to be restive. In vain was it pointed out to him that the law was likely to entertain views dissimilar to his own, and that opposition could only result in injury to his feelings, which it was the intense desire of all concerned to treat with the highest amount of consideration consistent with his immediate abdication of his usurped marital rights. The gallant officer made an obstinate defence, and was only overcome at last by a bon-mot of his rival, so well timed, so happy, that, despite himself, he was compelled to join in the merriment it excited. After this, all went smoothly. The very ball continued with even greater spirit than before; for the news of what had occurred, spread with lightning speed, and gave point and zest to the general enjoyment.

Unhappily this was not the end. Whether urged by some after-thought, or incited by ill advice, cannot be known; but Pigache, on the following day, meeting Navré in the public street, commenced an altercation which terminated in a duel on the spot. Both were mortally wounded. Navré survived his antagonist only three days.

Madame Navré, now really a widow, in due time gave birth to a son. With this young stranger, arose the question to whom the paternity should be assigned. Upon this delicate subject medicine and law exhausted their science in vain. After much expense and litigation, an appeal was made to parliament. Parliament got out of the difficulty by decreeing that the boy should bear the names of both the contending sires, and receive the united inheritance. Who can deny, after this, that a child *may* have two legal fathers, and find it much to his advantage?

THE LIVELY JENNY.

WHEN, after a long and proper probation, I was fairly set up and married to my Fanny—a fine bold girl that liked me, I believe, as much as I liked her—we sensibly agreed that, instead of setting up housekeeping—furniture and such inconveniences—we should suit ourselves with a house that was infinitely more to our taste. Fanny had been born and bred on the north-west coast of Ireland, beside the breakers of the Atlantic. She was a handsome clever creature, with a classical and reflective face—a born sailor, whom it was pleasant, when our dainty guests were growing green and uncomfortable, to see sitting on the deck, with rising colour, welcoming the stiff breezes.

I had done a good deal in coast-sailing, and *was* to have been put into the navy (but wasn't, which is a long story), so, instead of going through the anxieties of selecting a new and plastery house, with furniture that was to prove prematurely infirm and crippled, we read the one thought in each other's eyes—a yacht! It was spring. Such a thing was soon "picked up." It was a nautical friend living near Leamington that "looked out" for the yacht for us—a man of large experience and with an eye for a "good cut of a thing." After a time he "picked up" our little craft—the very thing for us, and a dead bargain besides—a tight handy little schooner, a good sea-boat that shook the waves from her like a spirited horse, easily handled, thirty tons, roomy below, airy, large for that tonnage, and built of mahogany. She cost us only three hundred pounds, was reckoned a dead bargain, and was called The Lively Jenny. It was a joyful morning when we learned that she was lying in Kingstown harbour, having come in at midnight. The news was brought in by the new skipper himself, whom I and Fanny went down to the parlour to meet as if he were an ambassador, which he was, from The Lively Jenny.

Now, if we were to have a treasure in our yacht, we were to have a far more important one in our skipper. He had been picked up also—by the sheerest good luck. Our nautical friend had written in the most extravagant terms of his merits. He had known Clarke from a boy, a finer sailor never stepped a deck, as steady as a rock, sober as a judge, as moral as an apostle. "I have an interest in the man," he wrote, "as I know all about him and what he has gone through. I look on this as a much greater piece of luck than lighting on The Lively Jenny."

And this paragon was now in the parlour! We almost felt, Fanny and I, that we were scarcely virtuous company enough for him. There he was now, and we started. Clarke was a man of about thirty, good-looking and sailor like—that is, would have been good-looking but for a very disagreeable long inflamed scar that ran slanting from his forehead over his eye to his ear. It was raw and unpleasant altogether. He had a cold steady measured way of talking, and, as he spoke, looked out cautiously at us with the eye that was under the scar. But there could be no mistake about his testimonials, and he was, on the best authority, a treasure. Fanny did not relish his look at all. She much preferred Dan, a young "salt" from her own wild coast, who was "off the estate," and who was to be our other sailor. It was about him that Clarke first spoke.

"I brought over a very steady man," he said, "that I have known myself for years, and can be depended on. A man with some religion in him, which," he added, smiling—a not very pleasant smile—"is not usual among us sailors. I could go on excellently with him."

"Oh, we have got Dan," said Fanny. "We could not do without Dan!"

"Of course it is with you, ma'am, but it is right to tell you this Dan came off to us last night when we had moored, and I could see plainly he had been drinking."

Fanny coloured up. "You must have mistaken. We all know Dan from a child. He never was drunk in his life. We can't have any one else."

Clarke bowed. Then we gave him all sorts of directions, and let him go.

"I don't like that man at all, for all his good character," said Fanny, wisely. "And then to go and slander poor Dan!"

"I don't relish him extravagantly," I said, doubtfully, "but character, my dear, is everything aboard ship."

"Aboard ship," said she, laughing. "That sounds charming!"

We were to sail in two days, and certainly we almost at once found the merits of our skipper, for by his quiet forethought and measured energy he did wonders—got in stores, the yacht fitted, and what not.

"You see, my dear," I said, "those are the sterling qualities that pass show. Dan is a little too impulsive, and not half so practical." A word now about Dan.

Dan was a sort of foster-brother of Fanny's, that used to row her on the Atlantic, "no less," fit up daring little skiffs, with sails and all complete, to make a bold voyage across to a distant island. He was a handsome, strong, bold, dashing young fellow, only one-and-twenty, and could swim like a fish. He always called her "Miss Fanny," though corrected again and again. The only mystery was that of the "drink," which puzzled us, for we had never even heard a suspicion of such a thing. Fanny shook her head.

"I could explain it," she said.

"Ah!" said I, "you don't know, dear. These sea towns—young fellows fall into temptations."

We were to go on a coasting cruise. First to Falmouth, then Cowes, and finally on to Cherbourg, leave the yacht under shelter of the famous breakwater ("she will be very snug there," we both said, speaking of her cozily, as if she were a baby), and we ourselves would run up to Paris. We could not have too much of the sea. Two sailors only and a boy, and myself, as good as another, and Fanny very nearly—she only wanted strength—as good as a fourth. Early at six o'clock on a fine morning we went down by that pleasant little strip of sea-coast railway that winds like a ribbon from Dublin to Kingstown, found a fresh breeze, a blue sea, and The Lively Jenny fluttering her sails impatiently, as if they were the laces and lappets of her cap. We took up our moorings in a moment, and flew out steadily to sea.

We were in great delight with our new "house." She sailed charming, lay over on her side in the true yacht attitude, and made the water hiss as she shot through it. We were as compact, as snug, and even elegant as could be

conceived. Below were two charming little rooms, perfect boudoirs, one a little saloon for dining. It was full of "lockers" and pigeon-holes for keeping all sorts of things; and it was with particular delight that we discovered, as you went down-stairs, a sort of sliding panel on each side, which unclosed and discovered a large shelf, known to the men as "the sail-*room*," only think! but which, on an emergency, could be turned into an elegant and commodious sleeping apartment. Dinner on the swing-table was the most charming of meals, and full of slippery excitement.

On the morning of the second day, when there was not much of a breeze, I noticed our skipper seated on the "after" portion of the bowsprit, reading. It was Fanny called my attention to this. Dan was walking up and down contemptuously From curiosity, I went up to see what book it was, and found it to be The Confessions of B B. Rudge, Esq., with some of his Letters.

"Why, who on earth is Rudge?" I asked.

Clarke stood up respectfully.

"Rudge, sir," said he, "was a common fireman on an engine, who took to drinking and was reclaimed. He tells the whole story there; and afterwards he became not only an apostle of temperance, but a minister, preaching and winning souls to Christ."

"Oh, *that's* what he was," I said, I am afraid with marked disgust in my face; for that sort of thing is well enough ashore, but doesn't fit handy on a sailor. I came and told Fanny,

"Canting creature," said Fanny.

I observed too, that Dan and he had very little conversation.

That night, about eleven, was a lovely moonlight night. Fanny had just gone down. I went "for'ard"—not forward—towards the "fo'castle," not forecastle, as the vulgarities and land-lubbers say, I talked with Clarke about the course; we then fell off to other things, and I saw what a good sailor he was. He told me more about B. B. Rudge and himself.

"He did a great deal for me, sir, that man," he said. "You wouldn't have taken me, sir, if you had seen me as Mr. Rudge first saw me." (I was amused at this notion, for as it was, *after* Mr. Rudge had seen him, I was very near *not* taking him) "You can little, conceive sir, what a wretch I was. Drunken, depraved, abandoned in every sense. It was in a vile drunken quarrel I got *this*, sir," and he pointed to his ugly scar. "It nearly killed me, and I lay for weeks between life and death; until that good and gracious man came and raised me up."

"Of course you mean in the spiritual sense," I said, with a sort of sneer.

"Quite right, sir," he said, calmly. "And I owe to him more than to my *father*." Then he said. "This was his last voyage that he would make, thanks to his own exertions."

"And to B. B. Rudge?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he wishes me to join his ministry; and after this voyage there is a young girl who has grace, at Falmouth, where we are now going, who would be content to take her lot with me."

"Is *she* a brand plucked, too?" I could not help asking. But he gave a look of reproach which the scar made savage. "I am only joking," I said, hastily.

"I am sure she is a very good girl, and all that."

Fanny, when I reported this conversation, was in a little rage.

"What an old hypocrite! I am so sorry we shipped him."

"Canting, whining creature," I said; "poor Dan will have a fine time of it."

We got to Falmouth, and went ashore. But the wind suddenly fell, and it looked as if there was to be a change in the weather. We determined to run up to London, which we did. We there met pleasant friends, who insisted on doing us, &c., and so a very pleasant week went by in next to no time. Then we went down to our craft, and found the drum up. It was only a stiff breeze, so we determined to put out to sea at once. But there was a great change in our skipper. Dan was on board, riotous with spirits, singing and whistling; Clarke was ashore. When he came, we both noticed a great alteration. His composed serenity was gone. He was doggedly moody, and his eyes glared. He did not speak to Dan, who told us that they had had a quarrel ashore. Both Fanny and I remarked this, and I noticed Clarke following Dan with lowering brow and dark suspicious eyes, as he walked past him on the deck. The evening was very fine, the drum was down, and we promised ourselves a charming voyage to Cherbourg, our destination, and then hey for Paris!

Before we started, Fanny had got it all out of Dan There was a young woman in the case—in fact, *the* young woman at Falmouth, a nice, fresh, gay girl, not at all "serious," though our friend wished to make her so.

"I'ud have been a pity, marm," said Dan, "to have handed the likes of her over to psalm singing for the rest of her life. And faix I just talked to her a little *quietly*, quietly, and put the comethur on her, or she put it on herself, but at the end she gave the cowld shouldher to my frind Johnny Calvin there! Sorry a hand or part I had in it wittin'ly marm, or knowin'ly."

"You did quite right, Dan," said my Fanny, with enthusiasm.

I was on deck when Clarke came to me.

"Don't go for a day or two yet, sir," he said, gloomily. "Take my advice; there is bad weather coming on."

"It don't look much like it," I said, pleasantly.

"I know these things, sir," he said. "There'll be a storm before morning."

"Ah, what are ye talking of," said Dan, laughing. "Don't be humbuggin' the masther." There was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke. "D'ye want another sight at little Susan?"

The ferocious look the other gave him shocked me and Fanny. I saw the reason *now*. "We go to-night," I said, firmly; "get up the moorings."

We got out to sea. The night was very fine. It came to ten, eleven, and midnight. Then Fanny went down.

