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ILLUSTRATED SATURDAY EVENING READER

Vol. III.—No. 55.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.



C. J. BRYDGES, ESQ.

THE history of the lives of men whose influence is stamped upon the age they live in must possess more than a passing interest; and we have much pleasure in complying with a desire, very generally expressed, that we should give a synopsis of the life of one whose public services have had so great an influence in the advancement and prosperity of our country.

Mr. Brydges was born near London, England, in February 1827, and is therefore little over thirty-nine years of age. Before he had reached his second year, his father died; and his mother left thus alone with her boy, applied herself to the task of his early training with diligence and more than ordinary success. Ere he had completed his eighth year, however, she too was called away, and he was left alone, to work out his own fate. He remained at a private academy until he was fifteen years of age, when he went into a merchant's office—which occupa-

tion, however, he very soon changed, and became Junior clerk in one of the offices of the London and South Western Railway.

During the ten years which he spent in the service of this Company—years of close persevering labor, and unflinching application—relieved occasionally by promotion or change—he acquired that comprehensive knowledge of Railway management, which has since proved of such vast importance, both to himself, and the country in which he has cast his fortunes. Having arrived at the position of Assistant Secretary, and seeing no prospect of further immediate advancement, he determined to make a change, and succeeded in obtaining the appointment of General Manager of the Great Western Railway of Canada.

From this point his interest in things Canadian may be said to have begun. He arrived in Canada in January, 1853, and, in these thirteen

years, has effected as much probably for the material prosperity of our country as any other public man living.

In 1861, Mr. Brydges held for a short time the position of Managing Director of both the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways. The idea of the amalgamation of these two roads was at that time being considered by the different companies; but after considerable discussion, the negotiations were brought to a close, without amalgamation having been effected. Mr. Brydges then resigned his position in the Great Western Railway, to accept the post of Managing Director of the Grand Trunk.

The manner in which he has filled this influential and important position, is well known. At that time—whether rightly or wrongly—the Grand Trunk Railway had lost favour. The press teemed with denunciations of its sinfulness; and the journalist who then considered it a

harmless, perchance a useful institution, and who, in the face of indignant public opinion, dared to assert so monstrous a proposition, was a vile corruptionist, and utterly unworthy of public confidence. It is evident, therefore, that a man of no ordinary talents was required to bring the road nearer to the standard demanded by the people. This man was C. J. Brydges. The task of re-organizing departments was inaugurated by him immediately on his taking possession, and very shortly a more efficient, prompt, and energetic spirit began to prevail.

After four years of hard work and persevering labour—requiring, too, no small share of diplomacy—Mr. Brydges has succeeded in securing for the Grand Trunk Railway a reputation higher, to say the least of it, than it ever previously enjoyed. Newspaper correspondents have asserted that his influence with “the powers that be” is greater than is necessary for the ordinary management of the railway. However this may be, the fact is apparent to every mind, that to the energy and ability of this gentleman the people of Canada are indebted for largely increased facilities for the display of that commercial activity which is the life of a nation. The great field now opening, in the Confederation of the Provinces of British North America, gives a grand opportunity for the display of railway enterprise and genius. Mr. Brydges has already identified himself with this movement, and will, no doubt, play a prominent part in the programme of action.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

Original contributions, coming within the scope of this Journal, are invited from Canadian Authors. Articles when used will be paid for.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

NEVER since the time of the first French revolution has the world been in such a perturbed state as it is at present, notwithstanding that no great wars are, for the moment, raging. It is true that the wants of Italy have been satisfied by the acquisition of Venetia, and that the long cravings of Germany for a united Fatherland have been partially gratified by the incorporation of several of the minor German States with Prussia and her federal supremacy over others; but even if those countries were fully contented with their gains in the recent struggle with Austria, there are signs throughout the rest of Europe of coming troubles and changes. To begin at the South, Spain is evidently on the eve of one of her periodical outbreaks, which will probably result in the expulsion of the last of the Bourbons from the last of the thrones filled by that once numerous and powerful race, and the not improbable union of the Peninsula under the King of Portugal. Such an event would be highly desirable, perhaps for Portugal, certainly for Spain, for her princes retain nothing of the qualities which they once possessed, except their weaknesses and vices. The Spanish Bourbons of recent days exhibit all the bigotry of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, without the strong will and deep policy which characterized these monarchs, and which imparted a dignity to their faults and even their crimes. These Spanish Bourbons are plainly doomed, and their subjects, degraded as they are, cannot much longer submit to the rule of beings so abject as they have become. We doubt, however, if the Portuguese will be persuaded that they shall be benefited by a union with their more numerous neighbours, though both nations would thereby acquire a position which they cannot obtain singly. But be that as it may, Spain is apparently on the threshold of a revolution, which may break out at any moment. Of France we need not say much; all the world is intimate with the affairs of that country; but if Louis Napoleon has not seen his best days,

we are widely out of our reckoning. His German policy, and his Mexican policy, have placed him in the situation of a baffled trickster, and if he does not effect something to retrieve his character, he will fall back to the place in public estimation which he held after his absurd displays at Strasbourg and Boulogne, when he made himself the laughing stock of Europe. To free himself from the ridicule which attached to him from these escapades, he massacred the Parisians in 1850. He may attempt something of the same kind now; but if so, it will likely be at the expense of foreigners—the Prussians, it may be, when his army is supplied with breech-loaders; or it may be the Americans, in revenge for their interference with his Mexican schemes. It is not impossible that Mr. Kinglake, in his history of the war of the Crimea, has truly estimated Napoleon's character, and that his talents have been much overrated. It is easy for a man, filling the throne of France, to acquire a high reputation for ability, with the genius and knowledge of the entire nation at his service; and it is certain that neither the acts nor the writings of Napoleon indicated an intellect of anything approaching to the first order of minds, prior to his elevation to power. Even his *Life of Cæsar*, admitting that it is all of his own composition, cannot be ranked as a great work. We do not mean to say that the French Emperor might not be a great statesman without being a great writer. Cardinal Richelieu's poetry was execrable; Frederick of Prussia's was worse, and his prose was generally very indifferent, when it was not thoroughly bad. But we repeat that a man at the head of the French nation may gain, without deserving it, a high name—and lose it. Louis Philippe, during the first half of his reign, was considered the wisest prince in Christendom—the “modern Ulysses, the Napoleon of Peace;” and we know in which light he was regarded, when, disguised as Mr. Smith, he fled from Paris to find refuge in England. The intellect and pride of France are assumed of, and becoming disgusted with the place the grand nation holds among free countries; and we are satisfied that his *prestige* once gone, he cannot long retain his crown. But who and what shall succeed him and the empire? The Republic is viewed with dread by a vast majority of the people, and the name and fame of the first Napoleon have supplanted those of the Bourbons so completely that if there is to be a monarchy at all, the monarch must be of his family. We imagine that the true way to secure power at home and good government would be by the Liberals, the Royalists, and the Orleanists accepting the Bonaparte family as the destined rulers of France, and by the Emperor establishing the political institutions of the country on a sound constitutional basis. But at present there is slight hope of such a consummation.

The period is now at hand when Italy shall have to test her qualifications for freedom and self-government. Internal discord and strife have been her curse for centuries, and her subjection to foreign rule and ascendancy has been the natural result. If a real love of unity be cherished by the people and their leaders, now that they have at last driven forth the stranger from the land, and broken his yoke, Italy might soon take her proper place among the nations. We doubt, however, if the soft denizens of the southern portions of the kingdom will willingly undertake the rough labours which render a country prosperous, or exchange their long habits of indulgence for those by which alone liberty can be guarded after it has been obtained. The question of the Poppedom is one upon which we must refrain from expressing an opinion, further than stating our convictions that it would be unwise in Victor Emanuel to make Rome the capital of his dominions. The most glorious incidents of Roman history and tradition are republican, and his object is to found a kingdom. Rome might be a fit capital for a state such as is contemplated by Mazzini, but not for that desired by the King of Italy.

Notwithstanding her great acquisition of territory, power and influence, we doubt if the position of Prussia is still safe. Her neighbours

regard her increase of strength with jealousy. France, as the first military nation of the continent, sees in her a rival; Russia is aware that the seaports she will now possess may eventually render her mistress of the Baltic, and besides that, the union of Germany may in the end lead to the liberation of Poland, a contingency far from unlikely; Austria, of course, hates and fears Prussia, and will be anxious to blot out the disgrace which has fallen on her arms, and to recover the losses she has suffered in Germany, if not in Italy. Such, then, being the state of affairs, it is no exaggeration to say that seldom has the condition of the European world been so menacing; and yet we have not enumerated a tithe of the signs of the times. Nor are events on the American continent of a more cheering aspect. But the space at our disposal will not permit of our continuing the subject.

We regret to be obliged to issue the *READER* this week without the cut for “The Lion in the Path.” Owing to the negligence of our London Agent it has failed to reach us in time.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, August 23, 1866.

I hope and believe, Mr. Editor, that your readers are disposed to be charitable towards a poor correspondent who is hard up for a topic. My business is to record events; but if events will not transpire, what then? Why then “Othello's occupation's gone.” I know what my friends who sub-edit our English journals do under such circumstances. They fall back upon gigantic cauliflowers, calves with six legs, “three children at a birth,” and other pleasant and unpleasant natural vagaries. I have been looking during this week over all “this broad realm of England,” not to mention Scotland and Ireland, in the hope of finding matter of a similar calibre, but without much success. Therefore it is that I have gone across the channel to France, the Beautiful, for a topic or two which may be of interest to your readers.

We were getting thoroughly alarmed the other day about the Emperor. He was reported to be seriously ill, and suffering from I know not what combination of diseases, the issue of which was doubtful; assuming the truth of this as we did, there was cause for alarm. Heaven only knows, in the present condition of European politics what would be the result, if the wise head and strong hand now presiding over France were removed. If the dynasty survived the shock, there would of course, be a Regency, with Prince Napoleon as its inspirer, and he, I need not say, is a man of strong feelings with little discretion. Happily the report turned out to be exaggerated. The Emperor has been ill, doubtless, but not to the extent supposed.

You will have heard by the time this reaches you, of the fearful accident which threw a shadow upon the glories of the Emperor's fête at Paris. Imagine what it must have been to take part in the terrible struggle for life on that fatal bridge; I doubt, though, if any one can imagine it who has not been unfortunate enough to get into somewhat similar circumstances. For my own part I have yet a most vivid recollection of my sensations on the night of the Prince of Wales' wedding, when all London turned out to see the illuminations, and no inconsiderable section, myself forming part, got hopelessly wedged in the chief thorough-fares. Shall I ever forget forcing my way through the narrow street connecting the Mansion House with Cheapside, where so awful was the pressure that I well nigh gave myself up for lost, a fate which did actually fall upon more than one or two. I can sympathise a little, therefore, with the poor creatures on the Pont de la Concorde, who came to so hapless an end.

While on French topics I may as well mention that a remarkable “exhibition of all nations,” or rather of as many as chose to avail themselves of it, is now open at Boulogne. It concerns itself entirely with fish and fisheries, everything shown having some relation to the finny tribe or

the industry which prospers by their destruction. I regret to hear that England makes but a poor display, while that of Holland, Norway, and of course, France, is very fine and complete. The idea of a fisheries' exhibition ought not to be lost upon the maritime provinces of North America, which may have a good deal to teach and a good deal to learn in connection with it.

Now I must perforce come back to England, and do the best I can with my scanty materials. Our Queen has left her marine residence in the Isle of Wight, and is now at Windsor for a day or two preparatory to setting out for her Highland home. At Windsor she is to receive the only address of congratulation on the occasion of Princess Helena's marriage I have yet heard of. I need not tell you that, on previous occasions the number of these has been legion. The difference is easily accounted for. People will persist in believing that the match was not a suitable one in many respects, and as on family matters the English have very strong feelings, they obstinately decline to get up the slightest enthusiasm. The case of Windsor is an exceptional one; for the Mayor and corporation of that town being mostly castle tradesmen they have no alternative. The Prince and Princess of Wales are still in the North recruiting their energies after the labours of the season, labours which by the bye, are by no means light, for these two young people are expected to patrol almost everything and everybody.

The cholera, so far as London is concerned, continues to decrease in its intensity. The deaths for the past three weeks have been 1,053-781, and 455 respectively, so that we may fairly congratulate ourselves on the coming of better days. The number of fatal cases on Monday was 70, and on Tuesday 51. I am sorry to say however, that in Liverpool the disease continues steadily to increase. The deaths in that town during the last seven weeks have been as follows, 4, 19, 45, 87, 101, 126, 157. This looks bad, and the Liverpoolians will have to exert themselves after a more energetic fashion. I offer no apology for drawing attention to a feature in the London epidemic which must be deeply interesting wherever cholera can come. Among the water companies of the metropolis there is one called the East London, which draws its supply from the small river Lea, at a point where it is presumed to be tolerably pure. After being filtered the water is conveyed along the bank of the river through a part of its course, where, being surrounded by a dense population, and manufactories of all sorts, it positively reeks with filth. Wherever that water has been consumed there has come the cholera. Let these statistics, taken from the latest return of the Registrar General speak for themselves. Of the districts not supplied by the East London Company the mortality exceeded the average by 1 in 1000, in the West; by 3 in 1000 in the South (a notoriously poor neighbourhood) and by 1 in 1000 in the North and Central. But now let us look at the East where the fatal water has been consumed; there the mortality from cholera varied in the different parishes from 39 up to 80 per 1000. Well may the Registrar say, after drawing attention to these significant facts: "This great lesson should be taken to heart by every water company, and every community in the kingdom; unclean water cannot be consumed with impunity; its consumption is the sin of which cholera is the punishment."

Turning from this topic to one scarcely more inviting, I may say that Mr. John Edward Eyre of Jamaica notoriety has just arrived in England, and was feasted on Tuesday night at Southampton, by the Mayor, three or four peers, a clergyman or two, and a miscellaneous following. Among the clergymen was the Rev. Charles Kingsley, whose novels are a good deal better than his logic, if his speech be fairly reported. As the apostle of muscular Christianity he of course eulogised Mr. Eyre's "pluck" in walking 700 miles round the Gulf of Carpentaria, then he said that a brother of his had, before the Jamaica troubles, shown the world what manner of man this Mr. Eyre was, and concluded by hoping he would be elevated to the Peerage; all which had little to do with Morant Bay, and its

wholesale executions. While this was taking place two thousand people were passing resolutions in the same town expressing their "abhorrence" of both Mr. Eyre and his doings. I hear there is every probability of the Jamaica committee prosecuting the ex-governor for murder.

I have nothing to tell you this week about our Fenian friends, save that another of their magazines has been discovered by accident near Limerick. By the way I may mention that a letter has appeared in the papers from the wife of one of the convicted leaders, who had an interview with her husband at Portland prison. That letter ought to serve as an effectual scare-crow. If you give your captured specimens of the order as hard a life of it as O'Donovan has they will rue the day when they set their faces Canada-wards.

