

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

LONDON SATURDAY READER

VOL. III.—No. 54. FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1866. SEVEN CENTS.



WILLIAM WORKMAN, Esq.

IN pursuance of our plan, as announced in a former number, of giving from time to time, sketches and portraits of "Men who have Risen" in our community, we publish to-day that of Mr. William Workman. This plan, let us here premise, is entirely of our own creation, the parties themselves have no hand in its initiation, our object being to direct attention, and especially of the young and the rising generation in Mercantile life, to men in our community, who, occupying prominent positions, have risen to these positions, and gained the summit of success in life, by their own industry. We believe, that in placing prominently before the young men in our community, such results, we can best incite their emulation towards a similar course of action, and thus promote their best interests.

The subject of our notice to-day, is, we understand, the fifth of a family of eight sons who

emigrated to this country, now, nearly forty years ago. Although brought up to business in his native town, Lisburn, near Belfast, in the North of Ireland, his *début* in Canada was in connection with the press, having, in company with his brother, conducted for a short time one of the oldest journals in the city—the *Canadian Courant*—but finding that the returns from this field of labor were not in consonance with his ideas of compensation for the capital and energy it required, he soon abandoned the walks of literature and letters for those of the counter and the counting-house. In the year 1830 he entered the employment of the highly respectable hardware and iron house in this city, J. & J. M. Frothingham, and after six years' service, he received on the 1st of April, 1836, a partnership under the firm of Frothingham & Workman.

If, in life's voyage, it is good fortune to strike the current of the "tide in the affairs of men," which the immortal Bard says, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, it requires no less

good judgment and quick discernment to keep the lead and mark the true direction of the current towards the point of success. In this the subject of our notice was well aided by the kindness and conferences of his excellent associate in business, John Frothingham, who retired from the firm along with him in the year 1859, after nearly 30 years of one of the most successful careers in that line of business, perhaps in British America.

Although few men could have applied themselves more unreservedly, late and early, to business than Mr. Workman did, his known energy and quick appreciation in all matters of business placed him constantly in the foreground of all the public movements and undertakings in the country, as well social as commercial; he was President of the St. Patrick's Society, at one time, when the two Societies, Protestant and Catholic, were united in one. He has been an active Director in almost every Railway in the country, President of a Steamboat company, one of the founders and we believe the chief of that

excellent institution, the City and District Saving's Bank, which for the last few years has given to the poor of our country over five thousand dollars per annum. He was elected the first President, was six years in the Office, and on retiring of his own choice he received as a reward of his good management, a presentation of a set of Plate worth a thousand dollars.

About eleven years ago he was elected to the office of President of the City Bank, which position he still occupies. At the time of his election the Institution, from a series of misfortunes and a great commercial revolution, had suffered so much, that the preceding Board of Directors had seriously contemplated disposing of the stock of a small composition to another Banking institution in the Province; this Mr. Workman successfully opposed, and the result was that in a few years the Bank was restored to a position of steady prosperity.

Mr. Workman has frequently declined the offer of support of his fellow citizens towards the civic chair, and has upon all occasions resisted every inducement to enter political life, though at one time he believe, tempted by an offer of appointment to a seat in the Legislative Council. Of a strong, perhaps stubborn will, and of strong social attachments, he is a powerful opponent with either tongue or pen, but a most warm-hearted friend. His Bank Reports from year to year have been replete with financial talent, and have perhaps done more to bring about a repeal of the Usury Laws than any other document on the subject.

Having retired from commercial life some years since with an ample fortune, he is not churlish in its application, but is ever ready to contribute liberally to every good work in our midst. To the Protestant Poor House and House of Refuge, of which he is a Vice-President, he recently contributed two thousand dollars, but it is well known that his contributions are never conferred to sectional, national, or religious division: to Catholic as well as Protestant charities he is a contributor.

Mr. Workman is a strong advocate of Home manufacture, asserting in some of his recent speeches and writings, that incidental protection judiciously laid on, upon articles suited to the manufactures of the country, *cheapens the price*, besides giving employment to our people during our long winter months, and retaining and augmenting the mercantile capital of the country.

If we have thus treated the subject of our remarks, in a spirit of what some may deem almost partiality, we have done so in no willingness to appear eulogistic, but simply under a conviction of merit, and a persuasion that in a community like ours, where the best energies of the country are needed to roll on the sometimes sluggish car of progress and prosperity, such specimens of humanity as Mr. Workman should be presented even "bright side up," as an inducement and an incentive to all business young men, and as an illustration of what any young man without capital or mercantile friends may attain to by dint of industry, high integrity, and steady perseverance.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

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

WILLIAM MOLSON.

IN the biographical sketch of William Molson, Esq., which we printed in last week's Reader, there appeared an important typographical error. It was stated in reference to the establishing of Molson's Bank by the subject of our sketch that "his son joined him in this enter-

prise." It should have read "his brother joined him in this enterprise." Montrealers who know the history of the Molson family would of course, understand that this was a typographical error; but for the sake of our more distant readers, we think it well to make the correction. Mr. William Molson has no sons.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

BLACKWOOD'S Magazine for August contains an article which paints in glowing colours the present condition and future destinies of British North America. After describing the extent, population, forests, fisheries and products of the five Maritime Provinces, which, he says, "are sufficient to form one of the leading Powers of the earth, should it please them to ask of Great Britain the boon of independence, and sufficient to add largely to the power and glory of the mother country, if it pleases them to perpetuate the connection," the writer gives a sketch of the possessions of the Hudson Bay Company, and the colonies on the Pacific coast, with their rich plains, fertile valleys, woods, lakes, rivers and seas swarming with fish, their gold, coal, iron, copper, and other minerals. He states, on the authority of a report presented to the American Government by the New York Chamber of Commerce, that the immense region of Lake Winnipeg, which the jealous fabrications of the Hudson Bay Company depicted as a barren wilderness, unfit for the residence of civilized man, is "like the valley of the Mississippi, distinguished for its fertility of soil, watered by rivers of great length, and admirably adapted for the purposes of steam navigation. It is an area equal to eight or ten American States of the first class, and its great river, the Saskatchewan, is navigable to the foot of the Rocky Mountains." A hundred miles to the east of these mountains commences a great coal bed, sixty miles in width, and extending over sixteen degrees of latitude to the Arctic Sea. Coal in great abundance is also found in Vancouver Island, and elsewhere. These, and many such facts, given by the writer in Blackwood, are—or ought to be, familiar to Canadians, from the labors of Professor Hind and others, though no one is the worse of being reminded of them; but to people in England, who believe these regions to be covered with eternal snow and ice, the account thus drawn of them must be as a new revelation. We will not transcribe what the writer relates of Prince Charlotte Island, and the source of the Columbia, of which an American document, laid before Congress, declares that "the magic hand of civilized man would transform it into a terrestrial paradise."

Yet it is with such a territory as this for our inheritance, that some cowardly spirits amongst us would shrink themselves, and deter others, from the glorious task of building up a vast empire in British North America. The United States is the lion in their path, whose power and greatness press on their imaginations like a nightmare, of whose presence and weight they cannot, or will not, divest themselves. But our neighbours will, we suspect, have enough to do to hold their own, for some time, without intermeddling with our affairs. Their civil wars, their debt, their taxes, their fierce quarrels, turmoils, and dissensions, offer anything but inducements to us to cast our lot with theirs; and as matters now stand, it would be little short of madness in us to do so, apart from other considerations. We have a destiny of our own to carry out, and the fault will be with ourselves, if it be not all, and more than all, our brightest hopes can picture it.

A question of paramount importance, however, still remains to be solved:—How is this new Empire to continue in connection with the Parent State? The old relations between England and her Colonies virtually ceased with the introduction of Free Trade in 1846. Since then, it may be said of the Colonies and the Mother Country, that "they cleave together, but do not

amalgamate." The tie between them now, is simply one of habit and sufferance, which the present Imperial policy of leaving the Colonies to govern themselves, has rendered bearable, if not, to a large extent, desirable. There is wanting in the connection the enduring bond of mutual interest. How is this to be supplied? Of old, under the *regime* of Protection, Colonies were supposed to constitute the strength and glory of a country; under Free Trade they are regarded as a burden, which they undoubtedly are in many respects. Numerous schemes have been proposed to meet this difficulty, but hitherto without effect. The union of the British Provinces has been loosely talked of as being calculated to consolidate the British Empire at home and abroad; but that is mere idle babble; for the measure is just as likely, of itself, to lead to dismemberment as to union with the metropolitan government. Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, has advocated the representation of the Colonies in the British House of Commons, as a cure for all Colonial ailments; but the project is wholly untenable, chiefly because the representatives of the Colonies could have no influence in such an Assembly, while their presence there, without such influence, might be greatly injurious to us. What then, we again ask, is the remedy? The Montreal *Transcript*, sometime ago, suggested the formation of a Colonial Navy as the only means of imparting new life to the Colonial Empire of Britain, and we are strongly inclined to believe that our contemporary was right. By the end of this century, the Navy of India, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, the Confederate Provinces of British North America, and the other Colonies, joined to that of England, might defy the whole world, and what is better, would be the guardian of the peace of the world. With this suggestion, we leave the question for further remark on a future occasion.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, August 16, 1866.

WITH a due observance of precedent I would begin this letter with something about royalty or the *beau monde*, if royalty or the *beau monde* would only give me a topic. But they won't, and "there's the rub." I must, therefore, content myself with chronicling, for the information of my Canadian readers, that their gracious lady is quietly staying at Osborne, enjoying occasional trips up and down the Solent in her yacht. A little while longer, and she will be off to the Highlanders, with those of her children who yet remain under the maternal wing. The Prince of Wales is already in the north "a chasing of the deer," with what success he may. As for the *beau monde*, it is simply nowhere—that is, it is everywhere, and doubtless engaged in all sorts of avocations, from gambling at Baden-Baden to picking up shells on Scarborough beach. In fact, it is completely disintegrated, and will give me nothing to say for some months to come.

I did not tender my congratulations on the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph last week, simply because I thought it better to wait a while, and let time, as well as the electricians, test the cable. It was for the same reason, perhaps, that our people here took the matter so quietly. Certainly, everybody anticipated success, so that it excited no surprise to learn that the wire was safely ashore on Newfoundland. That there was no rejoicing, arose from a disagreeable recollection of what took place in 1857, when the excitement had scarcely subsided before the cable became dumb. But now that everything goes well, there is a deep and general satisfaction prevalent in English society at finding that the great ocean barrier, hitherto dividing the Anglo-Saxon family, is practically annihilated. All honour to the men who have done this wonderful work.

Thanks to a good Providence, which has blessed the noble efforts made to withstand it, the dreaded cholera is showing decided signs of

abatement. The manner in which our common enemy has been battled with in this metropolis is deserving of the highest praise. For once the local authorities are alive to the danger, and fully up to the work required of their hands. Never has the East-end had such a thorough or hauling as now. The prying eyes of official inspectors have been everywhere, and have seen a few sights before undreamed of, sights which, even to read of, makes one wonder that plague and pestilence have not made that part of London their permanent home. Unofficial men have also gone down into the unsavoury region, notebook in hand, and have brought up out of the depths some strange stories how the people live. Here is part of what one has told us, speaking of Shoreditch:—"Judging from the number of so-called tripe shops in this locality, it would seem that the offal of the whole butchery interest of the metropolis here found a market. Horrible-looking little dens are these tripe-shops, stocked with raw heads of oxen, and boiled heads of sheep, and great hairy bullocks' hoofs, and dead white feet of calves. The window-boards, and the knives and choppers, are smeared with brains, and the walls are bloody. The counters are broad, as they need be; for, besides offal for human food, they likewise offer offal for cat and dog food, and there, cheek by jowl, with sheep's heads and bullocks' heads, and hearts, and livers, and tripe, are mounds of skewered 'paunch' bundles, and great slabs of horse-flesh, the latter not unfrequently smoking hot from the knackers' boilers." Is not this scene more suggestive of the Feejee islands than of the boasted metropolis of the world? But when such things are, it is good to know of them, for it is the first step towards improvement. That the cholera should fasten upon a locality like Shoreditch was a matter of course. What it is now doing there, let the same writer tell in language which, for grim horror, reads like a passage from Defoe's *History of the Plague*. He says:—"Turn whichever way I might, it was impossible to get out of view of Death and his works. There was his sign—a short length of deal board hastily brushed with black paint—nailed in front of the cooper's shop, where likely enough yesterday the cooper whistled as he hammered at his tubs and pails. Six paces, and we come on a thriving chandlery, a mourning shutter, half concealing the bold announcement that competition was defied, and that until further notice the proprietor intended to retail good rough Congou tea at two-and-four-pence a pound, the upreared shutter supplying the further notice in a very effectual manner. Five doors from the chandlery is a private house, with a business plate in the window, announcing that there bonnets are cleaned, dyed, and altered at the shortest notice, but now who is left to clean, dye and alter bonnets, is, alas! a speculation; for behind the business plate, and extending over the whole window space, a ghostly blind droops in full length. And here comes a man with a pair of tressels on his shoulder, and a measuring tape peeping from his waistcoat pocket, smoking his pipe with the air of a mechanic with whom trade is flourishing. Death everywhere. To the left of you—to the right of you, behind you, maybe—who knows? True as gospel is this account, which observation I conceive to be the more necessary, since I have to tell that in turning a corner there I came upon the shop of an undertaker, and his shutters were up, and there were astonished neighbours on the step, and his wife and daughter, whose trade was 'pinking' and shroud-trimming, were holding converse with them with red eyes. Up the streets, and down the streets, within a circuit of a stone's throw, I counted *nine-and-twenty* houses where, slain by cholera, lay bodies of human beings awaiting burial."

This is horrible, but, thank God, we have reason to hope that the worst is past. In the week before last 1407 persons died of cholera; last week the mortality declined to 1045. What it has been may be estimated from the fact that out of 10,898 persons who have died in London within the last five weeks, 4454 have perished by the pestilence. I am happy to say that the Mansion House Relief Committee is inundated

with money, and is busily dispensing it in relieving the distress caused by sickness and bereavement. I must not omit to mention that the Princess of Wales, with the graceful kindness that belongs to her, sent last week a present of flowers wherewith to brighten the dreary wards of the London Hospital, which stands in the very thick of the fray. You must really pardon me, if I have dwelt too long upon this topic. Here it is the one subject of men's talk, and even for you it must possess an interest, since you are not beyond the reach of a similar calamity.

Rumours of Fenian doings have been cropping up again this week in a very unpleasant manner. One Scottish paper came out with a circumstantial account of the achievements of a Fenian fleet among the Orkney islands; but this proved to be a hoax on the too credulous editor. There are, however, well authenticated reports of mysterious vessels in that region, and the Admiralty has been applied to, in order that ships-of-war may be sent down to protect the inhabitants. A certain uneasiness has been caused here, too, by the proposed alteration in the United States neutrality laws. If that alteration be adopted, the Fenians will have a weapon put into their hands, and there will be trouble. By-the-by, nothing more has been heard of the Guy Fawkes affair, about which I wrote you last week. It was evidently a stupid practical joke, suggested by the approaching prorogation of Parliament. One of the last acts of the Legislature, before breaking up for the holidays, I may say, was to continue the suspension of *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland. Bad news this for the Fenian Brotherhood.

The condition of the money market is exciting serious interest here. The Bank of England will grant no accommodation under ten per cent, and, as a consequence, commercial life is nearly suspended, while general distrust prevails. Our new Chancellor of the Exchequer has been waited upon by deputation after deputation, urging him to exert his influence with the bank authorities, and to induce them to take steps towards altering this state of things, but he blandly dismisses his petitioners with very cold comfort, and does nothing. Perhaps Mr. Disraeli feels that the touch of his unaccustomed hand may only derange the delicate machinery, of whose intricacies he is nominally supposed to be master. However this may be, it is devoutly to be hoped that a change for the better may very soon come.