"Well, Clarke," I said, "what d'ye say now?—or have you forgotten Susan by this time?"

There was another black look of ferocity, and his eyes wandering to Dan, who was at the forecastle—"fo'castle." I mean—looking out, dancing from one foot to the other, and whistling St. Patrick's Day.

"He will have to account to Heaven for what he has done. She was a good girl, and would have made me a good wife, and worked to save souls with me. Now she will be lost and go after vanity. God forgive him."

"In short, *not* plucked from the burning; now, look here, Clarke; I must speak to you seriously. In the first place, I must ask you to drop that jargon of yours, which is all very well in its way and on shore, but here you know—in short, it don't fit a British seaman."

"I should have thought, sir, with the dangers of the seas, and the heavens, and the tempests overhead, that a seaman had more need of it than any one. Why, who knows how much we shall want of prayer before the night is done and this frail plank——"

"Oh, come," I said, "I don't pay my sailors to preach to me. Of course, I don't object to prayer and piety. It depends on the *sincerity*, my *friend*. You see, I hate cant. Now, I have observed that your heart is full of animosity to that young man there. I see it in your really ferocious looks."

"I dare say, sir," he said, humbly; "and it is what I do feel at moments when the Lord withdraws his strength. I have naturally a vile, wicked temper, full of the most frightful passions. But I wrestle with it, thank the Lord. I forgive him; that is, I try to forgive him. And I struggle with my own vile nature. In a day I shall have all subdued, and look on him as a brother in sin, though he has done me a *cruel* injury—ah, yes, sir, a cruel injury. Do you see that cloud there, sir? There is something coming. We had better get all tight."

I walked away and went to tell Fanny, who was reading in the little cabin to a swinging lamp. "A regular Heep," I said. "A Uriah of the first water. He has been 'swaddling' on a tub there for the last quarter of an hour."

Fanny said, gravely, "I wish we were rid of him. I am sure he is a dangerous man, and may do some mischief."

"I tell you what, Fan," I said, seriously, "I think so too, and when we get to Cherbourg, I shall just speak quietly to him, and look out for another hand, and send him home, Fan."

But now, almost as we were speaking, a gale had arisen, and our little bark, without notice of any kind, had given a sort of vindictive "shy," as if she wanted to "throw" her riders. For a second the sea had become like a mass of black molten iron, and was rolling in huge waves. In another moment we were rushing through the waters with a stiff hissing sound, and every spar and sail cracked and clattered. The sky had grown black also. It seemed as if a thunderbolt was to come on us.

Clarke came to me. "We can stand under but little canvas," he said. "The worst has not come as yet. We shall have the hand of the Almighty strong upon us to-night."

It grew darker and darker, and the storm increased. Our boat was reeling and tumbling, lurching violently, as if she wanted to go down head-foremost, then rocking and rolling from side to side, as if she wished to dash our sides in. Fanny's face appeared above the companion-ladder a little anxious; but still perhaps enjoying the gale. She recollected her own native coast.

"This is not the worst," said Clarke, coming to me again; "not for an hour yet. There will be sad work to night on the ocean. All the better for men who have clear consciences, and have done no wrong to their fellows;" and by a flash of lightning I saw one of his vindictive glances flash also towards Dan. That young fellow had been doing wonders—climbing to set free the sail which had got fixed, hanging on like a cat, being here, there, and everywhere, making everything "tight."

"He gives us no jargon," I said to Fanny, who, like a brave girl, was up on deck, "but considers doing his duty the best way of praying."

But "Heep" was right. The worst had not come. Crack! There went a spar and sail, blown through as if it had been so much paper. Great seas came pouring in upon deck; yet Fanny would not go below, though it was next to impossible to keep one's feet securely. At times our bows were half under water. It was an awful night. Suddenly we saw, through the darkness, a faint red light and two other lights.

"A steamer," said Clarke "We must only keep by her. It will be something, and, unless this is a strong boat——"

I was very near getting out some of my Shakespeare in a most indignant burst, and saying to him, "Out upon ye, ye owls! Nothing but songs of death!" but restrained myself. At that moment snap went our jib, with an explosion like that of a small cannon. The two men ran forward to "clear away." There was a great lurch, a half cry from Fanny, who was standing half down on the stairs. I ran to her.

"Oh!" she said, in an agony. "Did you see? Quick—quick! Save him! That wretch! *I* saw him do it! Oh, poor, poor Dan——"

I knew at once what she meant, and rushed to the bows, where I met Clarke coming to me. I could not see his face.

"Oh!" he said, in a low thick voice. "He is gone—gone overboard, poor wretch—and with all his sins on his head!"

I could not speak for a second.

"Put the vessel about—quick!" I said. "I shall save him."

"Save him!" said he, almost contemptuously. "That is beyond *us*. The Almighty may do something for him. Why, do you know how far behind the poor wretch is now? I suppose three miles."

"Put her about!" I said, furiously. "This is too infamous!"

"You will sink us!" the villain said. "If we turn a hair's breadth from this course, we are lost!"

"Put her about!" I said. And the boy at the helm did so. But Clarke was right; for, as her head came round, a tremendous sea came

tumbling over her with the force of a discharge of stones from a mountain. There was a sound like a smash. I thought we were "gone" at that moment; and for a moment more our little boat was quite stunned. She recovered herself slowly. We found our bulwarks a heap of laths. Uriah was right. We saw it would not do. Poor Dan!

"Go aft," I said to him sternly, but in a voice that trembled.

He did so calmly. Fanny and I held a hurried consultation. Of course, now, nothing could be done until the storm abated, if it *was* to abate for us. We could not do without such help as *he* could give us. So, until we reached Cherbourg, if we ever *did* reach it, we should dissemble. This was the only thing to be done; though Fanny was for no such temporising.

"I cannot look or speak to the wretch. To think that we are shut up here with a——"

She covered her face.

I went to him. "What do you think now?" I said, forcing myself to speak calmly.

"Another hour," he said, "if we pull through *that*, there might be a change. That poor wretch," he went on, "what a judgment! I know I might leave my case to the Lord. Yet poor Dan, my heart bleeds for him, and I do *repent*——" He stopped. "We should leave our case in the hands of Him who rules the storm. There! I declare, there is a break yonder!"

That long and dreadful night at last came to an end. Morning broke at last. But though the storm broke at last, the wind had not gone down; through the whole day we had to go before it, and were blown on steadily. Clarke was, it must be said, admirable in regulating our vessel. Indeed, we owed our safety to his skill. But Fanny, in the daylight, now kept below. She could not bear to look upon him. It made her shudder to speak of him. We beat about the whole day, and towards evening the wind began to fall, though the waves remained very high; and then we saw land, and a little port with arms stretching out, as if made of basket-work. Clarke came to me.

"Dieppe, sir," he said. "We shall be all safe ashore in half an hour. And let our first thing be to think of thanksgiving to the Almighty, who has literally and truly plucked us this night from the jaws of death!"

I was confounded at the ruffian's coolness. "And poor Dan," I said, with my eye on him, "what had he done that he should not share in this benefit?"

"Ah, sir!" he said, "those are the unseen mysteries. Poor Dan! though he injured me, from my soul I forgive him. I do indeed." And he turned up the whites of his eyes to heaven, with a look of piety that was really appalling.

"As for going ashore," I said, "that shall be seen. You stay in the boat. You mustn't stir. These are my orders, and I *shall* be obeyed;" and I touched a revolver that I had placed in my belt. "I am prepared, you see, to enforce what I wish."

"With all my heart," he said, without the least surprise, and walked forwards very carelessly.

Here was the wicker-work pier at last, with the great mariner's crucifix looking out to sea, and some women in caps and red petticoats. With what delight we saw land again! We got within the wicker-work pier, came round a corner, and saw the little town. There we dropped anchor. As I walked up the wet and battered decks (our poor little elegant craft was now all beaten, bruised, maimed, and draggled), my eye fell on a black rag lying in a pool of water. I picked it up; it was a black silk handkerchief, now a mere ribbon. It was torn. I put it carefully by. Poor Dan! He had made a struggle: at any rate, it would be some evidence.

There was a boat coming out to us with the custom-house people aboard. So Fanny, fresh and as brilliant as if she had not passed through such a night, called out to me. In another moment she gave a cry. "Look! look!" she said. A deeper voice nearer said devoutly, "God! God be praised!" I did look, and I declare if there was not our brave fellow Dan standing up in the boat, waving a new glazed French hat!

He had leaped on board in a moment. "Where's Clarke?" he cried.

I caught hold of him. "Restrain yourself," I said. "Justice will——"

He caught Clarke by both hands, which he shook again and again. "You did your best for me, indeed you did; and if that stupid handkerchief had only held, you'd have got me aboard again! You very nigh did it. Ah, sir! He was nigh killed himself. And do you know, Clarke, I was thinkin' all the time, when the wather was pouring in gallons into my mouth, that I had not done so well by you as to desarve it."

We listened, wondering. He then told us how he had struggled with the waves, and "had the life all but bate out of him." When he was driven up against the steamer we had near us, he had just strength to give a cry, and they had got him on board with infinite difficulty.

I must say Fanny and I were a little ashamed. However, we had not committed ourselves in any way, except so far as my proceedings with the revolver, which must have seemed a little curious. But we made it up to him in many ways, and Dan made it up to him in his own way; for he never went back to Falmouth again, and in a very short time Dan's residence there and its effects were quite forgotten, and matters came back to the old happy footing. In short, all ended well and happily, and for many years he and Dan sailed with us in that well-known, tight, and excellent sea-boat, The Lively Jenny.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MAY 18, 1867.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Covers for binding the third volume of the READER are now ready, and may be obtained from the publisher. Also, the first, second and third volumes, bound in an elegant and uniform style. Subscribers who did not receive the index to the *second* volume of the READER, can now be supplied upon application to the Publisher.

THE REPUBLICAN THEORY.

It is not a little singular that during a period of transition like the present, when their institutions are suffering so many jolts and hitches, the Americans are as eager as ever to gain proselytes to their system. The struggles through which they have been passing for six years, and from which they are not yet emerged, fail to teach them the diffidence and humility usually attendant upon danger and misfortune. Four years of internecine war, waged with a reckless disregard of human life, brought them face to face with difficulties still more formidable. Their *quondam* foes, though defeated, remained sullen and discontented; an enormous debt hung over them to cripple and impoverish the resources of the people, and yet what was the first step taken by the rulers? It was to show the utter fallacy of their constitutional theory by initiating a struggle between the two branches of the government, which could only end in paralyzing the one or the other. The executive has succumbed, and is powerless; and at the present time it is evident that the whole power of the state, executive and legislative, is as completely in the hands of Congress as it once was in those of the National Convention of France. We do not venture to say with which party right lay—we are disposed to think both were much in the wrong; one thing is certain—the executive power is not merely temporarily, but permanently, disabled. And yet, in spite of this palpable defect in a system which admits of such a dead-lock in the government, our neighbours are still vaunting the absolute perfection of their institutions, and calling upon Canada, British Columbia, Mexico, and even Ireland, to adopt them.

Moreover, their lust for territory has in no wise abated. They have obtained Russian America from the Polar Bear; their next object is to induce Britain to allow the meridian line of the Mississippi to be run northward so as to give them British Columbia. Mr. Seward is intriguing with the Mexican factions for Lower California, and possibly Sonora and Chihuahua, as a reward for his distinguished exertions against Maximilian. A West India island (Cuba or Jamaica preferred), an island in the Ægean or Levant, and one in the Pacific, are also objects of desire to the Secretary. Any little bit of territory, it matters little what or where, would be welcome; for all are fish that enter the American net.