Our narrow seas have been the scene of some disgraceful and fatal collisions lately, which ought to have been avoided. It is not so long since a Dover and Calais steamboat was smashed by an American barque, and some lives lost. Then an English man of war on her first voyage must needs run into a Dublin steamer to the destruction of both vessels and still more lives. Now it is a screw collier and a Hull boat that tilt against one another on a beautiful still moonlight night, the latter going to the bottom and taking with her some twenty poor souls who were asleep in their berths. Somebody ought to be punished for this, but as a rule the enquiries result in every body being more or less white-washed, and so recklessness or bad seamanship goes on unchecked.

While I was writing to you last Thursday about the state of the money market, the Bank Directors were deciding to reduce the rate of discount to 8 per cent. On the fact being announced there was a universal feeling of relief, and the grave business-like city men actually broke forth into cheers. How much they were moved those who know them can infer.

What to do with our London poor is the great question at present. We keep turning them out of their miserable homes to make room for railways or improvements of some kind, but the unfortunates have nowhere to go when they are turned out. The consequence for some time past has been that overcrowding has reached an extent absolutely fearful. But now to complicate matters Parliament has passed a law authorising the local authorities to prosecute where more persons are lodged than is consistent with safety, so the people are placed between two fires, and they go to the police courts pathetically asking the magistrates "what they are to do?" As a rule the magistrates cannot tell them, for the problem is a puzzler in social economy not easily solved. It must however, be solved somehow, either by emigration or other effectual means.

Did I not complain to you a fortnight ago of Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems? So decidedly was my opinion that of the public at large, that the book has been withdrawn from circulation, not, however, before it has had time to mar a fair and rising reputation.

Our Irish friends have now got a real live Cardinal all to themselves. Naturally enough they make much of him. Cardinal Cullen arrived in Dublin from Rome the other day, and has held his first *levée* as a prince of the church in that city. His Eminence seems to have been welcomed home both by Catholics and Protestants, since some of the latter attended on the occasion.

I have positively no small talk for those of your readers who like it. This London is a great desert so far as that is concerned; all the talkers are gone, and have left only the workers. But patience; in a few weeks, as the days get short, and the tints of autumn appear on the trees, the wanderers will come back, London will be itself again, and there will not be space for half that may be said concerning the men and things of the world's metropolis.

Coat.—A scabbard that offers no guarantee for the blade it sheathes.

Poetry.—The aroma of truth.

QUID EST VERITAS ?

I.

SAYS Pilate (in the Latin Legend) "Quid Est Veritas?" "Est Vir Qui adest." Christ; In which, they say, an anagram is hid. Might not the Gospel record have sufficed? Christ's lips are ever mute to those that sneer. Their answer is their questions strong rebound From the dead wall of silence all around, Stunning with mocking echoes the soul's ear. Yea, Sybil Nature gives no meaning sound To those that with irreligious footsteps dare To desecrate her temple's holy ground Though armed in philosophic mail, they hope To awe her into speech with microscope, Hammer and crucible, and such wise ware.

II.

But to the loving, meek and holy come The words "Sum Via, Vita, Veritas;" To them nor Christ nor Nature can be dumb; The wind that "bloweth where it listeth" has For them a voice; the mighty hills, The solid waves of the primeval sea O'er which the Spirit brooded, speaks to them; Each thing that liveth; all the myriad wills That work God's purpose; every flower and tree Holds in its bosom to their sight a gem, Which is God's Truth. And when, on bended knee, They say "Our Father," all the earth is bright As when it burst upon the angel's sight, A new-born glory in God's diadem.

JOHN READE.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 21.

CHAPTER XIII.—MARIE'S DEPARTURE.

Mr. Duplessis drove up to Kingsthorpe Station in the dog-cart of his friend and admirer, Mr. Frank Challis, at nine the following morning—in fact, before Madame had arisen, as Jane Garrod told him when she went down in answer to his summons. It was no matter, he said; he would go on as far as Lea Wood, where he had a little business to transact, and be back in the course of a couple of hours at the latest; in the meantime, Mrs. Garrod would perhaps oblige him by taking that package of prepared chocolate, which he had brought specially for his sister, knowing her tastes of old, and by mixing a little of it for Madame's breakfast; and greeting Jane with a nod and a smile, he flicked a fly off the mare's left ear with his whip, and drove rapidly away.

"Chocolate! How came you by this?" demanded Madame, when Jane took her a cup of the beverage to bed.

"It was brought this morning by Mr. Duplessis specially for you," answered Jane.

Madame, with a shudder, put down the cup she was raising to her lips. "Ah, Henri, *mon frere*, we are not quite so simple as we seem!" she exclaimed; then, leaping suddenly out of bed, she flung open the casement, and with something like an imprecation, muttered under her breath, she dashed the cup and its contents into the garden below. "Take my advice," she said, turning to Jane, "and put that package behind the fire; and bring me up a cup of coffee, together with a *petite verre*—that is, a small glass of brandy—just to compose my nerves."

In the fresh light of morning, Madame looked even more sallow and haggard than on the preceding evening; but when her toilet was completed, and she sat down to breakfast in the little parlour, there was a youthful bloom on her cheeks such as many a maiden of seventeen might have envied—had it only been natural.

"What excellent coffee you make!—quite in the French style," said Madame. "You have never been in France, have you?" she asked, turning suddenly on Jane with her suspicious black eyes.

"I was in service, when I was young, where there was a French cook, and he taught me how to make coffee," answered Jane, skilfully evading a dangerous question.

Madame was satisfied, and toyed indolently with her toast. "My brother promised to be back in two hours, I think you said?" she remarked to Jane after a while. "Poor Henri! how surprised he would be to receive my message!" she went on, with a little sneering laugh. "He

had not seen me for so long a time, that I believe he had got the idea into his foolish head that he would never see me again. Let me think.—How many months has he been in this neighbourhood? Ah, yes, about eighteen, to be sure. He hinted something to me last night about having fallen in love with some Miss—Miss—What was the name?"

"Miss Spencelaugh, perhaps," suggested Jane, who was quite willing, for a purpose of her own, to hear all that her lodger might have to say on this subject.

"Yes, that was the name—Miss Frederica Spencelaugh of Belair," said Madame. "The young lady is both rich and beautiful—is it not so?"

"Both," answered Jane.

"And does she favour the suit of Mr. Duplessis?"

"That is more than I can take on me to say," replied Jane. "Folk do say that the old baronet takes very kindly to the notion, and that he is very fond of Mr. Duplessis, who is up at Belair most days."

"But Mr. Duplessis, although he has enough to live on in a quiet way, is not rich; how, then, is it that so wealthy a man as this Sir Philip Spencelaugh looks with such favourable eyes on his suit?"

"Why, you see, Madame, Mr. Duplessis was fortunate enough to save the baronet's life at some place abroad, and from that time that old gentleman seemed to take a fancy to him; and then, as he says, his niece is rich enough to wed a pauper from the workhouse if she thinks proper to do so. But, besides all that, Sir Philip is getting old and infirm, and would no doubt like to see Miss Frederica comfortably settled before anything serious happens to himself."

"But this Miss Spencelaugh has already had several suitors, has she not?"

"Yes, several."

"And rejected them all?"

"So I have been told."

"Which would seem to imply that there is some one more favoured than the others, whom she cannot have, and that she will not, in consequence, have any one else. Is it not so?"

"On that point, I can say nothing. It is a matter best known to Miss Spencelaugh herself."

"If he has won the consent of the uncle," said Madame, "that of the niece will follow in due course, or else she must be very different from most other young ladies I have known, and Monsieur Henri Duplessis must have lost some of those powers of fascination which, years ago, he knew so well how to exercise."

A dark shadow seemed to settle down over Madame's face as she finished speaking, and her thick black eyebrows came together without a break. For a minute or two she seemed lost in deep thought, then with a stamp of her foot she rose from the chair, and began to pace the floor of the little room, muttering disjointed sentences to herself in French, the import of which Jane caught only by fitful flashes.

"Yes, he was very fascinating, ten—fifteen years ago, this charming Monsieur Henri. He had always a grand passion for black eyes, and hair to match; to-day, it seems, his tastes remain unchanged. But behind all, always the gold—always! You are a dangerous man, Monsieur Henri. One—two fortunes are not sufficient for you; you now crave a third. But is that my affair, to-day? Ah, no, no, no! The chain is broken, and each for the future makes his own road."

Jane Garrod, in her conversation with the sister of Mr. Duplessis, had not allowed that lady to suppose that her knowledge of Belair and its inmates was derived from anything more trustworthy than vague hearsay, whereas, it was, in fact, of a much more special and intimate character; for Jane Garrod had lived for many years as maid with Frederica's mother, to whom she was much attached; and after that lady's death, she stayed with the motherless girl till the latter was committed to the care of her first governess. Even after she had a husband and home of her own, Jane's humble love for the heiress of Belair lost nothing of its warmth from absence; she

watched the child grow in beauty from year to year, and still persisted in looking on herself as one of that family of which she had for so many years formed a part. Her interest in the sayings and doings of the inmates of Belair was kept up by weekly visits from her niece Kitty, who was still room-maid at the Hall, and whose Sunday evenings were invariably spent with her Aunt Garrod, in pleasant gossiping, respecting everything that had come under Miss Kitty's sharp eyes in the course of the week. Thus it was that Jane Garrod learned all about the frequent visits of Mr. Duplessis to Belair; and almost from the first mention of his name, she learned to hate the man—no milder word would convey the intensity of her dislike—with one of those blind, unreasoning, instinctive hatreds, which seem even more inexplicable than love at first sight, especially when, as in the present instance, no personal feelings are engaged in the case. She had seen Mr. Duplessis some half-dozen times at church, and once or twice when he had called at the station, respecting the trains; but not all his winning smiles and handsome looks could soften ever so little the feeling with which she regarded him. "False, false, false!" she muttered to herself every time she saw him; "for all you look such a fine gentleman, you are a true son of the Father of Lies!" To Kitty she would sometimes say, as she was seeing the girl home through field and coppice on balmy Sunday evenings: "Why can't Miss Frederica make up her mind to wed Lord Blencowan, and he such a nice gentleman, that worships the very ground she walks on? But there's something more in my darling's heart than you and I know of, Kitty. There's somebody that she loves in secret—somebody that she can't have, and so she won't try to like anybody else. See how she's changed, from the happy, light-hearted girl she used to be! I'm getting old, Kitty, but I'm not quite blind yet: they it is who are blind who can't see that the darling is eating her heart away."

Mr. Duplessis coming back from Lea Wood about eleven o'clock, found his sister in quite an affable mood, and stayed and partook of lunch with her. He came again in the evening, and stopped till a late hour, playing écarté, and drinking cognac; and intimated on leaving, that he should call for her the next day but one, and take her away on a visit to some friends.

Madame passed a great portion of the second day in bed, reading a French novel, and was rather inclined to be captious and fault-finding; but ultimately she was brought into a better frame of mind by the nice little dinner served up by Jane, to procure the materials for which, Abel had been turned out of bed at 4 A.M., and started off by the early carrier to Eastingham. Twice she asked Jane whether it were really true that Miss Spencelaugh was such a great heiress as people represented, and on being assured that such was the fact, expressed much satisfaction.

True to his promise, Mr. Duplessis drove up to the station on the afternoon of the third day. Madame had been expecting him for half an hour past, and was therefore quite ready to start. Having settled Jane's very reasonable little bill, and having, over and above it, pressed on her acceptance a liberal douceur, which she as steadily refused to take, Mr. Duplessis assisted his sister into the gig which he had brought to fetch her, and resumed the reins; and was just on the point of starting, when Madame arrested him for a moment by laying her hand on his arm. "Let me get down, Henri Duplessis," she said to him in French, loud enough for Jane to overhear her. "I am afraid of you. I will not go with you to-day. Let me descend, I say!"

The only answer was a mocking laugh, and a sharp angry lash with the whip, which made the horse bound madly forward, and drowned all further words.

Jane Garrod standing on the step outside the door, saw a white frightened face turned to her for a moment, and then the gig and its occupants were lost round a turn of the road. "He did not say to what place he was taking her," muttered Jane to herself as she turned into the house; "he only said that he was taking her to some friends. Pray Heaven that no harm befall her! It seems to me that I've seen that gig before to-day. It

surely belongs to Luke Grayling, landlord of the Silver Lion at Fairwood."

CHAPTER XIV.—MRS. WINCH IS SOLICITED TO NAME THE DAY.

"I must say, Martha, that black becomes you amazingly."

The speaker was Mr. Brackenridge; the hour 11 P.M.; and the place, the snuggerly behind the bar of the *Hand and Dagger*. The last of the parlour company was gone, the house was closed for the night, the servants were in bed, and the two who sat there were at liberty to do their courting unwatched by idle eyes. The chemist, portly but slightly bloated, lolled back in an easy-chair, a steaming glass of grog at his elbow, and a freshly lighted cheroot between his lips; while the widow, more pale and serious-looking than ever in her mourning-dress, sat gazing steadily into the fire, with her feet resting on the fender, and her chin dropped into the hollow of one nervous masculine-looking hand.

"I should like you much better, Gurney, if you were not such a flatterer," she said, but in a tone by no means indicative of displeasure.

"I ain't a flatterer, upon my soul, Martha—at least, not in the present case," responded Brackenridge. "You do look nice, and I shouldn't care who heard me say so. You look more of a lady in a black dress than in anything else."

The widow shook her head dissentingly, but her pale cheek flushed slightly; she loved, as much as it lay in her cold nature to love any one, this burly, loud-voiced chemist, who, if he were coarse and dissipated, had at least his share of good looks; and was, besides, considerably younger than herself; and his words fell pleasantly on her ears.

"Now that we are here by ourselves, and everything jolly," resumed the chemist after a few silent pulls at his cigar, "I may as well tell you, Martha, what is uppermost in my mind, and has been for a long time, only this unfortunate business of your mother's death has made me put off speaking about it till now. Without further preface, here it is: Martha, oblige me by naming the day."

The widow's cheek flushed more deeply than before; then she sighed; then she picked up a cinder with the tongs, and deposited it carefully on the fire; and then she spoke.

"Lady Spencelaugh"—said Mrs. Winch.

"Oh, hang Lady Spencelaugh! a fig for her Ladyship!" interrupted Brackenridge with an angry snap of the fingers, before the widow could say another word. "I hope you are not going to fling that old woman in my teeth again. I've had enough of her, I can tell you. Here have I been courting you these eighteen months past; you have agreed to take me for better or worse; but whenever I speak a word about marriage, Lady Spencelaugh is straightway pitched at me, and I am expected to sit down quietly, and never say a word in return. But I can't do it, Martha; and what's more, I won't! What is Lady Spencelaugh to me, I should like to know, or I to Lady Spencelaugh, that she should be allowed to stand between the happiness of two people who are fond of one another. And why this woman should be so set against me, is past my finding out. She has never seen me above half-a-dozen times and then only for a minute or two in the shop. And why a sensible woman like you should allow yourself to be so guided by her, is a still bigger puzzle."

A wintry smile flickered round the widow's thin lips. "If you had not interrupted me so rudely," she said, "I was about to observe, that Lady Spencelaugh's prejudice against you, whether reasonable or unreasonable, is still a fact, but one which is not quite insurmountable."

"Go on," said Mr. Brackenridge, as he took a hearty pull at the contents of his glass. "It's all a mystification to me; I'm blessed if it ain't."

