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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 80.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 16, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
Of the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS
Who infested
Q U E B E C
In 1834 and 1835.

Translated for the SATURDAY READER from a
French pamphlet published in 1837.

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

CHAPTER III.

Cambray and Waterworth enter into Partnership—Appearance and character of Cambray—A method of gaining at raffles—The lumber trade—The Skimmers—The Lion's share—Cambray marries—His wife—His father.

"I remained the winter at my father's in Broughton, and early in the spring, 1834, I returned to Quebec, where I saw Cambray, who again urged me to enter into partnership with him, a proceeding I finally adopted, though not without much hesitation.

"One day he announced to me that he had hired a house in St. Rochs, where we both took up our quarters on the first day of May. He also informed me about the same time that he was engaged to a young Canadian girl, of whom he said he was greatly enamoured.

"Cambray at that time lived well, spent a good deal of money, speculated largely, and was, generally speaking, looked up to by the class of people with whom he associated, who were surprised that a young man commencing business could find so much money and meet with such great success. The consequence was, that he had many friends, and was visited and esteemed by the most respectable of people.

"Cambray is about my age, much more robust in figure, but scarcely as tall. He has a well-shaped head, regular features, is strongly set, broad shouldered, easy in gait, engaging in manner, light-hearted, and pleasing in his address, that is, when his object is to entrap or deceive you. But when agitated by his violent passions, when plotting a conspiracy, when seeking rather to overthrow than avoid the obstacles that may intervene between him and his purpose, his appearance becomes totally changed. His habitual mask of hypocrisy falls and you have before you a frightful spectre; his eyes sink into his head, and sparkle with hellish fire; his forehead becomes scamed with wrinkles, and the muscles of his face twitch so violently that they seem almost ready to snap asunder. His half-opened mouth moves convulsively from side to side, his thin lips become livid and quivering, and his teeth gnash most fearfully.

"This picture may appear overdrawn to those who have not seen this man under the influence of his evil nature, but not to those who have watched the rising fury of his heart; not to those who have seen him whispering his dreams of blood into the ear of a hired assassin—wrapped in the mysteries of a conspiracy, or executing his evil deeds by the glimmer of a dark lantern. These can affirm the truth of my statements; and let those who doubt, visit him within the walls of his prison where he can have no possible interest in misleading them, and there speak the convictions of the moment.

"But the most powerful, I might almost say the only passion of this man, that on which all others are based, in which all his feelings centre, the great lever of his every thought and action, is the love of gain—the desire of acquiring wealth

—covetousness—the ambition of becoming rich. This is the leading trait in his character; to this he owes all the hypocrisy and deceit of his career. But among other peculiarities we might reckon, his astonishing success in games of activity—his jovial humour—his incessant babbling—his imperious bearing—his absolute indifference to the feelings of others—his powerful will and resolute courage. Indeed, were it not for the unmanly vice of hypocrisy, he possesses many noble attributes, for generally speaking, his actions were conducted on a large scale; his enterprises being extensive and hazardous.

"I must avow, however, that I cannot speak of him with impartiality, so great has been his power over me. Still, it must not be supposed that he was addicted to the low and shameful vices of the vulgar; on the contrary his manners were far from dissolute, and never in the course of my intimacy with him, have I seen him in a state of intoxication. He was deeply attached to gambling, and games requiring manual dexterity, and he was remorseless in the exercise of the art of juggling, in which he was thoroughly versed.

"After my arrival from Broughton, I know that he several times attempted to entrap his friends, among whom were some of the most respectable citizens of St. Rochs. and to such an extent did he carry it, that many began to suspect that he was not strictly honorable in his dealings.

"On one occasion, when preparing to move into the house he had hired in St. Rochs, he held a raffle of certain effects, for which he said he had no use, and which, in value, he said, amounted to about fifteen or twenty pounds. At his raffle he had the luck to win back almost everything. This will not however, appear very extraordinary when the reader is informed that he made use of loaded dice, a practice he pursued with such rare dexterity, that he could glide the dice in or out of the boxes as rapidly as he pleased. Several of his companions present at the time, appeared to place but little belief in such strange good luck, and could not help murmuring in an under tone, but none of them attempted to give public expression to their sentiments, for it was dangerous to question the probity of a man whom the community at large held in such high respect. But when his dupes had left, his father reproached him sharply for his trickery, and for holding a course which could only terminate in shame and infamy. On this occasion the old man spoke as if he had had other proofs of his son's speculations. This did not seem to have been the first lecture he had received on the chapter of honesty.

"On the opening of the navigation we commenced the lumber trade in partnership, and on a rather extensive scale for us. To recount all the tricks, frauds, smugglings, doings, jobs and bargains we had recourse to during that summer, would take up far too much of our time; suffice it to say that scarcely a night passed without our securing a good haul of wood. One of our practices was to cut, at high tide, the fastenings of the cribs with which vessels are loaded, and await the result some distance below; as the tide descended, our booty descended with it, and always found us ready for its reception.

"Another portion of our operations consisted in bribing the guides of the large rafts, from Upper Canada, who gave us their master's goods at a very low valuation. Again we had a number of skimmers, as they were called, of which I was chief; they visited the coasts after stormy weather. Then we employed a gang of labourers, whose duty consisted in effacing the various brands from the wood which fell into our possession.

"This dangerous traffic often failed to be profitable, and gave us a great deal of trouble;

many came to inquire after lost property, and to claim what they considered to be theirs. In such cases, however, the effrontery and brusque manner of Cambray always succeeded in diverting them from their purpose, glad to be quit of him at any cost.

"I remember that one week we sold the same lot of wood three times over, and twice to the same individual. It is true, we had considerable opposition in this line of business, but with this exception, things went very smoothly. I have no doubt that, at the end of the season, our profits were large; but of this I cannot speak with certainty, having received but a very small portion.

"My partner, perceiving my love for pleasure and dissipation, and my inclination to indulge in drink, very wisely observed that it would be more to my advantage to leave my entire gains in his hands till the termination of the fall business, when I could receive the whole amount at once. This I allowed myself to be persuaded into, and from that moment Cambray kept the accounts of the firm altogether in his own hands. When the time came to render me an account of the same, all the books had disappeared, and by way of a statement, I had to content myself with an illegible scrawl, together with the good round sum of two pounds. Previous to this I had received five pounds, so that it turned out that I had risked my reputation, and in many instances my life, during a whole summer, for the sum of seven pounds. However, I had to put up with it, for to have reasoned with him would have been madness.

"In the course of that summer Cambray made several gains in cock-fighting, but he also lost more than he gained. One day, disconcerted with a recent loss, he said to me, "Why am I such a fool as to continue betting in this manner—why cannot I content myself with the dice-box—game cocks are not plumped as easy as dice—it will take many a good throw to make up for my losses. To avoid the necessity of paying these losses in future, he transferred his effects to me, that is until he married, when he made over everything to his wife.

"His wife was young, respectably connected, mild, amiable, honest, and loved her husband to distraction, but she sought rather too much to acquire an influence over him. It was astonishing that this man, so imperious and so violent towards others, yielded with such good grace to her every caprice, and indeed almost allowed himself to be guided by her. Still, I thought he was not perfectly sincere in his submission; that a great part of it was only feigned, the better to conceal his real character. Be this as it may, she was certainly mistress in the house; out of it, however, he indulged in tricks on which her opinion would certainly have been received with very little favour. One day having taunted him on his amiable weakness, he coolly replied: "If I find her troublesome, I know a remedy." They appeared to live very contented, but he did not act with the same courtesy towards his father; at times even going so far as to administer slight corporal punishment, when the good man, who was rather given to moralize, touched too acutely upon the foibles of his son.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. A—A dialogue—An expedition to the Island of Orleans—Two blunders—Burglary at Mr. Atkinson's.

"To my misfortune I once knew a Mrs. A. Her husband, with whom I had been intimate, had been dead several years. This woman kept a little tavern in the St. Lewis suburbs, where I occasionally resorted to pass an evening, and

here it was I first contracted those connections which have since led to my ruin.

"One evening, having remained much later than usual, as I lay upon the counter, quietly puffing my pipe, I heard the following dialogue proceed from a small room adjoining.

"Deuce take it, we got off nicely—those cursed butchers never sleep a wink the whole night. As soon as I saw the light I jumped ten feet good off the ground, and hurt my leg most awfully; and look here, look at this for a piece of meat, and say whether it was worth while risking one's whistle for a filthy end of brisket.

"Ah yes, our trade is done for in town; the people have become so suspicious, we must take to the country for it, or make use of our staff of dignity (a club). Oh! the country—the country by all means—the country for ever where the people are so good-natured, and the chickens fat, and ready for roasting. The country is the place. When I lived out of town I was never without a fowl or a lamb for market; many a windfall; and only two or three times in the brig (prison).