I need not say that the question of beef supply is, to Englishmen, one of first rate importance, and, therefore, an attempt made some time ago to introduce a cured South American article excited no little interest. But even if we were not rather fastidious about our meat, we could not have managed the leather-like substance offered us. An effort to masticate it was so decided a form of self-torture, that the enterprise fell through ignominiously. It is just reviving again, however, in a better form, let us hope. Two gentlemen, by name Paris and Sloper, have gone out to Buenos Ayres, taking with them some cans of English beef preserved after a peculiar fashion. This has been eaten, partly by the President of the Argentine Republic, and was found fresh as when killed. So we are told to look in a month or two for some 12,000 lbs. of South American meat, which will be sold here in perfect condition for fourpence or fivepence per pound. If Messrs. Paris and Sloper carry out their plans, they will each deserve a statue in Trafalgar Square, with the inscription on the pedestals sure to command the gratitude of future generations of Englishmen—"He gave John Bull his beef."

Some interest has been excited in the literary world by the news that a New York publisher has just brought out a tale, purporting to be the "last and best" of Miss Braddon's works. As a matter of fact, Miss Braddon never wrote the story at all, nor even heard of it, till it was put into her hands. Some people here are disposed to be very indignant at this attempt to trade upon the reputation of a distinguished writer, but the majority simply put it down as a piece of very sharp practice. I am afraid the com-

mercial conscience is an elastic one, and, as a commercial people, we are inclined to be chary of throwing stones, mindful of our own glass houses.

In the matter of books, as in everything else, this is a very dull time. Our "new poet," Swinburne, has, however, brought out a volume, full of all the beauties of versification, but in many places shamefully prurient. To the credit of our reviewers, it has been unmercifully castigated, as it deserves; but the mischief is that this very castigation sells the book, and increases the evil it was intended to destroy. It is a pity that Mr. Swinburne seems bent on blasting his own prospects.

From the moral suicide of a poet to the actual marriage of a painter is no great step. It is a fact that the daughter of one of our noblest houses, the Lady Rose Sophia Mary Fane, only sister of the Earl of Westmoreland, was married, yesterday, in Westminster Abbey to Mr. Henry Weigall, a portrait painter, and married, too, with all honour, an Archbishop performing the ceremony, while the bride's noble relatives looked benignly on. Long live liberty, equality, and fraternity, especially equality. But what do the "old fogies" say? Where do they think we shall all go to?

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

From the Publisher's advanced sheets. Right of translation reserved.

Continued from page 6.

CHAP. IX.—A MESSAGE BY WIRE.

The 4 p. m. train, on a certain autumn afternoon, had just left Kingsthorpe Station, a little roadside place 6 miles from Normanford, and Able Garrod, the clerk in charge, was setting off homo to tea, when summoned back into his office by the tinkling of the telegraph-bell; having signalled the sending-station that he was in attendance, he proceeded, word for word to take down the following message. From Marie, London, to Henri Duplessis, Lilac Lodge, near Kingsthorpe Station.—Your address is known to me. I shall reach Kingsthorpe by the afternoon train to-morrow—Wednesday. Meet me there without fail. When the message was completed, Able proceeded to copy it out in his best hand, with many flourishes of his pen, and strange contortions of his tongue, on to one of the printed forms supplied him for use on such occasions, which he then put into an envelope addressed to Mr Duplessis, and leaving the station in charge of Tim Finch, an old stiff-jointed porter, who with himself, made up the staff at Kingsthorpe, he crossed the line and the path of gravelly road beyond it, and lounged slowly through his little garden, and so into the house, here he found the table laid out for tea, and his wife busily employed cutting bread and butter.

"I'm thinking of walking as far as Lilac Lodge after tea, missis," said Able; "I've gotten a message by wire for Mr. Duplessis."

"A message for Mr Duplessis!" said Jane Garrod slowly and wonderingly, pausing with the knife in one hand and the bread in the other. "and what is the message, Able, my man?"

Able, with a little pomposity of tone, repeated it to her, word for word.

"A strange message—a very strange message!" said Jane Garrod musingly. "So this "Marie" comes by the four o'clock train to-morrow, does she? Well, I shall be there to see her when she arrives.—And look you here, Able; watch Mr. Duplessis closely when he reads the message, and try to find out by his looks whether he is pleased with it or not.—And now make haste with your tea and set off. I would give something to be by when he receives it."

Jane Garrod was a spare and rather sharp fea-

tured woman, about fifty years old—a woman singularly silent and undemonstrative, but observant in her own quiet way; self-contained, brooding over her own thoughts, with one of those impassive faces that give no clue to the feelings at work beneath them. Although she had never had any pretensions to good looks, she held her simple-hearted husband with a chain far stronger than any mere smiles of beauty could have woven round him; but her rule was a mild one, and Able had the good sense to feel and acknowledge her superiority, and was, I am inclined to think, rather proud than otherwise of the bonds that held him prisoner.

As soon as Able had finished his hasty tea, he put on his best hat and coat, and taking a stout stick in his hand, set out on his walk to Lilac Lodge. The distance by road was about four good miles; but Able knew all the short-cuts through by-lanes and fields, and round by the corner of Kirkbarrow Plantation, and so brought down the distance to three miles, and accomplished his walk easily under the hour.

It was quite dark by the time he got back home, and he found his wife sitting with unlighted candle waiting for his return, and, contrary to her usual practice, not busy either sewing or knitting. She turned on him as he entered the room, with a degree of animation foreign to her usual reticence. "Well, what news?" she asked. "How did Mr. Duplessis take the message?"

"He took it in his hand, how else?" answered the matter-of-fact Able, as he prepared to put away his best coat and resume his old one.

Jane smothered the impatient exclamation that rose from her lips, and merely said: "Sit down and tell me all about it. But first you must have a glass of beer, and your slippers on; and I'll light a candle, and then the room will seem more cheerful."

Abel swelled with a sense of self-importance as he watched his wife moving about the house attending his minor comforts; to think of what little consequence, either to his wife or to any one else, could be the trivial scraps of news he had to retail. When every thing was comfortably arranged, Jane drew her chair up to the side of her husband, and waited in silence for him to begin.

"When I got to the top of Lorrimer's Brow," said Able, "I could see Mr. Duplessis walking about the garden in front of the lodge, smoking a cigar; and I was right well pleased to find that he wasn't from home. Well, when I got down to the house, I just looked in over the sidegate, and touched my hat to him—'Want me, my good fellow?' says he, in his affable, smiling way—and a pleasanter way than he has with him, it would be hard to find. 'What can I do for you?' says he, holding his head a little on one side, and showing his white teeth.—'I've come over from Kingstrophe Station, sir,' says I, 'and I've got a telegraphic dispatch for you.' 'A telegraphic dispatch for me!' says he opening his eyes very wide indeed, so that his eyebrows went up nearly to the roots of his hair. 'Are you sure, my good man, that you've come to the right person?'—'It's for Mr. Henri Duplessis of Lilac Lodge,' answered I; 'and I believe that's you, sir.' 'That's me, without doubt, and nobody but me,' he said; 'so let us have a look at this mysterious document.' That's what he called it, Jane—a mysterious document; so I put my hand into my pocket and pulled out the dispatch, and handed it to him over the gate. He stuck his cigar between his teeth, and took both hands to the envelope and tore it open, and turned the paper to the light, for it was growing darkish by this time, and read the message; and I'm sure Jane, it was written in as plain and not a hand as any body need wish to see, so that he could have had no difficulty in making it out.

'I never saw anybody's face change so suddenly as the face of Mr. Duplessis changed when he read that paper. You would have thought that old Daddy death had tweaked him suddenly by the ear. All the colour went out of his cheeks, and his features cramped up in a moment, just like my grandfather's when he lay a-dying. The cigar dropped from between his teeth; and he turned on me with a word which you would hardly like to hear—a very strong word, Jane—and his white

lips seemed as if they wanted to say something more, but couldn't; and then flung up his clenched hand above his head, and staggered out of sight, down one of the little alleys. Well, I waited without stirring for a matter of five minutes (thinking he might want to send a reply), lounging over the gate, and sniffing the pleasant scent of the flowers; and then I saw Mr Duplessis standing under the verandah, beckoning me to go in; so I opened the gate and walked across the lawn, and followed him into the drawing-room. And then he told me to sit down, and asked whether I would have a glass of sherry; and when I said I had no objection, he poured me out one, and held his case for me to pick a cigar from, and was quite jolly—so jolly and so agreeable, that I could hardly believe it was the same man I had seen only five minutes before looking so terribly white and ill. But he accounted for that naturally enough by saying, that any sudden news good or bad, always brought on an old pain at his heart, from which he had suffered for years. Next, we got talking about the telegraph, and he asked me whether I hadn't some curious messages by it at odd times; but I told him that Kingstrophe was such a quiet, out-of-the-way place that it did very little business in that line, most of the messages that did come being on the railway company's business. Then he asked me what security people had against their messages being talked over and made public by the men at the station; to which I answered, that there was rarely more than one person at a country station who understood telegraphy, and that he was always a person of good character, and pledged to secrecy as to the messages he might receive or despatch; and that I supposed something like the same system was in use in large towns. To this he answered by saying that he was sure that I for one might be trusted with a thousand secrets and not whisper a word about any of them: and then he looked at his watch, and I took that as a hint that it was time to go; so I emptied my glass, and bade him good-evening and just leaving the room, when he slipped a couple of half-crowns into my hand; and laying his white finger lightly on my shoulder, says he: "There's something for your trouble in coming so far. I'll be at the station to-morrow afternoon, as my sister requests." Then with a laugh: "See you go straight home, and don't stop at the *Green Dragon* by the way," and so he bowed me out quite grand-like; and I walked back through the little garden, with its pleasant smell of flowers; and here I am—But Jane, that Mr. Duplessis is a real nice gentleman, and no mistake! For my part, I can't make out why you dislike him so. It's not his fault, if he's fallen in love with Miss Frederica—no man in his senses could be long near her without falling in love with her. I'm in love with her. There! what do you say to that.

"Why, that you are the same simple-hearted old goose that you always were. But as for your Mr Duplessis, so smooth and smiling, I don't know why I should dislike him, and yet!"

"And yet you do."

"And yet I do. Well, likes and dislikes come by nature, and can't be helped, any more than the colour of one's eyebrows, or the shape of one's nose."

CHAPTER XII.—THE STRANGER AT KINGSTROPE.

At five minutes to four precisely, on the afternoon of the day following that of the arrival of the message by wire, Mr. Duplessis lounged up to the station, and greeting Able Garrod graciously, inquired how soon the train might be expected to arrive.

"She has just been telegraphed," replied Able, "and won't be more than ten minutes late to-day."

"Not more!" said Mr. Duplessis with a smile. "As if ten minutes were not enough! I presume that railway trains are classed in the feminine gender by reason of their unpunctuality, and general remissness in keeping their appointments; and with that he sauntered down the platform, selecting a cigar from his case as he went, and evidently determined to while away the time as pleasantly as possible.

"A nice-spoken gentleman, surely," muttered Able to himself, as he bustled off to see that his signals were all right, and the line clear and everything in readiness for the coming train, but

always with a furtive glance at the little attic window of his house, plainly to be seen from the station, out of one corner of which, where the blind was pushed a little on one side, he knew that his wife, with the assistance of a small pocket-telescope, was noting everything that happened on the platform, and patiently awaiting the arrival of the 4 P.M. train.

Mr. Duplessis, seated on the soft turf of an embankment, smoking his cigar, and whisking off the heads of the tall weeds with his cane, was apparently in no hurry for the train to arrive; and had some terrible accident befallen it, which would have delayed its coming for ever, he might perhaps, have been none the less pleased.

At length, the lagging train rolled slowly into the station, and from it descended one passenger—a woman thickly veiled, having on a voluminous grey mantle and a black-silk dress, much frayed and travel-stained about the skirts—who, not perceiving at the first glance the person she expected there to meet her, turned on Abel with alarming quickness, saying in a harsh, high-pitched voice: "Monsieur Duplessis, n'est-il pas ici?" throwing up her thick veil at the same moment and displaying to Able's fluttered gaze, the thin, fallow face of a woman no longer either young or handsome, but who, not many years ago, had been both, lighted up by two restless, piercing black eyes, which shone out, with strange, baleful lustre, from beneath the heavy brows, black and straight, which crossed her forehead almost without a break. Before Able had time to reply that he did not understand French, Mr. Duplessis emerged from behind an angle of the building, with a treble-distilled smile ready put on, and with one white hand ungloved and held out, ready to grasp that of the new comer. But the woman kept her hands within the shelter of her muff, and drew back a step, and seemed to look him through with her keen black eyes. The set smile still wreathed the Canadian's lips, but the colour faded from his face, and the wrinkles, invisible to society, came out under his eyes, as he said in a voice that had lost some of its usual confidence: "Do we meet as friends or as enemies, Marie?"

"As enemies," replied the woman—"as enemies till death!"

"So be it; but listen to me first," he said with an effort to regain his usual easy confident manner. And then he began to address her earnestly in French; and Abel moved away out of earshot, fearful of exciting suspicion.

The conversation between the two lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and Jane Garrod, looking from the little attic window, with her eye fixed to the end of the telescope, watched their every movement with a patience that never wearied. At first, the woman seemed to listen to Mr. Duplessis with a sort of careless disdain, as though nothing he might say could influence her resolves in the slightest degree; but striving, meanwhile, to urge some important point on her consideration. But by and by, she began to shew some signs of interest in his words, almost as if it were, in spite of herself—an interest which seemed to deepen as he went on; and when with outspread hands he came to a sudden stop, as though appealing to her to confirm what he had just said, she replied with three or four words only, and then held out her hand for him to clasp, as though that were the seal of the compact between them. He took her proffered hand, and made as though he would have kissed it, but she drew it back quickly with a shudder, and thrust it into her muff. His eyebrows went up to a point for one moment, and then he turned and beckoned to Abel Garrod, who was loitering at the other end of the platform.

"This lady is my sister," said Mr. Duplessis gravely to Abel—"a sister whom I have not seen for many years. She is about to stay for a few days in this neighbourhood, and I want to know where I can obtain two decent quiet rooms for her while she is here, as she cannot bear the noise and bustle of a hotel. Two rooms—a sitting-room and a bed-room—are what she requires."

Abel puzzled his brains for a minute or two, but could not call to mind anything at all likely to suit the lady.

"Look here, now," said Mr. Duplessis, suddenly

taking him by the button: 'have you no spare rooms in your own house?'

'We have a spare bedroom,' said Abel diffidently.

'And a spare sitting-room, too—ch?'

'A parlour, which we seldom use, except on Sundays. But my wife—'

'Exactly the thing—could not be better,' interrupted Mr. Duplessis. 'Leave me to settle everything with your wife. Just shoulder that bag, will you?—Allons, ma Marie,' and he strode off towards the house with Madame his sister leaning on his arm; Abel, with the black leather-bag, bringing up the rear.

In a few voluble words, Mr. Duplessis explained his wishes to the quiet, serious-looking woman who opened the door in answer to his knock. Jane replied that she certainly had two spare rooms, and that she should be happy to let the lady have them for a few days, but that they were only furnished in a very humble style, and perhaps the lady might not like them. But all little difficulties were smoothed over by the indefatigable Canadian; and Madame was at once installed in the rooms, and Jane instructed to prepare tea for her without delay.

Mr. Duplessis would fain have taken his leave at this juncture till the morrow, but Madame would not hear of such a thing: it was cruel of him, she averred, to quit so soon the sister whom he had not seen for six long years. He must take tea with her, and pass the evening with her, otherwise how would the long *triste* hours charm themselves away? Mr. Duplessis submitted with tolerable grace, and drank tea with his sister; and after that, they had a long conversation together in French; and then they made Abel hunt up an old pack of cards, and played *écarté* till the clock struck nine, when Mr. Duplessis jumped up, and declared absolutely that he must go.

When Mr. Duplessis was gone, and his sister safely abed, and Abel snoozing in his easy-chair, Jane Garrod, with her apron thrown over her head, sat brooding beside the dying fire, going carefully over in her own mind all that had been said and done since the arrival of her mysterious lodger.

It is to be borne in mind that Jane had a tolerable conversational knowledge of French, having, when young, lived as lady's-maid in Paris for a couple of years; but she was particularly careful that neither Mr. Duplessis nor his sister should suspect her of such an acquirement; and when, once or twice, while she was waiting on them at the tea-table, they preferred some request to her in that language, forgetting for the moment her supposed ignorance of it, she had merely stared stolidly from one to the other till they repeated their request in English. They thus considered, and naturally so, that they were perfectly safe in talking over their secret concerns in her presence.