"To you, Lady Spencelaugh's opposition may seem a matter of little importance," resumed the widow; "to me, it is a very awkward fact; and I may as well tell you at once, that to marry in direct opposition to her wishes would be a course that would be very painful to me. There is, however, one method by which you might at the same time win Lady Spencelaugh's cordial support to

our union, earn a handsome wedding-present for yourself, and be at liberty to name whatever day might suit you best for a certain ceremony."

Whatever playfulness the widow's words might seem to imply, was certainly belied by the anxious and care-worn expression that sat on her pale features.

"More riddles," said Mr. Brackenridge sententiously, "in the name of common-sense, what is it you are driving at, Martha Winch?"

"Listen, and you shall learn."
She drew her chair closer to his, and laid her hand on his arm, to add weight to what she was about to say. "You know Mr. John English, the photographer, who stayed here two nights, and who is now lodging next door to you?"

The chemist nodded.
"Lady Spencelaugh is anxious that he should quit Normanford at once and forever; I am anxious that he should quit Normanford at once and forever. Now, do not ask what reasons her Ladyship and I have for wishing this, because I tell you frankly that you will never know them."

"What! not when you and I are married?" burst in Brackenridge.

"Not when you and I are married—if that event ever takes place," answered the widow calmly. "There are some things which I cannot tell even to you, and this is one of them."

"Hang me! if I haven't always thought there was some secret between you and that old madam up at Belair."

"Then your usual penetration was [not at fault," responded Mrs. Winch. "There is a secret between us, and be assured that a secret it will remain. Once for all, I wish you to understand this."

"Some rubbish, I daresay, not worth the knowing," said Brackenridge contemptuously. "But about this other business—what is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to set those quick wits of yours to work, and try whether you cannot devise some scheme by which this man could be induced to leave Normanford."

"Well, supposing that were done," said the chemist, "what could her Ladyship afford to stand in return?"

"Oh, her Ladyship is not a person to tie herself down to any terms—in fact, she would not appear at all in the matter; but any one who acted the part of a discreet friend would have no cause to think himself illiberally treated; everything, however, would depend upon the style in which the business was conducted."

"Very pleasant, but very vague," said the chemist. "For my part, I like something definite. Would that be considered as too much to give in case it was done well?" and he held up two fingers as he spoke.

The widow pursed her lips, but did not speak. "Perhaps the case would stand that?" said Brackenridge, elevating three fingers.

The ghost of a smile flitted across the widow's sallow face.

"Would it stand another?" said the chemist, with four fingers in the air.

The widow's eyebrows lowered ominously. "Leave everything to her Ladyship," she whispered.

"A very fine idea that!" said Brackenridge. "But, however, we won't shave it too fine just at present, especially as all the work has yet to be done; and now I come to look at the matter more closely, I'm blessed if I see how this fellow is to be got rid of, if he's determined to stay. It looks blue."

"If the matter had been an easy and straightforward one, your assistance would not have been required," said Mrs. Winch coldly. "On one point let me warn you: there must be no violence, no scandal, no exposure—that is imperative."

"Should you call it violence if he were found dead some morning, and it were never discovered how he had met his fate?"

The eyes of the widow and the chemist met across the little table. "You have no business to ask such a question, Gurney Brackenridge," said Mrs. Winch sternly. "Neither Lady Spencelaugh nor I wish any harm to the young man—we only wish him away, never to come back. You are too headstrong and impulsive; it

was foolish of me to mention this business to you at all. You have not discretion enough to carry it through with safety."

"I know one thing about this affair, Martha Winch," said Brackenridge, "and that is, that if this young fellow were found lying stiff and stark to-morrow, both you and Lady Spencelaugh would be anything but sorry—your good wishes go as far as that. As to being discreet or not, that will be shewn best by the event. Remember, not a farthing less than three hundred.—There goes the quarter to twelve: it's high time to be off." He threw away the end of his cigar, finished his grog, and got up with a yawn and a stretch of his huge muscular arms. The widow rose also. Brackenridge slid an arm around her waist, and stooped and kissed her cheek. "Ah, Martha," he said, "you do not really love me, or else you would not refuse to tell me this secret."

"I do love you, Gurney, as I never loved man before," said the widow; "and if the secret were mine alone, I would tell it you this minute. But it concerns the interests of Lady Spencelaugh, and I have sworn never to reveal it to living soul; and I will keep my word."

"Well, well, you know best, I suppose," replied the chemist soothingly. "We won't quarrel about it, anyhow.—And as to this other business, I'll think it over, and give you my opinion to-morrow night."

"Above all things, Gurney, remember there must be no violence, no scandal, no exposure."

"And a wedding as soon after as I like, eh, old girl?"

"That is a matter which I must leave entirely to you," said the widow as bashfully as though she had numbered but seventeen summers. Then might have been heard the sound of a discreet double kiss; and after a whispered good-night, Mr. Brackenridge found himself standing in the solitary moonlit street, and heard the door of the *Hand and Dugger* bolted behind him. The expression of his face changed in a moment; he shook his clenched hand at the door he had just quitted.

"You think to come the old soldier over me, do you, you ugly cat?" he muttered with an evil scowl. "You intend to keep this secret from your own Gurney, do you? But I'll wring it out of you when we're married, or else I'll wring your neck. That old madam up at the Hall has more money than she knows what to do with, and would stand squeezing beautifully.—I always felt that I was born to be a gentleman."

To be continued.

FRENCH RULE IN CANADA.

Continued from page 22.

A lofty monument now stands on Cape Diamond to the twin memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, and in 1859, one hundred years after the battle of Ste. Foy, French and English united to erect on the Ste. Foy heights, a memorial to the 400 brave men who died there. On the 8th of September following, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last French Governor of Canada, signed the capitulation, and the Red cross was hoisted on the heights where the *fleur de lys* had waved in triumph, though in trouble. The French troops were conveyed to France, the Canadian militia allowed to return to their homes; the inhabitants were maintained in the possession of their houses, goods, effects and privileges; free exercise of religion was guaranteed, and the conciliation and generosity of the conquerors did much to reconcile the French who remained in the colony, to the fortune of war. The majority of the old *noblesse*, and the wealthy and prominent colonists returned to their motherland, but it was felt to be for the good of the colony as they had been proud and tyrannical with few exceptions. Charlevoix says they concealed extreme poverty under a gay exterior and were the leeches of New France. It is certain they had degenerated, by dissipation and indolence, from the brilliant emigrations sent out by Louis XIV, in 1633; for in 1759 the Bishop of Canada in a pastoral letter, laments "the profane diversions, excesses, and open robberies

of the people," and reproved "families devoted [publicly to crimes of the most odious nature." Society at the time of the Conquest was so disreputable that the clergy thanked God from the pulpit, when the colony came under English rule.

The superiority of the English rule, was soon felt; and during the famine succeeding the conquest the British officers and merchants raised large sums of money, food, and clothing for the suffering French, and Gen. Murray said in a report "so gratified are they that their only dread is lest they should be torn from their country like the Acadians." Just and equitable laws and *Habeas Corpus* were established; but a year or so afterwards some other changes were too suddenly introduced, such as the English language and laws into the courts of justice, while there were a few unprincipled men put into power who merited nothing but prison. The French civil law was, however, restored in 1774 with some slight reserve as to titles of land, and so eager was the English government to make concessions that most of the English settlers removed discontented, further west, where they founded what is now called Upper Canada.

England won Canada at an opportune time, when exacting Governors and Seigneurs, who were delegated with powers amounting almost to absolutism,—official robbers and fierce soldiery had destroyed all colonial love for French rule in Canada. Among the most notorious was the "Infamous Bigot," the last Canadian "Intendant" and financier of the king—each of the French Governors was assisted by an "Intendant." He openly robbed the colony and speculated in the commissariat supplies sent to the colonists; and during a famine was living in the most immoral luxury at his magnificent Chateau in Quebec, from where he was afterwards transferred to the Bastille. Over the door of an old house in Quebec you may to this day see "the Golden Dog" (a gilded dog gnawing a bone.)

Sculptured in relief, and under it is the following inscription:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos—
Un jour viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Qui je mordrai qui m'aura mordu."

The sequel to these lines is a story of the extorting and persecuting spirit of Bigot, who had been particularly tyrannical to a Quebec merchant. The latter took this allegorical way of alluding to his situation with his powerful enemy, and for his rashness received the sword of an officer in his back. The murderer was permitted to leave the colony and was transferred to a regiment in the East Indies, where he was followed by a son of the deceased and slain in a duel. Such persecutions became frequent; subordinates followed superior example, and French rule, as represented by the colonial officials was soon detested. An indifference in the mother-country to the interests of the colonists became apparent, and remembering in connection with the category of grievances unredressed, how Montcalm was left to perish; how France dishonoured the paper currency passed by Bigot, thereby involving those who held the bills in ruin to the amount of £4,000,000 sterling; how she insulted the colonial delegates sent to her to beg for aid—when the colonial minister sneeringly said "Eh, monsieur, quand le feu est à la maison on ne s'occupe pas des écuries," it was easy for the French colonists to accommodate themselves to the change of dominion: and perhaps when all the French in Canada were mourning when George II died—about a year after Quebec was taken,—it was meant to show their independent indifference to France as well as respect for England. A reciprocity of uncomplimentary words and actions followed between the two, and Voltaire commemorated the loss of Canada by a banquet at Ferney, and the king was congratulated upon getting rid of those "1500 leagues of frozen country." Mutual snubs and cutting sarcasms were the order of the day; and many of the Canadians went to England to pay their respects to the successor of George II. Among the first presented to

king George III, were the Chevalier de Chaussegros de Levy and his lady. When madame de Levy, who was very beautiful, approached, the gallant young sovereign bowed and said "If all the Canadian ladies are as handsome as yourself, I have indeed made a conquest." France commenced colonization with as little wisdom as foresight, and pursued a course the folly of which can only be understood by remembering the country was new, and her folly now over two hundred years old. She introduced feudal organization in its most absolute and oppressive form, lavished large tracts of the best lands upon court favorites, while innumerable restrictions were imposed upon the *habitants*, and civil, military and ecclesiastical monopolies hampered enterprise and industry. Emigration was at first so monopolized and so few inducements offered, that the Marquis de la Roche had to obtain "colonists" for his expedition to Canada in 1598, from the prisons of Paris. A supreme aristocracy was made part of the colonial policy, and Canada was so over stocked with nobles, dukes and titled men that Louis XIV. *le Grand*, said it contained more of his old nobility than all the rest of the French colonies put together. Before the conquest the *habitants* were kept in ignorance, and uneducated, and during the whole French *regime* there was not a single printing press in the country! Officials high and low were despotic in their authority, the punishment of the rack was in use, the people had to serve as soldiers without pay, and any one could be seized and thrown into prison without knowing the charge against them; and there were several persons executed in ignorance of their own crime. A stern martial policy was held, like Damocles' sword, over the Canadians, notwithstanding the great commercial capabilities available in the colony. Montcalm in one of his dispatches, advised the home government not to trust the colonists with their own manufacturers, as such a policy had made the English colonists unmanageable; and recommended keeping them to military exercises that they might be useful in fighting the savage tribes; in fact that they might be used as tools to work out the accomplishment of Richelieu's grand idea of a French trans-atlantic empire.

The rivalry of New England soon dispossessed the French trade, and the free English colonists won a succession of conquests in the early trade contests between Canada and New York. When Canada was rearing monasteries, New England was building ships; while Jesuits and tyranny swayed here, an industrious free people ruled themselves there; when Canada had no mercantile navy whatever, New England's was larger than that of many European nations. When education, an independent press, and the Holy Bible were everywhere influencing in the English colony, ignorance and superstition clouded the minds of the poor French colonists, who were daily taught that their only hope of salvation lay in implicit obedience to their church and throne. National freedom and its antithesis have always developed their natural results, and from the different form, art and management of the two colonial governments, arose consequences which, to this day, have had an influence upon the history and fate of Canada, the United States, and, indeed, of the entire continent.

French colonization was much indebted to those "grenadiers of the Pope"—the Jesuit fathers. Old France was overrun with ecclesiastical establishments—it is Rome's policy to erect such monuments of her progress lavishly—and new France was found to be an excellent channel into which to turn a religious element that would extend French power for the privilege of inculcating its spiritual doctrines. Westward they came with their characteristic enthusiasm and contrariety of character, yielding the power of tyrants, while submitting like slaves to the mandates of their autocracy. With the strange fanaticism of the order which blights patriotism and every affection of the heart for Rome and Jesuitism, they displayed great fortitude, and were thoroughly in earnest in their labors of evangelization; but with no greater zeal, and little of the pure Christ-like charity

which has inspired our Protestant missionaries in Africa and the uncivilized parts of the earth. Visible and invisible dangers, however, these Jesuits surmounted, and eclipsed all previous efforts in exploration; and it is a question if the blind zeal of Loyola was not for this once merged in the ardor and novelty of discovery, though their evangelizing thirst was often slaked by wholesale baptisms of the natives, who knew no more what was going on than that fabulous gentleman in the moon. They often interposed between the Indians and French, and by their ability of reconciliation prevented many intended massacres; they did Champlain good service with the savages and the king; they left us valuable records of their explorations; and so great an influence did they ultimately obtain, that several of the governors were their mere servants, and they caused obnoxious officials to be peremptorily ordered home. There were political as well as religious reasons for their great zeal in new France, but it is doubtful if any other body of men could have so well insinuated themselves into the friendship of the Indians, or been more instrumental in preserving peace; though the prosperity even of Protestant New England, side by side with the degeneration of shackled New France, proved that the prosperity of Ignatius Loyola was not the one to develop a colony's fortune.

The ambition of France in Canada was at first intense and unlimited, but though possessing the capacity for conquest she had neither the genius of retention nor the art of colonization, and the *fleur de lys* which Cartier first planted on the sand of Gaspé was fated to give way to the Red Cross which first courted the breeze of the colony from the rock of Quebec. Stealing a march upon the other European nations, and following it up with the courage of the chivalrous Gaul, she gained a footing in the country that might have been permanent, had her policy been different; but both potentate and proxy made extraordinary and suicidal blunders, the genius of honest statesmen was ineffectual where the colonial government and society was so corrupt, and the development of France in Canada was always mutable and disorganized. France for a time had the largest extent of territory of any nation. Once she claimed as her own all that immense region back of the thirteen original United States; from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, comprising all of Canada and the valley of the Ohio, and occupied the two outlets of this vast territory by means of the ports of Quebec and New Orleans, while from the Castle of St. Lewis in Quebec emanated the decrees which were law throughout those dominions; and now all her possessions in North America, after two centuries ownership of the greater part of it, is reduced to the small fishing islands of Miquelon, including Langley Peninsula and St. Pierre, which lie off the south coast of Newfoundland—equal to a square of only fifteen miles! What a homily upon the changeableness of human events!

It would be an interesting study to imagine and picture the probable result, had England not won in the contest with France for dominion in Canada and the other British American possessions. Would British America have been under a French protectorate, and the tri-color floating from the citadel of Quebec? And is it not very probable that instead of the United States existing to-day, independent of England, they would have been zealously working hand-in-hand with her to build up a rival power to France? And how entirely different from now would have been the history and destiny of this great continent.