"Faith comrade, we're not badly lodged here, it's true, but we can't live upon nothing; we'll have to set to work to-morrow in earnest.—You'll take charge of the upper town market. I'll make my bargains in that of the lower town, and hang me, if to-morrow at dinner-time, we have not something to make a stew of.

"I've another plan. What's to prevent us visiting the Island of Orleans; there's a harvest to be gathered there; plenty of sheep, and the easiest thing in the world to catch them. Just throw them on their backs—so—a wisp of hay in their mouth, and the lamb's your own."

"That would not be a bad idea at all, but then we require a boat of some kind."

"Well, we'll think of it; meantime let's have a whot, for we certainly deserve one."

"So saying, the two men entered abruptly the apartment in which I was. I recognized them immediately as two labourers often employed in our lumber yard; their names were Mathieu and Charbonneau. Mrs. A— had let them a little room about eight feet square, the entrance to which was through a window. Seeing me, they accosted me familiarly.

"Boss," said one of the two, "you'll do to get us out of our difficulty; we've a nest to rob, and want a boat. You'll lend us yours for a night, to get a few fat sheep from the Island of Orleans."

"I refused them promptly. 'I'll see you to the —,' said I, 'before I'll lend my boat to go stealing with.'

"Stealing! who said anything about stealing? But it's all right, we'll hear what Cambray will have to say to it."

"At this moment in walked Cambray himself, who only replied to their request by a laugh of scorn. 'Bah! sheep stealers; are you fools? But I'll tell you what, Mathieu, if you know where to find a well-lined purse in any of these country parishes, that, would be worth seeing to, and I wouldn't mind taking a share of the risks.'

"Yes, deuce take it, I do know where to look for one. There's an old bachelor living near St Laurent Church; he must have some three hundred pounds concealed somewhere on the premises."

"Accordingly the whole four of us started for the Island—Cambray, Mathieu, Charbonneau, and myself, and in a short time found ourselves at the residence of the aforesaid old bachelor; it was situated in the very centre of the village, at but a short distance from the church.

"The night we had chosen was one of the most beautiful; the great harvest moon sailed majestically above, bathing the surrounding landscape in a flood of soft light, as brilliant, almost, as if it had been day.

"Without losing a moment, Mathieu stepped up to the window and took out a pane of glass. 'Take care,' said Cambray, 'remember there must be no violence unless we are absolutely driven to it.'

"The pane fell and broke in pieces. I trembled with fear; it was the first time I had witnessed a proceeding of that nature, and I took

to my heels and ran like a traitor. When at about the distance of an acre, I turned my head, and seeing my companions close upon my heels, I redoubled my efforts to escape, followed by them as hard as they could go.

"What's the matter? what frightened you?" said one; 'what did you see?' said another. 'Stop, stop.' But I pushed on in an agony of fear. 'At last, having run upwards of a mile, I could go no further; and Cambray coming up again, roared out, 'What the d— did you see, Waterworth? Tell us what you saw.'

"Nothing," said I overcome with horror, 'but—but—'

"What! you saw nothing, and you ran in that way. What a confounded coward you must be.' But my strength was so spent, that I could hardly breathe.

"Shortly after, the day began to dawn, and it became useless to re-attempt our expedition that night. Mathieu, however, insisted upon giving us a specimen of his skill in sheep stealing; after which we returned to the city, and wound up our proceedings by an excellent repast on roast lamb, which we had at Mrs. A—'s.

"Some days after our abortive expedition to the Island of Orleans, we planned a visit to the country house of a Mrs. Atkinson; the premises were well known both to Cambray and myself, for we had had, frequently, business transactions at the place.

"This project was also ratified at Mrs. A—'s, and the parties who had assisted us in our former scheme, were also our accomplices in this.

"Mathieu, by way of precaution, entered into a private understanding with some of his fellow-labourers, to the effect, that should the booty, by any chance, slip through our hands, they would take measures to secure it. Nevertheless, we were not destined to succeed this time either, for, whether through remorse or fear, no sooner was the first ice broken, than I again took flight. So that our second enterprise met with the same fate as our first.

"A few days afterwards, November 3, 1834, two old scoundrels, J. Stewart, and J. H—, came one evening to the residence of Cambray, and proposed that he should accompany them in the robbery of Mr. Atkinson's, observing at the same time that it was dangerous to let the fruit ripen any longer, as all their *confrères* were using every effort to obtain it. I was asleep at the time, but they awoke me, and I solemnly promised that this time I would not desert my post, and before leaving, we each of us pledged ourselves to secrecy, by repeating the following sentence:

"In the Devil's name, kill me if I blab."

"We went by boats as far as the East India wharf, where we parted with Stewart and H—; we then rowed to the market place, where they again met us, in order to inform us that they had succeeded in opening the yard door, unseen.—We then all proceeded to the place. A cross-bar is lifted without noise. Cambray and H— were soon inside, while Stewart and I kept watch without. Our comrades found the safe, but tried in vain to remove it; at last Cambray, irritated to excess, and cursing his soul, seized hold of it, and by a violent effort, he raised it against his person, and with a firm step, placed it on the window, where we, coming to his aid, slid it carefully into the yard by means of a plank. How Cambray managed to lift so great a weight I cannot tell; I am sure it could not have been less than eight cwt., for it was only by great labour that we managed to get it to the boat. But to proceed. Off we went with our prize, and shortly after we came to anchor on a sand bank in the river St. Charles; this bank is immediately opposite the St. Paul's market, and is always dry at low tide. Waiting until the ford was passable, Cambray hastened to fetch an axe, with which we broke open the chest, and tying up the contents in two handkerchiefs, we made our way back to his house. There, in a private chamber, did we take an inventory of our spoils; the lion's share, as usual, falling to Cambray; for while he kept me employed in burning the papers and books of the establishment, he managed to pocket the money before the very eyes of the others, whom he put off with a few dollars.

Next day he gave me seven pounds. I have since learned that the box contained one hundred and fifty pounds; so that this night's work was worth five hundred dollars to Cambray.

"Stewart was arrested on suspicion for this robbery, and in consequence, passed two months in prison as a vagabond.

"The excitement over, I left for Broughton, where I remained until the end of January, 1835, when Cambray came to urge me to return to Quebec; and to avoid giving rise to any suspicions, he had me summoned to appear as a witness in a case then pending between him and a tavern keeper named D—t. This was, of course, a mere pretext, for I knew nothing whatever about the matter. However, I returned with him, and we shall now see by what new exploits we distinguished ourselves.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 5.

CHAPTER XXII. FRIGHTENED LONDON.

The terror, the excitement, the confusion through London was something awful when the news began to circulate like wild-fire through the streets and the public places of the attempt on the king's life.

The wildest, most absurd rumours found ready credence.

A thrill of horror ran through the whole country. Jacobites and Georgians alike exclaimed against the meditated atrocity—though, when the former did so, it was a chance if the idea was not thrown in their teeth, that their indignation was convenient.

The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and a new and grand association instantly formed, and an instrument drawn up, by which the people's representatives solemnly recognised King George as their only and lawful king, bound themselves to defend him against James and James' adherents, and solemnly swore that if the king's life were shortened by violence, they would avenge him upon his murderers.

The members of the House were all summoned, and every name called over, and then the members, county by county, went up and appended their signatures.

Rewards of a thousand pounds were offered for the capture of each of the murderers who had escaped. People in every direction hunted out the presumed assassins as though they had been wild beasts. The gates of the city of London were closed for many hours, in order to assist in the search. Armed men occupied the highways, and stopped every doubtful passer. And in these and a hundred other ways did the generous English people show their abhorrence of the unmanly crime of assassination.

But there was one Jacobite who at this time, strange to say, became wonderfully popular.

That man, too, was the most dangerous man of the whole party.

Need we say this was Lord Langton?

His generosity to his enemy—his bravery in risking the double danger of being supposed faithful to neither party—above all, his chivalrous devotion to James, when the facts oozed out that he had, while before King George, played the Jacobite in the most determined spirit—all his captivated the hearts of the people, and he was thus easily led to fancy there would be now a reconciliation between the king and his noble but rebellious subject, and that thus a heavy blow would be struck against the Jacobite cause.

How all these flattering visions were to be dealt with by the stern logic of fact let us show.

A fortnight has elapsed. The public mind has quieted down; business, politics, pleasure, and necessity are all again asserting their claims, and pushing the remembrance of the late attempt out of mind.

The fact that no insurrection has followed the abortive attempt to murder, has also had a very happy effect. All the precautions of Government during the last few days had pointed to some sort of expectation of an outbreak.