'If I could only have heard what they said to one another on the platform, when they first met, said Jane Garrod to herself, 'I should have something to go upon; but as it is, I have only bits and scraps of their talk after they got here to judge by, for they had evidently settled their plans before coming to the house. These bits and scraps are just what I must try to remember, and piece together. "You thought it would be impossible for me to discover your retreat," said Madame, "so cunningly had you arranged everything; and that you would never see my face in this world again."

'To which Monsieur replied: "Let the past go, Marie; it is not a subject one would choose for contemplation. There is a pleasant future before us, if we only choose to avail ourselves of it."

'In that little *if* lies the whole question," responded Madame. "Should you ever feel inclined to play me false, remember that one breath of mine would scatter your castle to the winds."

'No fear of that," answered the brother; "so long as we act fairly by one another, the compact will benefit both of us."

'After that, they went on with their cards for a little while, till Madame suddenly flung hers across the floor. "Ah, scélérat! monster!" she exclaimed, grinding out the words from between

her teeth. "What a fool I must be to play cards with you, or do anything but tear your black heart out of your bosom! When I think of the horrible fate to which you had doomed me, I know not how I refrain from killing you!"

"Why do you thus excite yourself?" asked Monsieur very quietly. "I have told you already that I was misled by Van Goost. He gave me to understand that"—

"Liar!" screamed Madame. "I know of old what value to set on what you say."

"I will shew you Van Goost's letters to-morrow, and prove to you how greatly you misjudge me," said Monsieur.

'Her only answer was a scornful laugh; and with that, Monsieur went quite humble-like and picked up her cards, and dealt them afresh, and then they went on playing as if nothing had happened. A strange couple, truly!

In one corner of the little simply-furnished room, hung a crayon-portrait of a child—a child of rare beauty, with long black ringlets, and black eyes, and with a skipping-rope thrown carelessly over her arm. Jane Garrod, taking the candle in her hand, went up to this portrait, and gazed earnestly on it. 'They tell me, darling,' she said, 'that you have promised your hand to this bad man. But you do not love him dear, I am sure of that. You are unhappy, and just now you hardly care what happens to you; and they have got you to promise to become his wife, and to make yourself miserable till the day you die. He is a bad man, darling; and you shall not marry him, if Jane Garrod can anyhow help it; no, never—never!'

'Never what, missis—never what?' said Abel who awoke just in time to hear the last word or two, and was now rubbing his eyes sleepily.

'Never go to sleep in your arm-chair after supper,' said his wife—'it's a downright lazy habit.'

To be continued.

FRENCH RULE IN CANADA.

SCIENCE assures us there are no more continents needed, beyond those already discovered, to complete the harmony and counterpoise of the earth, and there can never be another Columbus because there can never be another opportunity for one, but the desire for adventure can not die, and the gold mine and rather unctuous attraction of an oil region leads the spirit of the 19th century, as the discovery of a new world did that of the 15th.

No wonder Ferdinand and Isabella saw visions of glory and importance for Spain when Columbus laid at their feet the sovereignty of a new hemisphere, four times the size of all Europe. The old world was convulsed with intestine wars; many of the nobility had been impoverished; the commonalty murmured against real and imaginary oppression, and that healthy consequence of adversity the *desire for adventure* had made the idea of emigration peculiarly fascinating: Europe was not large enough for its population, and here was a world to receive them. It is easy to imagine the effect in Europe when Columbus told the story of his voyages to the West, where he found savage, and nomadic nations living in the open forest and wigwam, and yet who were astute statesmen and great warriors, and whose oratory mingled in its newness the quaint beauty of the oriental with the European vividness and force. Europe was panting for relief from internal discord; the people were ripe for any combination of circumstances that might arise; nobles with broken fortunes longed for a sphere where they might hope to regain them, and had America been discovered half a century sooner, and emigration been under no absolutism or arbitrary restriction as was early French colonization, doubtless a human exodus would have departed from the old world and have relieved and spared her much future discord. Revolutions may be caused by simple overcrowding, and it is excess of population in times of civil inquietude that often begets and certainly aggravates national afflictions. Had Voltaire and Rousseau, instead of repeating their studied sentences to a starving populace, but urged them to seek happiness in some of the

French Colonies, and had the king's ministers but advised him to encourage emigration of the working classes, tyranny in France might have destroyed itself for lack of its instruments, and the million of lives have been spared that perished in that awful reign of terror.

When Pope Alexander issued the famous bull bestowing the whole of America upon the Kings of Spain and Portugal, there were none of the European nations more decidedly disputed his right to do so than France—and her emphatic opposition appears the more remarkable when we remember the formidable jurisdiction possessed by the Roman Popes at that period. Francis I, who we think yearned to be a sailor though he was a King, took it as a good joke, and said "Shall the Kings of Spain and Portugal divide all America between them, and not give me any share as their brother? I'd fain see that article in Father Adam's will that bequeaths them this vast inheritance."

In 1523, he sent Verazzano's squadron to forward discovery in the West, but the French had shared in the prize of the new world as early as 1500, when Cortereal, a Portuguese, visited the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, and saw Bretons, Normans and the Basques, fishing for cod. One author does his best to prove that men of France discovered the Banks of Newfoundland one-hundred years before Columbus saw the New world; and some French genealogists have made themselves as sublimely ridiculous as the Irish doctor, who, when tracing back the origin of the Irish race, got so near to the origin of man that he made a bold stop, and a bull of course, and wound up by declaring that Adam himself was an Irishman, and Eden originally about three miles "this side of Cork."

On the 20th of April, 1534, Jacques Cartier, a hardy mariner of St. Malo, a sea-port in Brittany, sailed on a voyage of discovery to the western world, bearing the commission of the King of France. Cartier was now forty years of age, and though, perhaps, less genius than Columbus, he had all his patient faith and fortitude. The patronage of his sovereign, and the sympathy of the noblest minds of France naturally increased his native zeal and made his undertaking a labor of devoted love, and never yet did mariner set sail with more hope and light-heartedness than the brave Commodore Jacques Cartier when he left the little sea-port of St. Malo. On the 9th of May, he reached Newfoundland after twenty days life on the ocean wave, and passing through the straits of Belleisle entered the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, which Cabot had discovered in 1497, and landing at Gaspé below Quebec, took possession of the country in the name of the King, and planted a large cross, bearing on a shield the *fleur de lys*. On the 15th of August, he returned home—the discoverer of Canada—and in the following year again left St. Malo, and arriving in Canada, penetrated further West, and visited Stadacona, now called Quebec. On the rocky headland, 300 feet high, Donnacona, the Indian lord of the country, had his wigwam throne. The great chief received Cartier with much good will, and kissing both of his arms, raised one of them, and beautifully implied his confidence in the pale face by gently placing it upon his own bended neck—did it not seem to prefigure the future submission of his race? When Cartier returned to France, he abducted Donnacona and several other natives to show them to the King—an act of apparent treachery very inconsistent with his character, and which the Red man, never forgot or forgave. Having made one more expedition to Canada in conjunction with Roberval—some maintain he made a fourth, but I can find no proof of it, Cartier died in France, ennobled by the King, and immortalized by fame.

There is some similarity between the invasion of Britain by Cæsar and the first occupation of Canada by the French. Though the latter was at first made under more peaceable auspices than the former, the object of both was the same, the extension of their territories and the acquisition of wealth and what they then called glory. Britain was comparatively unknown, and was a "new world" for Roman arms; the inhabitants—our forefathers! were painted savages, living

like the Indians of America on the chase and the spontaneous productions of the earth, and were divided into many small and quarrelsome tribes. We trace some resemblance in their manner of living, their costume and their native uncivilization. But the legions of Cæsar never dazzled the eyes of the Britons with such splendor as the French emigrations which came to Canada, feighted with the nobility and vivacity of France; and the ancient Roman lacked the gayety and winning manners of the Gaul. The latter so easily adapted itself to the Indian mode of life that Charlevoix says when they met, the French became savages instead of the savages becoming French; and this easiness of assimilation which at first was the secret of their success among the Indian tribes, proved in the end their ruin, for the savage indolence soon imbued the Gaul, changed his manners and affections, and left him in many instances with all its vices and none of its manhood. It was fortunate that future emigrations brought more energetic and conscientious men.

Fifty years passed away, and France distracted by the religious wars, neglected her colonial possessions. Several attempts were made by merchants to colonize Canada, but it was not until the second voyage of Champlain in 1608 that they were successful. In that year he founded the present city of Quebec. He was the first to ascend the Richelieu and Ottawa Rivers, the latter as far north as Lake Nipissing,—the first to discover, what he called the "fresh water sea," of Lake Ontario, and the first to traverse the beautiful lake which now bears his name.

Verazzano had called all the countries claimed by France in the New World, "*New France*," and what is now called Canada alone bore that name by the authority of the king until the conquest; though often called by its present appellation, which was first used in the narrative of Jacques Cartier, and signified a town or village, originally given by the Indians to their primitive village of Stadacona. New France had twenty five Governors, who were appointed by their Sovereign. They were mostly men of ability and valor, and of noble families: some were true patriots and uncompromising foes to wrong, while others were mere tools of their court, and several were notorious tyrants. Three were natives of the colony; nine died in it. Champlain was the first administrator of the French Government; after his time several good men were deposed when doing the colony substantial service. This was occasioned either by jesuitical influence, or the decree of the king, which limited the reign of his principal colonial servants to three years, in consequence of a refractory Governor of one of the west India islands insisting upon keeping his appointment in opposition to the desire of his Sovereign. The administration of each Governor in succession was a repetition of romantic and exciting records, and sometimes a saturnalia of tyranny; while the Indians and border wars served to make Canadian history a long narrative of oppression and cruelty of the poorer classes.

Canada under French rule was the theatre of many sanguinary struggles, intensified by the blood-thirsty character of the savage tribes, who were nearly always convenient auxiliaries of both sides. On the 13th of September, 1759, was fought the memorable battle of the plains of Abraham, when Quebec was taken, Wolfe and Montcalm died, and the fate of the French in Canada sealed. Though the colony was virtually conquered when Quebec was taken, the French still garrisoned all the rest of the country: the English 3000 miles from home and without reinforcements trembled for their laurels, for not only had they to oppose the regular troops but also the *Habitants*, who fought with all the bravery of the peasants of Vendée. On the 20th of April, 1770, exactly 226 years after Cartier left St. Malo, on his first voyage—the French under De Levis attempted to recapture the city, and Gen. Murray, commanding the English troops, marched out to give him battle, and the fierce battle of Ste. Foy, was fought; the British were defeated, and 4000 English and French corpses was the cost of this last victory

of the French in Canada. The English retired within the walls: soon afterwards news arrived of the approach of the English fleet, and never did cheer spring heartier from Derry's walls when the "Mountjoy" burst the boom, than were heard from the fortress of Quebec when this squadron hove in sight, for the fate of the city depended upon its safe arrival. De Levis immediately retreated, losing not only all his guns but his chance of being a marshal of France and much of his military reputation—his last undertaking being dubbed "De Levis' folly."

To be continued.

IRISH BULLS.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman, who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't sleep at night for dreaming of her. A parallel instance to this occurred in our own hearing, when a poor fellow protested to "his girl" in the hayfield, that his two eyes hadn't gone together all night for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied his sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is between them!"

The following was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman, who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common lady-friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple.

"But," said the poor fellow, anxiously, "there is nothing in the world so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I wouldn't be myself—neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your home some evening without either of us being aware that the other was present."

Still another pair of lovers claim our attention. The young lady less flustered than her admirer, addressed him in these terms: "I like you exceedingly, but I cannot quit my home. I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my parent in kindness." "She may be kind," replied her wooer enthusiastically, "but be my wife—we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!"

The next Irishman who comes under our notice is married, but not very happily. Having entered into holy bonds at the youthful age of nineteen, he discovers that it is much easier to get the ceremony performed than afterwards to maintain an establishment. Repenting him that he had procured a wife without the means of supporting her, he declares that he never will marry so young again, if he lives to be the age of Methuselah.

The next sight we get into the cares and troubles that married life is heir to is through the mild remonstrance of a Hibernian Paterfamilias, who declares to his wife that he really wishes the children could be kept in the nursery while he is at home, "although," he considerably adds, "*I would not object to their noise if they would only keep quiet.*"

All this time, however, the ladies have been keeping an *unnatural silence*; and it is time that they should speak out. But let even their Bulls be listened to with gallantry; and especially this one, since it was delivered by a young lady-friend of my own. During a recent visit to London, she was one day defending her country with characteristic warmth against charges made concerning its bull-making propensities by a witty Englishman. "Well," he at length exclaimed, "if you won't allow you commit bulls, you must, at all events, confess you commit an outrageous number of murders!" "Granted," cried the Irish girl; "yet even our murders are not all so atrocious in their character as your English ones!"—"Oh, now, now!" broke in the gentleman mischievously, "only listen to this girl defending her murders!" "No," she replied; "not defending, but comparing them. It is seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearthstone with blood, if his wife offended him; a few hard words, or at most

a few hard blows, are her punishment; but if the English boor's wife offended him, very likely *she will go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut.*"

On another occasion, when acknowledging some handsome compliments paid her by a young Englishwoman, this same lady exclaimed: "Ah, my dear Lizzie, how kind of you to think so highly of me as you do! How different you are from *other ill-natured girls* I know!"

We shall now introduce you to a respectable old lady, who was walking along a country road one day as quietly as an old lady could walk, when suddenly her indignation was aroused, on beholding the untidy abode of a small Irish farmer, who, in true Mrs. M'Clarty style, chose to have his office-houses, cesspool, and dunghill right in front of his dwelling-house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed: "Dear me, dear me! how I do hate to see a house *with its rear in the front.*"

We shall now proceed to Dublin, where doubtless still resides that old beggar-woman, who, whilst soliciting charity, declared she was the mother of *six small children and a sick husband.*

We wonder was this lady any relation to the poor Irishman who offered his only old saucepan for sale; his children gathering round him inquired why he did so. "Ah, my honeys," said he, "sure I wouldn't be after partin' wid it if it wasn't to get some money to buy some-thing' to put in it."

It was in Dublin city that our good-humoured maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvellous dream she had had the night before.

"Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter at its conclusion; you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense."

"Indeed, I was not then," replies the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

We are now going to introduce to you what in drapers' parlance would be called a "choice variety;" and which we only wish, in displaying our light fantastic stores, we could recommend with half the address with which a draper of my acquaintance once recommended a certain rich material for ladies' dresses to a customer. "Madam," said he, "it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards."

This draper, however, is almost outdone by an enterprising furrier, who intimates to "all such ladies as desire genuine furs, that he will make muffs, boas, &c., *out of their own skins.*"

The next bull that occurs to me was uttered by a poor woman, who, in all the pride and glory of her maternal heart, was declaring to a kind-hearted listener, that since the world was a world there never was such a clever boy as her Bill—he had just made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head, and had plenty of wood left for another.

A similar mechanical genius had that Irish carpenter in America, who in sending in his little account to a farmer for whom he had been working, informed him that it was "for hanging two barn-doors *and himself*, seven hours, one dollar and a half."

In direct contradistinction to this acknowledged attempt at self-destruction, we have the story of a certain physician, who, conducting a *post-mortem* examination in a case of infanticide, reported that he was unable to discover whether the child was *alive* at the time of its *death*, or not.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin: "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I; 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we lookes at aich other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us.—And where is the bull in that, now?"

It must have been a twin-sister of this gentleman, who, having been nearly drowned by falling into a well, committed a very rich bull, when she piously and thankfully declared that *only for Providence and another woman* she never would have got out.

Horace Walpole records in his *Walpoliana* an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the

best he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her, for when I was a child, she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father, on discovering he was only his uncle."

Again, a poor Irish lad, complaining of the harsh behaviour of his father, declares he just treats him as if he were his son by another father and mother.

The next bull we record is redolent of the soil, and proves that in Ireland at least the determination to overcome impossibilities is not yet extinct. An Irishman, having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow forgot to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: "Well, sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not!" We wonder was the gentleman who displayed such a reluctance to be present the same who declared he would not fight a duel, because he was unwilling to leave his old mother an orphan.