G. W. B.

LOVE AND BONNETS.—Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

AVICE AND HER LOVER.

Continued from page 30.

CHAPTER II.

The wedding ceremony was over; the tables were filled with guests, those who were to form the maskers' company remained but a short time at the feast, soon retiring to the rooms prepared for them, and from whence there shortly issued a medley of mummings of every country, class, and order.

Observed of all observers was one, a tall, richly-dressed crusader, who speedily making his way up to Avice's side, whispered—

"Accept my homage, peerless queen; it is my duty as my most heart-felt pleasure to guard you from all annoyance."

Avice bowed, and, willing to keep up the jest, held out her hand that he might touch the tips of her fingers; but she drew back angrily, and with a haughty motion of her tall figure, as the warrior, seizing her hand, kissed it passionately.

"Manners have not been taught thee in the East, fair sir," said an angry voice, and a second crusader stood by Avice's side.

"True knights went to the East to fight, not to learn the soft manners of a court; methinks our fair and dauntless queen knows too well what stern stuff a soldier's heart must be made of to take offence at homage, even if more warmly offered than the manner of English life permits."

"Faith, your tongue is glib enough, Sir Knight, and if the queen takes a friend's counsel, she'll banish thee her presence," saying which, the speaker brought his mask near Avice's pretty ear, and whispered,—

"Let me guard thee, Avice; thy brother told thee my heart's desire."

Avice drew back; she could not misunderstand Dick Skelton, and she dare not encourage him by accepting his service, much as at that moment she longed to do so, and escape from the notice the altercation was attracting.

"Nay," she said, her voice faltering, and her neck showing the blushes her mask hid on her cheeks; "'tis unfair. I'll banish no true knight my presence without fair reason, but I'll equally choose none unknown. Your title, Sir Knight."

"Knight of the Lily, your majesty," and dropping upon one knee, the crusader flung open his cloak, and showed a water-lily resting upon his breast, while up into Avice's face looked the blue eyes that had been "her heart's undoing."

Things were at a critical pass. Avice, confused and startled, was trying to form an answer, when a general rush was made to another apartment, and a cry of "the wizard" was raised. Avice made no attempt to stand against the current, but suffering herself to be borne onward, soon found that she had shaken off at least one of her knights, and that only Dick Skelton stood by her side. Nor was Dick slow to take advantage of his luck; and right warmly did he plead his cause, heedless of the many expostulations Avice made, or the amused looks that were cast upon them, until, fairly beside herself with vexation and shame, Avice forced her way through the crowd, and walking up boldly to the Knight of the Lily, said, "I call upon you to accept your office, sir, and charge you to remain by my side for the rest of the evening."

Her overwrought feelings gave way, and a low gurgling sob followed her brave speech.

Gently and instantly the stranger knight led her through the crowd, now too eager about the conjuring tricks of the wonderful Eastern wizard to notice aught else, until he took her into an empty withdrawing room.

"I will leave you," he whispered, "but first tell me you are not angry. I have tried to leave you, but fate was too strong for me. Great danger threatens you and yours, and I have power to avert it; but this power has been given me only on one condition. I cannot tell you to-night, but to-morrow night, if you will meet me in the room occupied by Essex, I will. You do not doubt me, Avice? You must not. Your brother's honour, nay, life itself,

depends upon your trusting me. Say you will come, and I'll leave you now."

Avice did believe him; what less could she do? Even had he not possessed such a mysterious power over her heart, was there not enough in the idea of danger to her brother to warrant the step, unmaidenly though it might seem to many? So Avice promised, and with a long pressure of the fingers, and a caution to her to stay quiet for a time, the knight left her.

The maskers saw no more of the queen that night; but Dick Skelton did; for hunting about, he spied her making her escape, and, in spite of remonstrance, walked home by her side, silent perforce, and biting his tongue out for very bitterness and jealousy: one thing only giving him satisfaction, namely, that he had at least kept the Knight of the Lily away, and seen Avice safely under the home roof.

Next day Dick, who had all the dogged perseverance of an English nature, rode over to Sledmere, and told his tale to Percy Topham, who, being wearied of bed, and doubly wearied of his own thoughts and the pricking of conscience that had been going on while he lay perforce on his back, listened with rising anger, and sent for Avice, who, however, refused to appear; and at last Dick for shame's sake had to go home, and leave his hopes behind him.

The day was a long and tedious one for each. Percy was irritated by the morning's talk; Avice worried both by reason of Dick Skelton's persecution and her brother's championship of the suit, to say nothing of the coming appointment she had promised to keep that night. So the weary hours went by, until night came, and with it a sudden storm of thunder, wind, and rain; so that when the trying hour drew on the old house rocked and groaned in the arms of the wind.

Wrapping herself in a long black cloak, Avice made her way to the ruined portion of the house, stepping carefully along the dark corridor, and standing irresolute at the door which led to the beggar's room. She had not to wait long, the door opened, and Essex stood there, holding a bright lamp, and dressed in leathern doublet and scarlet hose.

"Punctual to a minute, sweetheart," he said, reaching out his hand to assist her up the ruined steps; but Avice drew back, bidding him mend his speech, and remember who he spoke to. At which he laughed, and bade her choose her own way.

Directly Avice was in the chamber, Essex extinguished the light, and she heard his footsteps descending a flight of stone stairs close at hand; then came a gust of cold air, next a voice she recognised as that of the stranger whispered,—

"Fear nothing, I am here to protect you."

A handkerchief was then thrown over her face, she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and carried down what appeared an interminable flight of stairs; on and on, through cold passages, until at last she was set down, and the handkerchief taken from her face.

The room was furnished, brightly lighted, and altogether had a look of comfort and habitation, though the stone roof showed that it was a vault; and here Avice was left, there being no sign of the owner of the arms in which she had been carried so far.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning there was a consternation in the Hall; Avice's chamber was untenanted, her bed unslept in. Percy was at his wits' end, and summoned every one on the place, man, woman, and child, questioning each and all, but without eliciting anything that could serve as a clue to the mystery.

In the midst of which, Essex sent a request that he might be heard; and accordingly Percy, too impatient to await the man's coming, himself sought him out. The beggar-man was in his own apartment.

"You want to know what has become of your sister, but I must be paid for it."

Percy for answer sprang at the man's throat.

"Price?" he cried; "yes, thou shalt have this price—the price of a halter, thou cowardly dog. Not content with frightening our souls

out of our bodies—for I've suspected long thou wert at the bottom of these devil's tricks that have made us the talk of the country-side—thou must needs carry off an innocent girl. Thou hound, hanging's too good for thee!"

"Hands off, master, or two will play at that game; hands off, I say! I've better right to the Hall and its belongings than thou hast. Thy grandfather cheated mine out of these lands, and drove out my father a beggar. I swore I'd have my revenge, and so I will."

With a sudden wrench he shook Percy off, whose hands, weakened by fever, made small odds against the strength of his gigantic opponent, who, rearing his tall figure, was about to speak, when a report like the loudest thunder shook the room, and brought down a cloud of dust from the crumbling walls.

Essex uttered a yell like that of a demon, and pushing some of the old furniture aside, dragged up a trap-door, and darted down a stone staircase, followed by Percy and some of the more courageous of the servants. On they went, through dark passages and vaulted rooms, until a gust of cold air and the white light of daylight suddenly shone down upon them, and at the same moment a woman's voice was heard; and Avice, pale as death, with dilated eyes, and hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, stood upon the brink of what seemed a living grave.

Frantic, and beside himself with horror, the beggar threw himself upon the confused mass of masonry, dragging stone after stone away, shrieking for help, and calling upon them to save his son from a living tomb.

But no one seemed to heed him. Percy, faint and terror-stricken at the sight of his sister, had clambered up and was trying to force her away; but the girl only shrieked and struggled, pointing to the ruin, and wringing her hands. The paroxysm that had taken possession of Essex seemed to pass away; he stayed himself suddenly in his fruitless task, and looking round upon the men, said,—

"You think me mad, sirs, but I am not. My only son is buried behind that heap of ruin: have none of you bowels, that you stand there open-mouthed while he is dying!"

"Now you speak fairly," cried one of the men, "we'll do our best;" and accordingly to work they went, with pickaxe, spade, and shovel, showing such a hearty will that ere many minutes were over they had opened a pathway and showed the mouth of a dark vault, along which came pouring a sulphurous stream of smoke and steam, and down which, utterly careless of any danger, Essex rushed. There was an intense silence at the mouth of the gulf, broken only by the hard sobbing breathing of Avice, who was crouching down, gazing into the passage.

At last a faint and distant shout came upon their ears; then another, and Percy, bidding one of the men not let Avice escape, ran down the passage.

Another minute or two of intense suspense, then footsteps, and then Essex and Percy carrying between them a death-like body.

Avice saw it first, and the shriek that broke from her lips seemed to bring back the power of life to the dying man.

"Save her! save her!" he moaned, and clasped the girl's hand, as she hung over him, calling him by every fond name she could invent; then turning,—

"Percy, save him!" she cried, "he has not hurt me, he would have saved you; it was all an accident; take him to the house, he is dying, perhaps;" and then she began speaking with her words of love again, walking along holding his hand until they laid him on her brother's bed, and began to dress his wounds.

Percy sought for Essex, but he was gone, no one knew whither; and many days passed before the mystery could be explained: and the explanation came from the lips of the man so miraculously rescued.

Essex had been no beggar in reality, but the descendant of the family who had once possessed the Hall, and who, believing his ancestors had been defrauded of their inheritance, had taken a vow of vengeance; and coming down to put it into execution in the most feasible way he could,

fell in with a party of coiners, who had already established themselves among the vaults of the old house. He and his son joined these men, and while the father was plotting the ruin of Percy, the son saw and loved Avice, and, determined to save them, bribed his father to let him obtain an interview with Avice with the intention, so his father thought, of forcing her to be his wife, but in reality to save her brother.

The end we have seen—an explosion in the works used by the coiners disclosed the plot, and proved the death of the men engaged in the work. Essex was never heard of again. His son recovered, but only by dint of Avice's constant care; and as she sat by the bay-window in his sick-room day after day, singing softly, and cheering away the long hours, I do not think that she ever regretted that her mysterious lover had turned out to be only like other men.

People wondered at Avice marrying the beggar's son, but Dick Skelton, like a noble fellow as he was, came to her aid, and held it that Essex was a right good gentleman, who had only played the beggar for a time; and when the "Knight of the Lily," as we may still call him, was able to rise from his bed and go up to the Court, Dick was at his hand to tell his story, and stand his rival's sponsor for his old sweetheart's sake.

I. D. FENTON.

FASHIONS OF SEPTEMBER.

THERE is but little change in the fashions this month from last. Some of the outdoor dresses are composed of a little thicker material, such as mohairs and mixtures of that kind. Muslin, gauze, and other light materials are still much worn; but for the seaside, light mohairs, lustres, and foulards are generally more preferred. Amongst the prettiest costumes we have inspected were the following:

Walking-dress: Robe of steel-coloured lustre, trimmed round the bottom with a cross-way band of blue silk, and ornamented with bands of narrow white guipure insertion; graduated strips of blue silk and guipure up the front. Pockets of the same. Under-bodice of pleated white muslin. Waistband of blue, ornamented at intervals with guipure. Rounded-off jacket of the same materials as the dress, and trimmed round with the bands of blue silk and guipure as on the skirt, having a fringe of steel-coloured silk at the edge. Tight-fitting sleeves, with epaulettes of blue and guipure. Collar and cuffs of guipure. Bonnet composed of a round of puffed blue silk, edged round with pendent drops of gold, and fastened over the head with a strip of white guipure, pointed back and front, ending in long lappets of the same to tie the bow, fastened in front with a tiny cross of gold. Steel-coloured kid gloves.

Out-door costume; Robe of light green silk skirt, much trained, and edged at the bottom with a thick silk cord of the same colour. Bodice, high and plain. Jacket, long and tight-fitting, formed of the green silk, and open from the waist downwards at the back, and edged all round with black guipure buttons. The jacket was turned back with small lappets in the front, to show a very prettily-formed lace collar, with square ends, in the clerical form. Sleeves, half-tight, and ornamented with cord and lace buttons. Hat of white straw, with a small bouquet of deep pink roses on the left side of the front, fastened with chains of jet, also pendent chains at the back. The hat was edged round with pendants of jet.

Indoor costume: Robe of light blue silk, of the Princess shape; skirt, much trained, scalloped at the bottom, and edged with a narrow black lace edging, which was carried up the front, the opening fastened with lace buttons. Over-jacket of black lace. Headdress, bands of pink velvet and jet.

Evening costume: Robe of rose-coloured silk, with a bodice made very low, in the Princess style, and very short-waisted. Over-skirt of white tulle, and spotted with silver, trained at the back, and fastened on the left side with a scarf of rose-silk. Headdress composed of rose-buds and silver chains.



GEORGE PEABODY.

GREAT as may be the satisfaction of recounting and chronicling the deeds of those who, not within the magic circle which represents our own exploits, or those of our forefathers, have yet contributed to our national and common glory, there is one who challenges a higher niche in the Temple of Fame than many who have trampled to the same eminence, through "blood and wounds and groans;" many who, in their cooler hours, must have felt the tears of the widow and the orphan fall, like drops of molten iron, on the laurels which they wrested and won. Until the millenium such things must be. Their existence only serve to prove that most misanthropic point, that the amelioration of the masses is a theory which had better be postponed to that far-off and typical day when the lamb shall lie down with the lion.

The question of ameliorating the condition of the working classes of the British Islands, is one that has long engaged the attention of the philanthropists at home. Many schemes have been propounded, and many plans been put into operation, but, on the whole, the success has not been commensurate with the efforts put forth, or with the importance of the object in contemplation. It has remained for Mr. Peabody, not an Englishman by birth but by extraction, to take perhaps, the most original, as well as the most feasible method of settling that most difficult problem the amelioration of the working classes of Great Britain and other parts of the world as well.

The munificent sum which Mr. Peabody placed at the disposal of those who were best acquainted with the wants of the poor of London, proves that he is one of those who regard the possession of money more as a means of doing good to others, than of administering to their own personal gratification. The vast sum which Mr. Peabody contributed, was, as our readers know, invested in the erection of model tenements for the working classes. The enterprise was a new one, but it met with instant success. These houses are patterns of comfort, and were occupied, as soon as erected, by honest and industrious artizans. They have answered, in every respect, the purposes for which they were intended; and have proved such admirable residences for working-men and their families, that there is every probability houses on the same plan will be speedily erected in all the

large cities and manufacturing towns of the British Islands.

We could only wish that on this side of the water there were more who would follow such a noble example; for it is only too apparent, in many American cities, that the accommodation for the working classes is scandalously insufficient, and cries out for immediate improvement.

We subjoin a few facts illustrative of the career of Mr. Peabody; and here we may state that the portrait which stands at the head of this sketch is taken from a photograph, secured in England just before he left for this country. Mr. Peabody arrived in England in 1837, and established himself as a merchant and banker. His career has been remarkably successful. He has always been distinguished for his charities. His first large gift was the bestowal of \$100,000 on his native town of Danvers, for the founding of a Town Library and Institute. He contributed largely to the first Grinnell expedition under Dr. Kane. In 1856 he gave \$300,000 to found a Scientific and Literary Institute in Baltimore, where he at one time resided. His largest benefactions, however, have been devoted to the poor of London, in which city the most of his fortune has been made. This grand donation amounted in all to over \$2,000,000 (two millions of dollars.) For this, perhaps unexampled, liberality, Mr. Peabody received the special acknowledgment of the Queen in a graceful letter of thanks, and also the rare honour of the gift of her portrait.