Not content with suffering the miseries of civil war in their own land, they desire to stir up intestine strife, aggravated by antipathies of race and religion, under the auspices of Fenianism, in another. Add to all this the financial embarrassments, commercial as well as national, now so imminent as to be discernible by the feeblest pre-vision, and we cannot but wonder that Americans should attempt to coax Canada to cast her lot with theirs.

It is almost impossible to imagine a political frame-work better adapted than ours to favour the progress of a new country, or circumstances more favourable for the development of its resources. With perfect freedom for individual enterprize, responsible government assures us both immunity from oppression and complete security to life and the possession of property. Entering on a new phase in our career, without materially altering our institutions, we have the satisfaction of seeing that under the *laissez-faire* policy of England, we may be loyal and contented, and yet free and uncontrolled. Desiring to undertake a great public work, we are enabled, by the guaranteeing of the mother country, to obtain money at a rate which would make Mr. McCulloch jump for joy. We enjoy greater liberty than our neighbours, without the turbulence of their democracy; our taxation is light, and our resources inexhaustible; and if we cannot advance under confederate *regime*, we should certainly be unable to do so with a mill-stone of debt about our necks, with ignorance dominant at our polling-places, and mediocrity and corruption in the high-places of government.

The objections of Canadians to political communion with the United States, though they have been confirmed by the events of the last six years, had their origin long before in the insuperable dislike they entertain to the Republican theory of government. John Stuart Mill, in his *Political Economy*, says:—"In some countries the desire of the people is for not being tyrannized over; but in others it is merely for an equal chance to everybody of tyrannizing." The former is the case with Canada, as she has proved on many occasions; of the latter, the United States is a striking example. Hence there is little chance of assimilation either in thought or feeling.

The fallacy which lies at the root of the theory is deduced from the words of the Declaration of Independence: "All men are born free and equal." Now, although this is true in a vague and general sense, it is undoubtedly false when applied from the Republican point of view. Men are not born equal, either morally, socially, or intellectually, and, no matter under what form of government they grow up, they never become so politically. Moreover, as to rights, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," property and others, they undoubtedly exist, and it is the business of the law to protect and secure them; but they are not "unalienable." Otherwise man ought not under any circumstances to be deprived of them. Yet there is not a single right which is not taken away with general approbation, under certain circumstances. The enjoyment of them is contingent upon man's exercising them without prejudice to others; when this condition is broken, they are and ought to be alienated. In taxation, army conscription, &c., a harmless right is directly taken away.

From the fanciful doctrine of equality arises that of universal suffrage. All men being equal, the foolish as well as the wise, the vicious and ignorant as well as the virtuous and instructed, are equally entitled to take part in the business of governing. Such a "national right" is utterly inadmissible; individually a man may do what he likes with his own, but it is a very different thing to put him in a position of doing as he will with what is his neighbour's. To use the words of Mill: "In whatever way we define or understand the idea of a right, no person can have a right (except in the purely legal sense) to power over others, every such power, which he is allowed to possess, is morally, in the fullest sense of the term, a trust." The creators of this trust are the whole body politic, and those only who, by intelligence and probity, prove their fitness, should be admitted into the electoral body.

In Canada we have no love for hereditary claims for distinction, or for that meaner aristocracy of wealth so dear to Americans, but we do not desire to be swallowed up in a whirlpool of ignorance, corruption and vice. We are devotedly attached to popular institutions, but we hate ochlocracy. "Wherever virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive, are found," says Burke, "they have, in whatever condition, profession or trade, the passport of heaven to human place and power." But we fail to see how wisdom and virtue can prevail in councils of a nation, in whose constituent body the most degraded and unintelligent bear undisputed sway. Wisdom may cry in the streets or admonish from the study, but no man will regard it who desires a majority at the polls. In the United States it is notorious that the ablest and most valuable men have long since ceased to enter the arena of politics; there is no place for them. The shallow and designing, the noisy and corrupt, usurp their places, and the people are at once flattered and deceived.

The result is foolish and reckless legislation; the principal business is done in the lobbies, and the votes of legislators are bought and sold. The alleged corruption is so wide-spread, that were it not but too well attested, it would be incredible. This political peculation has a reflex influence on social and commercial morality, and tends to deprave the entire nation. Then the elective judiciary is equally distasteful to Canadians, chosen by partizans, and censured or corrupted, as many of its members notoriously are. To this system of demagogism must also be charged the encouragement given to Fenianism, the motions against the neutrality laws, and against this Confederation. Power and pelf are the objects to be secured, and in the race for them he would be a foolish man who should run counter to the prejudices of king mob.

Let our neighbours cease to be surprised that we prefer the mild rule of Old England, and the freedom we enjoy, to their Republican institutions. The working of the latter is at least of this benefit to us—it teaches what a good system of polity should be, but, like the lesson of the parish priest, it is a purely negative one. An Irishman overtaking his reverence on the road, asked him to explain to him the nature of a miracle. "Walk on, then, forninst me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you," said the priest. The man walked on, and the priest went behind him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh," roared Pat, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" asked his reverence. "To be sure I did," was the answer. "Well, then, remember this it would have been a miracle, if you had *not*." So our American neighbours, though they fail to show us what good government should be, give us a pretty good idea of what it should not.

There are many graceless preachers on grace—many uncharitable ones on charity.

Sooner seek to blend oil and water, or fire and water, than love and wisdom.

Pseudonyme.—It is no secret that the author of the "Chronicles of the Schomberg-Cotta Family" is Mrs. Carter, an English lady

REVIEW.

A Song of Italy By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Boston · Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

Mr. Swinburne's new poem is reproduced in an extremely neat form by the Boston publishers. The *London Athenæum* (of April 6) thus speaks of it: "After two or three perusals, a timid reader may feel in this strange work a rush of wind, may catch in it a flash of fire, may hear in it a roll and wash of waves; but there his sense of apprehension will probably fail him altogether. What else there is in the 'Song of Italy' he will never know from his own instinct for truth and art." The *Pall Mall Gazette* after censuring it in a somewhat similar spirit, continues as follows:

One passage in the book is really a fine one. This we will quote. The poet sees Freedom and Italy in a vision (on the very night, last winter, when the shooting stars were so abundant), and thus Italy is addressed by Freedom:—

"Because the years were heavy on my head,
 Because dead things are dead,
Because thy chosen on hill-side, city and plain
 Are shed as drops of rain;
Because all earth was black, all heaven was blind,
 And we cast out of mind;
Because men wept, saying, Freedom, knowing of thee,
 Child, that thou wast not free;
Because wherever blood was not shame was
 Where thy pure foot did pass;
Because on Promethian rocks distent
 Thee fouler eagles rent;
Because a serpent stains with slime and foam
 This that is not thy Rome;
Child of my womb, whose limbs were made in me,
 Have I forgotten thee?
In all thy dreams through all these years on wing
 Hast thou dreamed such a thing?
The mortal mother-bird outsoars her nest,
 The child outgrows the breast;
But suns as stars shall fall from heaven and cease,
 Ere we twain be as these;
Yea, utmost skies forget their utmost sun,
 Ere we twain be not one.
My lesser jewels sewn on skirt and hem,
 I have no heed of them
Obscured and flawed by sloth or craft or power;
 But thou, that wast my flower,
The blossom bound between my brows and worn
 In sight of even and morn
From the last ember of the flameless west
 To the dawn's baring breast—
I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,
 Nor thou wert Italy.
O mystic rose ingrained with blood, impearled
 With tears of all the world!
The torpor of their blind brute ridden trance
 Kills England and chills France;
And Spain sobs hard through strangling blood; and snows
 Hide the huge eastern woes
But thou, twin-born with morning, nursed of noon.
 And blessed of star and moon:
What shall avail to assail thee any more,
 From sacred shore to shore?
Have Time and Love not knelt down at thy feet.
 Thy sore, thy soiled, thy sweet,
Fresh from the flints and mire of muderous ways
 And dust of travelling days?
Hath Time not kissed them, Love not washed them fair,
 And wiped with tears and hair?
Though God forget thee, I will not forget,
 Though heaven and earth be set
Against thee, O unconquerable child,
 Abused, abased, reviled,
Lift thou not less from no funereal bed
 Thine undishonoured head:
Love thou not less, by lips of thine once prest,
 This my now barren breast,
Seek thou not less, being well assured thereof,
 O child, my latest love.
For now the barren bosom shall bear fruit,
 Songs leap from lips long mute,
And with my milk the mouths of nations fed
 Again be glad and red
That were worn white with hunger and sorrow and thirst
 And thou most fair and first
Thou whose warm hands and sweet live lips I feel
 Upon me for a seal,
Thou whose least looks, whose smiles and little sighs,
 Whose passionate pure eyes,
Whose dear fair limbs that neither bonds could bruise
 Nor hate of men misuse,
Whose flower-like breath and bosom, O my child,
 O mine and undefiled,
Fill with such tears as burn like bitter wine
 These mother's eyes of mine.
Thrill with huge passions and primeval pains
 The fulness of my veins.
O sweetest head seen higher than any stands
 I touch thee with mine hands,
I lay my lips upon thee, O thou most sweet,
 To lift thee on thy feet
And with the fire of mine to fill thine eyes
 I say unto thee, Arise.

The pomp of rhythm, the beauty of [illegible]tion in this passage are altogether remarkable. Taken apart from the rest of the poem, it adds another example of exquisite workmanships to many which Mr. Swinburne has already given us. But even here the carnality of idea which disfigures most of his work is not absent.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Bill conferring a pension on M. de Lamartine has passed the Corps Législatif by 149 to 24 votes.

M. Rouland recently said in the French Senate that M. Renan, on being appointed to the Hebrew Professorship in the College of France, had made promises as to the nature of his lectures, which he afterwards broke. The professor has since written to the *Temps* to deny this. He affirms that he has fulfilled all that he undertook to do in connection with the chair to which he was appointed; and he declares that he never gave either a written or a verbal promise limiting his discretion in the composition of his lectures.

L'Univers, the organ of the Jesuits in France, which was suppressed some time ago, is announced to reappear at Paris, under its former editor.

The Dean of Westminster is engaged in writing "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," as a companion to his "Memorials of Canterbury."

An English edition of La Fontaine's Fables, with illustrations by Gustave Doré is about to be published in monthly parts by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

Mr. Edward Whymper, the Matterhorn climber, and Mr. John Brown, the Rocky Mountain botanist, have started from Copenhagen on a tour through the interior of Greenland. This expedition has been organized solely in the interests of science, and the expenses are to be defrayed from private sources.

The following paragraph appears in *Galignani's Messenger*:—"M. Philarète Chasles, of the Mazarine Library, is really a fortunate man in making literary discoveries. He has found in succession, within a brief period, an unpublished work, 'Les Mémoires d'une Dame de la Régence,' 'La Confession d'un Précepteur du Duc d'Epernon,' and lastly, in the same library, the autograph of Concini, and in the fly-leaf of a Greek Euripides, a part of a decalogue of that adventurer's ambitious views, and signed by himself, better known as the famous Marshal d'Ancre, under Louis the Thirteenth. M. Philarète Chasles has now lighted on a still more interesting discovery—that of a volume in which is to be seen on the title-page the name of William Shakspeare, written by himself, the second word being partially effaced, but still quite legible. The work in question, written by Sir John Harrington, the 'Metamorphosis of Ajax," was published in London in 1596. A licence was refused for printing the work, and yet it went through three editions; but for it, Sir John was temporarily banished from the Court of Queen Elizabeth, his godmother. Sir John Harrington was an intimate friend of Shakspeare, and may very naturally be supposed to have sent him a presentasion copy."