The following piece of naïveté was uttered in a shop in a market-town in County Cavan by a poor Irishwoman: "What is your tenpenny ribbon a yard?" she inquired. "A shilling, ma'am," was the rather paradoxical reply. "Very well, then," said our simple friend; "nick it at that." To this we may add the daily demand in such establishments for white ha'penny spools, or black women's stockings, yellow girls' gloves, penny-worths of yard-wide tape, and oh! elastic description! the thing that puckers in and puckers out.

Here comes into our mind a charming little anecdote, so naïve and national in character, that though, strictly speaking, it is neither a blunder nor bull, we cannot refrain from giving it.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, were did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer honour!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

It is only a few months since the *Times* perpetrated a most perfect bull. In a review of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, the following sentence occurs relative to the self-denial of Enoch, who keeps his existence a secret from his wife, whom he finds married again and happy. "He died, but not until he died, did he mention to those around him who he was!" Now, who should expect, on looking over John Bull's great representative, to meet with such a genuine Irishism as that? We can only account for it by supposing it was perpetrated by an Irishman. We believe a number of them are employed upon the staff of that august publication.

Not to be outdone, however, by its monster contemporary, an Irish paper announces, not many weeks since, the name of a poor deaf man called Gaff. He had been run over by a locomotive, and, adds the paper, "he received a similar injury this time last year."

Another excellent bull of the same kind was perpetrated by a coroner in the County Limerick this spring. Being asked how he could account for the fearful mortality last winter, he replied: "I do not know: there are a great many people dying this year who never died before."

To this we may add the story of an Irishman that nearly died, according to his own account, through the treatment of his physician, who, he declares, drenched him so with drugs during his illness, that he was sick for a long time after he got well.

In practical bulls, the Irish are even more famous than in those merely logical: the richest one we ever heard was about a poor Irish peasant who was floundering through a bog on a small ragged pony. In its efforts to push on, the animal got one of its feet entangled in the stirrup; "Arrah, my boy!" exclaimed the rider, "if you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

A good one is related also of a poor Irish servant-maid who was left-handed. Placing the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion, her master observed that she had placed them all left-handed. "Ah, true indeed, sir," said she, "and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?"

A very good one occurred in our hearing one evening last winter. An old Irish gentleman, fifty years in "bonds" of holy wedlock, was telling over to his girls the old, old story, of his former loves and gay flirtations. "Ah!" exclaimed his daughter Mary, "it is well for you mamma is asleep on the sofa and does not hear you!" "Yes," said the old lady (wide awake, as it proved, and speaking up in the style of "Tragedy rebuking Comedy"), "I am glad I am asleep!"

Amongst mere blunders, we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bell-ringer in Cork. "O yis! O yis! Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store in Market Street, a large brass key. I'll not be after tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of the bank, sure."

There is a charming naïveté also in that young Irish lady, who, like many others of the lovely maids of Erin, was more richly endowed with personal attractions than with personal property, and who, being compelled to write to her affianced for money to pay for part of her *trousseau*, appended the following postscript to her letter: "I was so much ashamed of the request I made you, that I sent after my messenger to get back my letter; but he had already reached the post-office and put it in ere he could be overtaken."

An English merchant gives us the following: On examining a hogshhead of hardware, and comparing it with the invoice, he found it all right with the exception of one hammer, which had been omitted. "Oh, don't be unaisy, my dear sir," cried his Irish porter; "sure the man took it out to open the hogshhead."

We shall give just one more rich specimen of Irish obliquity and blundering phraseology, and then shall have done. It is contained in an electioneering bill, literally and truly furnished by an innkeeper, for the regaling of certain free and independent (?) voters during the time of a contested election in Meath. Some forty years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him. For this he afterwards received the following, which he got framed, and it still hangs in Somerville House, County Meath. The copy to which we are indebted for this was found among the papers of the late very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, vicar-general of the diocese of Meath: it ran as follows:

16th April, 1826.

My Bill

To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 3s 3d a-head is to me L2 12

To eating 16 more below stairs and 2 priests after supper is to me L2 15s 9d

To 6 beds in one room and 4 in another at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at any time cheap enough God knows is to me L22 15s.

To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s every one of them and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night is to me L5 5s 0d.

For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought as near as I can guess is to me L4 12s 0d.

To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes tobacco as well as for porter and as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me at least L79 15s. 9d.

For shaving and crapping off the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13d for every head of them by my brother had a vote is to

me L2 13s 1d. For a vomit and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected is to me ten hogs.

I don't talk of the piper or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober is to me L0.

The Total			
2 12 0 0			
2 15 0 0			
22 15 0 0		Signed	
5 5 0 0		in the place	Jemmy Cars wife
4 12 0 0		his	
79 15 0 9		Bryan X Garraty	
2 13 0 1		Mark	
10 10			
0 0			

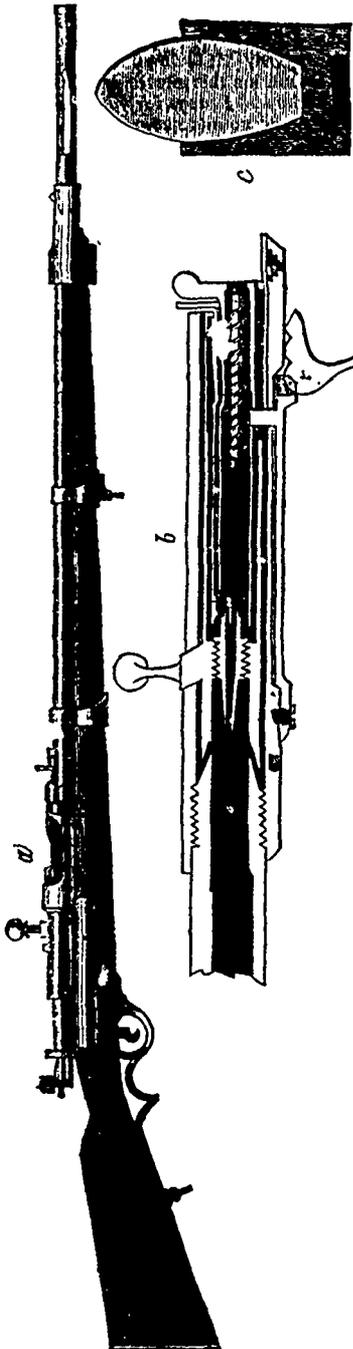
L110 18 7 you may say L111 0 0 so your Honour Sir Marks send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself who and I pray for your success always in Trim and no more at present.

ORIGIN OF "TICK" AND "DUNS."

A CORRESPONDENT writes the *Athenæum* as follows about *tick* and *duns*.—"In your article on Captain Crawley's book about *Cricket* you draw attention to the use of the word *tick* in the report (1 Wilson, 220) of the case of *Jeffereys v. Walter*, which arose in the year 1748 out of a 'bet upon tick.' In the lower grades of sporting life the practice of 'betting upon tick' still remains in force. Instead of merely entering their wagers in private note-books, the vagabonds who infest our race-courses and hang about the doors of sporting journals at periods of especial excitement on the turf, are wont to give the persons with whom they bet tickets acknowledging their contingent liabilities. In 16 Car. 2. cap. 16, 'for the better avoiding and preventing of all excessive and immoderate playing and gaming for the time to come,' special mention is made of betting-tickets,—'Be it enacted, that if any person shall play at any of the said games, or any other pastime whatsoever (otherwise than with and for ready money), or shall bet on the sides of such as shall play, and shall loose any sum of money, or other thing played for, exceeding the sum of one hundred pounds, at one time or meeting, upon ticket, or credit, or otherwise, and shall not pay down the same at the time, &c. In term for a simple written acknowledgment of an obligation to pay money, either under circumstances existing at the time of giving the ticket, or upon the occurrence of circumstances that might probably or possibly occur after the transfer of the said paper. The still current abbreviation of ticket was at the same time and in the following century so frequently uttered in Westminster Hall that, instead of being regarded as a cant term, it was deemed a suitable word for the lips of lawyers and gentlemen. Hence, a person *living on credit*, in reference to the written acknowledgments which debtors are frequently required to make, came to be described as a person *living on tick*. In Jeremy Collier's 'Essay upon Gaming, in a Dialogue between Callimachus and Delomedes,' Callimachus, after quoting a passage from 16 Car. 2. cap. 16, thus uses another word familiar to debtors:—'When people are plung'd in misfortune at play, they are glad to catch hold of anything to prevent drowning. Hence it is that apprentices rob their masters' cash, and one partner defrauds another. They want a recruit, either to try their luck and recover their losses, to quiet a *Dun*, or supply their extravagance. By the spendthrifts of Charles the First's time importunate creditors for small amounts were called 'duns.' Thus, Bishop Earle, in the 'Microscographia; or, a Piece of the World characterized, in Essays and Characters,' says, 'An Universitie Dunne . . . is a gentleman's follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money ha'd hired him. Hee is an inferior creditor, of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for horse-hire or perchance drinke, too weak to be put in suite.' Gentlemen who are at the present time enduring the privations of poverty and the humiliations of insolvency may find consolation in reflecting that 'duns' and 'tick' were not unknown to the gallants of other days."

BRECH LOADING GUNS.

THE important question with military men is,—which is the best rifle? That we shall not at present discuss. The needle gun has done more in seven days than the great Frederic did in seven years, and yet comparatively few know any thing either of its history or structure. In 1827 the first needle gun was submitted to the Russian government for consideration by John Nicholas Dreyse.



The Needle Gun.

It was a muzzle loader, filled with a needle propelled by an ordinary hammer. The charge did not contain any gunpowder, but consisted of a bullet and fulminate, fixed in what must be considered the all-important carrier wad. The breech was, as far as practicable, closed by a copper disc, having a hole in the centre, allowing the needle to pass, and which disc had to be renewed after every 60 rounds. This gun was not adopted. Dreyse's experiments became known to king Frederick William IV, who took a

special interest in them, and arranged that Dreyse should have skilful officers and engineers to advise with, and large sums were voted annually, so that from 1829 to 1836 the mechanical genius of the country was brought to bear upon the matter. In the last named year a gun was produced with slight modifications like that which has been so effective in the recent war. So convinced was the Prussian Government of the value of this gun, that 60,000 were at once ordered, and, in 1841, served out to the army. In 1865 Prussia possessed 66,000 needle guns, and an annual power of production of 105,000 at the Government factories.

The term "needle" is given because the charge is ignited by a needle perforating the fulminating powder. The rifle was well known in England in 1850, amongst persons interested in the improvement of fire-arms; and that was the particular period when such active enquiry was made into the relative merits of muzzle loading rifles and breech loaders; but the English board of ordnance did not then take up the system. Now the breech loading rifle is forced upon them after the grand trial between the Prussian and Austrian armies. The fact of eight shots to one comes out so overwhelmingly that all the objections of 1850 pass unnoticed.

The needle gun, to a passing observer, is like a street door bolt; at the breech end of the barrel it has the same knob to slide it by and a catch to keep it from sliding out. The bolt contains a spiral spring, and the needle, which screws in, and can be removed at will if damaged or broken. The handle of the bolt runs up and down in a slot (Fig. b) and by giving it a quarter turn it closes the breech and draws back the needle, which starts forward into the cartridge when the trigger is pulled.

Fig. a, is the exterior view of the gun; the barrel has four grooves, the spiral of rifling being one turn in 40 inches, almost twice the spiral of the Enfield rifle. The length of it with bayonet is 6 ft. 4 in. (the longest in Europe); weight of solid ball, shewn in Fig. c, 451 grains; charge of powder 65 grains. The gun is not well made; it has many faults; but the goodness of the system of breech loading is shown by the result of the late engagements with Prussia and Austria.

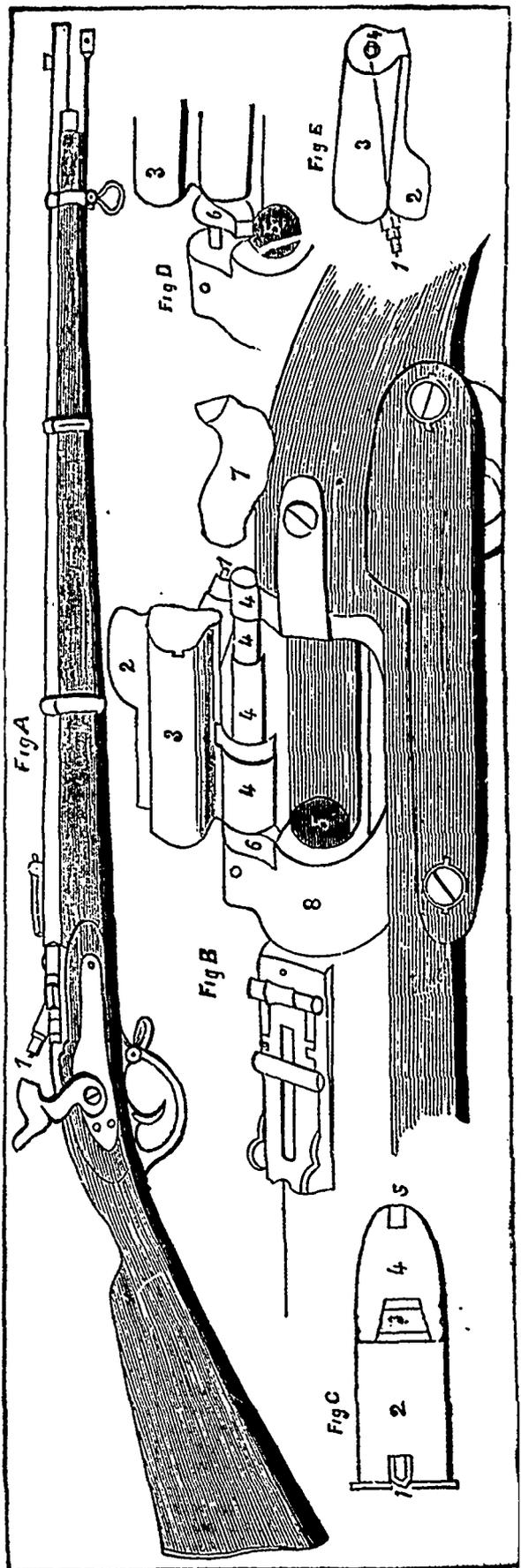
We give also an illustration of the Snider Enfield as adapted to a breech loader. Its superiority to the Prussian needle gun (Zundnadelgewehr) is manifest, more particularly from the fact, that the latter in point of shooting falls off sensibly at 500 yards.

Fig. A.—The rifle ready to be discharged. The hammer falls on a pin in centre of nipple (marked 1), drives the pin through the centre of cylinder (3), as shown in fig. E; the pin then strikes on cap (1) inserted in cartridge, as shown in fig. C.

Fig. B shows the breech open for reception of cartridge. 1 is the pin in nipple; 2, is the catch that opens the breech; 3, the solid cylinder that fits in breech; 4, 4, the hinge on which it opens; 5, orifice of barrel for inserting cartridge; 6, the catch that pulls out cartridge-case after explosion. This is shown in (fig. D) 7, head of hammer; 8, a strong band outside barrel that holds end of rod that hinge works on. The cartridge has a brass case, that is left in chamber of gun, after explosion.

Fig. C is section of cartridge. 1. The percussion-cap; 2. Powder; 3 is a piece of clay inserted in hollow of ball to cause expansion; 4. Ball; 5. Piece of wood inserted in conical end of ball to steady flight.

Fig. D—3. The same as in fig. B; 4. Ditto; 6. Do; 6 is the catch or claw that pulls forward to draw out cartridge-case after explosion. When it is let go, a spring, in hinge marked 4,



The Snider Enfield Gun.

carries it back into its place as shown in fig. B. Fig. E—3. The cylinder upside down; 1. Pin in nipple at one end; 4. Where it comes out, at end of cylinder; 2. Same as in fig. B.



THE VILLAINOUS EYES LOOKED TOWARDS HIM AND MET HIS GAZE.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 14.)

CHAPTER VIII.—A CONSPIRATOR AND HIS WEAPONS.

Past the threatening faces, and across the sunny water to the ship, the young soldier gazed steadily in anxious and haughty silence. Presently he raised his arm, smiled, and pointed to where a minute ago all eyes were looking—the ship.

"Ha! there he is! there he is!" cried a voice! and there was a simultaneous shout and a joyful crash down the beach stones. For no sooner was the young fisherman back in his boat than he hauled down the handkerchief.