From the stock of the Puritans sprang the men who carried their religion and civilization beyond the wilds of the Ohio; the same men who made out of the wilderness of the West, a fair and fertile dwelling place.

From such stock is Mr. Peabody sprung. One of those New England men whose theory is never to fear, never to submit: he has carried into foreign lands that indomitable resolution which is certain to win success for him who is its possessor.

Our readers will agree with us, that the estimation in which our Sovereign holds Mr. Peabody has not been accorded in vain. The Royal Lady knows how to recognize her own subjects when they deserve it, nor is she forgetful of the efforts of such a representative man as George Peabody.

LADY JULIA.

LADY Julia sits in a gay boudoir,
All lacker and buhl, and ormolu,
And taps with her foot on the "tufted floor,"
As dainty maidens are apt to do.

As dainty maidens are wont to do,
When the last dear pet has untimely died,
Or the last new novel has had too few
"Sensation" scenes, and been laid aside.

But the Lady Julia has laid aside
No novel, forsooth; for no thought has she,
Except that to-morrow she'll be a bride,
Though she loves not the husband that is to be.

She loves not her husband that is to be,
For he's ugly and old, but rich withal;
And his wealth is the saving clause, you see,
The velvet cushion to break her fall.

But the velvet cushion that breaks her fall,
May smother her yet, in the course of time,
When the love he bears her grows weak and small,
Some few months after the wedding-chime.

Some few months after their wedding-chime,
When she has swallowed the gilded pill,
And supped the bitterness of her crime,
She'll think of one who is weak and ill.

She'll think of one who is weak and ill,
Who's dying, perhaps, for her fickle sake;
But who, though she's false and frivolous, still
Will bless her, aye, till his heart doth break.

Will bless her, aye, till his heart doth break;
For a man may die of a broken heart,
Who life and liberty—all, can stake
On a woman who playeth the traitor's part.

W. T. M.

MARRIAGES OF EMINENT MEN.—Shakspeare was married at the age of 18; Ben Jonson at 21; Franklin, 24; Mozart, 25; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Stern, 28; Linnæus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 32; Wordsworth and Davy, 33; Aristotle, 36; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Button, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 29.)

CHAPTER XI.—SHOWS HOW HUMPHREY ARKDALE BARGAINED AT THE GREAT FAIR.

Was the wrecker the only man who came to welcome Daniel Sterne on his arrival at England, after so many years of absence?

Before answering that question we must look back two days, and see what has befallen Humphrey Arkdale, the person to whom Daniel Sterne wrote, inviting him to visit Stourbridge fair, or to meet him at Harwich.

The hubbub of the fair was at its height. The smoke of innumerable fires crept up lazily towards the blue September sky. The fields outlying the noisy impromptu city, were strewn with prostrate beasts of burden, sweltering under the burning sun. Children moaned in their sleep under the vans and carts, or drank incessantly from buckets of tepid water brought for the horses from the little river Cam.

"Come, come, Master Barber, keep up your spirits! there's corn in Egypt, and golden locks in Stourbridge fair, take your oath on't. Why, see, here comes a bevy of hussies now."

"Yes, with polls as brown as my coat, and I tell you my order is for the palest flaxen shade."

It was a smart mercer standing at the open side of his booth, who had thus addressed a young man leaning idly against some bales of goods.

Suddenly the young man started.

"Eh, what now?" asked the mercer.

"By the mass!" said the young man, "'tis the very colour, the very shade. Ah, if I could get that head of hair, Mister Mercer, I should not have come all the way from Lancashire for nothing, even if my mysterious friend at Harwich should fail to turn up on the 17th. Who is that girl, Mister Mercer? Do you know her? Is she poor? Have I, think you, any chance? Flourish your ribbons, man; make her come this way."

"Gently, gently, my friend," said the mercer, laughing. "'Tis Joan Merryweather, the spinner. She is coming, trust her; she's been cheapening my kerchiefs for the last three days. Last night she left me to consider if I would not take a sixpence off that black and white."

"Then she is poor?" said the young man eagerly.

"Or stingy! stingy as a miser," returned his companion. "But hush! here she is, and you can judge for yourself."

The mercer spread out his wares temptingly. The young barber leaned in a careless attitude against the bales, pulled his three-cornered hat over his eyes, and watched with a shrewd and curious look the approach of the person whose hair had so pleased him.

First of all, he saw a pair of feet, stepping with an air of modest dignity and self-possession. As the feet, advancing at a slow, even pace, brought her nearer, the barber's quick eye took in both face and figure at a glance.

She was of middle height, and was dressed in a dark morning gown made low on the shoulders, which were covered with a snowy muslin neckerchief, pinned at the throat. Her face was small, with low square brows projecting rather sharply over a pair of eyes of vivid blue, which seemed at once to fascinate and repel the gallants of the fair. Her dull complexion spoke of close labour at her spinning-wheel, and was enhanced by the pale ethereal brightness of the rim of hair just visible under the plain black silk hat, with its sharp brim and filled-in crown. Her lips were red as the hedge-berries, but were compressed with an air of sullen reserve.

Such was Joan Merryweather, as the young barber of Lancashire first saw her on the 15th of September, many years ago, when Stourbridge fair was in its glory, and when he had come hither with forty pounds in his pocket to buy hair for the fashionable wig-makers of Liverpool.

His name, Humphrey Arkdale, was already

famous in his own county as that of a man wonderfully expert in obtaining the tresses of the Lancashire maidens at the statute and other fairs.

He watched Joan Merryweather closely, as she paused before the mercer's booth.

She stood within a few inches of Humphrey Arkdale, whom she did not see, and stooping, took the edge of one of the neckerchiefs between her finger and thumb, and felt its texture.

The mercer approached.

"Well?" said the girl, inquiringly.

"Nay, mistress; such a price was never heard of," asserted the mercer, pulling a long face, and winking at the barber. "I tell you it would ruin me to take a penny less."

She dropped the neckerchief quickly, folded her arms, looked at it, and sighed.

At this moment the young man, whom she had not yet perceived, bent towards her, and said, with a smile—

"If you will forgive a stranger, I think that kerchief would become you vastly. I would be glad to share the cost, only to prove my words."

The clear cold eyes looked up straight into Humphrey Arkdale's, with a quick glance of surprise and contempt.

The next instant Joan Merryweather had turned her back on the mercer's booth, and was walking quickly away.

The young barber nodded to his friend, smiled confidently in answer to his shake of the head, and followed her.

He was soon close behind those dazzling plaits of hair he so much coveted.

Just as she was entering the oyster market, there came a great rush of people, some running to get out of the way, and others shouting and huzzaing.

Looking on over their heads, Arkdale saw it was the Merry Andrew in his coach and six, and with his servants, in grand liveries; and it being the first time he had seen this grand personage—the most notorious of the medical quacks of the time—he could do nothing but stand still and stare till he had passed.

It was not until he saw the kind of train that followed, which consisted of the very dregs of the fair, that he wondered where Joan Merryweather had gone, to escape being knocked down by the rushing crowd.

Then he saw her standing, pale and distressed, before a couple of collegians, who had barred her way.

Arkdale hurried to the spot, shouting—

"Have a care, sirs—'tis my sister!"

He took the trembling arm, and drew it through his; and the young gentlemen, seeing both had an air of respectability, judged it best, after a few tipsy oaths, to take themselves off.

Joan immediately withdrew her arm, but allowed her protector to walk by her side till they were out of the market.

Then they went across a stubble field, and came close to the little gate that opened on a fair meadow, watered by the river Cam.

Over that meadow gleamed a white towing-path to the ferry. Across the river could be seen the church spire and homely house-roofs of the rural village of Chesterton, where Joan Merryweather was born, and where she had lived all her days.

It was not until they had reached the little gate opening on the meadow that Arkdale spoke.

"Can you forgive me for calling you by the name I did, in the necessity of the moment?"

Joan hesitated an instant, with her hand on the gate.

"I can, sir," she replied, looking up with the nearest approach to a smile he had yet seen in her face, "and thank you kindly, too."

Arkdale smiled, and was following her through the gate, but she held it close, and with a bright, decided glance and a curtesy said, continuing her former sentence—

"And at the same time wish you a civil good day."

"Nay," protested Arkdale, laughingly, "sure I may see you to the ferry, Mistress Joan?"

"Since," answered she, "you have my name so ready, let me beg you to respect it, and not

give it a handle for gossips to take hold on by being seen walking with me. So once more take a thank you, and good bye."

"But why fear gossips?" asked Arkdale, leaning with both arms on the gate, in an attitude to detain her. "You have a husband, sure, or father, or brother, to take care of your name?"

"I have nothing, and no one. So, as my bread depends on my good name, and as a lone woman's name is fair or foul as her neighbours choose to make it, I do fear gossips. Again, sir, good night."

"But indeed, I heard—pardon me just one moment—indeed I heard that you had a father living."

As Joan stood, turning half away from him, Arkdale saw her long brown eyelash sweep suddenly down her cheek, and the shoulder that was turned towards him heaved.

"I have a father," she answered, in a tone of mingled softness and bitterness; "but he might be in heaven for the hope I have of ever seeing him again."

"Is he beyond the seas, might I ask?"

"Ay, at Philadelphia."

"And why not join him there, since you have no tie at home?"

"Sir," said Joan, "I am a spinner, and my wage is about four shillings and sixpence a week."

"But have you no treasures you might part with for the sum wanted for such a journey?"

"Had I such treasures I should not be here now. I am a lodger in the little farm that was my father's; I sold my earrings to bury my mother whom I have just lost. But I think you have asked questions enough, for a stranger, and I have answered too many."

"Do but give me leave to walk with you to the ferry," said Arkdale, "and I will prove to you I have not asked these questions idly."

She stood still and made no sign of willingness for him to open the gate.

"If you will pardon my saying it," he continued, "I would venture to remind you you, have yet a treasure that might be turned into money for the purpose of your voyage."

"Pray, what is that?" asked Joan.

"First," said Arkdale, "will you let me tell you a little story?"

"I don't know," answered Joan; "we have supper at seven, and 'tis now past six. I should be home to fry farmer Bristow's bacon."

"'Tis a very short story," said Arkdale. "Only this—you most know there was a noble lady who married a poor gentleman—for love, of course."

"Ay, there had need have been plenty of that, since there was no money," retorted Joan, with a sigh. "Well!"

"Well, and then, when that was fixed on, what must both do but want to give a farewell dinner to his friends. But if there was money for the journey there was none for the dinner. Now the lady provided the money, and how do you think she got it?"

"Nay, how should I know what the quality do in such straits?" answered Joan, carelessly.

"What Joan Merryweather can do in her strait, if she pleases. But perhaps her wish to join her father is not so strong as was the Countess of Suffolk's to please her husband."

"I know nothing I can do. I work for my bread from sunrise o' Monday to Saturday midnight. Well, and how did your countess get the money?"

"She had hair like yours sweet Mistress Joan, and she sold it for twenty pounds."

Arkdale leaned his chin in his hand as he hung over the gate, and watched her narrowly.

At first she stepped back, and gave him an indignant glance. Then a look of sadness and of thought came into her eyes, and she gazed over the meadow with her arms folded before her, as her habit was often to fold them—perhaps because of their aching with the monotonous labour of the spinning-wheel.

Soon she looked again at Arkdale, who gave her the opportunity of judging all she could from his appearance of his honesty, by turning away his eyes, and letting her look as long and searching as she pleased.

The result of her scrutiny proved more flattering to his vanity than favourable to his business, for Joan turned upon him all of a sudden with a burst of anger, and Arkdale could not but see this was through some natural mortification at finding that the attentions of the pertinacious stranger were not, after all, aimed at herself, but called forth as a mere matter of business.

"So this is your trade, sir?" she said, sharply: "this is what your fine speeches and your brave swaggering was to do for you! I make no doubt, sir, those gentlemen that stopped me were friends of yours, and had learnt their lesson of you."

Arkdale saw plainly enough the working of her mind, and was sure she must know her last insinuation to be absurdly untrue. He was a little surprised, however, when he saw her walk away with a quick impetuous step; and love of business suddenly getting the better of his vanity, he called after her—

"I offer you twelve pounds for all, to be cut even with the ears."

She walked on, showing no sign of having heard.

Arkdale slipped through the little gate, and followed her, stepping not on the path where she walked, but swiftly and noiselessly along the grass.

He reached the water's edge a moment after she had reached it. The ferry-boat was hauled in on the opposite side of the river, and the ferryman was asleep under a tree close by it.

Joan called to him in a clear, ringing voice.

He did not hear her, but slept on.

Joan did not immediately call again, but stood by the margin of the river, looking down upon the sand, and musing.

By-and-by, Arkdale, standing close behind her, saw her little hand, with its long, nimble fingers, steal slowly round her neck, and touch those exquisite coils of hair. The white neckerchief, and the sprig of rosemary she wore in memory of her dead mother, were lifted with a sigh. Then her foot, with the tip of its homely shoe, began to trace something in the sand.

Arkdale stole nearer, looked down, and saw a rude 12 inscribed.

"Make it fifteen," he said, gently.

Joan started, but did not look round.

A languid little wave rolled up, and washed her writing out.

Arkdale, with his stick, then wrote the fifteen in its place, and they both stood looking at it silently.

At length Joan shaded her eyes with her hand, and in a voice less sharp and clear than before, called—

"Ferryman!"

The ferryman heard something, and thinking it was the cry of the moor-hen seeking her nest on some dank island in the river, considered he had slept past his supper-hour. He tumbled up to a sitting posture, with his back to the river, and began with his clasp knife on a lump of bread, his dog sitting by and watching him.

"Shall I call him, Mistress Joan?" asked Arkdale.

Joan turned and looked at him, with a tear in each eye.

"You shall have it for the fifteen," said she.

Arkdale was silent. He told himself he was hiding his triumph.

"You will wish to see the length?" asked Joan.

"Before coming to any bargain—that—that will be necessary."

"And bargains are best made before witnesses?"

"That's as you please," said Arkdale.

"Then you'd better, perhaps, come home with me."

"You know best about that, and what will be thought about it amongst your friends."

"Nay, I have no friends; only honest folk in the house, who would not see me unfairly dealt by. Ferryman!"

"Ferryman!" shouted Arkdale, in a voice that woke a distant woodside echo.

The dog looked round and barked at them for interrupting his master's meal; the old ferryman leisurely wiped his clasp knife, and wrapped his bread up; then got into the boat, pushed off, and

the soft splash-splash of the oars began, and came nearer and nearer.

"Now, sir," cried a surly, cracked voice, "my time's my life; look sharp, and lift your sweet-heart in."

Arkdale smiled, and held out his hand; Joan smiled, and took it daintily, showing a little brief colour in her cheek.

When she had sat down, Arkdale stepped in, and took a seat facing her.

"Look here, mistress," said the ferryman; "I'll set you down close at your place for a penny more."