The following case may be added to the "Vicissitudes of Literary Reputation":—In 1849 Petofi was among the Magyar patriots doomed to death, and his last and utterest outpourings were upon Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. In 1867, the same Francis Joseph, King of Hungary, subscribes a hundred guilders towards the erection of a monument in honour of Petofi, and the Hungarian newspapers publish a letter from the Empress—an excellent Magyar scholar—thanking Sir John Bowring for having made the poet better known to the British nation.

Chladni found that the velocity of sound was from ten to sixteen times as great in wood as in air. In metals the velocity is between four and sixteen times that of air.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 153.

Book the Fifth.

RELICS THE DEAD.

CHAPTER I. BETRAYED BY A BLOTTING-PAD.

At an early hour upon the day on which Valentine Hawkehurst telegraphed to his employer, Philip Sheldon presented himself again at the dingy door of the office in Gray's-inn.

The dingy door was opened by the still more dingy boy; and Mr. Sheldon the elder—who lived in a state of chronic hurry, and had a hansom cab in attendance upon him at almost every step of his progress through life—was aggravated by the discovery that his brother was out.

"Out" he repeated, with supreme disgust, "he always *is* out, I think. Where is he to be found?"

The boy replied that his master would be back in half an hour, if Mr. Sheldon would like to wait.

"Like to wait!" cried the stockbroker; "when will lawyers' clerks have sense enough to know that nobody on this earth ever *liked* to wait? Where's your master gone?"

"I think he's just slipped round into Holborn, sir," the boy replied with some slight hesitation. He was very well aware that George had secrets from his brother, and that it was not judicious to be too free in his communications to the elder gentleman. But the black eyes and white teeth of the stockbroker seemed very awful to him; and if Philip chose to question him, he must needs answer the truth, not having been provided by his master with any convenient falsehood in case of inquiry.

"What part of Holborn?" asked Philip sharply.

"I did hear tell as it was the telegraph-office."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon; and then he dashed downstairs, leaving the lad on the threshold of the door staring after him with eyes of wonder.

The telegraph-office meant business; and any business of his brother's was a matter of interest to Mr. Sheldon at this particular period. He had meditated the meaning of George's triumphant smile in the secluded calm of his own office; and the longer he had meditated, the more deeply rooted had become his conviction that his brother was engaged in some very deep and very profitable scheme, the nature of which it was his bounden duty to discover.

Impressed by this idea, Mr. Sheldon returned to the hansom cab which was waiting for him at the end of Warwick-court, and made his way to the telegraph-office. The ostensible motive of his call in Gray's-inn was sufficient excuse for this following up of his brother's footsteps. It was one of those waifs and strays of rather disreputable business which the elder man sometimes threw in the way of the younger.

As the wheel of the hansom ground against the curbstone in front of the telegraph-office, the figure of George Sheldon vanished in a little court to the left of that establishment. Instead of pursuing this receding figure, Philip Sheldon walked straight into the office.

It was empty. There was no one in any of the shaded compartments, so painfully suggestive of pecuniary distress and the stealthy hypothecation of portable property. A sound of rattling and bumping in an inner office betrayed the neighbourhood of a clerk; but in the office Mr. Sheldon was alone.

Upon the blotting-pad on the counter of the central partition the stockbroker perceived one great blot of ink, still moist. He laid the tip of his square forefinger upon it, to assure himself of that fact, and then set himself deliberately to scrutinise the blotting-paper. He was a man who seldom hesitated. His greatest coups on the money-market had been in a great measure the result of this faculty of prompt decision. To-day he possessed himself of the blotting-pad, and examined the half-formed syllables stamped upon it with as much coolness and self-possession as if he had been seated in his own office reading his own newspaper. A man given to hesitation would have looked to the right and the left and watched for his opportunity—and lost it. Philip Sheldon knew better than to waste his chances by needless precaution; and he made himself master of all the intelligence the blotting-pad could afford him before the clerk emerged from the inner den where the rattling and stamping was going forward.

"I thought as much," muttered the stockbroker, as he recognised traces of his brother's sprawling penmanship upon the pad. The message had been written with a heavy hand and a spongy quill pen, and had left a tolerably clear impression of its contents upon the blotting-paper.

Here and there the words stood out bold and clear, here and there, again, there was only one decipherable letter amongst a few broken hieroglyphics. Mr. Sheldon was accustomed to the examination of very illegible documents, and he was able to master the substance of that random impression. If he could not decipher the whole, he made out sufficient for his purpose. Money was to be offered to a man called Goodge for certain letters.. He knew his brother's affairs well enough to know that these letters for which money was to be offered must needs be letters of importance in some search for an heir-at-law. So far all was clear and simple, but beyond this point he found himself at fault. Where was this Goodge to be found? and who the person that was to offer him money for the letters? The names and address, which had been written first, had left no impression on the blotting-pad, or an impression so faint as to be useless for any practical purpose.

Mr. Sheldon put down the pad and lingered by the door of the office deliberating, when the rattling and hammering came to an abrupt termination, and the clerk emerged from the interior den.

"O," he exclaimed, "it's all right. Your message shall go directly."

The stockbroker, whose face was half averted from the clerk, and who stood between that functionary and the light from the open doorway, at once comprehended the error that had arisen. The clerk had mistaken him for his brother.

"I'm not quite clear as to whether I gave the right address," he said promptly, with his face still averted, and his attention apparently occupied by a paper in his hand. "Just see how I wrote it, there's a good fellow."

The clerk withdrew for a few minutes, and returned with his message in his hand.

"From George Sheldon to Valentine Hawkehurst, Black Swan Inn, Ullerton," he read aloud from the document.

"All right, and thanks," cried the stockbroker.

He gave one momentary glance at the clerk, and had just time to see that individual's look of bewilderment as some difference in his voice and person from the voice and person of the black-whiskered man who had just left the office dawned upon his troubled senses. After that one glance Mr. Sheldon darted across the pavement, sprang into his cab, and called to the driver, "Literary Institution, Burton-street, as fast as you can go."

"I'll try my luck in the second column of the *Times*," he said to himself. "If George's scheme is what I take it to be, I shall get some clue to it there." He took a little oblong memorandum-book from his pocket, and looked at his memoranda of the past week. Amongst those careless jottings he found one memorandum scrawled in pencil, amongst notes and addresses in ink, "*Haygarth—intestate. G. S.; to see after.*"

"That's it," he exclaimed; "Haygarth—intestate; Valentine Hawkehurst *not* at Dorking, but working for my brother; Goodge—letters to be paid for. It's all like the bits of mosaic that those antiquarian fellows are always finding in the ruins of Somebody's Baths; a few handfuls of coloured chips that look like rubbish, and can yet be patched into a perfect geometric design. I'll hunt up a file of the *Times* at the Burton Institution, and find out this Haygarth, if he is to be found there."

The Burton Institution was a somewhat dingy temple, devoted to the interests of science and literature, and next door to some baths that were very popular among the denizens of Bloomsbury. People in quest of the Baths were apt to ascend the classic flight of steps leading to the Institution, when they should have descended to a lowlier threshold lurking modestly by the side of that edifice. The Baths and the Institution had both been familiar to Mr. Sheldon in that period of probation which he had spent in Fitzgeorge-street. He was sufficiently acquainted with the librarian of the Institution to go in and out uninterrogated, and to make any use he pleased of the reading-room. He went in to-day, asked to see the latest bound volume of the *Times* and the latest file of unbound papers, and began his investigation, working backwards. Rapidly and dexterously as he turned the big leaves of the journals, the investigation occupied nearly three quarters of an hour; but at the expiration of that time he had alighted on the advertisement published in the preceding March.

He gave a very low whistle—a kind of phantom whistle—as he read this advertisement. "John Haygarth! a hundred thousand pounds."

The fortune for which a claimant was lacking amounted to a hundred thousand pounds! Mr. Sheldon knew commercial despots who counted their wealth by millions, and whose fiat could sway the exchanges of Europe; but a hundred thousand pounds seemed to him a very nice thing nevertheless, and he was ready to dispute the prize the anticipation whereof had rendered his brother so triumphant.

"He rejected me as a coadjutor," he thought, as he went back to his cab after having copied the advertisement; "he shall have me as an antagonist."

"Omega-street, Chelsea, next call," he cried to the driver; and was soon beyond the confines of Bloomsbury, and rattling away towards the border-land of Belgravia. He had completed his search of the newspapers at ten minutes past twelve, and at twenty minutes to one he presented himself at the lodging-house in Omega-street, where he found Captain Paget, in whose "promoting" business there happened to be a lull just now. With this gentleman he had a long interview; and the result of that interview was the departure of the Captain by the two-o'clock express for Ullerton. Thus had it happened that Valentine Hawkehurst and his patron encountered each other on the platform of Ullerton station.

CHAPTER II. VALENTINE INVOKES THE PHANTOMS OF THE PAST.

Oct. 7th, Midnight.—I was so fortunate as to get away from Spotswold this morning very soon after the completion of my researches in the vestry, and at five o'clock in the afternoon I found myself once more in the streets of Ullerton. Coming home in the train, I meditated seriously upon the unexpected appearance of Horatio Paget at the head-quarters of this Haygerthian investigation; and the more I considered that fact, the more I felt inclined to doubt my patron's motives, and to fear his interference. Can his presence in Ullerton have any relation to the business that has brought me here? That is the question which I asked myself a hundred times during my journey from Spotswold; that is the question which I ask myself still.

I have no doubt I give myself unnecessary trouble; but I know that old man's Machiavellian cleverness only too well: and I am inclined to look with suspicion upon every action of his. My first business on returning to this house was to ascertain whether anyone bearing his name, or answering to my description of him, had arrived during my absence. I was relieved by finding that no stranger whatever had put up at the inn since the previous forenoon. Who may have used the coffee-room is another question, not to be so easily set at rest. In the evening a great many people come in and go out; and my friend and patron may have taken his favourite brandy-and-soda, skimmed his newspaper, and picked up whatever information was

to be obtained as to *my* movements without attracting any particular attention.

In the words of the immortal lessee of the Globe Theatre, "Why I should fear I know not . . . and yet I feel I fear!"

I found a registered letter from George Sheldon, enclosing twenty pounds in notes, and furnished therewith I went straight to my friend Jonah, whom I found engaged in the agreeable occupation of taking tea. I showed him the money, but my estimate of the reverend gentleman's honour being of a very limited nature, I took care not to give it to him till he had produced the letters. On finding that I was really prepared to give him his price, he went to an old-fashioned bureau, and opened one of those secret recesses which cannot for three minutes remain a secret to any investigator possessed of a tolerably accurate eye or a three-foot rule. From this hiding-place—which he evidently considered a triumph of mechanical art worthy the cabinet of a d'Argenson or a Fouché—he produced a packet of faded yellow letters, about which there lurked a faint odour of dried rose-leaves and lavender which seemed the very perfume of the past.

When my reverend friend had laid the packet on the table within reach of my hand, and not til then, I gave him the bank-notes. His fat old fingers closed upon them greedily, and his fishy old eyes were illumined by a faint glimmer which I believe nothing but bank-notes could have kindled in them.

After having assured himself that they were genuine acknowledgments of indebtedness on the part of the old lady in Threadneedle-street, and not the base simulacra of Birmingham at five-and-twenty shillings a dozen—thirteen as twelve—Mr. Goodge obligingly consented to sign a simple form of receipt which I had drawn up for the satisfaction of my principal.