Surely he must just then have heard the shouts of his comrades; for, not content with again suspending the mimic flag in triumph, as agreed, he began to wave his hat.

Then what renewed cheers from the beach! what a rush to the boats!

In the space of an hour, the little boats were all out in the accustomed place, hanging about the dreaded monster, and plying their usual vocation, with no more fear than if the idea of war had never yet been known among men.

Content with that first success, the soldier ventured nothing further for the whole of that day and the succeeding one. But on the night of that second day, he called to him, at the little inn where he was staying, the man who had carried the letter, and startled him by a point blank offer.

"My friend, I want the aid of a cool and brave fellow, and I know now you are the man. What say you? Twenty pounds to take me and my

bales across to a spot which I will indicate, very near Harwick."

"But, monsieur, how is it to be done?"

"Easily. I see you all go out very early in the morning, just at this time."

"Yes, monsieur, just about daybreak."

"Can't you persuade half a dozen of your comrades to be there still earlier to-morrow morning, so that some of the half dozen, and your bark for one, might be outside the English ship a full hour before it is light?"

"Ay, ay, they won't mind, monsieur, if I give 'em a reason; but they like reasons, monsieur."

"Prudent men generally do. If I were to make the twenty pounds twenty-five, would the reasons be forthcoming that would bring five other vessels, besides your own, at the right time?"

The young fellow laughed, and thought they might, and so went to make arrangements with his own mate, and for a couple more hands, which the soldier thought it advisable to have in case they might have to trust a great deal to the oars.

At that instant the soldier saw with astonishment a man in a rustic garb, and with a common-looking stick in his hand, walk into the inn, and advance towards him. He gazed as at an apparition. The man bowed as no rustic ever bowed, laughed, made a slight but expressive gesture of apology for putting aside all dangerous or imprudent recognitions of rank, or name, or social dues; and then simply held out his hand, which the soldier shook, but with no very cordial response, as he said, "How in the world did you find me here?"

"Ha! that's an interesting story, and some day, when you've time to tell me your little bit of romantic gossip about Humphrey Arkdale, which has set the king wondering, then I'll tell

you this rather piquante history of my adventures. But we've no time now."

So spake the mockery premier of a mockery king—for it was he.

Withdrawing to an upper chamber, the soldier's bedroom, which was placed quite out of danger of listeners, the instant the door was closed, the courtier said—

"My appearance here surprises you?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And yet it is very easy to explain. I mean as regards the motive of my visit on pursuit, or whatever we may call it. When kings will manage their own affairs, they generally make a mess of them. Judge you! He gave you no credentials, I think?"

"No; and I thought he did not care to give me any."

"Quite a mistake. Do you know this?"

The courtier exhibited a massive signet ring, of truly royal quality and costliness.

"Yes; it is the king's."

"It was. It is yours now. His majesty sends it to you, in token of his royal affection and respect; and gives you permission to use it as you please for the promotion of your embassy."

The soldier took the ring, held it for a moment in his fingers, as if he saw there concentrated all the devotion and all the reward of a lifetime, then kissed it, and was about to put it upon his finger.

"Stay," said the courtier, "it is quite impossible for you to wear it thus."

"Of course, I know that," said the soldier a little hastily, as if in anger.

"Pardon my forethought. I have had this little skeleton-frame of open-work in gold made for it. Permit me to put it on. There! Now you will not yourself be able, I think, to recognise the original, though, as you see, it is only a

small part of it—the jewelled portions—that are hidden.”

“Admirably done! But I cannot now remove the shell.”

“Try.”

“No; I am unable, without doing it violence.”

“I am glad to hear you say so. One of the first artists of Rome managed that little matter for me, and in a very few hours. Now you have a second ‘talisman,’ I think, and one, I hope, as valuable as your first.”

“I am sincerely grateful.”

“Now for another and weightier matter. The king did not, I believe, tell you that his majesty of France has been persuaded at last to do what he ought to have done in '15 and in '45—give us an army of invasion, but only on conditions that some decisive and unquestionable guarantees are first given to him, that those of the English nobility and gentry who are secretly favourable to our cause shall be prepared to risk their lives and fortunes in raising an army the instant the French land.”

“That,” said the soldier, after a few seconds’ reflection, “looks kinder than I fear it will prove. What is it but an alliance between a captive and a free man to do a great work together against an usurper, only it is the hapless captive who is to begin, who can neither write, speak, nor move, except in the extremest peril?”

“Well, my lord,” said the courtier, stung with what he fancied was a sarcasm, levelled, however unconsciously, at his own pet project, “there is no doubt that not one, but many, lions are in the path, to use an expressive but homely phrase; and if you don’t like the look of them, even at this distance, why not turn, and go back?”

“My lord, pardon me, if I now propose that we separate, so that our meeting may attract as little attention as possible. Bear my honest and heartfelt devotion to my sovereign, and tell him, if there be a lion in the path I will beard him, and know at least it is no ignobler animal that usurps his skin!”

“Very good. Will you accept from me a weapon that may do to belabour the ass, even if it is of no avail against the lion?” And the courtier held out that common-looking walking-stick which he was carrying when the soldier first saw him enter.

The soldier looked at it, and then at the face of the courtier, in wonder and enquiry.

“Not handsome, you think?” said the latter.

“Certainly not,” said the soldier, with a smile, who saw in it only a stout, serviceable ash stick, that had not apparently been long cut from the hedge.

“Nor valuable, eh?”

“Ha, you must instruct me upon that,” said the soldier, beginning to look on the stick with respectful curiosity.

“Look it well over. Take it. Handle it. Test it.”

He did take it, and he began to try to unscrew it, first at the head, then in the middle, then towards the bottom, and not succeeding, he inspected it minutely in the expectation to discover some faint line or circular ring that would show the place of opening, but was obliged to give up the search.

Then the courtier took a watch-key that was attached to his watch, turned up the dirty end of the stick, cleared out with the aid of a breast-pin a minute hole that then looked only a mere accidental depression in the wood, inserted the key, gave a few turns, which caused a small portion of the circumference of the end of the stick first to revolve and presently to protrude, and then he pulled; and lo! a slender, hollow, and extremely light rod of steel came forth, measuring probably a foot in length.

“There,” said the courtier, “is an ash stick that doesn’t grow on every hedge. Take it, and the key, which is, you will note, like the stick, beyond suspicion, being merely a watch-key, though strengthened specially for this particular service.”

“Thanks! thanks!” said the soldier, as he began himself to manage the secret of the stick, and succeeded perfectly. Then the courtier added.

“Should you have any occasion to carry

about with you any dangerous documents, roll them tightly and smoothly one at a time, with extreme care, round the steel rod; and when you have done so, fasten them with silk thread at each end and in the middle. Be sure no edges or corners of the papers can get loose. When you wish to restore the rod to its place, push it in, using a gentle and continuous pressure, till there only remains about half an inch of the wood that supports the rod, outside. Then insert your key, turn it to the right, and you will find the protruding end disappear, and become perfectly level with the surrounding rim of the stick. Draw out your key, dip your stick in the nearest puddle or dirt heap, and it will then defy the nicest examination, so perfect is (as you see) the fit of the moveable part into the immovable.”

“And may I ask to whose ingenuity we are indebted for this?”

“An interesting question, not only for the sake of the ingenious artisan who made it, but for the sake of the original author of the design—your father!”

“My father!” said the startled soldier, looking for the moment as if the fact gave him greater pain than pleasure.

“Yes—the long ago threw out the idea to me, but we could not then get it made, and so it was forgotten till I reviewed it in your service now.”

What a record of intrigue and conspiracy did this little incident seem to revive in the son’s mind—who, unlike his father, hated every secret thing that was sly—equivocal. Now, however, there was no choice but to use all means that offered—that were not in themselves dishonest or base.

“Well, now, as to its first use,” continued the courtier. “I have brought with me a document, that I did not mention before, because I must candidly say it is one so dangerous for you to have about you, that I have doubted many times whether I ought even to show it to you. Besides, I think it is not absolutely necessary, though His Majesty thinks otherwise.”

“Indeed! Then I must certainly see it, and judge for myself.”

“Very well; but remember I have warned you first, and I tell you, farther, that the signet ring was intended expressly to enable us to evade imposing on you so dread a responsibility.”

“Let me see it.”

“You have it in the stick.”

“What do you say?”

“It is in the stick!”

“More surprises!” exclaimed the soldier, as he again drew forth the rod, wondering that he had not noticed the paper round it, if paper there were.

There was nothing visible but the bright, polished steel, in which the soldier could see his own ludicrously-distorted face.

He looked at the end of the rod; it was open, that is to say, hollow right through. He looked into it, and dropped a small pebble in, and shook it and heard the clear sound of the metal everywhere, showing there could be no paper within. Then the courtier, having sufficiently amused himself with the soldier’s difficulty (and behind this amusement, let us observe, lurked very serious and important desires to influence the young man) took the rod in hand, and unscrewed the rod from the inch or two of wood in which it was embedded at one end; then turned up that end of the rod, unscrewed a small portion of the metal, and there within was a little space, less than an inch in diameter, and in that space lay coiled the document, with a thin disk of metal for its bottom, which cut off the communication with the lengthened hollow part of the rod, and cut it off at that precise point which would cause the latter, if measured by the insertion of a thinner rod, to appear the same as the length without, when measured only to its insertion into the bit of wood. Naturally, therefore, the measurer would suppose there was only the thickness of the metal below the point he touched when testing the inside length. And there lay the coiled-up document.

“An extra precaution,” said the courtier, “which might save one from discovery, even if the rod were discovered, as by an accidental

breakage of the stick. Nay, the rod itself might be unscrewed from the wood that supports it; and even then, you see, it requires a sharp eye to note any indications of the screw-piece.”

“Ah, well,” said the soldier, as he thought of himself, his father, the courtier, and the king, all engaged in this unkingly device—“let me see the paper.”

It was drawn forth very carefully, and very carefully unrolled, being of thin texture, and the soldier read as follows:—

To our own loving English subjects generally, and more especially to the noblemen and gentlemen whose names are inscribed below, we commend our faithful and well-beloved servant, General Lord Langton, who is armed from us with express authority to communicate freely and confidentially in our name and behalf.

JAMES R.

Such was the document, and which was duly dated, as “done at Rome,” and witnessed by the courtier himself, whose signature of “Burfield” showed his rank as the Marquis of Burfield.

“Of course,” said the soldier, “this document would be absolutely fatal to me, under any and every circumstance, if found?”

“It would.”

“Then, is it necessary?”

“Who shall say? The signet ring may not be sufficient to induce men to commit themselves to you, who will, as I conclude, be personally unknown to them all?”

“No doubt of that.”

“Well,” rejoined the courtier, “I will advise no man in such a risky business, just as I would not myself be advised.”

“Would you, if now in my position, accept it?”

“Do not ask me. How can I be sure if I answer that my answer would be a strictly just one, seeing that I am not in your position, and am, therefore, not able to identify myself absolutely with it?”

“Grant that, and then tell me what you think you would do?”

“I doubt if I should have undertaken your task at all, but since— No, I’d rather be silent.”

“But, having undertaken, you would not spoil the chances of success by more or less of attention to your personal safety? Right! I think so too. I doubt seriously—I own it to you now, after what you have just said—whether I ought to have undertaken the mission; but I will go through it, and will cheerfully accept this increased risk in the hope of thus showing to his Majesty that if I fail in benefitting the cause, it will be from the nature of the case itself.”

“True, true; I will take care the king sees it in that light. Indeed, I will not disguise from you, that if your mission ends, as I see you fear it must, in failure, I shall renounce all further hope or effort, and wait quietly, like my sovereign, for death to end the coil.

Then the letter was returned to its hiding-place.

“If you had not flown so suddenly from Rome after your interview with the king, we should have arranged all these things there,” said the courtier.

But the soldier made no comment, fancying the conversation would otherwise turn on his motives for strict secrecy; perhaps again to questioning about Humphrey Arkdale, whereon he had determined to keep his plans in his own breast exclusively.

He took a letter from his pocket, and handed it in silence to the Marquis to read:—

Versailles, Sept. 1, 17—.

MY DEAR LORD,—By command of his most sacred and Christian Majesty, I write to express to you the regret with which his Majesty received the tender of your resignation of your command in his army, and also to express his royal sympathy with the presumed cause—the private and family motive and aim—that you were so good as to explain to me in confidence.

Should circumstances at any future time make it desirable to you to return to France—perhaps to bring the lady with you as your wife—his

Majesty directs me to assure to you beforehand a substantial mark of his affection, that may in some degree compensate you for your family sacrifices in a cause still dear to his Majesty—that may remind France of your brilliant, though unhappily brief, services, and commemorate the restoration of your military rank.

With best wishes for the domestic happiness you are now about to seek, I have the honour to be, your lordship's very humble and obliged servant,

BEAUREGARDE,
(Private Secretary).

"A noble letter," said the marquis.

"Do you know what I'm going to do with it?"

"Not destroy it, surely?"

"Certainly not. I shall wrap it round the rod."

"Excellent! So that if that be discovered, it will seem to explain all, without suggesting further discovery, and at the same time put the best possible construction on your motives for coming to England. Excellent, my Lord Langton; I congratulate you on your initiation as a conspirator!"

CHAPTER IX.—ON THE MOTHER'S BREAST.

An hour after midnight the soldier and the courtier, who had got into a long and friendly interchange of thought and knowledge with regard to the work in hand, got up from the table at which they had been sitting, to go to the window to look out.

It was dark, but not so dark but shadowy forms could be seen moving about among the boats, in preparation: and so in a little time the young fisherman came to say they were all ready.

"Farewell," said the soldier, holding out his hand to the courtier.

"No, I shall go with you across, and see you safe to the opposite shore."

"Surely you will not endanger—" Then the soldier stopped, noticing the fisherman at the door.

"Pooh! I have thought of that. 'Tis nothing. I have been used to hair-breadth escapes. *Our friend that you know of*, will be very glad to be informed by me that you did get across with your goods, beyond all manner of doubt; whereas otherwise, he might remain ignorant for months whether you and your goods had not been captured by the revenue men in crossing."

"Very well; 'tis kind of you and brave. Come!"

At the precise time fixed—one hour before the earliest gleam of dawn—the watch on the British war ship saw the spectre-like sails of the fishing-boats approaching, three dropping anchor on the landward side, as shown by the sudden taking in of their sails, while the other three passed the ends of the ship as if to do the same thing on the other, or seaward side.

"Holla, mounseer! can't you sleep quiet in your beds?" hailed a hearty English voice from the ship.

"Ha, ha!" responded the Frenchman addressed, waving his hand the while, not knowing how otherwise to give a polite answer to what he supposed must be a joke.

An officer heard this in his berth below, and came up to see what it was about. And then he and the officer in charge of the watch got talking about sundry topics, till finally they got on the subject of the fishermen and their letter. Then the officer from below said—

"Do you know, I have been a little puzzled about that letter; and though I didn't say anything to the captain, in pity to the poor starving wretches, still I have been waiting, and wondering whether it might not grow into a larger affair—one decidedly interesting."

"Eh? What?" said the wondering officer of the watch, who had been half dozing when disturbed by the fishing vessels, and again while listening to his commander's talk.

"How many of these fellows did you say passed seawards a little while ago?"

"Three; one at the stern, two at the bow."

"How many do you see now?"

"Only two!"

"Of course not. There's the whole scheme

before you. The other's off to England. Pretty stroke, isn't it? I'd stake my life our captain has been pretty considerably gulled, and that your missing boat carries something worthy of all this ingenuity."

"Quick, then; warn the captain. There will be the deuce to pay if you're right!"

In two minutes the drums were beating to quarters. Then they stopped as suddenly as they began, as the captain saw the importance of a silent pursuit through the favouring gloom.

While the anchor was being weighed, a couple of boats were hastily lowered, armed, manned, and dispatched—one to go inclining to the right, the other to go inclining to the left, while the ship itself would take the middle way between.

The weather had been slightly threatening for the last few hours, and soon became decidedly bad.

When daylight broke, the ship got the first glimpse of the fugitive smack, which was a couple of miles or so ahead, going in a straight line direct to the English shore.

Boom! went the ship's cannon; not in the hope of the shot yet reaching the boat, but as timely warnings to lie-to.