But that fear now also dies out; men breathe again in comfort, and England is itself once more.

At this precise moment of time Lord Langton is sitting in a miserable garret in Spitalfields, where he has found temporary shelter with a friend of Clarence Harvey's—a friend of whose fidelity the latter is absolutely sure.

A long row of letters lies on the table, and Lord Langton is now finishing the last of the series.

As he seals it, and puts it with the others, spread out to allow the addresses to dry, he says to his servant—

"Clarence, you know what I do?"

"Yes."

"And you have no fear for yourself?"

"None!"

"You persist then, in spite of my most earnest wishes that you should leave me, and not further compromise yourself?"

"I do."

"And I, knowing of your relations with the Chief of the Secret Service Department, may still trust you?"

"How do you wish me to answer that?" asked Clarence Harvey, earnestly. "How can I, one so little esteemed, say aught that you will care to hear?"

"I will tell you: explain why you feel this interest in me; and that would be the exact assurance I should like to receive from you."

"Does Lord Langton really not know?" asked Clarence Harvey, reproachfully, and, to Lord Langton's astonishment, he saw the tears gathering in the youth's eyes.

"I—I know? What do you mean—what can you mean?"

There was something in the youth's look and manners so inexplicable, that Lord Langton could not but gaze steadily in his face.

Then he rose, came to Clarence Harvey, put his two hands upon his shoulders, and said—

"Have you deceived me? Are you other than what you seem? By heavens, it is so! That blush! A woman! Oh, Maria, there is no resisting the truth! I know you now?"

Maria's face was indeed suffused with colour as she saw herself—and in that garb—at last recognised.

Presently she saw, or fancied she saw, a stern expression gathering over his countenance.

"Forgive me! forgive me! oh, my dear lord and master, and I will tell you all. I love Paul Arkdale. I could not bear to think of his hearing the story that you had to tell about me to his master and to your sister. I determined to do something bold, dangerous, and to me not profitable, in the hope that he and you might at last—at last—"

Here Maria broke down into a passionate fit of weeping, and it was a long and sad task for Lord Langton to restore her to anything like spirit and confidence. And then, when she found he meant at once to send her away—perhaps back to the mercer—she broke out into such wild and agitating appeals, that he was obliged to consent to let her preserve for a short time longer her incognito, and so go on to fulfil his errands.

"Clarence," said he—"since I suppose I must still call you so—we must not deceive ourselves. I am undertaking a business that I believe, in my conscience, even more desperate than that which Sir George Charter has carried to such a lamentable end. I am now calling together all the men who have committed themselves to me, but who were not mixed up with that foul business—"

"But will they come?" asked Clarence, "after the events of the last few days?"

"They must! They shall! I have that in my hands which will compel them. But have you the courage to say so, in delivering these letters, if they make any kind of excuses?"

"What should I have to say?"

"Nothing but this—my master expects you."

"I understand. Trust me, master!"

"Very good. Now go into that room, and you will find every requisite for once more so changing your personal appearance and dress,

that not even our friend the Chief shall penetrate your disguise!"

Maria clasped her hands, then instantly relapsed into sobriety.

"You do not mind forgetting for awhile your personal beauty, do you?"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Maria, inquisitively.

"Make you into as ugly and old a hag as I possibly can. But never mind, Mistress Preston, Master Paul shall not see you!"

Maria blushed, and consented.

"Go, then, put on the dress—then come to me, and I will give you the finishing touches!"

Maria obeyed, and returned in a few minutes the oddest picture possible. The incorrigible coquette had taken advantage of the circumstance in a truly characteristic way. Finding the dress consisted of the black, rusty, decayed weeds of some poor old widow, and conscious that her Clarence-Harvey face would be just as unsuitable as her own for the future representation, she had ridded herself of all the stains on her face and neck, and restored her natural loveliness to its pristine power. What little she lost through the effects of the dyes used, was more than compensated for by the vivid blushes which covered her features as she returned to Lord Langton, conscious of that beauty, and of the fact that he, too, would be so.

He was indeed conscious. The laugh that first greeted such a grotesque apparition changed as he gazed, and he found his own colour mounting, his own thoughts wandering in unlawful directions, till checked by a single thought—Lady Herrial! Then the danger was gone. That powerful talisman saved him.

"So, Mistress Preston! you thought, I suppose, I should be obliged to ask myself whether I could bear to destroy such a piece of God's work, even for a short time? Eh?"

Maria laughed, and became more radiantly lovely than ever.

"Very well. Now look here!" Lord Langton produced two water-colour drawings. How Maria stared at them! She saw in an instant what they were—a portrait of herself as Clarence Harvey, and a copy of the same portrait, which had been touched all over by some skillful artist, probably Lord Langton himself, so as to make the same portrait change suddenly from twenty to sixty years of age! Every line, every touch of shading was so definitely made, that the second portrait became a working guide as to the alteration of the original lace itself.

"You won't look so ugly, after all, you see!" said Lord Langton, with a laugh. "That is my only regret. But come, we have no time to lose—come, re-darken your pretty self into Clarence Harvey, and then I will try what I can do to turn you out artistically as Dame Gibson, a poor, old, decayed widow, seeking help to go abroad to an only son, and bringing a letter of recommendation from a friend to each of the grand people you have to call on. Thus I think you will be likely to escape notice of the spies who haunt the neighbourhood of all the personages with whom I must now communicate."

"Shall I have no difficulty in obtaining admittance?" asked Clarence.

"Not the slightest. Say always to the servant *his master expects you*. That will invariably compel him to go in with your message. That message will be understood; and then your only other message will be—apart from my letter 'My master expects you!' Smile off all explanations, and say to the most urgent remonstrances, 'I assure you I have nothing in the world else to say than that *MY MASTER WILL EXPECT YOU*.'"

A couple of hours later the landlady of the house was greatly puzzled to know how that old woman who went out of the house with a bag on her arm had got into it, and hurried up-stairs to ask Lord Langton if she had stolen nothing.

The bag contained all the letters, carefully fastened up in the lining, while the bag itself revealed, on opening, nothing but the old lady's knitting-needles, and worsted, with a stocking half made, her handkerchief, some broken biscuits, and a capital representation, in minor matters, of the heterogeneous contents of that wonderful receptacle—an old woman's pocket.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE LAST APPEAL.

Maria's work has been well done. She has passed from one Jacobite to another the signal for meeting, has resisted, almost with malicious enjoyment, every attempt made to persuade, to terrify, or to bribe her into saying she had "not been able to find" the worthy gentleman in question, or that he was so watched that the cause would be injured if he stirred hand or foot; to these and similar appeals she had ever the same ready answer, "My Master expects you!" and away she went, tarrying no further question.

Some of the more cowardly ones of the party did still hang back, but the great majority came to the appointment, and there they now wait Lord Langton's arrival.

The place of meeting was a miller's, on the edge of a little creek running into the Thames, near Wandsworth. There was still to be seen one of the latest London examples of the wind-mill, with green sward all about it, like a bit of country still lingering in the precincts of the great town, and the miller himself, though a stern and fanatical adherent to James, had enjoyed the singular good fortune to be quite unsuspected by the authorities: hence the choice of his house now.

The miller's house, an old-fashioned one, the remains of what had been a superb old manor house in the Tudor style, was only a short distance from the mill, and there came from near and far some thirty Jacobites, to obey Lord Langton's call.

Beginning with the first darkness of night, the miller—having sent away all his people on one pretence and another—took his boat across alone, and waited.

Not for long. One dark figure came forth, gave the signal "Now if ever!" shook hands, and silently got into the boat.

Then the two waited. Presently two other figures came up at the same moment from different directions, paused, peered suspiciously at each other through the darkness; then one of them tried an experiment, saying—

"Now if—"

"Now if ever, bravo boy!" ejaculated the relieved Jacobite, and these descended to the boat.

Others followed; the boat was soon filled; and then, with muffled oars, the miller and one of the Jacobites rowed the boat over, to return and return again till the whole were assembled.

By this expedient the miller's own neighbours, scattered about further inland, were ingeniously kept in the dark, utterly unsuspecting.

When, after a long delay, no fresh persons appeared, the boat ceased its passages.

A dark, agitated, stormy meeting is the one now being held in the bay-windowed room of the old manor house.

"Where is our summoner?" is the cry, again and again repeated, and in tones and with accents that imply that the evil "spirits," of which Hotspur spake, have for once consented to come from the "vast deep" at Lord Langton's call, but only to read him for his audacity.

The miller, an imperturbable man, goes in and out, bringing beer, and bread and cheese, the only "cheer" he can offer them, and the Jacobites, in spite of the furious passions that possess them, manage to do justice to these simple refreshments.