"I think you said there were forty-odd letters,' I remarked, before I proceeded to count the letters in the presence of Mr. Goodge.

That gentleman looked at me with an air of astonishment, which, had I not known him to be the most consummate of hypocrites, would have seemed to me simplicity itself.

"I said from thirty to forty," he exclaimed; "I never said there were forty odd letters.'

I looked at him and he looked at me. His face told me plainly enough that he was trying to deceive me, and my face told him plainly enough that he had no chance of succeeding in that attempt. Whether he was keeping back some of the letters with a view to extorting more money from me hereafter, or whether he was keeping them with the idea of making a better bargain with somebody else, I could not tell: but of the main fact I was certain—he had cheated me.

I untied the red tape which held the letters together. Yes, there was a piece of circumstantial evidence which might have helped to convict my friend had he been on his trial in a criminal court. The red tape bore the mark of the place in which it had been tied for half-a-century: and a little way within this mark the trace of a very recent tying. Some of the letters had been extracted, and the tape had been tied anew.

I had no doubt that this had been done while my negotiation with Mr. Goodge had been pending. What was I to do? Refuse the letters, and demand to have my principal's money returned to me? I knew my friend well enough to know that such a proceeding would be about as useless as it would be to request the ocean to restore a cup of water that had been poured into it. The letters he had given me might or might not afford some slight link in the chain I was trying to put together; and the letters withheld from me might be more or less valuable than those given to me. In any case the transaction was altogether a speculative one; and George Sheldon's money was hazarded as completely as if it had been put upon an outsider for the Derby.

Before bidding him a polite farewell, I was determined to make Mr. Goodge thoroughly aware that he had not taken me in.

"You said there were more than forty letters," I told him. "I remember the phrase 'forty-odd,' which is a colloquialism one would scarcely look for in Tillotson, or in John Wesley, who cherished a prejudice in favour of scholarship which does not distinguish all his followers. You said there were forty-odd letters, and you have removed some of them from the packet. I am quite aware that I have no legal remedy against you, as our contract was a verbal one, made without witnesses; so I must be content with what I get, but I do not wish you to flatter yourself with the notion that you have hoodwinked a lawyer's clerk. You are not clever enough to do that, Mr. Goodge, though you are knave enough to cheat every attorney in the Law List."

"Young man, are you aware—?"

(To be continued.)

THE RECOLLET CHURCH.*

By Mrs. Leprohon.

They're fast removing the old gray walls,
The last stone soon will be gone,
The olden church of the Recollets,
We shall look no more upon,
And though perchance some stately pile,
Will arise its place to fill,
Sculptured and carved—it matters not,
Old church, we shall miss thee still!

Though not like Europe's ancient fanes,
Moss grown and ivied o'er—
Bearing long centuries' darkened stains
On belfry and turrets hoar.
For more than a hundred years hast thou
Thy shadow above us cast,
And we claim thee in our country's youth
As a land mark of the past.

Thou had seen the glitt'ring fleur de lys
Fling out its white folds high
From old Dalhousie's frowning hill
Full against the morning sky;
And anon the gleam of a victor's flag
From its cannon crowned brow—
That flag which despite the changing years
Floateth proudly o'er us now.

Thou hast seen the dark brown Indians, too,
As they thronged the narrow street,
In their garb so strangely picturesque,
And their gayly moccasined feet,
And beside them gentle helpmates tripped,
Dusky hued, with soft dark eyes,
And necklets and kirtles brightly trimmed
In beads of brilliant dyes.

Thou hast seen our city far out-grow,
The bounds of once circling walls,
Gaining rapidly beauty and wealth,
Throwing off its early thralls,
Till round Mount Royal's queenly heights,
That once stood lone neath the sky,
In pomp and splendor—beautiful homes
Of luxury, closely lie.

Oft within this time-worn portal prayed
The sons of different creeds,
Worshipping God in separate ways,
Making known their separate needs,
Better dwell thus in brotherly love,
All seeking one common weal,
Than stir the stormy waters of strife,
Through hasty and misjudged zeal.

And for many years the exiles lone,
Who landed upon our shore,
From fair Erin's sunny far off isle,
Thronged our Father to adore;
And laying their aching sad hearts bare
To his dear pitying gaze,
His guidance sought in this new, strange land,
And better and brighter days.

And the humble Recollet Friars here
Their matins recited o'er,
And glided with noiseless, sandalled feet,
O'er the chapel's sacred floor;
Again at the close of day they met
Amid clouds of incense dim,
And the softened rays of taper's blaze,
To sing their evening hymn.

All, all, they now have passed away
From among their fellow men,
Little cared they for earth's joys or gains,
For Heaven their only ken;
The lowly church that has borne their name
So faithfully to the last,
Linked with our city's young days, like them,
Will henceforth be of the past.

* Now in process of demolition.

The Recollet Friars purchased the ground on which the church in question was built, in 1692, and on it they constructed a temporary chapel. The actual edifice, however, was not erected till about the year 1706. The Order is now extinct. After the conquest, their property was confiscated by the government, and subsequently exchanged for St. Helen's Island, then belonging to Baron Grant. For a time it served as a place of worship for both Protestants and Catholics, and for many years was exclusively devoted to the use of the Irish Catholics.

SNUFF-TAKING.

SNUFF-TAKING was unknown among Englishmen when they had been for years familiar with the luxury of a pipe. Smoking came into England directly from America, but snuffing was first naturalised in France, where the favour accorded it by Catharine de' Medeci, made *L'Herbe de la reine*, as it was called, all the rage among her Catholic courtiers. English doctors had, at that time, great faith in the efficacy of various pungent mixtures called sternutatories, which, being drawn up into the nostrils, caused fits of sneezing, thereby clearing the ventricles of the brain of divers gross and slimy humours. Tobacco-snuff was welcomed by them as a mild and safe sternutatory, a noble medicine, if rightly and rationally used. Despite the anathemas of Pope Urban, the frowns of Louis the Great, and the denunciations of the Scotch Solomon, the leaders of society in Europe took snuff out of the domain of medicine, and made snuffing a fashionable practice. It scarcely owed this promotion to any real liking for the peculiar flavour of the weed, for as in France, snuff-takers took pains to deprive the tobacco of all virtue by steeping it in water, colouring it with with ochre, and scenting it with musk, bergamot, and cedar, so, in England, the native odour of the titillating dust was overpowered by cloves, mint, and such like abominations.

Silence proves nothing, or we might infer from Shakspeare's utter ignoring of snuff, that English noses were slow to appreciate their delectable acquisition; but the evidence is conclusive the other way. The mock-gallants of the time, who dined with Duke Humphrey most days of the week, sported, as they strutted in Paul's Walk, their tobacco-boxes and snuff-ladles, in imitation of their betters. Even the Puritans took kindly to the wicked weed in its new guise; the fiercest starched denouncer of wordly vanities looked lovingly upon this particular vanity, and scrupled not at administering

A dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,

although he might not dispute with second-rate beaux for the honour of dipping a finger and thumb into the box of glorious John Dryden, as he sat enthroned at Will's. A great 'vertical extension' of snuffing followed the advent of the Great Plague, thanks to a strong belief in the talismanic powers of tobacco; and when the great Revolution came, it made snuff more fashionable than ever. 'How many fops at Man's Coffee-house and Will's,' says Tom Brown, 'have laid out the only half-crown they had in the world upon an ounce of snuff, when they wanted a dinner, and their lodgings were unpaid'' and he compares the gratuitous filling of a poor devil's snuff-box to giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man without a shirt to his back. Snuff, at half-a-crown an ounce, was rather an expensive luxury, seeing that nasal intemperance was voted the correct thing.

Some think the part too small of modish sand
Which at a niggard pinch they can command
Nor can their fingers for that task suffice,
Their nose too greedy, not their hand too nice;
To such a height with these is fashion grown,
They feed their very nostrils with a spoon.

And vastly conceited were they too upon the rarity of the nostril-food on which they indulged, boasting, like Southerne's fop, of their 'right Palillio, made of the fibres, the spirituous part of the plant, made to the palate of His Most Catholic Majesty.'

Some thousands of barrels of Spanish snuff, made to the palate of His Most Catholic Majesty's subjects, were looted by the fleet under Rooke, ere it swooped down upon Vigo, and carried away an immense quantity of similar spoil. Wagon-loads of the fragrant dust were sold at the seaports at the rate of fourpence a pound, the home-market was glutted with 'Vigo snuff,' and those took snuff who never took snuff before. It mattered little that its enemies declared it deformed the nose, stained the skin, tainted the breath, and rooted cancer in the organ most concerned. Statistical physicians averred that more folks were struck down by apoplexy in a year, than had succumbed in a hundred when snuff-taking was unknown: their preaching was thrown away; apoplexy or no apoplexy, society would have its snuff. Addison and Pope sneered at the snuffing Sir Plumes of the world of quality, but, like Swift and Bolingbroke, themselves plied the box. Looking dirty about the mouth, by way of ornament, continued to be the order of the day. 'When a person feels his thoughts run out, it is natural to supply his weak place with powder,' says Steele, and the beaux were too much alive to the convenience of such an aid to polite conversation, to be driven to discarding their valuable ally. Half a century later, men of taste still took their Strasburg snuff from Paris paper-boxes, while 'pretty fellows' preferred enamelled boxes lined with polished metal reflecting their own sweet faces when they took a pinch; and it was impossible to go anywhere into company without being disturbed by exercises of the devotees of the pungent dust. Church and theatre alike echoed with the music; snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting spoiled the best speech in a tragedy, and served to distract the attention of congregation from the sermon:

> The box is used, the book laid by as dead,
> With snuff, not Scripture, there the soul is fed.
> For when to Heaven the hands of one of those
> Are lifted—twenty have them at the nose.

Lillie of the Strand was the favourite purveyor of snuff-boxes for the use of fashionable noses, and the prices he put on his wares may be guessed at from the following bit from the *Tatler*: 'Whereas there came out last term several good snuff-boxes, this is to give notice that Charles will put out a new edition on Saturday next, which will be the only one in fashion till after Easter. The gentleman who gave fifty pounds for the box set with diamonds may shew it till Sunday night, provided he goes to church, but not after that time, there being one to be published on Monday which will cost fourscore guineas.' Another mock-advertisement in the same paper runs thus: The exercises of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles Lillie's, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, and attendance given for the benefit of young merchants about the Exchange, for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toy-shop near Garraway's Coffee-House. There will likewise be taught the ceremony of the snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degree of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pinch, add the gestures proper to each of them. Boxes were made in all manner of shapes and all manner of materials:

> With all the show
> Of art the greatest artist can bestow;
> Charming in shape, with polished rays of light,
> A joint so fine it shuns the sharpest sight,
> Must still be graced with all the radiant gems
> And precious stones that e'er arrived in Thames,
> Within the lid the painter plays his part
> And with his pencil proves his matchless art;
> There drawn to life some spark of mistress dwells
> Like hermits chaste and constant to their cells

The pleasures of snuff-taking were by no means monopolised by the sterner sex. So early as 1650, it was said:

> She that with pure tobacco will not prime
> Her nose, can be no lady of the time;

and lovers, like Congreve's Tattle, made their first approach to beauty by laying a snuff-box at her feet. In 1712, we find the *Spectator* stigmatising snuff-taking as an impertinent custom adopted by fine women and equally disgusting whether practiced sedately or coquettishly. One took it, a grumbler complains, as often as salt with her meals, another made as much noise as possible while performing the operation; some only used it as a means of displaying their pretty hands; but your thorough-paced woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon, and with well-bred audacity, proffered her best Brazilian to her neighbours of either sex, and as she dropped her money into the collecting-plate, asked the churchwarden to take a pinch! The snuff-box was as regular an adjunct of the fine ladies toilet as the fan itself, in spite of the disagreeable results attending its unskilful manipulation; but if, when taking tea with a snuffing lady, her guests noted what escaped from her careless fingers floating at the top of the cheering cup, politeness attributed the alien ingredient to the foulness of the milk or the dross of the sugar.