The warnings are unheeded. On flies the devoted bark, under the pressure of as much sail as it had been possible to put up, and which the soldier had caused to be seen to before they started in the fear they might need wings of unusual power. The wind is favourable, and the light bark seems almost for a time to have the best of it.

Boom!

Larger and larger looms the war ship to the eyes of those in the boat, as she, too, flings forth sail after sail, till her speed increases so fast, that escape grows obviously hopeless.

Boom! a shot—the first that has reached—now is seen to fall in advance of the boat, making a grand waterspout. Again, boom! and this time the shot cut right through the gunwale of the boat.

Warm work: cried the courtier, with a grim laugh, and showing his cloak with a great hole cut cleanly through it. Then adding to the soldier in a low voice:—

"The game's up! Shall we drown now, or live to show them how gallant gentlemen can die in the executioner's hands?"

The soldier sat grimly silent.

"Up to the scaffold or down to the sea's bottom?" said the courtier, repeating in effect his former words, as he saw the English war ship rapidly approaching, and wondered at the silence of the soldier, who was concentrating his thoughts upon the momentous question, and asking himself what was his duty with regard to his wife, now that his sovereign's commission was so evidently ended—even before it had well begun.

But at this critical moment occurred one of those extraordinary incidents that naturally suggest to the human mind the idea of a providential interference, even while it is explained by natural and sufficient causes.

The war ship was seen to turn on its course, fire again on the boat, which remained uninjured, and then, wonderful to say, go back the way it had come!

What could it mean!

The boat's crew saw nothing to explain the incident—saw nothing but the retreating war ship. What could the English captain mean?

The boat's crew might see nothing through the gloom of the yet undeveloped daybreak, but the English captain had seen much. He had seen a sight which changed his views in a moment.

It was a large vessel, indistinctly visible, passing the very spot where the war ship had been so long anchored, and the sight of it greatly embarrassed the English captain.

He had been specially ordered to look out night and day for a vessel that, it was believed, was fitting out in France to take arms to Ireland in the cause of "the Pretender."

What if he had now been the victim of a most skilful ruse? What if the boat he was pursuing was nothing but a worthless decoy, taking him away at the critical moment?

Boom! went the cannon for the last time at

the boat, to express the baffled captain's rage; and then the ship was turned round, as we have said, to go in pursuit of this new attraction, which, after an hour or so, was caught, and turned out to be merely a Dutch merchant ship, engaged on its own lawful business.

The captain's only consolation was that which he expressed in his angry speech when he went down to breakfast—

"Well, if these rascal fishermen, who have so tricked us, are not now a-shore, I can promise 'em they'll have a nice time of it; the storm's upon them now in earnest, and I'll defy them to venture in. And if they do stay out to sea, they won't be long in going to Davy Jones' locker."

The captain's words proved only too true. The soldier's bark was unable to get in, and was left, through the whole of that terrible day and a still more terrible night that succeeded, weltering aimlessly, helplessly, hopelessly upon the waves, rising and falling, minute after minute, hour after hour, in connection with waves so gigantic that it was impossible to avoid the conclusion the bark must founder sooner or later, in one or other of those tremendous gulfs.

As night approached the inmates of the boat were almost blinded with the incessant flashes of lightning, which gave to the soldier the fantastic idea of some fabulous monster of the sky, lunging in deadly antagonism, as with a glittering rapier, at the world beneath, whose bellowing cries of indignant rage in reply were heard in the thunder.

The crew and the two gentlemen became at last perfectly exhausted with fatigue, and the long exposure to wet and cold. Had any man less habituated to forethought in action than the soldier, had the management of the expedition, they would doubtless have been also destitute of food; for the voyage was expected to last only a few hours; why, therefore, lay in supplies for two or three days? The soldier had even been asked that question a little suspiciously before starting, by the crew, who fancied he must intend a longer voyage than he announced. But he only said—"My friends, I always try to guard against accident. If there's an unnecessary abundance of food, take the overplus back to your wives."

They had, therefore, plenty of bread and meat, of wine, and of strong liquors in case of need, which last the soldier kept under absolute control, doling out now and then a small glassful to revive the fainting energies of the men; but never himself touching any liquor but water, of which also he had secured a small keg.

At last, as daybreak again approached, and when they had been just four-and-twenty hours afloat, they had the relief to see the sky clearing, the great waves diminishing in bulk, and the bark again becoming under command. The rain fell incessantly, but the thunder and lightning had ceased.

Anxiously they now looked in every direction for the first glimpse of land; and in about half an hour a faint low line began to be dimly perceived—the coast-line of Britain.

The sails were got up, one after another. The wind was again favourable, and a sense of inexpressible comfort and gladness began to diffuse itself in all their hearts, when again, as with a voice of doom, was heard the terrible boom! of a piece of cannon from an unseen ship.

Looking back, they could see nothing; so they recovered spirit, and sped merrily on. But the soldier said to his friend, in a low voice—

"Perhaps they see us with the aid of their glasses; and though we do not yet see them on account of the obscurity of the night, I fear they are very near to us!"

"What did you say?" exclaimed the courtier, in a tone of surprise, and as if he was meditating about some difficulty in his mind, caused by the soldier's remark. "What did you say about the obscurity?"

The soldier, on his part, was equally startled by the reception of his words. After a pause, he drew out his watch, and said—

"Can you see the time?"

"Certainly."

"Strange! I can scarcely distinguish any-

thing through the gloom. I wish the day would come."

"Day! gloom! My dear friend, I can't for the life of me guess what you are talking about. Heaven help us! it's only a great deal too light for us."

"Do you really see the shore?"

"Only too plainly: for we can now be readily seen from the shore."

"And—the—ship?"

"Is nowhere visible; the shot could not have been aimed at us."

"And you say you can see the hour by my watch?"

"Nearly four o'clock; wants only a few seconds."

"Merciful heaven! I cannot even distinguish the white dial plate, except as a slight and wavering glimmer!"

It was but too true! The tendency to blindness to which the soldier had become subject through his confinement in one of the horrible English prisons after the insurrection of '45, when he, a youth, had fought, and been captured sword in hand, had again been developed by the exhaustion of these twenty-four dreadful hours.

"This is truly sad," said the courtier; "but you will soon be relieved I hope."

"I trust, in heaven's mercy, it may be so. But the honest truth is, I have no hope except through absolute rest for many days."

"Stop!" shouted the courtier to the men. "We will change our route. Keep along the coast till we may hope to be out of reach of this unseen war ship; then recross the Channel to your homes."

"No, no, go on!" said the soldier in a commanding tone.

"My dear friend, it is sheer madness."

"Probably. And have you not heard that madmen are often supposed to be under the special providence of God?"

"It cannot be."

"I will go on at all hazards. Put me only on the beach—me and my goods, the merchandise whereby I hope to realise the fortune you and I so earnestly covet—do that, only, and I will gratefully thank you, and abide by the result."

"I cannot accept such a responsibility."

"You must. I am responsible to myself alone, just now, under God."

"No, no! I cannot acquit myself to my own conscience, or to our honoured master, to let you do this. Be guided. I entreat you to let me now arrange for the best. Think, only think! How can you ever get to a place of shelter in this unhappy plight?"

The soldier was silent for a moment, as if fully realising the force of all this, and that pause emboldened the courtier again to bid the crew to turn the vessel.

The soldier drew forth a pistol, and said, in tremulous accents, that still it was impossible to doubt, expressed an unconquerable will—

"The man that obeys is dead! Blind as I am, there is yet life enough in my soul to perceive what you do, and to punish those who disobey. On, on!"

"Your blood be upon your own head! I wash my hands of the whole affair," said the exasperated courtier.

The boat was rapidly approaching the shore, and the soldier knew his time was nearly come.

So he took the hand that was clasping the gunwale of the boat close to him, pressed it warmly, and said—

"Pardon my rough words and rougher action. I must obey my destiny. Accept my thanks for your truly gallant and friendly behaviour in seeing me thus far, and let me hope you will not have endangered yourself for my sake."

The grasp was returned; and the courtier said—

"No; I think these fellows don't care much about the voyage back—partly because when we get free from the immediate danger, we shall be supposed to be English till we get near the French coast; and then, they know that coast so well, they'll manage, so they assure me, to run in safely through any number of enemies."

"That is good," said the soldier.

"Are you ready?" asked the courtier.

"Quite."

"We are getting among the breakers. There are low rocks all about. A queer place; but the best the men can discover."

A sharp crisis was that passing from the sea outside to the quiet shore within, across the foam-crowned breakers. But it was done so skillfully that in a few minutes they were within three or four feet of the land, and striking against a rock that barred the passage of the boat.

They had unconsciously got locked and jammed among low, black, bulky rocks, amid which it was almost a miracle they had not been dashed with violence, and broken like an egg-shell.

But they had had the good fortune to drop into a natural channel, where the violence of the waves was greatly modified by the shelter; and as the rocks were all visible, and the hands of all on board were vigorous in keeping the boat from them on both sides as much as possible, the boat got, as we have said, safely to harbour at last, but with that rock in front barring the way.

The courtier rapidly explained to the soldier the state of things.

"Can I get upon the rock in front?"

"Perhaps."

"And can I leap from it to the shore?"

"I think so, if really—"

"I am ready. Guide me. Where shall I stand?"

The courtier took one hand, and a fisherman the other, and guided him till he stood with one foot on a seat, and the other on the edge of the boat.

"Don't fear for me!" he said, in a cheery voice. "Give me only clear directions, and all will be well."

But while thus pausing in so critical an attitude, the boat violently rocking, he shouted loudly to the men behind him—

"Hold! Put my goods on shore first. I will not stir till that is done. Mind my staff, I shall need it to guide me! Thrust it through the cords of one of the bales! Take care it does not slip out!"

"Ay, ay!" said the other fishermen in the boat, and they soon fulfilled his directions. One of the men in returning clambered up to the rock, to be ready to give a hand to the blind man as he ascended.

"It's an ugly place hereabouts," he cried, "even for men with eyes. The Lord help them as is without!"

"Now!" said the soldier.

The two who supported him now lifted him gently and skillfully up against the face of the rock, where there was no possible foot-hold except the top; and though the weight was considerable for such a position, they soon got him high enough to feel the fisherman's outstretched hand, and to be able to touch with his knee the edge of the rock, and then it was but a moment's effort, and his tall, erect form stood out in the grey dawn, in a conspicuous, almost commanding attitude, for his arms were raised, while he poised himself with difficulty on the slippery rock ready for that terrible leap if the dark which must be made, and which was altogether so significant of his fortune.

At this critical moment, a cannon was again heard booming from the distant and unseen ship.

The soldier paused, as in doubt about it.

"Are you ready?" cried the courtier. "We must go."

Then again the boom. What it meant no one could guess.

And then for the third time—boom!—at the same exact interval of time that had passed between the two first explosions.

"It must be a signal!" shouted the courtier—"perhaps, to people on land to be ready for us. Will you now go back?"

"Never!"

"Haste, then, or I shall be caught, too. There are people running along the tops of the hills."

"One moment!" urged the soldier. "Do I stand right for the leap?"

"Turn your face a little more to the left."

"Right now?" shouted the soldier, with his back to the boat.

"Quite right."

"Then, farewell!"

"Farewell!" responded the courtier, and for a moment he held his breath to see the soldier go.

He leaps! He is gone out of their sight.

"Off!" shouted the courtier, and the crew prepared to obey, even while pausing to listen for any cry from the leaper, or to get sight of him moving in safety along the beach.

They saw him not; they heard nothing.

The soldier had, indeed, leaped with a stout heart; but the rock was slimy with rotting vegetation, his feet lost in a measure their spring, and so he fell short, and with his face among the lower rocks beneath the greater one from which he had leaped.

"Hadn't we better see if we can help him?" asked the captain of the little crew, when, after waiting a moment or two, he still saw no form of man move to the sides of the rocks so as to be visible on the beach.

"No, idiot! away with you!"

The boat was then pushed off, and thus they left the soldier exile.

There he lies on the shore, half in, half out of the sea; bruised, bleeding, and blind; but able, even now, when he can do nothing else, to stretch out his loving arms to grasp the dear and coveted soil, and cry—

"At last, oh, Hermia! At last!"

And then life becomes a blank. The soldier lies senseless on the breast of the dear mother, England.

CHAPTER X.—A TERRIBLE WELCOME.

The first thing of which Daniel Sterne was conscious when his senses returned to him, was the sun penetrating, as it seemed, to his very heart, and giving it strength to beat.

The next thought was England—he was in England.

He raised his head with a faint cry of joy, but all was pitch darkness. He lifted his arms helplessly, strained his sightless eyes, and fell again and turned his face to the stones.

In England, in the sunshine, and yet in utter darkness, utter helplessness. It was terrible, too terrible!

He heard the sea tearing at the beach stones with its strong-hooked hands behind him, and he heard the distant wood birds singing, and many other sounds from far—inland sounds, that he had so often longed to hear again; he heard them now, giving him a mocking welcome and he knew it was a sunny English morning, while he was in such darkness—such cruel darkness!

He lay quiet, with his face on the cold, wet stones, trying to still his bitter grief, and think.

He knew no gleam of sight would return while the sun was blazing on his face. He made a darkness with his arms, and closed and opened his sightless eyes patiently.

Presently he began to see flecks of dancing light in the darkness.

His heart beat fast with hope.

After several minutes he thought he saw something grey and shining close to his face.

Yes, it was the stones; he could see their different sizes now.

He closed his eyes again, and rested, thanking God that he could at least see inch by inch before him.

He longed greatly to lift his head and look landwards, almost feeling as if the sight of a green English field or tree would give his eyes new strength.

He raised himself on his arm, and looked up along the beach, his eyes travelling slowly and painfully over every yard.

He saw a little tuft of black seaweed, and still further on a pinky shell.

Surely he might now lift his eyes. The green land could not be far off; the singing of the birds sounded so near.

He raised his eyes, and they remained fixed on the first object they met, with a gaze half of stupor, half of fascination.

What was that object?

It was no green tree or field, nor was it a familiar English face come to welcome him.

It was one of his bales of merchandise, unstrapped, unstitched, its bright contents shining gaily in the sun, and being turned over and examined by a hideous, half-naked man, of enormous height and strength, with villanous looking eyes.

Daniel Sterne, unable to move, lay watching him like one under a charm.

The short, bright knife in the man's hand cut string after string, under his fascinated gaze. Daniel Sterne remembered what kind of man this must be into whose hands he and his goods had fallen.

It was a wrecker!

He looked from the busy, villanous knife to the intent, villanous eyes. The villanous eyes looked towards him, and met his gaze.

The wrecker started to his feet; the eyes and the knife seemed to grow too bright and villanous to look at.

There was a spring, a deafening crash down the beach stones, close to Daniel Sterne. He saw the eye and the knife near—so near he scarce could breathe. He felt feebly for the handle of a weapon in his breast.

His hand was seized, and held in a grip of iron. The eyes and the knife came nearer. The exile did not see them, he had fainted.

(To be Continued.)

AVICE AND HER LOVER.

ENGLAND was "Merrie England" still, and bluff King Hal lived in the odour of masses, horse-racing, bowling, and lovemaking. Encouraged by royal example, the country was not slow in taking up all manner of sport, and great sums were spent on horses, especially in importing such as were likely to improve the home stock. Goodly estates changed hands with as great facility as in these present days, and although long before that corporate body known as the "Jockey Club" sat in judgment upon "turf" laws, the setting-day was rigidly observed, and debts of honour paid either by money or blood. Yorkshire took the lead in those days, and the great race-meeting held in the Forest of Galtres, on the eastern side of the city of York, had just terminated; the favourite had been distanced, and the owner of the favourite, Percy Topham, of Sledmere, had a heavy reckoning to pay. No one wondered at the dark frown that had settled down upon his handsome face; though many did marvel at his reckless challenge to run his mare, "Lady Ann," against Dick Skelton's "Courtier," for the then enormous wager of three hundred pounds.

"Thou'lt never win, Percy," said Squire Thornton, kindly; "back out of it, there's a good lad. The old Hall won't but be thine when all thy debts are paid to-day. Dick's an honest fellow, and cares more for a kind look from thy sister Avice's bright eyes, than for all the race winning in England; make a match there an you like, Percy, and, I'll wish thee well on it."