While he is away from the room on one of these errands—for the Jacobites are terribly thirsty—the miller puts down his can, goes to a door, opens it, and listens. Presently he coughs—the very gentlest of coughs—and steps descend the staircase, and Lord Langton comes into the passage where the miller is.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the miller.

"Of what?" asked Lord Langton.

"That these men do not mean fighting for King James, but may mean murder of King James's noblest adherent!"

"If you mean me, by this extravagant praise, I can only say, my friend, I have within the last few months seen and heard too many roaring lions in my path to heed the monsters much now.

"Besides, what's my life worth if I can do no—"

thing? Come, come, my dear, brave, honest friend, you are one true man. Why should we doubt there are others as good as you and I?"

"Then you will venture among them?"

"Ay, if the evil one himself stands at the door as their sentinel!"

"Then, harkye! about four or five hundred yards off, there is another and smaller creek, almost hidden by the willows that have grown on both banks. A person not knowing of its existence, only seeing it from the water, would have no suspicion, on coming to it from the land, that it was other than some dangerous drain or watercourse. There I have for a long time kept, in view of contingencies, another boat—one supposed by my neighbours to have been sold off long ago and got rid of. The oars are in it. The rope is merely a loop passed over the head of a great stake, and can be slipped off in a moment. Let me see. How are you to find it in a hurry and in the darkness? I could myself go blindfold to it. Oh, I know! There is a distant light—what light I know not—always burning I have noticed, in the exact direction. Should you, in your hurry, slip down the bank, never mind; there's a hard ledge before you reach the water; and you've only to put out your hand, stoop down, and move to and fro, and you must come upon the boat."

"Thanks, thanks! But, my dear fellow, when I resolved to come here, I resolved to come in the spirit of the old Roman who burnt all the boats behind him. However, I thank you heartily. Let us go in."

And thus did Lord Langton deal with the results of the miller's considerate forethought, who had placed his noble guest on an upper floor in a position to hear—up the very broad, open chimney—the conversation and the tone of the conspirators he had summoned before going among them.

"So, Netherston," said one of the Jacobites, as the miller re-entered, "your promised patriot does not come. He, like Falstaff, I suppose, has learned, by this, that discretion is the better part of valour!"

"No, my friend," said Lord Langton, entering, while the whole of the Jacobites sprang up in agitation to meet him. "No, my friend; you see that is just the lesson I have not learned. I AM HERE!"

"Then," sneered another Jacobite, "it may not be amiss, before we go, to teach that lesson to his lordship."

"I need, I am sure, all the instruction that you, my Lord Stanbury, and all these other friends, can give me; and again I say, I am here—to learn if you will; but, in any case ~~here!~~"

The dignity and sternness with which this was said imposed a momentary silence on all.

Lord Langton saw this, and hastened to seize his advantage.

"You are angry, friends."

"Angry!" scornfully echoed Lord Stanbury.

"Angry! We angry! What have we to be angry about? Our best men are slaughtered or in prison, or, like myself, obliged to find shelter night and day from the bloodhounds of this infamous Government! Our cause is hopelessly ruined! But what then? Does not all the world—except, perhaps, the miserable Jacobite part of it, of which your lordship need not think—does not all the world know how gradually Lord Langton has ruined his king, betrayed his companions, and glorified himself? I only wonder, my lord, you do not hurry to King George, and take shelter in the royal arms that must be waiting to receive you!"

Stern hums of assent on all sides showed how perfectly Lord Stanbury expressed the feeling of the conspirators at Lord Langton's late behaviour.

"Oh, my lord, and you, brother Jacobites, all around me—oh, but you are brave and chivalrous thus to address one man among a host!"

"Confound his chivalry! He has murdered Sir George Charter, a man whose little finger was worth more than all this noisy, pretentious, glozing lord's entire body!" said one angry voice.

"Well," said Lord Langton, "I will test you—you, my Lord Stanbury, and see whether or

no honour has passed away from the councils of Jacobite gentlemen. You, my lord, knew of this intended assassination—you aided it. With you I have no more to do. But what I have to ask is. Are there here other gentlemen—not one, or two, or three, but the bulk of you—are you, I ask, as a body, prepared to assert that this was the right path for the whole party to pursue? If you think so—But do not be so unmanly as to blame me for feeling what in my inmost soul I believe you all feel—at least, all of you who have not aided and abetted this most foul enterprise."

It was a terrible question to put. Many of the persons present did think the assassination scheme a dangerous, immoral one, but, finding themselves compelled to come to this meeting, they were glad to avail themselves of the widespread irritation against Lord Langton for what certainly was treachery, if not something truly noble.

But others beside Lord Stanbury were present who were down on the king's black list of his intended murderers, and these now did their best to feed the general excitement and rage.

Drawing their swords, they raised the cry—"No more talk! Down with the traitor! Blood for blood! Who knows but he'll be giving evidence against our men soon?"

These and similar cries were raised; but there were noblemen and gentlemen present not prepared for such extremities. They had come—most unwillingly, but still they had come—to learn what chances there were for the completion of Lord Langton's scheme, by an early insurrection.

The interposition of these persons saved the meeting from further violence for the moment. And Lord Langton seized the first moments of calm to say to them—

"My lords and gentlemen, thanking you in our king's name for your presence here to-day—"

"In the king's name? Pooh!" contemptuously interjected Lord Stanbury.

Lord Langton paused, took a paper from his pocket, and read these words—

London: at the Masquerade.

Having seen and conferred with Lord Langton, we hereby repeat all our former expressions of confidence, and claim from all loyal subjects the heartiest co-operation with him. JAMES.

He threw the document on the table, and went on with his speech, as if no interruption had occurred—

"Thanking you in His Majesty's name for your presence, amid so many dangers, I ask from you a candid consideration of the position.

"A great crime has been attempted, but happily failed."

"Providence has enabled one of yourselves—a Jacobite—avowing himself a Jacobite—to be the instrument in warding off that terrible danger to our cause. Need I tell you that, had any but a Jacobite done this thing, which stirs so deeply Lord Stanbury's anger, further progress would have been impossible on account of the infamy that, like a funeral pall, would have overspread our cause, in token of death."

"Progress! it is impossible!" exclaimed several voices.

"I deny that!" impetuously returned Lord Langton. "I say this incident does not redound to my credit—God forbid!—but to the credit of the cause. Our honour as a great party—the party of the nation—is re-habilitated! What else? Why, that the Government thinks all danger over; that our secret arsenals are untouched, unknown; that the French king waits to give you succour; that a hundred thousand Jacobites are ready to spring forth in obedience to your call, if you will but give it. To arms, then! To arms! to arms!"

This was said with such fire and electrical power of sympathy, that in an instant a dozen swords were out and pointed on high, flashing in the rays of the candles—and there re-echoed the cry, in a tremendous shout—

"To arms! To arms!"

"Hush! hush!" said the miller. "Although we are not within hearing of any other house,

and though this is no place for passers-by, it is impossible to say when, how, or where the bloodhounds are watching for us!"

These dozen enthusiastic spirits soon saw, however, they were but a dozen among thirty.

They saw also that some of the most influential of the Jacobites were outside the dozen; and then they saw the failure of the whole scheme.

Not so, Lord Langton—at least, if he feared it, he acted on quite the other assumption. Addressing by name one of the most important of the silent spectators, a nobleman of the highest rank and unbounded wealth, Lord Langton said—

"Let us now, my lord, clearly understand each other. This is my last appeal. You understand that? It means it is the last appeal of your grey-haired, unhappy, disrowned sovereign, to give him his own again. Do you understand that, my lord?"

"Why do you address yourself to me?" fiercely asked the nobleman thus spoken to.

"Because you are marked out by heaven—by the past bounty of royalty—by your own faith—by your present possessions—by everything that ought to stir a man of heart, of soul, of loyal worth and breeding, to lead all these hesitating men.

"Come, come, my lord! your sword is a bright one, is unstained—let us see it. Let it flash before us like the beacon light that led the Israelites through the desert. This is our desert. Be you our leader. I willingly place myself under you—will guarantee to be guided by you—ay, in all things, apart from mere military and technical knowledge, for you are brave, you are experienced, you are a statesman.

"Come, then, come. Give me the delight to hear you this time re-echo my cry, 'To arms!'"

All gazed on the nobleman, whose colour came and went, whose glance shifted uneasily to and fro, whose soul was clearly at the moment wavering between the instinct of prudence and the instinct of patriotism (from his side of the question); but prudence prevailed—the hand did not touch the sword-hilt, the lips did not respond to the animated cry.

"Then I take back with me to the king the statement—Sire, I called these men, I showed them all was ready, and they shrank back faint of heart."

"Stab him! Run the bully through! If he leaves here scot free he'll be at the Home Office in an hour, and give in a second list!"