"Then do," answered Joan; so the helm was turned, and the old man tugged against the tide. Joan was silent, and appeared thoughtful. In a little while she said to Arkdale, taking off her hat—

"Tis great folly if I have the fuss and ado of taking you into the house, and then you are not satisfied."

"I know what there is in those plaits. I fancy I could guess the weight," said Arkdale, with a smile.

"At least you shall see now; and then you cannot say you were deceived," said Joan, coolly, after a glance round the banks.

She took out the pins, and undid the plaits in the space of a minute, combed it out loosely with her fingers, shook it forward, and looked gravely at Arkdale for an opinion.

Her eyes dropped again quickly, for the look she met was not merely the look of a man who perceived he had made a good bargain.

If a mermaid had risen from the water, put Joan Merryweather from her place, and sat and smiled before him, the young man could scarcely have gazed on her with more amazement.

Joan's hair, silky, yellow, rippling, and long enough to touch with its pale, golden waves the river's silver ones, was indeed her glory. The letting of it down about her was like the sudden shining of the sun upon a landscape, the glimmer of the moon on grey waters.

The modest consciousness of its beauty gave a new aspect to her face. Its self-reliant, stern, business-like air vanished; its sternness became softness, the eyes glowed with deeper colour, the dull cheeks brightened to faint rose tints, the lips relaxed and became rounder, the whole face was seized with the sweet weakness and confusion of beauty, which made it nearly as charming as beauty itself.

It was the fairest of September evenings; the dew fell, and all nature, weary and athirst, steeped her lips in it, and drank with a silent and deep joy, which was shown in every trembling leaf, and reed, and blade of grass.

Arkdale gazed at her in the greatest wonder, but Joan knew he was not looking only at her hair.

Sometimes the hubbub of the fair came in a faint sound over the fields, like the noise of the old world, which it seemed to Arkdale they had left behind.

The old ferryman made grimaces at his dog, because the young, stalwart fellow before him did not offer to take an oar. But, in truth, Arkdale at times forgot by what means he was being carried along. It often seemed to him to be the pale gleam of Joan's exquisite hair, and the sweet smell of the sprig of rosemary in her bosom, that like a charm drew him on and on, whither, he scarce remembered, or cared to know.

To break the spell, Joan lifted her hand as if to put the hair back again, and said—

"Well, will it be your money's worth?"

Arkdale started.

"One minute," he said, catching at her wrist, and drawing it gently down, "I am making a reckoning."

The old ferryman looked at his dog and grinned. Joan saw not how she could object, so submitted; and as Arkdale forgot to let go the hand, there was a look on Joan's part intended to be severe, but its severity got lost on the way, and so it was only a glance of inquiry or reminder, to which Arkdale's handsome eyes replied with most profound apologies.

Joan locked her fingers lightly over her knees, and looked down sideways into the water.

But for those hands, which bore the marks of

honest labour, Arkdale could have half fancied himself being spirited away by this fair-haired maiden, beyond the borders of this every-day, bargaining world.

On went the little boat, the sun-set colours glowing above and beneath it, a swarm of merry gnats pursuing it, and an enlarged picture of itself and its silent crew floating with it on the side where Joan's eyes fell.

Arkdale was not a superstitious man, but there was something alike weird and bewitching in thus gliding, with the gentlest rocking motion, along the river whose every turn was fresh to him, and Joan in the midst, with her wonderful hair, the fair, white neckerchief about her shoulders, and the shy consciousness in her eyes, which made her look sweeter and more comely than any woman he had ever seen.

He knew he should never forget this face. He felt that its image was being fixed indelibly in his memory, by no choice of his own.

When the boat touched land at the foot of one of her home fields, Joan grew suddenly calm, alert, and business-like. She gathered up her hair with a rapidity that amazed the barber, put on her hat, and drew forth her little bag to pay the ferryman, whom she rated soundly for demanding an extra halfpenny on account of Arkdale's weight.

With a strange perversity, now that the hair had ceased to dazzle him, Arkdale began to feel a lively satisfaction in his bargain, and followed Joan up the turnip field with a buoyant step and smile.

The field and a little lane passed, they came upon the very quaintest little corner Arkdale had ever seen in his life.

It was formed of four or five ancient cottages with crossings and squares of wood on their fronts, crumbling chimneys, and creaking latticed windows, half unhinged. They were arranged as if to form the corners of a court, and were propped and strengthened in several places with pieces of wood reaching from one house to another; but the very nails of these supporting beams were rotting with rust, and slipping from their holes.

Each house had a door opening into a low-roofed stone passage, at the other end of which appeared a flowery, weedy wilderness, bathed in yellow light.

Joan looked into each passage, and nodded; and each person she nodded to came out to look after her, and the supposed sweetheart she had brought home from the fair.

In one passage, a pale, dumb boy was making mats; for him Joan had a fairing in her pocket.

In another sat a dame, who looked as ancient as the arch over her, with her staff in one hand, and her ale jug on her knee. For her Joan had nothing, which omission she seemed to know would be resented, for she quickened her steps, when the old lady's staff was heard thumping the stones behind them with feeble haste, and soon a cracked voice called after them—

"Ay, ay, Madam Joan, so you've got one at last, have you? Save us! only to think on't! He—he—he! 'Tis a brave lad to take what none else will. What say you, neighbour! He must ha' lodged a long way out o' hearing of our pretty Joan's tongue to take up wi' her. What say ye, Gaffer Grump?"

Joan stopped, and turned round; her chest heaving, her hand clenched, her eyes a-blaze.

"Tis time the worms had your tongue, to draw the sting out of it!" said she. "But shall I answer you? No, wicked old scandal-monger! you are half dust a'ready, and an honest woman's breath might blow you to the churchyard."

Quite pale with passion, Joan again led the way, till they came to a doorway more old and curious than the rest.

"Now," said she, turning sharply; "here is where I live. Come in and get this business over quickly, and get out of this nest of scandal-mongers for your own sake and for mine. I saw Farmer Bristow and his two sons a-field, so there is but the old grand-mother at home, and she takes note of nothing but victuals and drink. Ah me!" and Joan gave such a sigh over her friendless state as went to Arkdale's very soul.

The door opened right into the kitchen, or

house-place, as Joan called it. There was a latticed window at the further end, low and wide, looking on a weedy orchard, brilliant with September colours, red-cheeked apples, and yellow pears.

Joan motioned her guest to go and sit down on the broad window-seat, which he did, and looked about him.

There was the old chimney, with its seats and the round pot or crock of iron boiling on the hook. There were trusses of hay and straw packed against the wall, and old saddles hanging on the back of the settle. There was Joan's spinning-wheel in one corner, and a rush-bottomed chair with her supper plate on it, and a cup of brown ale.

This last Joan carried at once to Arkdale. He hesitated about taking it, but she looked so proud and repellant that he durst not venture to refuse it, lest she should see he guessed she would have to go without herself for her hospitality. So he accepted it gallantly, with the kindest of smiles and thanks, which, like sunshine on frost, melted something in Joan's cold eyes.

"Sweet Mistress Joan," said he, as he gave her back the cup, "you are unhappy that I have persuaded you to this business."

"Nay," answered Joan, with a short sob, "'tis the thought of seeing my father, and of being once more with friends as kind-mannered as yourself."

She went and hung up her hat, and then whispered to a bundle of clothes Arkdale had not observed before, crouched by the fire.

Soon he heard a voice proceed from it in answer to Joan.

"Ay, to be sure, wench, and a good thing too. Where's the use of a woman's hair? your own mother's sister's daughter did the like. Wait, I'll get a sheet to put about ye."

She unlocked the seat of her settle, and took out one of her fine linen sheets lain up with lavender.

Joan seated herself on a three-legged stool before the window, and the old woman came and put the sheet about her shoulders, and then, after glancing carelessly out of her yellow cap frills at Arkdale, shuffled back to her ale soppet at the fire.

Joan let down her hair. Arkdale rose, took from his pocket a pair of scissors, long and broad in the blades, rubbed them on his coat sleeve, and approached her.

He laid his hand on her head with a strange timidity of touch for one who had so often done the same kind of thing before, then took them off again.

Joan was conscious of his hesitation, and could not keep the sheet from fluttering.

"Mistress Merryweather," said Arkdale, in a low voice, "it seems to me that I have lost my love for this bargain."

Joan flushed, and then grew white. Did he mean the hair was not so good as he had thought?

She lifted her eyes to his face, as he sat on the window-seat close before her with an end of her hair in his hand against his lips, and found his eyes looking at her as no eyes ever looked at her before.

She looked down on the stone floor again, and there came a colour on her face that made it wonderfully fair.

"Sir," said she, in a trembling voice, "I see you think this an unwomanly thing for me to do—this selling of my hair for money—and would stop me from it even to your own loss. You are good; you are very good for a stranger," and the tears ran down her face.

"Unwomanly!" said Arkdale; "nay, mistress, I think it shows a heart so leal and loving, and free from vanity, that—"

"Then," interrupted Joan, trying to smile, "have the hair off, sir if you please."

He rose and took it in his hand again, and drew the points of the scissors along where he should sever it.

Joan held her breath.

He drew the points along several times, but did not cut it yet.

He laid the scissors down on the window-seat, and Joan saw him standing before her, and smil-

ing down upon her with a strange look of determination in his face.

In her surprise she half rose from her stool, her lips apart, her eyes fixed on his.

Arkdale took her finger-tips timidly. "Joan," said he, in a rich and gentle voice, "you must know I am a little of an adventurer; and am used to doing business by bold strokes, and thereby bringing to myself great damage or great good. I believe the bargain we struck together to have been a good and fair one on both sides. But now, after considering, like a careful purchaser, I have it in my mind to make a different kind of proposal to you. In fact, I see that the hair and face together, would be of infinitely greater value to me than the hair alone, though it fetched me a fortune. Sweetheart, you have seen as much of me as I of you; and I have seen enough of you to know you for a dear and sweet and good woman, whom I could love truly and fondly all my days. Joan, will you prove your gossip's words true? Will you come away with me, and be my wife?"

CHAPTER XII.—THE WRECKER'S CAVE.

While Arkdale waits for Joan's answer, we must return to the man who waits for *him*, and waits vainly, when no other earthly help seems likely to save him from the stroke of the murderous wrecker; who, it will be remembered, rushed at him knife in hand, when he saw the victim revive to consciousness.

The wrecker paused as he reached the prostrate body, and bent over him with his knife, glaring vindictively from under a pair of shaggy and monstrous eyebrows of a sickly reddish hue, to see whether it was or was not necessary to strike.

The knife was in his hand, but that hand shrunk for the moment, as if imbued with independent life, like a guilty and treacherous thing out of sight, behind the bulk of its owner, while he watched for signs of renewed animation.

Seeing none, he knelt down to make a closer examination. He listened for the breath, put his left hand on the chest, and felt for the rise and fall; then got upon his feet quickly but silently, as if in doubt what to do. The victim lived, he was senseless, but undoubtedly lived.

Senseless! Was he senseless? might he not, in the wrecker's elegant phraseology, be shamming Abraham?

Suddenly he made a great sweep with his knife, right across the victim's face, and so near that it was a marvel that he did not slash it.

The victim made no sign.

Then the wrecker turned to look about him; his head *not* erect, the limbs scarcely seeming to move, but the eyes—those savage, bloodshot orbs, in which there was a red point that gleamed like a live cinder—glaring forth from under their hairy penthouse, east, north, west, south, and then east again as if for some kind of satisfaction.

They are satisfied, for they see nothing. Nothing, at least, but those most tempting bales, one of them just opened, the others wrapped in their new tarpaulins, and bound by straps, and new, white, massive cords, which are provokingly suggestive to the wrecker of the wealth within.

Yes the eyes are satisfied, for they see nothing but the helpless victim and his precious bales. Stay!—yes, they do see something else—a woman hurriedly advancing towards him with animated gestures. But that is the same as nothing, she is only his wretched drudge of a wife, and her presence is rather a sign to him to be quick in doing what he intends to do than a token of danger to the incipient murderer.

The tide begins to reach the unopened bales, which have been left as yet untouched. So he goes and rolls them higher up the beach, and by the time he has put them out of danger, his wife a poor emaciated-looking woman, breathless, her face pallid with terror is by his side.

"Hugh, have you killed him?"

"Stop that, will you! Here, roll these bales up while I settle him."

"I won't!"

"Eh?" The savage glared at her in mute

wonder as if this was a new thing, and not easily to be comprehended.

"Hugh, you must listen to me. The constables have got scent of us, and there's a cry abroad that the king's ship that was lost here last Easter, was through one of our decoy fires."

"You will talk," said Hugh, beginning to look dangerously at her, and pointing to the body as if to warn her she might be overheard.

"Now Hugh, do listen; hear what I've been doing to quiet people, and make 'em think we earn our bread honestly. I've been seeking needle-work and got some to do. Hugh, dear Hugh, if you will only join the fishermen at Harwich, or work in one of the farms close by, we might now drop this dreadful trade, use our wealth by degrees to make us comfortable, and so be safe. Dear, dear Hugh, my life is so miserable, and yours so far from happy that—"

Here the poor woman's speech was stopped by her passionate weeping. But after a moment or two of this, she stopped her tears bravely, tried hard for a smile, and finished by saying—

"Honest bread, Hugh, once more! We'll have it, we will! I know you'll listen to me, won't you, before it's too late?"

"Roll them bales up. That's twice. You won't like the third time of asking."

"Well, I will. But tell me, is he dead?"

"Good as dead."

"Not dead, thank God! I thought, Hugh, you would not again tempt—"

With a frightful imprecation, and a savage blow at her face, Hugh rushed past her, and the story of our hero would have then ended in an obscure inglorious tragedy but for a new effort on the part of the woman.

Forgetting the pain of the blow, which cut her lips through and made the blood run, shutting out the fear of greater brutality, and putting on a kind of patient and cheerful heroism, such as only women are capable of under such inflictions, she followed him swiftly, and cried to him with an entire change of tone and manner, as if her fit of kindness and mercy had died out, and only selfish prudence remained—

"Stop Hugh! I forgot to tell you something. No ship's been here. He hasn't been wrecked, I'm sure of that. Ever since you lighted the fire last night on the cliff I've been on the watch. He must have been put from a boat, which I might easily not see from the crag and by people who know him, who'll miss him, and look after him."

"Then, how did he get that?" demanded the incredulous Hugh, pointing to the wound in the head.

"He must have landed in the dark, and jumped upon the rocks, and hurt himself without his friends knowing."

"A likely story!"

"Hugh, dear, I'd take him to the cave. He'd be safe there for an hour or two, and nobody be the wiser. Suppose he's on business that he and his friends aren't blab about! You didn't think of that. Why, you'd get all his things for nothing, and he and his gang be glad to sneak away in silence without them. Don't you see?"

Hugh did begin to look a little puzzled, if that was what she meant by his seeing, but having a wholesome distrust of his wife, said nothing.

"Besides, Hugh, suppose he lives and is rich. You can tell him his bales were carried out to sea, but that you've saved his life, and hope he'll be grateful. Now, don't you see?"

Hugh's villainous eyes did begin to twinkle with new light, though he still wouldn't trust himself to speak.