> By snuff assisted, ladies killed the day,
> And breathed their scandal freely o'er their tea;
> Nor less they prized its virtues when in bed—
> One pinch of snuff relieved the vapoured head,
> Removed the spleen, removed the qualmish fit,
> And gave a brisker turn to female wit.

Steele laboured for three years to talk a learned lady out of the habit, till an accident effected what all his persevering eloquence had failed to do. One day she happened to have 'a very pretty fellow in her closet, who ran hither to avoid some company that came to visit her. She made an excuse to go to him for some implement they were talking of; her eager gallant snatched a kiss, but being unused to snuff, some grains of snuff from her upper lip made him sneeze, which alarmed the visitants, and made a discovery that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill up her vacant hours so much but she is obliged to descend to entertainments less intellectual.'

If Sir Richards friend was thus cured of her predilection, she was made of different metal from her contemporary, Dame Margaret Thompson, who would have sacrificed all the pretty fellows in the world rather than renounce her nasal luxury. The snuff-loving old lady's last will and testament was something unique. It set forth that, as it was usual to put flowers into the coffins of departed friends, and she had never found any flowers so fragrant or refreshing as the precious powder, her trusty servant Sarah was to take care her body was covered with the best Scotch snuff. Six men, the greatest snuff-takers in the parish, were to carry her to the grave; and the half-dozen old maids selected to act as pall-bearers, where to be supplied with boxes of snuff where with to refresh themselves on the road. The officiating clergyman was to be paid four guineas upon condition that he walked in the procession, and 'took a certain quantity, not exceeding a pound,' of the same. Sarah's legacy depended upon her carrying out the wishes of the testatrix—strewing the threshold of the house in Boyle Street with two bushels of snuff, and walking before the corpse for the purpose of distributing 'every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the ground.' Lastly, to every legacy bequeathed by Dame Thompson was attached a gift of one pound of 'the grand cordial of nature.' The sex 'added a foil to every obvious grace' down to the days of the Regency, Queen Charlotte herself was a dear lover of a pinch, and kept her box well filled with the best Spanish, or violet Strasburg mixed with green tea; and, of course, as long as the first lady in the land set such an example, fashion saw nothing unladylike in feminine snuffing.

Snuff reigned triumphant all through the Georgian era; high and low alike indulged in it, and endless were the varieties introduced to suit different tastes and different purses. A tobacconist's advertisement, dated 1740, enumerates forty-six sorts of snuff, from good Scotch at two shillings, to best brazilian at twenty-four shillings the pound. Perforce the snuff-box held its own. Boswell asks:

> Without it, Tinsell, what would be thy lot?
> What, but to strut neglected and forgot?
> What boots it for thee to have dipped thy hand
> In odours wafted from Arabian land?
> Ah! what avails thy scented solitaire,
> Thy careless swing and pertly tripping air;
> The crimson wash that glows upon thy face;
> Thy modish hat, and coat that flames with lace?
> In vain thy dress—in vain thy trimmings shine,
> If the Parisian snuff-box be not thine!

Whether known as Maccaronies, beaux, or dandies, the Tinsels of each generation, however else they may have differed, were equally dependent upon the snuff-box's aid. Beau Brummell and the 'first gentlemen in Europe' prided themselves not a little upon their graceful mode of opening the snuff-box with the left hand only. The latter was as extravagant in snuff as in most other things; but was fairly beaten by my Lord Petersham, who boasted a stock of snuffs worth three thousand pounds; while his collection of boxes was wonderful—he had boxes adapted for all occasions, boxes for winter wear, boxes for summer use; indeed, he was popularly believed to have a different box for every day in the year.

Lord Stanhope* calculated that a regular snuff-taker took a pinch every ten mintes, each pinch and its accompanying ceremonies occupying a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, if sixteen hours be allowed to the day, gives two hours and twenty-four minutes per day, or thirty-six and a half days in a year as the time wasted by a snuff-taker upon his nose.

THE THREE MAIDENS.

(From the German of Uhland)

I.

> Three maidens sat in their bower,
> Looking out on the valley below;
> Their father rode up to the tower,
> With his shield, and his sword, and his bow.
> "Now welcome, lord father," they said,
> "O what hast thou brought for the maid
> That loves thee so well?"

II.

> "O daughter, in kirtle of gold,
> My guerdon to day shall be thine,
> Thy fancies—I know them of old—
> Love the gift, that is rare, rich, and fine.
> This carcanet hung on the breast
> Of a knight whom I ruthlessly prest
> In the fight, and he fell."

III.

> The maiden accepted the chain,
> And its links round her white neck she bound,
> And then she went down to the plain
> Where the knight lay at length on the ground,
> "Thou art cast in the way like a thief,
> Thou true knight, slain to my grief,
> Who love thee so well!"

IV.

> With the might that her misery gave,
> Away to God's acre she bore him,
> And laid him down hard by the grave
> Where his father was buried before him.
> She twisted the carcanet tight
> Round the neck where it glittered so bright,
> And died by her love.

V.

> Two maidens sat in their bower,
> And looked out on the valley below;
> Their father rode up to the tower,
> With his shield and his sword, and his bow.
> "Now welcome, lord father," they said,
> "O what wilt thou give to the maid
> Who loves thee so well?"

VI.

> "O daughter, in kirtle of green,
> My guerdon to-day is for thee;
> The chief of thy pleasure hath been
> In the chase by the greenwood tree.
> This spear with a golden band
> I took from a huntsman's hand,
> And I paid him by Death."

VII

The maiden accepted the spear
And went down to the forest beneath,
She tracked her quarry in fear,
And the cry of the hunt was "Death"
Her hounds went straight to the shade,
Were under the lindens was laid
The huntsman she loved.

VIII.

"I came to the lindens," she said,
"To the tryst I promised to keep."
And then with the spear she shed
Her life-blood and sank to sleep.
The birds sing the dirge of their doom,
The boughs make the arch of their tomb,
Where together they lie

IX.

One maiden sate in her bower,
And looked out on the valley below,
Her father rode up to the tower,
With his shield, and his sword, and his bow.
"Now welcome, lord father," she said,
"O what is thy gift to the maid
Who loves thee so well?"

X

"O daughter, in kirtle of white,
My guerdon to-day shall be thine,
A blossom gives thee more delight
Than the yellowest gold of the mine.
This lily the gardener would hide,
But I snatched it away from his side,
And paid him with Death."

XI

"O father, what deed did he dare?
Oh, how met he death at thy hand?
The blossoms but throve by his care,
And now they will fade from the land
"'He kept the best blossom,' he said,
'The whitest and best, for a maid
Who loved him so well.'"

XII.

The blossom she tenderly laid
All safe in her sorrowful breast,
And then all disconsolate strayed
In the garden her heart loved the best.
On the top of a hillock of green,
That the white lilies lit by their sheen,
She sate herself down.

XIII.

"O why may not I too die now,
As my well-loved sisters died?
But the lilies will give me no blow,
So tenderly touching my side!"
By the lilies the maid would stay,
Till her own flower withered away,
And the maid withered too.

BLOMFIELD JACKSON

THE NEW NURSE.

SHE sat in the deep oriel window, gazing through the lattice at the snow falling softly on the paved court in front of the old house. She was a fair young girl, barely eighteen, and her long hair fell in clustering curls about her neck and on the bosom of her quaintly simple dress. And yet there was strange sadness in the brown eyes, watching so dreamily the white feathery flakes around which gathered the early twilight of the New Year's Eve. All at once, through the stillness, the cathedral chimes rang out, and at the same instant a door behind her opened, and a deep voice said, "Audrey." She turned her head hurriedly. At the further end of the room stood a tall, grave man, in a doctor's gown, his grey hair nearly hidden by a trencher cap. "Is there any change?"

"No, father—only she is more quiet; she has hardly spoken to-day;" and Audrey Harrington stepped out from the shadow of the window, and coming up to her father, laid her hands upon his shoulders and softly kissed his brow

"Shall I go up to her?" he asked.

"Not now—we fancy she is sleeping, and you must rest, for you look sadly tired."

"Ay, I am tired!" and then Audrey drew her father's great arm-chair nearer to the fire, and fetched her sewing, while he leant back with one hand shading his face A noble face it was, all the more striking, perhaps, for the deep lines that told of long suffering and ceaseless care.

There was a sound of light footsteps in the stone hall, and two young lads came softly into the dark oak-panelled room. At another time, they might have bounded in with noisy glee; but now voices and steps alike were hushed, for their thoughts, too, were full of the sick child up-stairs. So it was a sad group that gathered presently about the supper-table. Hugh, the elder boy, stole round to his sister's side, and slid his hand into hers as they sat together; and when the more light-hearted Cecil broke for a moment into a gay laugh, his father's grave glance and low "Hush, my boy," checked him at once. When he spoke again, it was in a subdued tone—

"Audrey, I saw your red cloak by the market-cross this morning, when I was in the High Street; but before I could come up to you, you had turned down towards the bridge. Where were you going?"

She did not answer him. She looked at Hugh and asked some careless question, but in that moment her pale cheeks had flashed a vivid crimson.

Cecil persisted—"Were you going to the mill?"

"Yes; it was an errand for Lily."

"For Lily?" said her father; his ear caught by the name so precious now.

"Yes, father; I will tell you about it presently. I must go now and sit by her, while Margaret rests awhile;" and she rose.

There was a large room in an upper part of that old rambling house, with pointed dormer windows looking out over the courtyard and the red-tiled roofs beyond;—a room furnished with heavy, high-backed chairs, a carved cabinet in one corner, and an old fashioned gilt mirror fastened up against the wall. Opposite the mirror stood two white beds, and upon one of them lay a young child, her golden hair all tossed back from her burning brow, and lying in disordered masses on the pillow, her little hands moving restlessly over the coverlet. An old woman in a high white cap and stuff gown sat by the bedside, knitting busily. She looked up as the red baize door opened—looked up with a strange brightening, and yet with a wistful doubt in her withered face, when she saw Audrey.

"Asleep still?" the girl whispered, as she softly crossed the room.

"No; she has been talking a little; fancying herself at play again in the fields and woods, sweet lamb. But yet she is better to-night; she has taken the turn, I think."

"I will stay with her now. Do you go down, Margaret."

The old nurse did not move. She was eagerly scanning the pale, earnest face before her.

"Miss Audrey, shall you win through it?"

"I must, Margaret; I must," the girl replied, with sudden passionate eagerness. "Don't let me think about it, lest my heart should fail. If only, Margaret, you are sure it will not hurt *her*." and she glanced down at the sick child.

"Nay, Miss Audrey, how can it? She takes note of nought, poor darling; 'tis not for her I'm fearing. But bear up, my pretty one, and it may be the new year will bring us joy we little——"

She stopped suddenly, for a step sounded on the stairs, and the next minute Dr. Harrington stood in the doorway. The stern calmness of his face melted into yearning love as he bent over his little daughter, and tenderly stroked her tangled curls; but when he met the vacant gaze of the blue eyes, and heard the muttered wandering words, he flinched as though in pain, and, with a long, low sigh, turned away.