The conspirators were now a mere mob, those nearest Lord Langton making faint efforts to keep back the fiercer spirits behind.

"You see my sword?" said Lord Langton. "It hangs by my side. There it shall hang. Do your pleasure—I wait to see how my brother Jacobites treat one who is honest to the heart's core, and who fears them not."

He folded his arms, and stood looking calmly around, his face pallid, but free from any signs of terror. He had long ago drained in thought the cup of death that these men might offer him and he felt he could die now.

The mob behind forced its way nearer, amid a score of vehement and, for the most part, unintelligible cries. They hustled him, they evidently wanted to strike, and yet each arm fell paralysed by some unknown power—whether of conscience or what they knew not.

Suddenly one of the noisiest made a lunge at him under the arms of the miller, who was in a quiet way standing between Lord Langton and his most dangerous enemies.

The miller saw, and half anticipated the murderous act, by a blow in the face that would have done credit to one of the most distinguished pugilists of the day.

The blow was just in time. Lord Langton felt the prick, but felt also it was harmless; but the striker, on feeling the miller's fist, did not find that harmless. The blood spouted forth. The gentleman—a fox-hunting country squire—became sick, and for a moment a complete diversion was made.

Seeing all was over, that nothing could stir these men to another trial, which yet in their hearts he knew they yearned to make, if only

they could do it with obvious safety, he moved to go away, covered by the friendly bulk of the miller's person.

It was a dangerous moment. By his boldness and fidelity to the mission he had undertaken, he had now made enemies of the only men in the assembly who could have been favourable to him—those not implicated in the murder.

They were all now—with only the exception perhaps of some of those whom his eloquence had momentarily stirred—alike hostile to him. The murder conspirators hated him for the destruction of their plot. The nobler insurrection conspirators hated him for shaming them by his own bold acts, and by his indignant comments on their pitiful ones.

To be continued.

A CLAIRVOYANTE'S REVELATION.

SOME time ago I attended one of the *stances* of a well-known professor of electro-biology. It was held at a town about ten miles distant from my own residence, and as the proceedings did not terminate until a late hour of the evening, it was nearly midnight when I started with a friend on my homeward drive. The night was dark, the road bleak and lonely, and our conversation, turning as it naturally did upon the events of the evening, was of a weird and ghostly character, thoroughly befitting the time and place. Being a hardy unbeliever in the supernatural, I had been expressing my scepticisms pretty freely with regard to the mysterious knowledge and wonderful prophetic powers which persons in a state of coma are said to possess, and had even gone so far as to denounce the whole thing in sweeping terms as an imposture, when my companion, who had listened patiently to my display of righteous indignation up to this point, said, quietly,—

"Well, I daresay you're right in the main. I've no doubt a good deal of that sort of thing is all bosh, and many of the so-called professors no better than rank impostors; but I think you go too far in denouncing all followers of Mesmer; for I firmly believe that there are clairvoyants who are not impostors, and that many of their performances are such as it is impossible to account for by purely natural causes. Now, as an instance of this, I will tell you a very curious incident, for the truth of which I can myself solemnly vouch, since I was intimately acquainted with the persons to whom it happened. The circumstances took place in Paris thirteen years ago.

Among the most intimate of our circle of friends at that time were two brothers, whom I shall call Desmarests. Eugène, the elder, was a wealthy banker; Paul, the younger, was a literary man of considerable talent. They were both unmarried and they lived together. At the period I am alluding to, business affairs necessitated Eugène's presence in St. Petersburg, and it had been agreed that his brother was to accompany him on the journey, which was to take place in October.

One evening, the evening, in fact, of the day but one preceding that fixed for their departure from Paris, Eugène went out for the purpose, as he stated, of settling some money matters. He was absent from home all night, but that circumstance did not excite much attention on the part of his brother Paul, who knew him to be a man of irregular habits. The whole of the next day and night, however, passed without his returning, and the morning appointed for their journey arrived. Surprised that he had not been home to make his preparations for travelling, Paul Desmarests repaired to the bank to ascertain the cause of his absence, under the impression that something had occurred to induce his brother to alter his original plan. To his astonishment not only was his brother not at the bank, but no one there had seen anything of him since noon two days before.

This unusually prolonged and unaccountable absence of the elder Desmarests perplexed and alarmed the younger brother, for, knowing that

Eugène had a considerable sum of money about him, he feared that he might have been robbed, and if not murdered, at all events severely injured. He made inquiries at all the places which he thought his brother was likely to have visited, but could find no clue to his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

Paul Desmarests then consulted with three of his most intimate friends, with reference to the best plan of action to adopt. His friends recommended him at once to communicate with the police; but Paul was a curious fellow with odd fancies in his brain, and with no small amount of superstition in his nature, and he declared his intention of enlisting the services of a clairvoyant towards unravelling this painful mystery. It was in vain that his friends attempted to dissuade him from such an absurd act, his obstinacy was not to be overcome. Accordingly, they made this arrangement, that Paul, Desmarests and one of his friends should obtain all the assistance they could from a clairvoyant, whilst the other two visited the Morgue, where most missing men in Paris turn up at some time or other if they have ceased to belong to this world.

There was at that time in Paris a Spaniard, by name Madame Huesta, whose feats of clairvoyance had caused considerable excitement in all circles, and to her Paul Desmarests now went to obtain tidings of his brother.

Madame being disengaged, they were admitted into the house, and, on their stating the nature of their business, she was at once put into a state of coma by her husband's mesmeric influence, and the questioning began. The clairvoyant commenced with a minute description of the man whom she saw in her vision, and both Paul and his friend confessed that it was a most accurate and unmistakable portrait of Eugène Desmarests. The man thus described was working at the time she saw him, in a street of old Paris; it was night-time, and the lamps were lit. Suddenly he halted at the door of a large, dark corner house, of the outward appearance of which she gave a vivid picture, so minute and distinct in every detail that both Paul and his friend felt that it would be very easy to discover it after such plain directions. She then gave the following remarkable and succinct account of the man's further proceeding:

"He rings the bell, the door is opened, and he is admitted into the hall; now he is shown into a small room on the ground-floor. It is brightly lighted, and there are two men seated at the table, one of these is much older than the other, and is bald. They rise from their chairs to welcome the new-comer; they are both very tall, and the younger has a thick black beard and moustache. Now all three are sitting down; the new-comer takes a paper from his pocket and shows it to the two others. They begin to talk loudly and angrily over it, and the elder of the two rises in a passion and shakes his fist at the visitor; the younger man whispers in his ear, and he becomes calm. They talk quietly again. Now the younger of the two men leaves the room, and the elder hands a paper to the visitor, who takes up a pen and, after writing some words, returns the document to the elder man. The younger now re-enters the room, with a bundle of papers—no, they are bank-notes—in his hand; he gives them to the visitor, who, bowing to the other two, leaves the room and is shown out of the house. Now I see him again in the street alone, he stands there, looking this way and that in doubt; at last he makes up his mind and walks briskly away. Instantly the door of the house which he has just left is opened, and the elder and younger men follow quickly in his steps. Now they stop: the younger one signs with his hand, and two other men cross the street and join them, all four rapidly continue their walk. Now I see the first man again, still alone, he stops and looks around him. The place is lonely and dimly-lighted; I think it must be a quay, for I see the lights reflected on the river. The night is very dark, and it rains. The first man muffles his cloak about his ears and crosses the bridge. I see four men come out from the shadow of the wall and follow him. They close upon his heels, but I think he does not hear them. Ah! now there is a signal;

and they all spring upon him at once; they have him by the throat: he struggles, but cannot cry out. God of mercy! they strike him once—twice; he falls heavily and lies quite still upon the ground; they bend over him; now they lift him up in their arms. I cannot see plainly what they do, but there is a dull heavy splash in the water—they have thrown the body into the river. Now they are all gone, and I can see no more."

You may guess the feelings of horror with which both Paul Desmarests and his companion listened to this circumstantial narrative of a foul and bloody murder. Both of them were deeply affected by the startling revelation which they had just heard, and went away with their thoughts full of it. Paul, excitable, nervous, superstitious, believing every word of it; his friend, thoroughly bewildered, divided between belief and doubt, half-wondering, half-fearing.

When they reached Desmarests' house, they found their two friends awaiting them.

"We have seen him," they both exclaimed.

Paul started. "Dead?" he asked.

"Dead," they replied; "he was taken in the nets this morning."

So far, then, the clairvoyante had been correct. Eugène Desmarests was dead, and his body had been found in the river.