Percy's face flushed, and a rough oath rolled out through his clenched teeth. "Avice can make or mar her own wedding, squire; Dick's taken my hand on the wager, and so it must bide: we of Sledmere never back out of anything; the mare's a good one, and will pull through for the honour of the old place."

And he turned away, evidently bent upon avoiding further advice or condolence; walking off in the direction of the city, whither the crowd was now bending its way likewise. He had spoken, as he thought, lightly; but, God help him! his heart was heavy as lead. Squire Thornton had said no more than the truth, and bitter and unpalatable as that truth was, Percy knew he must "grin and abide it;" the day's ill-luck had been but the finishing stroke to a long train of what he was pleased to call misfortunes, but which his neighbours gave a harsher name to. True, the Hall would not go; it had gone, though only to his sister Avice, long ago; he must pay his debts, or give as good to-morrow,

even if the last penny went; and then?—ay, what then? He was young, healthy, and the world was wide. Soldiering was no bad trade, and in those days you got a better price for your blood than now: the king liked a jolly roasting blade, though he might not have a groat in his pocket. He had been down in luck, it is true, but fortune is capricious; luck might—nay, must, if he could only hold on long enough—change, and meanwhile he'd the match with Dick Skelton to win.

There is something peculiarly elastic and hopeful about the nature of a thorough-paced turf-man. So it was that having mentally faced his ill-luck, and, so to speak, taken the bull by the horns, Mr. Topham mounted his horse to take his twenty miles of home road with a clear brow, and a happy conviction that somewhat or other, he didn't know or care how, he'd fall on his legs and tide over the ugly state of affairs.

He had not gone above a mile of his way when Dick Skelton, came up with him, and presently opened his heart anent his affection for Avice. Now Avice was Percy's sole remaining relative: she had been with him since childhood; he never indeed remembered a time that Avice was not his comforter, counsellor, and helper; so you may believe he had no desire to see his home broken up, and the light carried away to brighten another. Nevertheless, he could have no objection to plead, he was only a brother, and it was in the course of nature that she should make another home for herself; so with a sickly heart Percy promised to speak for his friend, and they parted by the great gate, Dick having a couple of miles yet to ride.

Sledmere Hall was a rambling, patched-up building; one end was in ruins, and to this had been tacked a quarter big enough to barrack a troop; not more than half the habitable portion was really inhabited. In one corner of the least ruined portion of the old part, where a great lumber chamber existed, Percy had permitted an eccentric beggar man, by the name of Essex, to take up his dwelling. This man had established a curious reputation in the country round, being looked upon as half-fool, half-wizard, and wholly mysterious. The poor folks feared and consulted him, the rich ones humoured and, unwilling to risk his displeasure, fed him bountifully when he demanded the same. Essex was a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, carrying his professed age (which he affirmed to be seventy) with a marvellously hearty and hale figure: he wore a long white beard, and mustachios to match, and usually had on a broad-brimmed slouched hat, so that, save a pair of keen eyes flashing out below thick protruding eyebrows, little or no distinctive feature in his face was visible. As Percy rode to the Hall-door upon the evening of the ill-starred race at York, the beggar was striding upon the avenue with a well-filled wallet slung over his broad shoulder; Percy glanced at him in passing, but whether from want of thought, or that feeling of irritation which sometimes comes over one when, vexed and sick at heart with life's disappointments, we see some one else taking the ills of their lot easily and in a Mark Tapley like spirit, "looking happy," I cannot say; anyhow, he passed the man without giving him "good-night," which omission was retaliated by a clenched fist being lifted menacingly, and as ugly a scowl as you'd wish to see.

"Ay, you may hold your head high, my fine young sir," muttered Essex, his eyes following the horseman; "but you'll look low enough soon. You've eyes enough, and words enough to spare sometimes; fewer of both, and it had been better for you; you'll think so yourself before long. You've had a bitter pill to swallow to-day, but there's a worse coming."

"What art mutterin' and mumblin' about, auld man?" cried a voice at his elbow, and a woodman who had turned into the avenue from a bye-path joined him.

"Saying my paternoster, friend, as I walked," was the reply. "Asking the saints to bless thy young master and give him better luck with his horses."

"Has he been unlucky, then?"

"Ay, the mare gave in."

The woodman's answer was a curse, for like most servants he went with his master in winning or losing, and the "mare" had been the boast of every man and stripling on the Sledmere estate. Nothing more was spoken between the two; and the woodman, looking askance at Essex, as one is apt to do at the bearer of ill-tidings, took the first occasion to turn down another path; then, taking to his heels, set off across the park towards the stables, there to learn the true report of the day's work.

Meanwhile, Percy had reached the Hall, told his story of defeat, and sought out his sister.

"What fortune, dear?" was Avice's first question.

"The worst; I've played my last card, I fear, darling. Nay, do not grow pale and turn thy sweet face away; it's all the comfort I've left me, and that scurvy fellow, Dick Skelton, wants to rob me of the thee, too. What think you has been the burthen of his cry all the way home? Ah! you know, do you? But you won't have him?" added Percy, oblivious of his promise.

"No, Percy, he'll never be thy brother."

Hearing the decided voice, and knowing well that Dick's chance was gone, Percy relented and went on. "Yet he's a good fellow, and he loves thee right honestly; thou wert kind to him once, Avice, and there is none thou likest better."

He looked, and started, for her eyes fell, and a painful flush came over her fair face, giving his assertion a very visible denial. There was one she liked better—the tell-tale blood showed so much; and Percy, jealous for his friend, would have mercilessly probed the wound, had not Avice, with the instinct of self-preservation, hastily effected a *divertissement*.

"The ghost was here last night, brother. They tell me the very horses in the stable neighed with terror, and the maids are going about with blanched cheeks—no one daring to move alone. The grooms shut themselves up in the kitchen, and would not budge an inch for love or money."

"A set of cowardly rascals; and you?"

"Oh! I was frightened too, I own; but I could not save laugh at the consternation; and the ghost or goblin, or whatever it is, was mighty civil to me, for after the household were at their wits' end, and I had gone back to my chamber, strains of heavenly music filled my ears until I fell asleep and forgot my fear."

"This must be seen to, Avice. Strange suspicions have been tormenting me of late. May there not be something else than spiritual at work—some devilish plot? Ghosts do not work so systematically as this of ours appeareth to do; and music, too! ghosts play not such, that ever I heard. We'll have it ferretted out, sister; I am just in the humour of such a piece of work row."

"Nay, wait, Percy; at all events, until the wedding-mask of our cousin is over. My nerves are unstrung as it is, and if you and I are to play our parts fitly, I'll have need of all my impudence."

"All thy impudence!" laughed her brother; "faith, I'd wager my last groat thy impudence would never save a fly's life. Had'st not to wear a bit of black silk over that blushing face of thine, there would be small hope of there being much acting; and yet canst tell me how it comes that modest women grow pert and shameless when they have a mask over their faces? If thou wert anything but the pure angel I know thee to be, I'd say it was woman's heart, and that when they could hide the shame of their purer faces their tongues could wag fast enough."

"Nay, nay, Percy; you do not mean it; you know better than to believe such. I'll not deny there are bad among us, and methinks that when once a woman passes the rubicon of virtue, the devil himself takes possession of her; but there is no lack of good, too, honest, faithful—"

"Rose Raby to wit," interrupted Percy, bitterly.

In an instant Avice's arms were round her brother's neck. "She was driven to it, Percy, poor child! You, a strong man, able to hold your own, should pity her. Nay, I mean it; she was weak; that was her nature, I'll not say

may to that, and I think I'd have done differently; for if love be such as they say it is, I'd die rather than give up my right to keep faith where I loved. We don't hang our hearts for every gallant to pluck at, nor do we cast them down unsought; but once taken captive, sure it is only maiden modesty to be steadfast to the death."

Her brother listened to this rhapsody with a changing countenance; for an instant a smile sprang up, then that died away, and a bitter sneer curled his lip under the long silken moustache as he answered,—

"You argue like one with experience, Mistress Avice; 'tis a pity Rose had not borrowed somewhat of thee. I met her master (for I'll call him nought else, so never from at me)—I met her master, I say, on the course, and heard him bragging of what he had done at Newmarket, and how the king trusted him before all men to buy a horse, or choose a wench; and then he vowed all women had their price. My blood was up, boiling like molten lead; and had it not been that Dick dragged me away, there would have been a sinner less in the land by this, and fair Mistress Rose might have had another chance in the market."

"Thanks be to God and Mr. Skelton!" said Avice, fervently, clasping her pretty hands. "You are too hot, Percy."

"Nay, sweetheart, I am cold enough now; feel how my hand shakes. But let's to supper; to-night I must eat, drink and be merry; to-morrow I'll pay my debts, and sit on thy hearth, a pauper."

When Avice sought her bed-room that night, she had no inclination for sleep. She was uneasy about her brother: his flushed face and trembling limbs warned of more than mental suffering; she had heard from him the story of his losses, too; then, again this love proposal of Dick Skelton's. Dick was her brother's largest creditor, and one word from her would cancel all debts. She had but to say this little word "Yes," and Dick, who had the finest property in the North Riding, would turn over all she held of the old place, and forgive her brother's debts. Avice was thinking, as she could not but think, of all this; thinking, too, that had the same emergency risen a month before, there would have been no difficulty, but that Dick Skelton would have won a willing bride. Only a month ago—four short weeks, and all this was changed! Four weeks ago Avice would have married Dick, simply because she knew him well, respected him well, and cared for no one (except her brother) better. Four weeks ago Avice had only known one love and the little heart now thrilling and sinking with its own weight and happiness, lay quiet and unfelt. Four weeks ago, during a long ramble, and while resting under an old hawthorn-tree, a stranger had passed her; a pair of dark blue eyes had looked into hers, and up sprang the heart to life. Day after day she had thought of the eyes, night after night they had haunted her in sleep; until, some fortnight after, they had met hers again, and since then scarce a day passed but at some point or other of her walks the mysterious stranger had suddenly sprung up, bowed, and passed on. So it came about that Avice talked of "truth unto death," and sat in the bay-window of her bed-chamber, gazing out into the moon-lit park.

A very sweet and English view was that seen out of the bay-window; first a deep moat, carpeted over with water-lilies, whose bright flowers stared the dark surface of the water; and fringing the moat, a thick underwood of many kinds of shrubs; beyond, a wide expanse of park-land, dotted with great oak and elm trees. Above all this, sailed the moon, to-night at the full, looking down with a clear watchful eye upon the sleep of Nature; not a leaf moved, and an intense silence reigned everywhere—so intense that Avice fell into a half dreamy state, and sitting with her eyes fixed upon an opening in the copse where the moonbeams made a silvery path of light, let her thoughts weave such fairy-like romances as they listed.

But suddenly the listless look vanished; her

cheeks flushed, and leaning forward, she gazed with eager eyes upon a tall, dark figure which standing full in the centre of the path, seemed framed in that mysterious silver light. For a few seconds the man stood with his face towards the house; then he walked up to the verge of the moat and bent over, gazing down into the deep water. Avice's heart beat fast, and her cheeks paled; what could he mean? why did he bend over the water? and almost a shriek broke from her white lips as, suddenly letting himself down over the ledge, she saw him seize a branch, and so swing down to the water-edge, until he could grasp one of the golden-chaliced lilies, with which prize he was soon standing safe on the green bank again; and Avice, pale enough now, was watching, wondering and perplexed—for she had long ago recognized the figure, as what woman ever does fail to recognise the man that she loves?

The very violence of her motion had driven the blood back to her heart, which beat and thrilled, and ached in a manner perplexing to poor Avice; who, ready as she was to venture her opinion and tell her mind as to love and its exigencies, as in the manner with many young women, was as yet happily ignorant of its caprices, and wondered sorely why she grew so faint, and tenderly melancholy, though all the time conscious that she was perfectly happy.

Avice went to bed at last, but not, you may be sure, until the lily gatherer had long ago disappeared, and the moon, travelling on her way, had left the path in shadow.

Bright dreams were Avice's that night; and through them all came a vague consciousness that there was some presence near; that eyes were watching her, and lips breathing near her; once she thought they touched hers, and starting up with a cry, she saw only the pale dim day-dawn stealing into the room, and turning upon her side the girl fell into a deep dreamless rest, from which she did not awake until the sun was streaming into the room, and coming straight through the middle panes of the bay-window, fell upon her bed, where, upon the crimson quilted coverlet, white and glistening, lay a water-lily.

One might well judge that such an adventure would alarm Avice, and yet it scarcely may be said to do so. In those days there was a much stronger belief in the supernatural; and living as Avice had done in a notoriously haunted and spirit-ridden house, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she suddenly became possessed with the notion that this mysterious wanderer and the haunting spirit were one and the same, and that by some strange freak this spirit loved her. It would be hard to say whether Avice was pleased or frightened when her mind first conceived, and then instantly accepted, this wild notion; it was very awful, of course to have a lover of an ethereal nature, and not mortal flesh and blood as she herself was; she had read, too, of the Evil One taking human shape to deceive young maidens; but this could not be a demon! oh, no, Avice was sure of that. Those blue eyes that stirred her heart even now, and that sad, quiet face—there was no taint of evil there; rather must be some heavenly spirit who, for some cause or other, was doomed to remain a season on earth.

When Avice began to let her mind wander away into such wild regions as these, there was no limit to the visionary world she soon made around her; and it was perhaps fortunate that going down to prepare the morning meal for her brother she found he had been seized with an ague, and obliged to send to the nearest town for a doctor.

A long anxious day followed; Avice had her hands full; Percy was very ill, and by no means an easy patient to deal with; for he had to be kept in bed almost by main force, insisting upon getting up and riding over to Middleham to meet the attorney who was to settle his racing losses. As day waned, the fever left him, and then he became bent upon a new excitement; he and Avice were to attend the mask at their cousin's wedding, which was to come off that night, and being unable to go himself, which sorely against his will he at last admitted, he insisted upon Avice carrying out her part, which was none

other than the Queen of Cœur de Lion, which great monarch Percy himself had been prepared to personate. In vain Avice pleaded against his will; he was inflexible; and at last, dreading the effect of continued altercation in his present state, she consented.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DRAMA.

BUT few plays, written after the time of Goldsmith, possess the same charm for either the reader in the quiet study, or the spectator at the theatre, as Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and but few convey to the mind such a vivid idea of the fashionable world's frivolous amusements, of the period at which it was written. To the end of time, we suppose, society will never lack members of the stamp of Sir Benjamin Backbite, Crabtree, delightful Mrs. Candour, Suave, insinuating hypocritical Joseph Surface, and his careless, good-hearted, spendthrift brother, Charles; while Sir Peter Teagle, and his young wife, are victims of a matrimonial mistake to be made the best of examples of which are seen every day. Miss Rushton played Lady Teagle in a vivacious manner, though she rather overdressed the part, but a country young lady, suddenly elevated into the position of a leader of the fashion, would not be unlikely to fall into the error of dressing so as to display, in her opinion, her attractions to the best possible advantage.

As Sir Peter, a part that has given opportunities to great actors like Farren to make an addition to their stock of fame, Mr. T. A. Beckett played very well indeed. His useful description of married life, his surprise when Lady Teagle stood revealed upon the throwing down of the screen, and the immediate assumption of a husband's natural dignity, while Joseph Surface endeavoured to explain matters, were very effective. Sir Peter Teagle is the most difficult part to fill in the comedy, and to do so well is a labour deserving no ordinary amount of approbation. As Mrs. Candour, Mr. Hill retailed all the little bits of scandal with an amount of lively appreciation and a gusto, very suitable to the character; while the lady's excuse for recommitting any fresh attack upon the characters of her friends, "people will talk you know," was given in a self-defensive, deprecatory style, that was very mirth-provoking. Mr. Bowers, as Crabtree, also was very amusing; the relish with which he took snuff after each ill-natured remark, and the coolness with which he calumniated his acquaintances in presence of their relatives, were in characteristic accordance. Mr. Carden, as jovial Charles Surface, was very spirited and successful, though the latter's enjoyment of the situation of affairs in the screen scene would have been more indicative of his good breeding as a gentleman, and equally as effective, had it been toned down to a quieter level. Mr. Halford's Joseph Surface was very good, and the other characters were creditably sustained.