"If he dies, Hugh, after all, naturally, you get his goods just the same, and be the easier in your mind that you didn't hurt him, but rather befriended him, by trying to bring him round."

Hugh was confessedly staggered. Though in his notion of things the wife was the weaker vessel, he had often found her logic come right in the end, particularly when she would as he said, "reason for him," and "not for his enemies," by which he meant his victims. Still he felt obliged to shake his head, and sneer at her want

of sense; but she felt her hold, and hastened to use it.

"Come, let me help you," she said with a laugh. "Won't we be careful of him when we calculate his price! It's my opinion, Hugh, he'll prove worth more than the bales, and them you've got already. There's a mystery about him I like. Come!"

Hugh growled, but obeyed. The woman helped him to raise the seemingly lifeless body till it was got fairly upright, and then clasped round the waist, the head and arms hanging helplessly over one shoulder, and kept in position by the assiduous care of his wife. And thus they went off together in search of the cave she had spoken of.

"We shall have other birds of prey down upon us, Hugh, soon, if we don't get both him and the bales out of sight."

Hugh growled something she did not make out, but strode away with his burden at a great pace—strode towards the apparently impassable and unsheltering mass of perpendicular sandstone rock that confronted the beach about a couple of hundred yards off, and stretched away right and left for miles, at about the same height—some forty or fifty feet. The upper edge was fringed with thick bushes and, here and there with groups of what might be almost called old-man oaks, so small were they, so greybearded with moss that looked like human hair in the last stage of aged mortality, and so like in their grouping a council of venerable Druids met on their favourite rocky heights. Even the very limbs of these wierd-looking, diminutive trees, lent themselves to the same kind of deception, and became like human limbs through the round swellings in particular parts, and the likeness to grey-ropes produced by the pale greyish-white, almost silvery moss.

Nearer and nearer they go, ascending the beach towards the perpendicular wall of rock which still shows no opening on its face that can possibly be within reach; still, they swerve not to the right or to the left till they are within a few yards. There occurs a slight depression in the beach, which had not been previously visible, and there, in the centre of the depression, at the base of the rock, appears a natural opening, about three feet high and eight or ten broad, singularly shaped, and half filled with decaying masses of seaweed, driven up by the tide, and finding in the mouth of this cave a shelter from the fury of wind and wave.

Laying the body down at the edge of the cave, the head directed inwards, the wrecker crawled in; and then, after a minute or two, his head and hands re-appeared, and the soldier was dragged in, and away from the wife's view.

With a beating heart, the miserable creature waited outside, minute after minute, dreading every instant to hear some fearful sound or cry. Her husband striking the murderous blow, or his victim reviving to life under the stimulus of the blow that was to kill him—and reviving only to take in its fullest anguish, the consciousness of his own death-shriek.

To her immense relief Hugh soon came forth, looking as she knew he never could look after deeds of violence, and said to her—

"Go you in and watch him if you aint afraid, till I come back. It'll take me sometime to dispose of those bales, but I'll be back in an hour or two. Keep him quiet, if he begins to look lively, so that he mayn't suspect about the goods. It's my belief he's a smuggler; so try it on about the revenue boys; tell him they're close by. Any how, don't let him get out till I have cleared off the things."

Hugh went away, and the woman crawled into the cave, and found Hugh had disposed the body carefully on a slope, with a great mass of dry weed for a pillow that he had gathered together.

"She sat down by the senseless form, and gazed at it for some time in deep silence. Then she washed the wound on the head with the salt water wondering whether the smart would rouse him. It did not. She next took one of the hands, and began to chafe it between her own for a considerable period. Then she treated the other in the same way. The tears gathered

slowly in her eyes as she looked helplessly on the pale yet serene and beautiful face, which she could see very well, for it was just on the level of the beam of light that stole in.

She was growing quite hopeless when nearly an hour had passed in unavailing efforts—hopeless and weary. But at last a low moan gratified her with a sign of promise. She took a phial full of brandy from her pocket, and tried gently to force open his lips and teeth, which were so rigid with cold that she shudderingly exclaimed—

"Mercy! He's fast dying!"

No, he was not dying. He was again conscious, and was only, as he thought, resisting in the first moment of returning sense, the effort to poison him. The wrecker and his knife, which were the last things he had seen on the beach, had probably infected his whole soul with images of dreadful cruel deeds. He had dreamed, even in his seeming state of death, of draining a poisoned bowl, and here it was at his lips on waking.

But the feel of that timid hand, the sound of that gentle voice affrighted at his danger, and the look at that sad, wistful face, when she, seeing his eyes open in amaze, lowered her head out of the upper darkness till it was near the floor and he could see it. All this reassured him, and he murmured feebly—

"A woman! Thank God!"

He then allowed her to pour a few drops of brandy down his throat, his eyes the while following her intently, partly in his difficulty to distinguish her features, partly in the grateful sense of safety upon him through her, as well as of wonder as to his escape from the wrecker's knife.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "You are no smuggler. Whoever you are, you are in danger; but I will help you—if I can. Tell me your name."

And she bent down her ear close to his lips, to catch more surely his faintest tones, which otherwise would have been unheard.

"Daniel St-Sterne."

"Your friends?"

"I have none."

"Not one who might be warned?"

"No—unless Humphrey Arkdale—"

"Hush! he comes—my husband! I shall say you haven't yet spoken. Beware!—hush!"

The light was obstructed, and presently Hugh was standing within the cave, and looking down on the pale, placid face of the man, whose shut eyes satisfied the wrecker he was very much as he had left him.

"Has he stirred?"

"A little; but only enough to make me think he must be dying."

"Given him anything?"

"A few drops of brandy; but he turned against it."

"Wants vitals. Go off to the town and get some of the best. Nice, relishing, delicate things to nourish him. I'll watch him till you come back."

"Can I get back past the point before the tide will be up?"

"Of course you can. If you don't you'll settle me, for I shan't stir from this poor dear gentleman's side till you do come. And then if he can eat a bit and walk a bit, we might between us help him along to Jack's cottage. It's only a mile."

"And if he can't walk?" questioned the woman, with a side glance to see if the subject of the talk was still able to listen.

"Then we must carry him as well as we can up the beach a bit, to a place I know of, where we can put him out of the reach of the tide, and get more help."

Though she could not distinguish Hugh's face, something in his tones warned his wife he was keeping a terrible control over his temper at these questions of hers, and that if she ventured any nearer to what she was trying to say, he might break out. She had better hurry off, fulfil his commission, and be back before the danger she had been striving to suggest to Daniel Sterne should be incurred.

Hugh followed her out of the cave to see her

off, as he said, aloud. Then catching her hand, and almost driving his coarse nails into her flesh with the brutal grip, he whispered hoarsely—

"None of your—tricks, mind, or I'll wring his neck, as I wrung the chickens yesterday."

"Hugh, do as I said, and you'll say your wife is your best friend. But are you sure I shall have time to get past the point?"

"Be off! You'll find us both together wherever we are, and however long you are. But you'll be in time if you'll only go, and not give us any more of your jaw."

She turned, walked for a little time briskly, then began to run as if growing anxious; then again stopped as if to rest, but was soon seen once more to run. Hugh's mocking laugh showed he understood perfectly her fear.

Then he went back, and listened at the mouth of the cave. All was silent. Hugh didn't care to go in just then. He took a pipe from his pocket, filled it leisurely with tobacco, lighted it by the aid of a tinder box, leaned his back against the rock, and began to study the seaward look of things before him.

And then he began to speculate in his thoughts on his wife's movements. Three-quarters of an hour to reach the town, let her run as often or as fast as she likes; a quarter of an hour at the shops; three-quarters coming back—saying nothing of her load; in all, two hours all but a quarter. By that time it would be six feet deep at the point!

The wrecker was so agreeably moved with his calculations that his pipe fell from his mouth, and the burning weed was shook out of the bowl. He carefully restored it with a patience quite unusual with him, and, with a villainous smile upon his countenance, again began to smoke.

He seems at times to think he ought to go in, but he stays out for all that.

And there and thus he stands a long while, looking intently always at the same thing, the advancing line of foam that marks the sea's edge, filling his pipe freshly as the last supply is burned out, listening for sounds from the cave that he does not hear, and does not want to hear.

Nearer and nearer comes that beautiful white boundary line, till he begins to see it spread like the most exquisite lace and reminds him of the other kind of lace he has lately had a glimpse of, and which must be worth, he fancies, guineas a yard!

Again he begins to move, as if to go to the man who lies in the cave; and again he stops, as if in awe of some thought of his own brain. Yes, he will go in now; he must?

He knocks the ashes from his pipe very leisurely, and when he has done so, and put the pipe in his pocket, he takes it out, refills, and again puffs short, violent, agitated puffs.

Why does he not go in?

He kicks the shingle savagely with his feet as he asks himself that question; and then, when some new thought—perhaps of doubtfulness as to the ailing man's actual state—crosses his mind, and is reflected on his face, he suddenly re-enters the cave, the pipe in his mouth, and finds, to his satisfaction, the body just in the same recumbent posture.

The sight seems an immense relief, as though he had dreaded the necessity of talk. Now he smokes away faster than ever, till at last he is actually knocking out the tobacco before it is half burned, and is refilling it, unconscious of what he is about.

Ha! there it is! The lace-work is beginning to unroll itself at the very threshold of the cave. Does he who lies within hear that first splash, or the constantly increasing sounds which begin to reverberate in the hollow cave? What if he does? what if he is listening in fear and doubt? Has he not a kind guardian by his side, sharing his lot, and who must know what is danger and what is not?

Conscious or unconscious it is all the same to Hugh, who stands there in wondrous silence, and still more wonderful quiet, watching the water rise inch by inch up the hollow slope that occupies the centre of the cave, and smoking away as if for dear life.

The prostrate figure lies on a sort of shelf at

one side of the cave, but Hugh seeing the water begin to touch the outstretched feet, takes the body under the armpits, and drags it further in, and to a higher shelf of earth that is really above the level of the roof of the entrance arch of the cave.

As he deposits the head on the new pillow he has there made, his hands seem to linger awhile in their clasp of it, as though he were tempted to try his favourite remedy for difficult cases—a strong wrench of the neck, now to this side and now to that—which Hugh fancies leaves no dangerous signs behind.

However, he resists the temptation—perhaps in respect to his wife's hints—and descends to the hollow centre, and is glad to find that, where the body now is, he can no longer see the face.

He stands in the hollow centre, and does not at all seem to mind the gradual encroachment of the water upon himself, over his toes, then up his leg, and now to his knees.

He sits upon, or rather leans against the edge of the raised ground on which the body lies, as if to steady himself; and he begins to note a little anxiously how much space remains between the surface of the water and the edge of the opening of the cave—a somewhat awful-looking strip to measure, for it does not now exceed six inches.

Hugh looks through the failing light at the victim, lying still without movement—looks at that narrow strip, and seems to think it is high time to put his pipe in his pocket.

But as he lingers when he wanted to come in, so now he lingers when he wants to go out. Lingers, no doubt, in anxious care of his charge. His wife so long—the water so high! How on earth is he, unaided, to remove him now to a place of safety? Impossible! Why, he will have himself to dive down in order to pass out. But he will wait yet a few minutes longer in the hope of aid. Aye, till the very last instant with this poor gentleman, till, indeed, he can but just clearly see the precise point to aim for, when he dives.

The moment has come. He dares not himself risk longer delay. The darkness is so great, and the hubbub so violent, that he has a spasm of fear across his mind, just for one instant, that he can no longer distinguish by the faint light through the water the mouth of the cave, and that he will be drowned while bobbing his head blindly against the rocks at the bottom in a vain search.

The undulations of the water, rising alternately higher and lower, cause him just to have one more clear glimpse of the light beyond, and in the next moment he is wriggling and panting under the arch of the cave; but he emerges in safety, and then wades away along the side of the cliff to a spot previously fixed on by him as safe even from the highest tide.

And as he wades away, Daniel Sterne leaps to his feet, as by an almost miraculous effort of will, freed from his "guardian" at last.

On his feet; but scarcely able to retain his posture. He falls after a moment's poise against the wall of the cave, his brain dizzy, his blood hurrying hither and thither in a frightful fashion through vein and artery, his heart bursting as if with the concentrated emotion of these last two dreadful hours, during the whole of which he has been perfectly conscious of the position, and only too well aware of the utter folly of attempting any defence, except this kind of seeming insensibility.

But now that horror is past; he has but one foe in the cave to battle with, one lion in his path that springs and crouches, and creeps nearer and still nearer, and roars round him as with a thousand voices.

Standing on the highest ground he strains his eyes through the black darkness, and tries to concentrate what power of body or mind remains to him in the one thought, "Is salvation possible?"

Obviously the answer is yes, if he can, in his present state, descend into the water, find the mouth of the cave, dive down under it, and swim through while under water, and then swim, heaven only knows how far, outside to reach firm ground, as he thinks he would have to do!

He does not condescend to argue it. What would have been to him but a sportive feat in health was death now; certain, irresistible death!

The water is knee-deep, even on his vantage ground. The pressure on the confined air is terrible.

Assuredly nothing human can come to his aid. He might as well hope to escape from the hungry lion in his den as from the inexorable sea in this prison-house of its own making.

Even at the very moment despair forces itself upon him, a passionate thirst for life seizes him, he dashes his hands against the walls in the vain hope of finding something to clutch—to cling to.

In vain! utterly in vain, the walls are cruelly smooth with the slime of the last tide.

The watery, black winding-sheet has wrapt itself about him, and draws him. He feels it drawing him as if hands were pulling it on. There is a hideous bellowing at his ears; then a yet more hideous silence.

To be continued.

MEMOIRS OF P. A. DEGASPE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE CANADIANS OF OLD," ETC.

THE time was—it is now, happily, no more—when a Canadian book was quite an event amongst our *litterati*: nor was that time unconnected with that dark and dreadful era of rivalry between our two mother countries; then, as now, the leading nations of Europe. Coalesced Europe, fortunately for the peace of the world, succeeded to manacle the great disturber of nations, confining him to his rock of St. Helena, where, until relieved by death, safely there he did keep, his trusty jailor, Sir Hudson Low. Abundant proof shows that the echo of European strife was heard on our shores: its baneful breath fanning into flame those brands of discord, that, under the name of war of races, have until lately distracted our fair country, whereby our national development was retarded, our intellectual vigor languished. It is then with heartfelt pleasure that we see those dissolving elements of other days gradually disappearing. Time, the greatest of physicians, has applied his balm to our wounds: the good sense inherent in both races, patriotism, education, the strong arm of statesmen, increased intercourse between nations—nay, even the late commercial treaty between France and England—and common dangers shared on the Crimean battlefield. Those, and other causes no less potent, have helped to eradicate senseless rivalries, and to substitute in their stead good fellowship, religious toleration, civil liberty, and equality in the eyes of the law. Can we be insensible to this happy consummation, to this most hopeful issue from the eternal bickerings of the past? Can we hail otherwise than with satisfaction a book written by a contemporary, sprung from the past generation, testifying to this wholesome fact? These considerations do not seem to us out of place, in order to understand the object and appreciate the aim of the *memoirs* now before us.