Before another hour elapsed, Paul was on his way to the Morgue. In the dead-house, stretched on one of the slabs, stark and ghastly, he saw his brother, but there were no marks of violence on the body, except such as might easily have been caused by rough contact with objects in the water. A large sum of money, too, was found upon the dead man's person so that it was evident he had not fallen into the hands of robbers. On the whole, it seemed more like a case of suicide than anything else.

But Paul thought otherwise, and he had, it must be owned, some ground for his suspicions when the following facts were taken in connection with the clairvoyante's revelation. He had little difficulty in finding the street and the very house described by her; in that house lived two gentlemen, a father and son, who, though only slightly known to Paul, were intimate acquaintances of Eugène. The father had been largely in debt to the elder Desmarests, but on the very night of the deceased's mysterious disappearance, that debt had been paid, as a receipt in full for the money, signed by Eugène Desmarests, conclusively proved. It was a very large sum, nearly £1000, and had been paid in notes. Now the money found on the dead man was all in gold, and did not amount to more than £90. What, then, had become of the notes? It was ascertained beyond doubt that they had not been anywhere about the person of Eugène Desmarests when he was taken out of the river. Moreover, a pocket-book containing valuable papers, which the banker always carried about with him, was missing. How was the disappearance of money and pocket-book to be accounted for otherwise than on the supposition that they had been taken from the unfortunate man by violence, and that his struggles had necessitated his murder? There can be little wonder that Paul, finding the clairvoyante's story so strangely corroborated in its details up to a certain point, should believe that it was also true beyond that point.

The police were applied to and put in possession of the facts, but though willing enough to prosecute their inquiries, they declined to accept the clairvoyante's revelation as evidence of the guilt of the parties whom Paul suspected. And the matter dropped, for no further light was afterwards thrown upon the mystery.

Paul Desmarests is dead now, but to his death he was convinced that that father and son were the murderers of his brother.

"Now every word of that story is strictly true, and I think you will allow that there was something in that woman's revelation which was out of the common way: you can scarcely apply the term imposture to a statement which was distinctly ascertained to be true as far as it was capable of proof, and that was through several very important points of the story. I say nothing about the truth of the latter part of

the singular narrative, yet I think you could hardly blame any reasonable mind for inclining to a belief in its veracity."

I was silenced, even if I was not quite convinced, by this extraordinary anecdote, and though I am still sceptical about supernatural agencies in the forms in which they now exhibit themselves, yet I am far less reckless than heretofore in my charge of imposition. W. Dixon.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 16, 1867.

ERRATA.—In the second column of the article on "Ritualism" in our last number, at line 80, for Edward IV. read Edward VI.; and at 86th line, for Edward W. read Edward VI.

We have been informed by the Post Office Inspector that copies of the "Reader" are posted every week for the English mail insufficiently prepaid. Our friends will please bear in mind that the British postage on all periodicals is two cents, which must be prepaid in stamps. When a one-cent stamp or is affixed, the paper is sent to the Dead Letter Office.

THE ARABS OF THE STREET.

THE prevalence of juvenile mendicancy and juvenile crime is one of the phases of our city life which cannot be too frequently or too urgently pressed upon public attention. The evil, compounded of these two abnormal elements of our social state, grows more formidable to society, year by year. It presents itself to our notice on the charge sheets of our police courts, day after day; and it forms the subject of homilies from the bench, and presentment from the grand jury at almost every assize. The merchant in his store, the professional man in his office, and both at their private houses, are pestered by these apprentices to vagrancy and sin. They meet us at every corner of the street, at the post-office, the hotel, the railway-station, and wherever else the world is at its busiest. The unwashed and ill-clad boy, and, sad to say, the poor neglected girl, whose puny frame is not so much clothed as festooned with the rags that hang about her, are sorry objects to jostle against in the path of our boasted civilization. Watch for a moment that group of little beggar girls who have been loitering against a shop window for ten minutes or more, each selecting for herself some bit of finery or ornament,—the most vulgar and tawdry in the stock,—which she would purchase, if she had but the money. One of them leaves her companions, and glides noiselessly into an adjoining store. She stands there for a moment ragged and dirty, her unkempt hair wandering forth from beneath the wreck of a silken hood, whose seams are so solid that even the dirty bathing has struggled through them, as if in search of purer air. To beg or to steal is the errand upon which she was thrust forth this morning from a comfortless home. A basket is on her arm, with its remnant of tattered shawl or frayed carpeting to cover either the dole of charity or the fruits of larceny. While we are looking at her, she has not been idle; her eyes and ears, sharpened into unhealthy activity, have caught up every sight and sound about her. She gives a few determined raps upon the floor, to make sure whether she is to solicit aid or help herself. A moment more, and she leaves the shop to rejoin her companions, and curse with them either the parsimony which refused the alms, or the vigilance which prevented the theft.

In addition to these poor little waifs upon the tide of life, we have another class, male and female, who gain a few pence by retailing newspapers, or, as is sometimes the case, supplement the labour of begging by the sale of the daily journal. We are not now speaking of the

newsboy proper, who is often a shrewd and intelligent lad, but of that irregular squad of ruffians who may be seen about printing offices at the hour of publication. Who that has silently observed the crowd of miserable little objects,—heard the fearful oaths that issue from their lips, and the zest with which they narrate the tricks they have played on their great enemy, the world around them,—or marked the absence of every feminine grace in girls not yet emerged from childhood,—can hesitate to pronounce what their future will almost inevitably be! Without education they are not, though they have never attended school, but what a fearful training it is. They have learned cunning, deceit, and profanity, and, like Falstaff's friend, they already perceive that the world is their oyster, which they are preparing to open by fraud or violence.

From among these street Arabs the ever-enlarging ranks of crime are mainly recruited. The appliances of philanthropy reach not to them; born pariahs, they are left unshielded from temptation, un instructed and uncared for, and society first recognises their existence when they transgress its laws. The magistrate knows not what to do with them, when, as vagrants, they first appear before him. To send them to gaol is only to complete their vicious education, and sear effectually their callous consciences. Charitable institutions, dreading the introduction of the moral virus with which they are inoculated, refuse them admission; till, at last, these frail brothers and sisters of ours, no longer to be reformed by the discipline of Isle-aux-Noix or Penetanguishene, become hopelessly and irremediably criminal. For the poor girl, alas! another fate is too often in store, more terrible and hopeless still. At home, if misery can be said to have a home, the blows of a drunken father, or the oaths of an abandoned mother, are her daily lot. Abroad, she is the companion of the coarsest and most profane of her own and of the opposite sex. And as if anything were wanting to degrade her further, she is made a mark for the impure jests of creatures wearing the semblance of manhood, who do not blush to insult, in the poor, helpless, girl, the sex to which, under happier stars, belong their sisters and their mothers. With a refinement of cruelty their jokes become more brutal, and their invectives more broad as the years of the child increase. Who can hope much for her whom the maudlin tenderness of a bar-room or its coarseness have left upon the very threshold of shame? Is it any wonder that the poor child, looking back upon a girlhood of misery, and trembling now upon the verge of womanhood, should envy those painted sepulchres of her sex who blazon their degradation in gaudy colours to her sight, and, like them, fall an easy prey to the tempter?

We speak plainly in this matter, because we feel strongly; the mischief is too serious to be hauled daintily, and the sooner the men and women of Canada awake to a sense of their duty to these little outcasts the better. We have no confidence in acts of parliament or municipal by-laws as a refuge from the evil. It is too much the fashion now-a-days to shift the responsibility from the shoulders of the individual to those of the state. Nor will it do to yield to the philosophical fatalism which regards misery and crime as the inevitable concomitants of our social state, to be passively submitted to, not vigorously struggled against. Political economy has done much good in the world; but when it ventures to talk of laws which recognise the perpetuity of evil, the heart rebels against the productions of the head, and Christian charity rises superior to the coldness of logic. The selfish man may close his eyes and ears to distress, and transfer the discharge of his social duties to the government he is "taxed to support." The theorist may call for compulsory education as a remedy, forgetting that he would thus drive from the school the children of the operative classes, without effectively benefitting those he would relieve. Before you can instruct these wanderers, you must clothe them and feed them. The multiplication table will not cleanse or cover the naked, nor will any combination of the letters of the alpha-

bet satisfy an empty stomach. What is wanting, is the establishment, on an adequate scale, of industrial ragged schools, endowed by the systematic benevolence of the community. Prevention is needed, not punishment, or even reformation, in the popular acceptation of the term. They come too late, the irreparable mischief is already done; and it is of little use to apply palliatives when moral mortification has touched the heart. The minds of these children should be laid hold of before vice claims them as its own, and their moral natures guided into the path of virtue before sin has fixed itself unalterably there. Their abodes should be visited, and their suffering and distress laid bare, not to the curiosity, but to the humanity of the world.