Margaret followed him, and Audrey was left to watch alone in the dimly-lighted chamber. She moved the taper yet farther into the shadow, smoothed the tumbled coverlet, and then sat with folded hands, wrapt in thought. Not for long. The little one stirred and half arose, and as Audrey gently laid her down, the small fingers clasped hers with a soft murmuring sound, and the eyelids closed, as though even then the child knew that caressing hand, and was soothed.

When, an hour later, Margaret came back, Audrey was kneeling on the floor, close beside the pillow, softly singing some nursery lullaby. She made a sign of silence, and pointed to the bed where the little girl lay calmly sleeping, her flushed cheek resting on her hand. Then, pushing back her own drooping locks, she rose and moved to Margaret's side. For an instant, they stood—the old woman and the young girl—hand in hand, looking into each other's eyes. Then Audrey whispered—

"Remember, it will be before midnight;" and, ere Margaret could reply, the baize door had closed, and her young mistress was groping her way through the dark, silent house to the room below.

The time had been when the house, so sombre now, was full of happy, active life; when her father came home each evening with a joyous face to play with his children in the dark old rooms, and when she used to sit at her mother's feet, and look up into a beautiful face that looked back lovingly into hers. Dimly, vague, but, oh! how sweetly, those times came back her! But then her thoughts passed on to other days; when the smiling eyes began to sparkle with anger, and her father's brow grew dark; and, instead of the merry games of yore, she was often bidden to lead the younger children away, that they might not hear what passed between their parents; and then—since that summer evening, seven years ago—when the little girl coming home from a distant visit, found her Aunt Hester waiting for her in the hall, and learnt from her pale lips that she might go to her father, but must never speak to him of her mother; since that evening, she had not once breathed that mother's name.

So the years passed on, bringing no change to that home till sickness entered it, and the dull stillness turned to terrible anxiety. Was it this anxiety that made Audrey's cheeks so white—her eyes so piteous now? Her hands were tightly clasped, and she shivered as if in fear, when a dark figure halted for a moment at the gate, and then flitted on along the moonlit street. With a hasty movement she drew the curtain to, and came back to the hearth. An open book still lay on her father's knee, but his eyes were not following the words. As she leant over the back of his chair, the red firelight shone full on the two faces so close together, so strangely unlike; the one furrowed with years of toil and grief, the other young and fair; yet the young, fair face was the more troubled of the two.

The father's eyes rested on it lovingly. "Darling, you are wan and weary, and need rest."

"I cannot go yet, father. It is New Year's Eve; let us wait together to see the new year in, and I will tell you, meanwhile, about that poor woman at the mill, who is coming to nurse our Lily."

"Have you seen her again?"

"Yes, I went this morning; and she is ready. She longs to be here, for she loves to help and comfort those who are in trouble."

Dr. Harrington bent forward and glanced into his daughter's face. He had almost fancied she was crying; but there were no tears in the mournful brown eyes, gazing so fixedly at the leaping flames, and he leant back silently and listened.

"She told me her story to-day, father; may I tell it to you now, as we sit here?"

"If you will my child."

"It would have grieved your heart to see her, with her hand upon her brow, and weeping as she spoke. Ah! it was such a sad tale! She had been married when she was a girl, as young as I am now, to a man she dearly loved. They were so happy, they two together, in their home! and then children were born to them, and though her husband had to labour early and late to feed and clothe them, yet still they were happy—happier than ever in their children and each other. And when one—their first-born—fell ill, and died, and they wept together over him, then in their bitter grief they turned to one another and were comforted."

Audrey stopped, for her father laid his hand on hers, and asked, abruptly, "What is this woman's name? I have forgotten."

"Her name is Hall, and she comes from far away in the west country."

"Why is she here?"

"She wanted to see a sick friend, and she is staying at the mill, but soon she must go back to her lonely cottage."

"Tell me the rest."

"So they lived she and her husband, until there came, in some sad way, a cloud between them—a cloud, so thin and light at first, that they themselves scarce knew that it was there; but yet it grew and grew, until the old love died. She says the blame was hers; that she was wilful, and would not bear rebuke, and so she angered him. And one day—she had vexed him sorely, and he had much to bear just then—he upbraided her so sternly, that she, stung by his bitter words, sprang up, and said that she would live with him no longer, but would go home to her father's house. And she did go; and from that hour her husband closed his doors and steeled his heart against her.

"But the time came, and quickly, too, when this poor woman would have given years of life to stand once more by her husband's side, and to see her children's faces. But her proud spirit held her back until it was too late, until she dared not come. Yet she yearned for them, ever more and more. She yearns still, in vain, for she knows not what to do. Father, tell me what can she do?"

"Why do you ask me? How can I help her?"

The cold stern bitterness of those words seemed to chill the young girl to the very soul. Her head drooped, and for a long, long while there was perfect stillness in the room. At last Audrey glanced up wearily at the great eight-day clock.

Her father's eyes followed hers, and he spoke in a changed and softened tone—

"Ay, it is close on midnight, and long before we are asleep the new year will have begun. Come, Audrey, if I have seemed harsh, 'tis not with you, my girl, but with those who have brought grief and care on hearts as innocent as yours. Let us go."

She lingered no longer. Silently and passively, as though in a dream, she let him put his arm around her and lead her away; only, as they mounted the stairs, she looked up into his face. "You will give Lily a last kiss?"

"Yes, I am going to her now." And so they went slowly, side by side, through the long echoing passages to the door of Lily's room. There Dr. Harrington stopped, and laid his hand on Audrey's shoulder. "One word more. Do not bring that new nurse here till—till I have thought further on it."

And then he turned the handle, and went in. But the new nurse was there already, sitting close by Lily's bed, with the child's head lying on her breast, the child's golden curls mingling with her loose dark tresses. She lifted up a face, beautiful still, though wet with tears, haggard with grief, softly laid the child down, and arose.

"Robert! husband!"

He took no heed of that imploring cry. With a blanched face, flashing eyes, he turned fiercely on his daughter—

"Audrey have you dared——" and he would have passed her and gone out, but she stood in his way, trembling indeed, but steadfast in her deep love, her earnest purpose.

"Father, the blame is mine—have pity on us both."

"Had she any pity on me? I was patient. Though she slighted my wishes, despised my authority, yet I bore with her, for she was very dear to me; till at last, when her own proud spirit had goaded me to anger, she left me! She left me, and from that day she has been dead to me, head to you; and if she asks to come under my roof, and to take her old place once again, I have but one word to say—*Never!*"

It rang through the room, that hard, cruel word, and the wife shrank almost as though she had been struck.

"I will go!" she said, humbly. "I ought not to have come; but how could I help it, when they told me that my child might die? Let me only look at her once more before I go;" and she moved back to the bedside.

The little one lay with parted lips, still asleep; but as the mother bent down, one of the small round arms was unconsciously raised until it touched her neck. She did not move it. She only drew the child closer, kissing her lips and brow with passionate, hungry fondness.

And the father stood, and watched with unmoved face, speaking no word; and Audrey too watched, as though stunned, till suddenly she started, and going up to her father, caught his arm. "Can you do it?"

"I can! I will!" and he tried with his shaking hands to unloose her clasp.

"Oh, I had thought, if all else failed, that *this* must move you. Think of it! Our Lily may die. If you part them now, they may never meet again," and her face, her voice, were full of anguish.

Yet still he answered, "Let it be so. What has she ever done that you should plead for her?"

She clung closer, she laid her head upon his shoulder, and spoke in a low, hopeless voice—

"Father, I am young, and yet my life has been full of sad memories, and I am very weary-hearted. *She* was the cause, and only she could have blotted out the past and made me bright and happy once again. You do not know how I pined for her, when I thought she was lying in her grave; but now—it will almost kill me if you send my mother from me now!"

He looked into her despairing eyes. He thought of her girlhood, so unlike that of other girls, and, all at once, his stern composure gave way, his strong frame was convulsed with sobs. Other sobs mingled with his, other arms than Audrey's clung around him, and he did not unclasp them.

"For the sake of the old love—for your sake, my poor Audrey," he murmured, and with those words drew his long-lost wife to his breast, and held her there.

Long they had stood—how long none knew—when through the still air came a glad peal of bells. The happy new year had begun. Then Dr. Harrington lifted his head and spoke tenderly and almost solemnly—

"Let us go and sit down beside our child, and talk no longer of the past, but of the coming years."

And Audrey left them together, and stole softly away to the window. There, below her, bathed in the silvery moonlight, lay the quiet street, and the grey walls of the old school-buildings; while, far away, the tall spires of the cathedral rose high above the gabled roofs. How many a night, now gone forever, she had gazed with a lonely aching heart on that familiar scene! And still the bells rang on, and she lingered listening. Her hard task was done; the new year had come laden with hope and joy, and her thankful tears dropped bright and fast as she looked back into the room and saw her father's grey head, and close beside it the sweet face, that for seven long years she had seen only in her dreams.

Good Friday called Long-rope Day.—At Brighton on this day the children in the back streets bring up some ropes from the beach. One stands on the pavement on one side, and one on the other, while one skips in the middle of the street. Sometimes a pair, a boy and a girl, skip together, and sometimes a great, fat bathing-woman will take her place, and skip merrily. They call the day "Long-rope Day."

Plastic Slate.—Alluding to the application of plastic slate to render woodwork fireproof, a writer in the American *Petroleum Standard* states that the slate is better if mixed for some time before it is used, and observes that it may be conveniently made in old kerosene (petroleum oil) barrels, which are strong, and can be bought second-hand very cheaply. A specimen from a burned building was exhibited to the Farmers' Club, which, although exposed to the full action of the fire, was neither consumed, charred, nor weakened.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHIGAL REBUS.

A town in Mexico; a town in Australia; a Russian port; a town in Hindoostan; a town in Spain; a town in Ireland; a town in France; a town in Prussia; a port in Scotland; a town in Italy; and a town in Bulgaria. The *initials*, read forwards, will give the name of a celebrated battle; and the *finals* read backwards, will give the name of the defeated king.

ENIGMA.

Where the mist rides through the vallies,
Where the moon from cloud-cave sallies.
Where the sportive sun-beam dallies,
Ever I am found.

Where mountain summits hoary,
Pierce the sky with boldest glory;
Where the brooklet tells its story
Running o'er the ground.

Where the yule-log burns so brightly,
Where the young feet bound so lightly.
In the lamp lit parlour nightly.
I am brighest there.

Brighest—by the fireside smiling;
Sweetest—sorrows tears beguiling;
Saddest—life's drear woes reviling,
When they're hard to bear.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a term used in music; beheaded. I am a musical instrument, behead and transposed, I am of equal value.

2. Whole I am a kind of weight; beheaded, I become an animal; once more behead, and I become a preposition.

3. Whole I am found in the sea; behead me, and I become sound; now transposed, I am a female name.

CHARADES.

1 Of all sorts and sizes my *first* may be seen.
And varied its colour, too—red, black and green.
My *second* you'll see on an early spring morn
In the fields, e'er the sun dries the dew on the corn
'Tis found in the garden, and on the sea-shore,
And anglers for fishing lay up a store;
A student for knowledge, is really athirst,
My *whole* he is called, if he pores o'er my *first*.