"The Honeymoon" is such a beautifully written comedy, and, with almost every character, noticeable for some effective peculiarity, that to play any of them, in an unsatisfactory manner, would be unworthy an artist of the most moderate pretensions. As the haughty Juliana, Miss Rushton appeared to good advantage; and represented the petulant, gradually yielding manner of the wife, slowly being tamed into a meet, docile, loving helpmate, better than she has depicted the peculiarities of any character she has, as yet, appeared in here. Mr. Jas. Carden played Duke Aranga in a light, pleasant style, and delivered the many vigorous sentiments of the text in a very manly, appreciative manner. His costume as the Duke was very elegant and picturesque. The woman-hating Rolando found a good representative in Mr. Halford, who seemed very happy to have the captain's peculiar prejudices overcome at the last by the power of Zamora (very prettily and gracefully played by Miss Emma Maddern), and submitted to matrimonial bonds with a very good grace. Miss Lizzie Maddern was a suitably

dashing, light-hearted Volante, while Mr. Bowers could hardly have had a character more suited to his talents, than that of the mock Duke. The peculiar head-dress, with the several feathers arranged so as to impress the minds of his subjects (for the time) with their imposing appearance, his difficulty with his sword, which would get between his legs and prevent his sitting down with ducal grace and ease, together with his ludicrous assumption of dignity, and his reluctance, after his short experience of the joys of governing, to sink into obscurity again, were very powerful in putting the audience into good humour.

"The Toodles" is an old drama of the sort that were very popular in our fathers' time; it possesses the two unnatural sailors of the usual stamp, one virtuous, and the other vicious; and, as usual, all the good people got into trouble in the first act, to be made happy in the last. The play is only worth seeing for the sake of Mr. and Mrs. Toodles, whose squabbles keep the scene alive, and with the lady's propensity for buying useless articles cheap at auctions, and the gentleman's indulgence in the vagaries, caused by a too strong partiality for stimulants otherwise than temperance, find the spectators in laughter. Mr. Bowers represented the absurdities of the intoxicated Toodles very naturally; his limbs seemed to be made of India rubber, into so many ludicrous attitudes did he fall. To give a burlesque imitation of a drunken man is as easy for any one to do, as it is painful to witness; but to imitate one naturally, and, at the same time, not only to prevent its being a disgusting spectacle, but to make it one at which the audience must, perforce, laugh, is work for an artist, though it is a delicate task, and, in our opinion, scarcely judicious, for a dramatic author, to make the representation of such a situation the chief attraction of a play.

"The rest is silence."

JOHN QUILL.

WIFE-SELLING IN ENGLAND.

AFTER all, it appears that English wife-selling is not a French fiction. In a late number of the *Athenaeum's* reviewer, speaking of New Cross in Manchester, says:—"It is in some sort historical ground, for at this cross was held in old times a market, at which the rough Doric citizens sold their wives for a shilling and a pot of beer." This assertion has elicited considerable discussion, and in a late number of *Notes and Queries* a writer states, in explanation, that after the close of the war in 1815, many soldiers and sailors on their return found their wives married again, with a family to which they had no claim. There can be no doubt that generally all the parties acted innocently; the wife had received news of her husband's death, and in due time had taken a fresh one. What could be done? The law was plain enough; an action for *crim. con.* in the civil courts, followed by another in the ecclesiastical, and concluded by a separation *a vinculo* by Act of Parliament, would have done the business in the good old style; but the parties concerned might doubt whether the sin incurred would be made less sinful by these processes, even with the payment of some thousand pounds; and a much easier and quite as effectual a way was found out to set things right. It was declared to be lawful to sell a wife in open market, the first husband being then free to marry again, and the second marriage standing good, *ipso facto*. These sales took place at that time all over the country, but especially in Birmingham and Manchester, as these had sent most men to fight our battles. The magistrates, like prudent men, did not choose to interfere; and there are, no doubt, at the present day, many who firmly believe in the legality of such a sale.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

1. A town in England celebrated for its bell.
2. An English lake.
3. A town of France, the scene of a battle between Wellington and Soult,

4. A town near which Charles Martel defeated the Saracens.
5. The birth place of Martin Luther.
6. The birth place of Erasmus.
7. The burial place of Melancthon.
8. The scene of one of Marlborough's victories.
9. A gulf of Russia.
10. The seat of a celebrated council.
11. The ancient name of Switzerland.

The initials form the name of a town in England, the scene of Wickliff's labors.

ARITHMOREMS.

Well known books.

1. 1657 and Peep for A.
2. 2502 " Ah, say pens.
3. 2500 " Or a nest for Ann.
4. 1251 " Aunt's bone.
5. 1003 " Ann's hen at great barn-tent.
6. 1552 " Ah, for that one.

RIDDLES.

1. A vowel preceding a swine and male sheep
Will show you a poem of wit keen and deep.
2. A vowel preceding a horse and male sheep,
A puzzle—transposing of letters—you keep.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Musical composers.

1. YERER. META.
2. BOGRE.
3. FOMFUHA.

CHARADES.

1. My first you oft savagely pierce through and through;
My next harbours nonsense, and wisdom, and dust;
But, oh, what disaster might chance to accrue,
Should my third, from my second, step into my first!
2. Stern-hearted man, an infant take—
An ugly one will do;
And then, for information's sake,
Divide it just in two.
One half will represent my first;
No doubt you'll be perplexed;
But do not with impatience burst,
Seek knowledge—'tis my next.
My whole's a brute: I think it must
Be less like me than you!
Go, see, and form a judgment just—
You'll find it at the "Zoo."
Of course I may mistake you,
So ask you, am I right?
Perhaps 'tis less like you than me.
I've been so unpolite!

3. I am composed of 39 letters.
My 6, 34, 11, 12, 31, 24 is an unruly member.
My 2, 12, 16, 27 is more plenty than pleasant
in some parts of the west.

My 26, 14, 22, 23, 9 is what we all physically possess.

- My 38, 20, 35, 32 is a musical ? instrument.
- My 5, 8, 29, 15, 11 is a kind of tea.
- My 33, 18, 13, 17, 7 is a cardinal point.
- My 1, 22, 21, 4, 26 denotes time.
- My 3, 10, 28, 36 is the common lot of man.
- My 19, 37, 23 is an ornamental tree.
- My 30, 39, 2 is a body of water.
- My whole is a wise old precept.

CASSIA.

SQUARE WORDS.

- Where corn generally ceases to be corn.
Imagination.
A vegetable.
A tract of water.

ANSWERS TO REBUS, &c. No. 25.

- Rebus.—Children.—Marriage.—1. Chatham.
2. Hinwatha. 3. Issachar. 4. Lucifer. 5. Diana.
6. Reinzi. 7. Eig. 8. Nore.

- Square Words.—L E A F
E A S E
A S I A
F E A R

- Transpositions.—1. Brinley Richards. 2. Chopin. 3. Gutman. 4. Muller.

- Charades.—1. Cat-ling. 2. Pol-ice-man. 3. Confederation.

- Decapitations.—1. Stripe-tripe-ripe-pic. 2. Knight-night-nigh-gin.

Arithmetical Question.—Total number is 2190.
Number of children 876; of women 730; of men 584.

The following answers have been received:

- Rebus.—Artemus, Colon, Whitby, H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

Square Words.—Polly, Argus, J. A. W., Colon, Flora, Geo B.

Transpositions.—Artemus, Whitby, Polly, Flora, Colon, Geo. B.

Charades.—J. A. W., Polly, H. H. V., Colon, Whitby, Flora.

Decapitations.—Polly, Whitby, Colon, J. A. W., Argus, Camp.

Arithmetical.—Argus, Whitby, H. H. V., Colon.

CHESS.

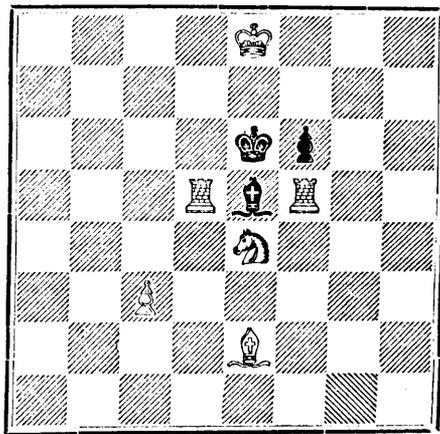
THE ANDERSEN-STEINITZ MATCH.

This interesting contest, which has been watched with such close attention by chess-players in America as well as Europe, has terminated in favor of Mr. Steinitz, who succeeded in scoring eight games to six. All the games have been of great brilliancy, chiefly Evans' gambits, and will well repay careful study.—Below we give another of the series.

PROBLEM No. 42.

By Mr. HORWITZ.

BLACK.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. B., TORONTO.—We omitted to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in our last. Will use the contribution, and shall be happy to hear from you when convenient.

R. T. B.—Many thanks! Are sorry the mistake occurred, but every one must have seen the proof-reader was at fault.

IO, HALIFAX.—Both articles were received. The second will appear as soon as we can find space for it.

POLLY.—We would accede to our correspondent's request with much pleasure, were it possible to do so; but as the article is not now in our possession, we fear Polly's "feminine propensity" must remain ungratified. On one point we can speak definitely—the writer's impressions were the reverse of favourable.

T. M. LEM.—We will, if possible, make room for your article in our next issue; but as our columns are very much crowded at present, its appearance may be delayed a week.

F. B. D.—We beg to refer you to our note addressed to you a few days since. We adhere to the views expressed therein.

J. T.—The "Death Blow" is respectfully declined.

MEDICO, JR.—A welcome budget. Do not forget your promise.

LESTER.—We agree with you that you cannot abandon the stand you have taken, without loss of self-respect, unless an ample apology is made. Perhaps, upon calm reflection, the offender will volunteer this.

SCOTIA.—We have written the Postal authorities respecting the charge you refer to. Will communicate the substance of their reply when received.

W. C. ORR.—Will reply to your queries in our next.

CONSTANTINE.—The Provincial Secretary is the proper person to address. Write out a plain statement of the facts of the case.

We are compelled to defer replies to a number of other letters, which have been received.

MISCELLANEA.

It is estimated that upwards of 800,000 sewing machines have been manufactured in the United States since Mr. Howe introduced his invention, and that several millions of dollars are invested in the business.

LET no man drop an ill-gotten guinea into his pocket, and think the pocket unconscious of the wrong. His very glove shall babble of the bribe that has burnt his hand; and his cravat shall tighten like a rope about his throat.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* mentions that seven young ladies have just taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

Lord Chelmsford, who now occupies the wool-sack for the second time, served as a midshipman at Copenhagen when the Danish fleet was seized by our naval forces fifty-nine years ago.

Lord James Butler, the new State Steward at Dublin Castle, is a dairyman. His carts, with his lordship's name duly emblazoned, are to be seen in Dublin, supplying customers with milk.

Ireland claims the invention of the needle-gun. Capt. James Whitley is named as the inventor, and as having had a breech-loading needle-gun made in 1823 by Messrs. Trulock, of Dublin. Discouraged by the indifference shown at Woolwich to Capt. Norton's elongated shot, Capt. Whitley did not carry out the design he had of patenting his invention, the secret of which has been mastered by another. Such is the story told in Ireland.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A few weeks ago, a circumstance of considerable interest occurred at Wick, Scotland. A young dog, the property of Mr. James Craig, caught a large rat on the river breastwork, at Misses Oag's property, and

a prolonged contest for supremacy ensued, the rat managing to bite the dog, and almost place him *hors de combat*. The dog at last got hold of the rat by the back of the neck, and, holding it thus, ran to the river, plunged it under the water, and held it there till death ensued; when, after giving the dead rat a few indignant shakes, he threw it away, and returned in search of another.

RED-HOT SHOT.—When red-hot shot are fired, the ordinance used is elevated to the position desired before the gun is shotted. The powder in the gun is kept from explosion by means of the wadding. Between the explosive substance and the heated mass are generally three layers of wad. That against the ball is dry, the second is wet, and upon the powder another dry piece rests. The ball is discharged very soon after being placed in the cannon.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO PROCURE SLEEP.—Twenty grains of carbonate of soda, taken the last thing on going to bed, will frequently procure sleep when all sedatives have failed.

PETROLEUM IN ENGLAND.—There appears to be good reason for supposing that an abundant supply of petroleum exists in the rocks of England. It is stated that the surface "indications" of various parts of Shropshire lead to this inference. Coalbrookdale, Coalport, Tarback Dingle, Caughley, Benthall, Broseley, and adjacent places, have been very confidently spoken of as likely localities. It is reported that experimental borings are already in progress. The oil-pit which has been sunk at Leeswood-green, in Flintshire, continues in active operation, and is increasing in produce. Extensive explorations are being carried on in the Buckley and Haywarden districts, and, if report be true, with good satisfactory results.

A NEW musical instrument of striking power and sweetness, and at the same time extremely simple, has been recently exhibited at Paris, where it called forth great admiration. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning-forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence by means of dampers. The sounds thus produced, which resemble those of the harmonium, without being quite so soft, are extremely pure and penetrating.

SHOOTING STARS.—In a lecture at the Royal Institution on the shooting stars of the years 1865-66, Mr. Alexander Herschel has attempted to show that they have periodical returns like comets; and in support of this position, he referred to the records of observations made from time to time during the last 1000 years. Observations show that during every clear night in this hemisphere shooting stars may be seen, the ordinary number being about thirty an hour; but that in certain months, especially in the beginning of November, the number of these stars is greatly increased. It appears also that at intervals of thirty-three years there have been noticed very remarkable showers of shooting stars. One of these periods will occur about the 13th November next.

NAIL-MAKING MACHINE.—A Mr. R. C. Robinson has patented a nail-making machine on a new principle. He claims that besides making nails with good points and heads, it turns out much more quickly than the machines hitherto used, these latter producing of 1½-inch nails 180 per minute, while the new machine makes with ease 380 in the same time. The old machines are fed by hand, requiring a person to each machine, but this is self-feeding, and one person can easily tend two machines. The old machines are fed with a strip of the same width as the length of the nails to be cut from it; thus 1½-inch nails require strips of 1½-inch wide to be fed by hand into the machine; but the new machine, for the same length of nails, feeds itself with a strip 6 inches wide, detaching four nails from the strip at each cut.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE fellow who took offence has not yet returned it.

IN childhood we cut our teeth; in old age they cut us.

WARFARE is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on.

WHY is rheumatism like a glutton?—Because it attacks the joints.

A ROUND of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

IF you wish to get rich, get married. When was ever honey made with one bee in the hive?

THE right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

WHAT is the key-note to good-breeding?—Be natural.

A NEW DEFINITION OF "FOOT NOTES."—Dancing tunes.

WHEN is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

WHY do the birds feel depressed early in a Summer morning?—Because their little bills are all over dew.

THE FEAST OF IMAGINATION.—When your stomach is empty, and your pocket ditto, to sit down and read a cookery-book.

A LAWYER'S POSITION is doubly perilous, because he often has other people's "deeds" to account for as well as his own.

"YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend."—"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

HEAVE YO!—A country boy, who had read of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it?

THE RULING PASSION.—A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that, when he has nothing else to do, he casts up his eyes.

HOW THEY DO IN MAINE.—Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law State, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor.

A LADY, in a paroxysm of grief, was said to shed torrents of tears. "Poor thing!" remarked an unfeeling punster, "she must have had a cataract in each eye."

"MARY, is your master at home?"—"No, sir, he's out."—"I don't believe it."—"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

"I SAY, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met.—"Well," was the reply, "nothing just about here; but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."

A WESTERN paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

BUTTONING on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick, and sternly starched, and the button is large, and closely sewed; but here is a way to meet the difficulty—dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

POWERFUL PILLS.—An itinerant quack in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hay's rangers to extract the iron part of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had lodged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the would-be doctor, "because to do it would go nigh killin' ye; but I can give ye a box o' pills that will melt it in yer head."

MILITARY NOT CIVIL.—During the reign of Bonaparte, when the arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, whom they, in their barrack-room slang, termed "Pekins," Talleyrand, one day, asked a general officer, "What is the meaning of the word 'Pekin'?" "Oh," replied the general, "we call all those Pekins who are not military."—"Exactly," said Talleyrand; "just as we call all people military who are not civil!"