If we were to rest the claims of these little outcasts upon no higher basis than that of worldly prudence, the case would be strong enough. Any one who looks at the records of our courts, may see the result of neglect in the increasing expenditure for gaols, penitentiaries, and reformatories; and perhaps he will then come to the conclusion that society would be the gainer by a faithful discharge of its duty. But when we ascend to the vantage ground of humanity, and higher still to that of Christianity, what need should there be for admonition or remonstrance? The Christian men and women of Canada should lay the matter to heart, and bestir themselves to action. Humbly desiring to follow their Divine Master, they will not wittingly allow one of His little ones to perish, nor forget that at the last neither the soundness of their creed, nor the regularity of their worship, will of itself avail with Him whose welcome into rest is in the words—"Forasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WE have long been of opinion that the enmity with which England is regarded by the Celtic people of Ireland springs from a social, rather than a political or religious source. It raged as fiercely in the days of the Plantagenets and the earlier Tudors, when differences of creed did not exist, as it did in those of Elizabeth and William of Orange, or as it does among the Fenian Brotherhood in our own time. Since the Reformation, it is true that religious intolerance, assuming the form of the old penal laws, as well as commercial selfishness, inherent in the Protective system, may have aggravated the feeling; but they did not give rise to it. These have disappeared, and the hatred has not disappeared with them. As a consequence, the believers in the inevitable separation of the two countries insist that there is a natural antipathy between the two races which will always keep them virtually asunder, and disappoint every attempt to unite them under any government which will be such in anything but the name. This view of the case is contrary to the conclusions to be drawn from past experience and existing facts. The Celts of Wales and the Scottish Highlands have fraternised with their Anglo-Saxon fellow-subjects; and why should not the Irish Celts? The Scotch and the Welsh had as deep wrongs to avenge as the Irish had, and are now as attached friends as they were once bitter enemies of the Saxon. It can scarcely, therefore, be the mere distinction of race that divides Ireland from England. The English, with all their grand qualities, are in many respects a thoroughly insular people. To the Englishman, a foreigner is an inferior being to himself; and all who have not the blue blood of the Anglo-Saxon in their veins, as well as some who have, are foreigners. In the sixteenth century an English ambassador to France declared that, so far as he could see, every foreigner was a fool, a dictum greatly relished by Dr. Samuel Johnson two hundred years afterwards, and which, absurd as it is, and however disguised, still embodies the national sentiment on that head. We are convinced that a Birmingham bagman, ignorant of all knowledge unconnected with the hardware business, would, in the company of Burke and Adam Smith, have

considered himself the best man of the three, solely because he was English, and they were only Irish and Scotch. Lord Palmerston's celebrated "*Romanus sum*" is true in more senses than that in which he applied it; and the Englishman habitually wraps himself in the Roman *toga*, with more than Roman pride, viewing the dwellers of other lands with a complacent spirit of supremacy. The Scotch, the Irish, the French, the Americans, are all outside Barbarians, more or less, whom it is his privilege to look down upon. England, as the reward of this superciliousness, has gained the enmity of all these nations in their turn. We conceive, for instance, that the seemingly unappeasable resentment of our Yankee cousins has sprung from it more than from any other cause whatever. No country has been subjected to this sort of treatment to a greater extent than Scotland has been. About the period of the Union, a Scotch writer gravely complained that the Londoners taught their very parrots to abuse and insult Scotchmen, asserting that "lousy Scot," and "beggarly Scot," and such complimentary phrases, were a regular branch of parrot education, to the south of the Tweed. Long perseverance in this course, silly as it was, brought forth bitter fruit, for the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 derived much of their strength from it, and the anti-English feeling it created; as assuredly neither the mass of the people or gentry of Scotland had any love for the Stuarts or their cause. Later, Wilks' "North Briton," and Churchill's "Prophecy of Famine," indicated the intense dislike of the Scotch in England at the period at which they appeared; and George the Third almost endangered his crown by selecting as his Prime Minister a man who was guilty of the crime of being a Scotchman. Gradually, however, the Scotch determined to meet these ebullitions of temper with indifference, and to rely upon themselves—with what success the present condition of their country bears testimony. The sooner Ireland does so, too, the better it will be for her future happiness and prosperity. Above all, she must be self-reliant; for no government, nor parliament, nor laws, nor legislation, can do for the Irish people what they can do for themselves. It is the bane of Celtic communities that they are always praying to some Hercules or other to get them out of their troubles, instead of putting their own shoulders to the work; and of course their expectations usually result in disappointment, and often in a resort to force to attain objects, which a little patient perseverance might have secured by peaceful means. Nor ought England to forget that she also has a part to act, and a duty to perform, in the great work of conciliating the sister isle. Time was when it was a crime of the deepest dye in an Englishman to regard the "Irishry" in any other light than that of an alien and an enemy; he was not to wed with them, wear their dress, nor speak their language; and though this state of things has long passed away, the spirit that dictated it yet lingers behind. When the *London Times*, twenty or thirty years ago, heaped terms of contumely and contempt on the people of Ireland and their chosen leader, Daniel O'Connell, it simply imitated in modern fashion the course of the Parliament of Kilkenny. But this is a disagreeable subject to dwell upon, and we drop it willingly, to refer to two bills just introduced by Sir Colman O'Laughlin into the House of Commons. These are intended to abolish oaths of office which are offensive to Roman Catholics, and to repeal the law which requires the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland to be Protestants. Those measures have the merit, at least, of legislating in the right direction, though calculated to benefit directly but a very small number of persons. But legislation alone will never consummate a perfect union of the two countries. More than kindness, more than generosity, more even than justice, Ireland requires that England should treat her with respect—a respect due to the many brilliant traits that mark the character of her people, and due even, were there nothing else, to the countrymen of Henry Grattan and Edmund Burke.

"THE TWO SISTERS.*"

"One sister to the other spake,
The summer comes, the summer goes!
Wilt thou, my sister, a husband take?
On the grave of my father the green grass grows!"

"Man shall never marry me,
Till my father's death avenged be."

"How may such revenge be planned?
We are maids, and have neither mail nor brand."

"Rich farmers dwell along the vale:
They will lend us brands and shirts of mail."

They doff their garb from head to heel;
Their white skin slip into coats of steel,

*Slim and tall, with downcast eyes,
They blush as they fasten swords to their thighs.*

Their armour in the sunshine glares,
As forth they ride on jet black mares.
They ride unto the castle great;
Dame Erland stands at the castle gate.

"Hail! Dame Erland!" the sisters say;
"And is Herr Erland within to-day?"

"Herr Erland is within indeed;
With his guest he drinks the wine and mead!"

Into the hall the sisters go;
Their cheeks are paler than driven snow.

The maidens in the chamber stand;
Herr Erland rises with cup in hand.

Herr Erland slaps the cushion blue;
"Rest ye, and welcome ye strangers two!"

"We have ridden many a mile;
We are weary and will rest a while."

"Oh tell me, have ye wives at home?
Or are ye gallants that roving roam?"

"Nor wives nor bairns have we at home,
But we are gallants that roving roam."

"Then, by our Lady, ye shall try,
Two bonnie maidens that dwell hard by—

Two maidens with neither mother nor sire,
But with bosoms of down and eyes of fire.

*Paler, paler the maidens turn,
Their cheeks grow white, but their black eyes burn.*

If they indeed so beautiful be,
Why have they not been taken by thee?"

Herr Erland shrugged his shoulders up,
Laughed and drank of a brimming cup.

"Now, by our Lady, they were won
Were it not for a deed already done.

"I sought their mother to lure away,
And afterwards did their father slay!"

Then up they leap, those maidens fair:
Their swords are whistling in the air.

"This for tempting our mother dear!
Their red swords whirl, and he shrieks in fear.

This for the death of our father brave!
Their red swords smoke with the blood of the knave.

They have hacked him into pieces, small
As the yellow leaves that in autumn fall.

Then stalk they forth, and forth they fare;
They ride to a kirk, and kneel in prayer.

Fridays three they in penance pray.
The summer comes, the summer goes.
They are shriven, and cast their swords away.
On the grave of my father, the green grass grows."

THE NAME "ACADIA."

EXTRACTED FROM A PAPER READ BY PRINCIPAL
DAWSON TO THE MONTREAL LITERARY CLUB.