2. I am composed of 20 letters.
My 4, 19, 17, 15, 9. is a river in France.
My 3, 5, 7, 14, is a city in Peru.
My 11, 19, 7, 9, is a city in Italy.
My 4, 12, 19, 10, 18, is a city in France.
My 1, 6, 4, 9, 18, is a country in Europe.
My 2, 19, 1, 14, is one of the United States,
My 8, 19, 16, 20, is a cape near Patagonia.
My 16, 13, 2, 10, 9, is a river in Germany.
My whole was one of the Presidents of the United States.

EMMA B.

ANAGRAM.

Teh mrongin Lrka, het grésemsen fo Dya,
Sudleat ni ehr nsgo eth mginnor ragy,
Nda oson eht snu esrao twhi mseab os tbgrih
Taht lal ht' erahior audlg'h ot ese het yojsou gtl is,
Eh twhi sih ipdot ayrs het Roos wrenso
Dan slick hte poordign vscale nad irdes eth sewd.

EMMA B.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A workman was engaged for 60 days at 80c. per day with an allowance of 10cts. per day for refreshments, on the understanding that every day he absented himsef he should forfiot 50cts. At the end of 60 he was paid $48.; how many days was he absent?

ANSWERS TO REBUS &c.

Rebus.—Craven-raven-Nova-Eva-ve.

Puzzle.— Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem

Anagrams.—1. Charles Kingsley; 2. John Stuart Mill; 3. Robert Browning; 4. Thomas Carlyle; 5. Lord Henry Brougham; 6. Douglas Jerrold.

Charades.—1. Man-sion; 2. Toothache; 3. Heligoland.

Acrostic.—Bismarck—1. Britain; 2. Illinois; 3. Satin; 4. Minerva; 5. Acoustics; 6. Raphael; 7. Kepler.

Arithmorem.—Jacob Snider—1. Javelin; 2. Ammoniac; 3. Crocodile; 4. Osier; 5. Belle; 6. Sceptic; 7. Ward; 8. Ireland; 9. Deuteronomy; 10. Epithalamium; 11. Rix-dollar.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rebus.—Bericus, Polly, Niagara, H. H. V., gus, Geo. B., Violet.

Puzzle.—Polly, Geo. B., Violet, Bericus, Ar-Camp, Whitby.

Anagrams.—All.—Bericus, H. H. V., Niagara, 1st. 4th. 5th. and 6th. Ellen B., Argus, 4th. & 6th. Camp, Whitby, X. Y.

Charades.—All—Bericus, Ellen B., Argus, H. H. V. 1st & 3rd., Polly, Niagara, 3rd. Eniton.

Acrostic.—Niagara, Beribus, Argus. H. H. V.

Arithmorem.—Bericus, Argus, Niagara, Ellen B., Whitby.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

A. L.—The *Edinburgh Review* was started in October, 1802, by a knot of young men living in the metropolis of Scotland, the principal of whom were Francis Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, F. Horner, and Henry Brougham. Of the first number 750 copies were printed, but the demand far exceeded this limited supply, and several editions followed. In 1808 the circulation had risen to about 9000, and in 1813 from 12,000 to 13,000 copies were printed. The pay of contributors was at first ten guineas a sheet, but shortly after the minimum was raised to sixteen guineas. During the reign of Jeffrey the average payment for articles was from twenty to twenty-five guineas per sheet. The most brilliant contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, since the period of Jeffrey, was the late Lord Macaulay.

Vox.—Not without merit, but scarcely up to publication standard.

W. R. T.—Try the receipt under the head of "Scientific and Useful" in our present number.

Alfred J.—"*Caedh mille featha*"—the translation is "A hundred thousand welcomes.

Mary.—Beethoven was born at Bonn, in the year 1770.

A Subscriber.—Eggs may be dyed rose colour by boiling them for about an hour folded up in scarlet cloth; blue, by first boiling them in water containing yellow prussiate of potash, and then dipping them in a cold solution of green vitriol. red, by boiling them in a decoction of logwood; yellow, turmeric, in water. Patterns may be produced by drawing the design with a grease crayon, then using the dye-bath.

Isoline.—We are sorry our correspondent thought fit to forward the verses entitled "How to make a Waterfall" as original. It is possible that we might have been deceived, had we not read them some time since in a New Brunswick newspaper.

Garter.—In our next.

P. E. D.—The lines are touching, but we do not think they will bear publication.

Alpha.—Get some competent person to give an opinion on it before you proceed any farther with it.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Magnetism has the power of protecting iron from corrosion; and by this method the rails in use on railways are protected from rust.

It has recently been discovered in France that sulphuret of carbon is the best solvent of the essential oils of flowers. The sulphuret penetrates into the substance of the petals, expels the water, and, when charged sufficiently with the essential oil, is evaporated.

To Keep Bread Moist.—Put about two inches of water in the bottom of a bread-pan which has a cover, and fit into the pan, just above the water, a board pierced with holes, on which the bread is to be placed, so as to prevent either the board or the bread from touching the water. Then put on the lid of the pan.

To Clean Gold Chains.—Put the chain into a small glass bottle, with warm water or eau-de-cologne, a little camphorated, chalk (tooth-powder), and scrape in some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern. On taking it out of the bottle rinse it in clear cold water, wipe it with a towel, and when all damp has been allowed to evaporate, the polish will be brilliant.

Wheat has been subjected to cold of 100 degrees below zero, and to a temperature of 210 degrees above zero, without destroying its germinating properties.

Preservation of Leather.—The following preparation, if applied occasionally to the upper leather of boots or shoes, will soften it, and prevent it from cracking:—Neat's-foot oil, one quart; bees-wax, cut small, one ounce; oil of tar half a pound. After simmering the oil and wax a little in a pipkin, the oil of tar must be added, and after a gentle simmering again for a few minuets, stirring it the whole time with a stick, the mixture will be finished.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. N. C.—Your solutions to Problems, Nos 64 and 65 are correct; they were handed in too late for earlier acknowledgment.

J R; M B, Hamilton, C W—Thanks for the enclosure, which shall have our early attention Your solutions to Problems, Nos. 65 and 66 are correct.

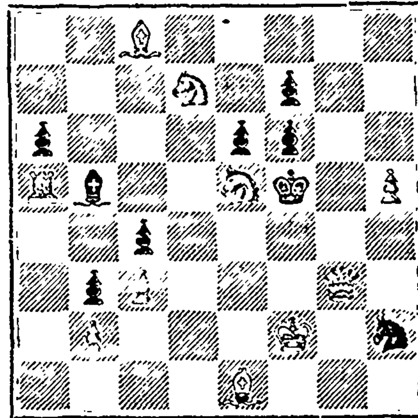
Geo E Carpenter, Tarrytown, N. Y.—Much obliged for your kindness That 4 pounder appears to be O K now.

G. G. St. Catharines, C.W.—You have not been forgotten.

PROBLEM, No 68.

By E H. Courtenay, Washington, D. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 66.

White.	Black.
1 Q to Q B 4 (ch.)	B takes Q.
2 P takes B	B moves.
3 B takes R Mate.	

Game played in the pending tournament at the Westminster Chess Club, between two of the players in the first class, Messrs. Minchin and Belaieff.

Petroff's Defence.

White, (*Mr. Minchin.*)	Black, (*Mr. Belaieff.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 K Kt to B 3.	2 K Kt to B 3.
3 Kt takes K P.	3 P to Q 3.
4 K Kt to B 3.	4 Kt takes K P.
5 P to Q 4.	5 K B to K 2.
6 B to Q 3.	6 P to K B 4.
7 Castles.	7 Castles.
8 P to Q B 4.	8 B to K B 3 (a.)
9 Q Kt to B 3.	9 Kt to K Kt 4.
10 Kt takes Kt.	10 B takes Kt.
11 B takes B.	11 Q takes B.
12 P to K B 4.	12 Q to K B 3.
13 B to Q B 2.	13 Kt to Q B 3.
14 P to Q 5.	14 Kt to K 2.
15 Kt to Q Kt 5.	15 B to Q .
16 Kt takes Q B P.	16 R to Q B sq.
17 Kt to K 6.	17 B takes Kt.
18 P takes B.	18 Q takes P.
19 R to K sq.	19 Q to K B 3.
20 Q to K 2.	20 Kt to Kt 3.
21 P to K Kt 3.	21 Q R to K sq.
22 Q takes R.	22 R takes Q.
23 R takes R (ch.)	23 K to B 2.
24 Q R to K sq.	24 Q takes Q Kt P.
25 B to Q Kt 3.	25 Q to Q 5 (ch.)
26 K to Kt 2.	26 Q to Q B 4.
27 K R to K 6.	27 Q to Q B 3 (ch)
28 K to R 3 (*b.*)	28 Q to K B 6 (c.)
29 R takes Kt.	29 K takes R.
30 B to Q sq.	30 Q to K B 7.
31 R to K 6 (ch.)	31 K to B 2.
32 R takes P.	32 K to K 2.
33 R to Q 5.	33 P to K R 3.
34 B to Q Kt 3.	34 P to K Kt 4.
35 R takes B P.	35 K to K 3.
36 R to K 5 (ch.)	36 K to B 3.
37 P to Q B 5 (*d.*)	

And Black mates in three moves.

(*a*) The opening is managed with no little ingenuity and originality on Black's part.

(*b*) A very dangerous step to take.

(*c*) Well played, and terribly threatening.

(*d*) A hasty move, but so pretty and insidious a mate might well escape observation.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Taking a Drain.—Jumping a ditch.

Pugilistic Photographs.—Striking likenesses.

The only Plot in which there is no Mystery—A plot of grass.

The most Productive Grounds ever Known.

Question for the Humane Society.—What degree of relationship exists between the Cove of Cork and a life-buoy?

An important Legal, Moral, and Social Question —Is the being tender to another man's sweetheart a "legal tender?"

Head *v.* Stomach.—The question why printers do not succeed so well as brewers, was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains."

Contraries.—People say they shell pease when they unshell them; that they husk cornwhen they unhusk it; that they dust their furniture when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf when they unskin it; and that they scale fishes when they unscale them. Many men say they are going to weed their gardens, when their gardens are weedy enough already.

Two young American ladies were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit?" said the other; "yes, as if I'd been melted and poured in."

A man down East, describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with—"They even fight with daggers in a room pitch dark." Is it possible?" was the reply. "Possible, sir!" returned the Yankee; "why, I've seen them."

When does a clock resemble a discontented workman?—When it strikes.

A Philadelphian is disgusted with Rome because "it's so plaguey full of ruins, there's nothing else to see."

"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet-hole in it. "Look at that hole will you? You see that if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright."

On some American Railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A conductor being asked why they locked the stove, replied, that "it was to prevent the fire from going out."

A laughable incident occurred at the depôt in Savannah, Georgia. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of shell oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and never having seen oysters before, were somewhat surprised at the appearance of the bivalves. "Where he mouf?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How um eat! Golly! I think am nothing 'cept gum. Yah! yah! he continued, laughing at his wit. "I spec sum white man tink nigger a fool when he call that ister." Just then he eyed an open oyster, and seizing it, he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with the examination, he placed it to his nose; but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells, than they closed. Nigger howled with pain, and called out, "Pull um off! pull um off!" But the more the oyster was pulled the more he would not let go, and as poor Cuffee danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful. "Hit um wid a stick," suggested a buxom wench; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will; but Cuffee's head went with it. "Pinch his tail," cried a little nig, "and he sure to let go!" But there was no tail to pinch, and poor Cuffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster fore ver. At this moment an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife, and with it soon severed the oyster. Cuffee looked at the shells with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark, "Um got no teeth, but he gum is powerful!"