The diaries of remarkable men, or of the friends of remarkable men, when possessing the impress of truth, have ever awakened interest in a remarkable degree. A journal like the present, embracing a daily tablet of events covering close on a century, in a country like Canada, where there are so few reliable histories of the past, must possess additional value. We repeat it: the written record of what Mr. DeGaspé saw or heard, fifty, sixty, seventy years ago in our old fortress city, teeming with its historical memories, must necessarily have interest for the men of the present generation. A Canadian octogenarian, whose birth, education, wit and *entourage* opened to him the door of the first *salons* in the colony, preparing for us a pleasant budget of the wit, wisdom, and folly of other days, can reasonably count on a goodly number of readers; and when the narrator has at his service the elegant and facile pen which traced the "Canadians of Old," his prospects of success are increased tenfold. Despite our efforts to shake off the last remnants of mediæval feudalism, and notwithstanding our desire to

advance with the times, we do like occasionally—and perhaps we are not singular in our likings—to listen to the pleasant gossip of an aged philosopher, whose memory takes him back to that so imperfectly known, yet so eventful epoch, which immediately followed the conquest. We love to study our own times by the light of other days; and, when wading through the voluminous and contradictory accounts of the invasion of Canadian soil in 1775, we like to fancy that one hour's chit-chat with Lieutenant Governor's Cramache's "Twenty Knights of the Round Table," dining at Government House, or at Belmont, or at that then exquisitely fashionable restaurant, the Blue House on the Little River Road, would have enlightened us more on colonial matters than a whole quarto of the *ex post facto* statements and one-sided views of the historian Smith. What would we not give to have had the felicity, like our old friend, the ancient Canadian *par excellence*, to have held converse at Quebec, in 1810-11-12, with that gallant soldier, General Brock, whose blood now moistens the heights of Queenston? How much we would have enjoyed a quiet confab with Sanguinet's journal; with that learned *pundet* on constitutional law, Lymburner, a Lower-Town merchant, who knew something beyond pine deals and spruce logs; about the time, when a delegate to England, in 1791, he made the House of Commons ring with his eloquent denunciations of imperial and colonial misrule; nor would we have begrudged a walk down Mountain Hill, to the sage's house in Sault-au-Matlot street, then also a fashionable portion of Quebec—though not now—and where the young Duke of Kent, about 1793, the father of our sovereign, then a "roystering colonel of Fusiliers, aged twenty-three," had attended a ball. How amused the jolly sprig of royalty must have felt, when, on asking what he could do for a respected centenarian of the Island of Orleans, whom he took the trouble to visit, the aged dame curtsying to the ground, replied "*Merely, dance a minuit de la cour with me, your highness,*" which was then and there done with that solemn stateliness on the old lady's part, consonant with French traditions. What *bon homme* required in those *petits diners*, where a worthy old French ecclesiastic, Father DeBerey, superior of the Franciscan *Recollets*, used occasionally meet the duke. On the other hand, what profound sadness fell over the colony, when, as Mr. DeGaspé says, the news arrived of the execution of the French monarch in 1794: what a graphic *tableau* of family grief! What an honorable record for French Canadians those pages redolent with the memoirs of the Longueils, the Lacornes, the DeLeveys, the De LaNaudières, the Desalaberrys! Who could peruse without emotion those kind autograph letters, dated Kensington, from a royal duke, testifying to the chivalrous behaviour of the Hero of Chateaugay.

We fellow with interest the protracted career of the genial old chronicler: every incident has some attraction. Lady Maria Carleton's *soirées*, without being as *recherchées*, appear to have been quite as agreeable as Little King Craig's *fêtes champêtres*; and we must, as we go along, testify to the courage which Mr. DeGaspé, a French Canadian of the old *regime*, evinces in giving his testimony in favor of Sir James Craig. Sir James was particularly severe, not to say arbitrary, towards several French Canadians of note in 1810. Mr. DeGaspé boldly steps up, and speaks out in favour of a man probably dealt with unjustly by several historians. Sir James lived in troublesome times; the French Emperor was supposed to have emissaries in Canada; a little firmness would stop budding discontent. Was it always firmness? or was it arbitrary rule? which obtained. There is the rub. We have here a French Canadian gentleman of intelligence, who testifies to what he *heard* and saw; and his verdict is favorable to Sir James.

Mr. DeGaspé's memoirs are a kind of repository of anecdotes about several eminent contemporaries of his, of which few are to be found at the present moment amongst the living: L. J. Papineau, Jonathan Sewell, Vallière,

Moquin, the late Andrew Stuart. These were his classmates, his brother barristers, or his associates. What an excellent memory the old *litterateur* must have? Not even Justice McCarthy is forgotten. McCarthy, that "bright meteor" of the bar, whose sarcastic spirit was quenched so early by that fell destroyer, king alcohol.

Are these *memoirs*, for all that, faultless? Certainly not. One would have liked to see contemporary history take the place of too abundant family reminiscences. What a pity the old philosopher did not discover sixty years ago that he could write?

Might one not also be inclined to ask whether, in all points, Mr. DeGaspé's book is a faithful mirror of times by gone? Our own memory does not take us back to the days in which flourished a Lady Jersey, or in which a Mrs. Clarke dispensed military patronage, imperial and colonial, for the Duke of York, much less can we successfully retrace the ignominious period for Frenchmen, when the voluptuous Pompadour ruled supreme over the realms of Henri Quatre; but we know that at all times an echo of the mother country, under French and under English rule, reached our shore for good or bad; nor could we reasonably expect to find the social atmosphere of the colony purity itself, when it was tainted in the metropolis—the waters of the streamlet cannot be limpid, when those of the river which feed it are turbid. This being the case, one is apt to ask, whether colonial society, in the days of Mr. DeGaspé, was as free of blemish as he leads one to believe. It is all very well, and possibly praiseworthy, to carry charity towards one's contemporaries to the most remote limits; but truthfulness, in details, we hold to be indispensable. We trust our old friends will forgive this frank expression of opinion.

Will Mr. DeGaspé's example be followed by some of the votaries of letters belonging to a former generation still lingering in our midst? We devoutly hope so, for the cause of history. Were it not presumption on our part, we would call by name on some of the talented veterans, whose years must have brought them a large store of wisdom and experience: we would beseech them, ere the relentless hand of fate overtake them, to leave a written record of "men and manners" in the colony in the heyday of their youth. Will the venerable Laird of Fairmead, Drummondville, permit us to ask him for his recollections of former days? Will the veteran statesman, of Monte Bello, Ottawa, consent to jot down an account of his parliamentary contests, triumphs, &c., but we fear being thought presumptive.

Mr. DeGaspé's memoirs are likely to meet with favor, especially in that portion of Lower Canada where the chief personages whom he introduced to our notice flourished. The peculiar customs of the French Canadian peasantry are admirably sketched.

Cog, Bezeau, Romain, Chouinard, Major Laforce: these characters are true to the life: they are types which any one acquainted with French Canadians will recognise.

We shall close this notice with a description by Mr. DeGaspé of

A FETE CHAMPÊTRE AT POWELL PLACE IN 1809.

"At half past eight A.M., on a bright July morning, (I say a bright one, for such had lighted up this welcome *fête champêtre* during three consecutive years) the *élite* of the Quebec *beau monde* left the city to attend Sir James Craig's kind invitation. Once opposite Powell Place, (now Spencer Wood) the guests left their vehicles on the main road, and plunged into a dense forest, following a serpentine avenue which led to a delightful cottage in full view of the majestic Saint Lawrence; the river here appears to flow past amidst luxuriant and green bowers which line its banks. Small tables for four, for six, for eight guests are laid out facing the cottage, on a platform of *planned* deals—this will shortly serve as a dancing floor *à fresco*; as the guests successively arrive, they form in par-

* Governor Craig went by the name of the little King, on account of his love of display.

ties to partake of a *dejeuner en famille*. I say *en famille* for an *aide-de-camp* and a few waiters excepted, nothing interferes with the small groups clubbed together to enjoy this early repast, of which cold meat, radishes, bread, tea and coffee form the staples. Those whose appetite is appeased make room for new comers, and amuse themselves strolling under the shade of trees. At ten the cloth is removed; the company are all on the *qui vive*. The cottage, like the enchanted castle in the opera of Zemira and Azor, only awaits the magic touch of a fairy; a few minutes elapse,* and the chief entrance is thrown open: little King Craig, followed by a brilliant staff, enters. Simultaneously an invisible orchestra, located high amidst the dense foliage of large trees, strikes up *God save the Queen*. All stand uncovered, in solemn silence, in token of respect to the national anthem of Great Britain.

"The magnates press forward to pay their respects to His Excellency. Those who do not intend to "trip the light fantastic toe" take seats on the platform where His Excellency sits in state; an A.D.C. calls out, *gentlemen take your partners*, and the dance begins.

"Sixty winters have run by since that day, when I, indefatigable dancer, figured off in a country dance of thirty couples. My footsteps, which now seem to me like lead, scarcely then left a trace behind them. All the young hearts, who enlivened this gay meeting of other days, are cold in their tombs; even *she*, the most beautiful of them all, *la belle des belles—she*, the partner of my joys and of my sorrows—*she*, who on that day accepted in the circling dance, for the first time, this hand, which, two years after, was to lead her to the hymenial altar—yes, even *she* has been swept away by the tide of death. † May not I also say, with Ossian, 'Why art thou sad, son of Fingal! Why grows the cloud of thy soul! The sons of future years shall pass away: another race shall arise! The people are like the waves of the ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven—they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.'

"After all, why, indeed, yield up my soul to sadness? The children of the coming generation will pass rapidly, and a new one will take its place. Men are like the surges of the ocean, resemble leaves which hang over the groves of my manor; autumnal storms cause them to fall, but new and equally green ones each spring replace the fallen leaves. Why should I sorrow? Eighty-six children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, will mourn the fall of the old oak when the breath of the Almighty shall smite it. Should I have the good fortune to meet with mercy from the sovereign judge, should it be vouchsafed to me to meet again the angel of virtue, who embellished the few happy days I passed in this vale of sorrow, we will both pray together for the numerous progeny we left behind us. But let us revert to the merry meeting previously alluded to. It is half-past two in the afternoon, we are gaily going through the figures of the country dance "speed the plough" perhaps when the music stops short; everyone is taken aback, and wonders at the cause of interruption. The arrival of two prelates, Bishop Plessis and Bishop Mountain, gave us the solution of the enigma; an *aide-de-camp* had motioned to the bandmaster to stop, on noticing the entrance of the two high dignitaries of the respective churches. The dance was interrupted whilst they were there, and was resumed on their departure. Sir James had introduced this point of etiquette, from the respect he entertained for their persons.

"At three, the loud sound of a French horn is heard in the distance, and all follow His Excellency, in a path cut through the then virgin forest of Powell Place. Some of the guests, from the length of the walk, began to think that Sir James had intended those who had not danced to take a 'constitutional' before dinner, when,

† M. DeGaspé married in 1811, Susan, daughter of Thomas Allison, Esq., a captain of the 6th Regiment, infantry, and of Theresa Baby; his two brother officers, Captain Ross Lewin and Bellingham, afterwards Lord Bellingham, married at Detroit, then belonging to Upper Canada, two sisters, daughters of the Hon. Jacques Dupéron Baby.

on rounding an angle, a huge table, canopied with green boughs, groaning under the weight of dishes, struck on their view—a grateful oasis in the desert. Monsieur Petit, the chief cook, had surpassed himself; like Vatel, I imagine he would have committed suicide had he failed to achieve the triumph, by which he intended to elicit our praise; nothing could exceed in magnificence, in sumptuousness this repast—such was the opinion not only of the Canadians, for whom such displays were new, but also of the European guests, though there was a slight drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the dishes—the *materials which composed them we could not recognise*, so great was the artistic skill, so wonderful the manipulation of Monsieur Petit, the French cook.

"The Bishops left about half an hour after dinner, when dancing was resumed with an increasing ardor, but the cruel *mammæ* were getting concerned respecting certain sentimental walks which their daughters were enjoying after sunset. They ordered them home, if not with that menacing attitude with which the goddess Calypso is said to have spoken to her nymphs, at least with frowns, so said the gay young *cavaliers*. By nine o'clock, all had returned to Quebec." J. M. C.

Spencer Grange, near Quebec, Sept., 1866.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A TORPEDO-BOAT

THE following eventful history of a torpedo-boat is taken from General Maury's report of the defence of Mobile. The vessel, which was built of boiler iron, was about 35 feet long, and was manned by a crew of nine men, eight of whom worked the propeller by hand. The ninth steered the boat, and regulated her movements below the surface of the water. She could be submerged at pleasure to any desired depth, or could be propelled upon the surface. In smooth, still water her movements were exactly controlled, and her speed was about four knots. It was intended that she should approach any vessel lying at anchor, pass under her keel, and drag a floating torpedo, which would explode on striking the side or bottom of the ship attacked. She could remain submerged more than half an hour without inconvenience to her crew. Soon after her arrival in Charleston, Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate Navy, with eight others, volunteered to attack the Federal fleet with her. While preparing for their expedition the swell of a passing steamer caused her to sink suddenly, and all hands, except Lieutenant Payne, who at that moment was standing in the open hatch way, perished. She was soon raised, and again made ready for service. Lieutenant Payne again volunteered to command her. While lying near Fort Sumter she capsized, and again sunk in deep water drowning all hands except her commander and two others. Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Aunley, one of the constructors, made an experimental cruise with her on Cooper River. While submerged at great depth, from some unknown cause she became unmanageable, and remained for many days at the bottom of the river with her crew of nine dead men. A fourth time was the boat raised, and Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile, of the 21st Volunteers, with eight others, went out of Charleston Harbour in her, and attacked and sunk the Federal steamer Housatonic. Her mission at last accomplished, she disappeared for ever with her crew. Nothing is known of their fate, but it is believed they went down with the enemy.

INK STAINS ON WOOD.—If the stains be on mahogany, put a few drops of spirit of nitre in a tea-spoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture, and on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water, or there will be a white mark which will not be easily effaced. If the stain be on the common deal tables or dressers, or on the boards of floors, the same mixture can be used, but the latter precaution need not be adopted.

SYMPATHY.

(CONSOLE TOI.)

J. RUMMEL.

Risoluto. *Andantino.*

f *p dolce.* *riten.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

rall.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

a tempo.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sonore. *fz* *p express.*

Ped. *poco riten.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

pp

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

SYMPATHY.

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass clef part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f p*. Pedal markings are indicated by asterisks and the word "Ped." below the bass line.

The second system continues the piece. The treble clef part includes trills (*tr.*) and a section marked *a tempo.* followed by a *marcato.* section. The bass clef part features a *rall.* section and a *marcato.* section. Dynamics include *p* and *legg.*. Pedal markings are present throughout.

The third system shows a *poco riten.* section in the treble clef, followed by *a tempo.* and *dolce.* markings. The bass clef part continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*. Pedal markings are present.

The fourth system features a *pp* dynamic in the treble clef. The bass clef part continues with a steady accompaniment. *Sva* markings are present above the treble clef part. Pedal markings are present.

The fifth system concludes the piece. It features a *poco riten.* section in the treble clef, followed by a *ff.* dynamic. The piece ends with the word "FINE." in the bass clef part. Pedal markings are present.