THE old and beautiful name Acadia or Acadie, by which Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the neighbouring islands were known to the early French colonists, though it has a classic look and sound, is undoubtedly of aboriginal origin. Long before I was aware that any doubt or controversy existed as to its derivation, I had it explained to me by an ancient Micmac patriarch named Martin St. Pierre, or, as he pronounced it, "Maltun Sapeel," who used to visit my father's house, asking alms, when I was a boy. According to him, the word means "plenty here," and he illustrated this by the word Shubenacadie, which still remains as the name of one of the principal rivers of Nova Scotia. Shuben, he said, or "Sgabun," meant ground

* From *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, from the Scandinavian. By Robert Buchanan.

nuts, or Indian potatoes; and Shubenacadie a place where ground nuts are abundant. On the authority of this venerable Micmac philologist, I gave, in the first edition of my *Acadian Geology*, the following explanation of the term:

"The aboriginal Micmacs of Nova Scotia, being of a practical turn of mind, were in the habit of bestowing on places the names of the useful articles which could be found in them, affixing to such terms the word *Acadie*, denoting the local abundance of the particular objects to which the names referred. The early French settlers appear to have supposed this common termination to be the proper name of the country, and applied it as the general designation of the region now constituting the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, which still retain Acadia as their poetical appellation, and as a convenient general term for the Lower Provinces of British America as distinguished from Canada. Hence the title *Acadian Geology* is appropriate to this work, not only because that name was first bestowed on Nova Scotia, but because the structure of this province, as exposed in its excellent coast sections, furnishes a key to that of the neighbouring regions, which I have endeavoured to apply to such portions of them as I have explored. This title is farther justified by the circumstance that the Acadian provinces form a well-marked geological district, distinguished from all the neighbouring parts of America by the enormous and remarkable development within it of rocks of the carboniferous and new red sandstone systems."

I find, however, that the Commissioners on the Settlement of the North-eastern boundary had in 1851 given a very different explanation of the name. They say, as quoted by Prof. Hind:—

"The obscurity which has been thrown in past times over the territorial extent of Acadia, that country of which DeMonts received letters patent in 1603, was occasioned by not attending to the Indian origin of the name, and to the repeated transfer of the name to other parts of the country to which the first settlers afterwards removed. Even before the appointment of De la Roche, in 1698, as Lieutenant-General of the country, including those parts adjacent to the Bay of Fundy, the bay into which the St. Croix empties itself, was known to the Indians of the Morisett (Malicet) tribe, which still inhabits New Brunswick, by the name *Peskadum quodiah*, from *Peskadum* fish, and *Quodiah*, the name of a fish resembling the cod,—which fish is supposed to be that known as the "Pollock."

They go on to say that the French softened this word *Quodiah* into *Quadiac*, *Cadie*, and finally *Acadie*, while the English have changed it into *Quoddy*, in the well-known name *Pasamaquoddy*, still applied to the bay above mentioned. Independently of the natural objection of an Acadian to believe in the derivation of this honoured and euphonious name, from a word meaning a kind of cod-fish, I had great doubts as to the correctness of this etymology in any respect; and with the view of fortifying myself in the belief of the derivation of my old friend St. Pierre, I have applied to the Rev. Mr. Rand of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, whose acquaintance with the Micmac and Malicet languages is second to that of no man living, and am happy to say that he confirms my previous opinion, and illustrates it in many curious ways, so that we need not any longer speak of the meaning and origin of the name Acadia as doubtful.

Mr. Rand informs me that the word, in its original form, is *Kady* or *Cadie*, and that it is equivalent to region, field, ground, land or place; but that when joined to an adjective or to a noun with the force of an adjective, it denotes that the place referred to is the appropriate or special place of the object expressed by the noun or noun-adjective. Now, in Micmac adjectives of this kind are formed by suffixing "a" or "wa" to the noun. Thus, in the word before quoted, *Segubbun* is a ground-nut, *Segubna-kady* or relating to ground-nuts, and *Segubbun-kady* is the place or region of ground-nuts, or the place in which these are to be found in abundance. The following may be given as examples of actual Indian names formed in this way:—

Soona-Kaddy (*Sunacadie*)—Place of Cranberries.
Kata-Kaddy—Eel-ground.
Tulluk-Kaddy (*Tricadie*)—Probably place of residence; dwelling-place.
Skudakumoochwa-Kaddy—Ghost or spirit land; is the somewhat difficult name of a large island in the Bras D'Or Lake, once used as a burial ground.

Duna-Kaddy (*Bunacadie* or *Bennacadie*)—Is the place of bringing forth; a place resorted to by Moose at the calving-time.
Segoonuma-Kaddy—Place of Gaspereaux, Gaspereau or Alewife River.

According to Mr. Rand, *Quiddy*, a *Codiah*, is merely a modification of *Kaddy* in the language of the Mallicets, and replacing the other form in certain compounds. Thus:

Nooda-Kwoddy (*Noodiquoddy* or *Winchelsea Harbour*)—Is place of seals, or, more literally, place of seal-hunting.

Kookejoo-Kwoddy—Giant-land, or land of giants.
Doonamoo-Kwoddy—Tom-cod ground.

And lastly:—

Pestumoo-Kwoddy—Pollock-ground, which brings us back to *Passamaquoddy*, and to the learned derivation of the Commissioners, who, as unsuccessful in etymology as in the just settlement of the boundary, have merely changed the meaning of the first component of the word into a general term for fish, and have taken *kwoddy* for the equivalent of pollock, very likely because its sound resembled that of cod, or because some Mallicet Indian had rendered the name into his imperfect English by the words "Pollock fish here."

So much for the etymology of *Cadie* or *Quoddy*; now as to its application to the large region known as *Acadie*. Two explanations may be given of this. First, the name may be a mere alteration, as suggested by the Commissioners, of that of the bay which lay at the western extremity of *Acadia*, and whose aboriginal people were called by the English the *Quoddy* Indians, perhaps because of the frequent occurrence of the word in their names of places. This name remains in *Quoddy Head*, the last point of the United States next to *Acadia*. Secondly, the name, as suggested by me in the first edition of *Acadian Geology*, may have originated in the frequency of names with this termination in the language of the natives. The early settlers were desirous of information as to the localities of useful productions, and in giving such information the aborigines would require so often to use the term "*Cadie*," that it might very naturally come to be regarded as a general name for the country. I still think the latter explanation the more probable.

Acadia, therefore, signifies primarily a place or region, and, in combination with other words, a place of plenty or abundance. Thus it is not only a beautiful name, which should never have been abandoned for such names as *New Brunswick* or *Nova Scotia*, but it is most applicable to a region which is richer in the "chief things of the ancient mountains, the precious things of the lasting hills, and the precious things of the earth and of the deep that coucheth beneath," than any other portion of *America* of similar dimensions.

Farther, since by those unchanging laws of geological structure and geographical position which the Creator himself has established, this region must always, notwithstanding any artificial arrangements that man may make, remain distinct from *Canada* on the one hand and *New England* on the other, the name *Acadia* must live, and I venture to predict that it will yet figure honourably in the history of this western world. The resources of the *Acadian Provinces* must necessarily render them more wealthy and populous than any area of the same extent on the Atlantic coast, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, or in the *St. Lawrence valley*, from the sea to the head of the great lakes. Their maritime and mineral resources constitute them the *Great Britain* of *Eastern America*; and though merely agricultural capabilities may give some inland and more southern regions a temporary advantage, *Acadia* will in the end assert its natural pre-eminence.

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

HEAPING UP RICHES

Continued from page 12.

The first letter contained only a few lines.

"MY DEAR DIANA," wrote the young man, "your father has decided on returning to London, where I believe he really intends to make a respectable start, if he can only get the opening and the help he wants. I know you will be glad to hear this. I don't exactly say where we shall take up our quarters; but the Captain will of course come to see you; and if I can chasten my outward semblance sufficiently to venture within the sacred precincts of a lady's school, I shall come with him. Direct to the old address, if you write before the end of the month, and believe me, as always, your friend,

VALENTINE."

The second letter was in *Charlotte Halliday's* big bold hand, and was frank, impetuous, and loving as the girl herself.

"MY OWN DEAREST DI,—It is all arranged," wrote *Miss Halliday*, dashing at once into the heart of the subject. "I talked mamma over the very first day after my return, and then there was nothing more to be done than to talk over Mr. Sheldon. Of course there was just a little difficulty in that, for he is so awfully practical, and he wanted to know why I wanted a companion, and what use you would be in the house, as if the very last thing one required in a companion was companionship. I'm almost afraid to tell you the iniquitous fables I invented about your extreme usefulness: your genius for millinery, and the mints of money you would save by making-up mamma's flimsy little caps: your taste for dress-making, &c., &c., &c. You are the cleverest creature in the world, you know, Di; for you must remember how you altered that green-silk dress for me when *Miss Porson* had made me a square-shouldered fright. So, after a great deal of humming and ha-ing and argufication—is there such a word as 'argufication,' I wonder?—my step-father said that if my heart was set upon having you, and if I thought you would be useful, you might come to us; but that he could not afford to give you any salary, and that if you wanted a new dress now and then, I must buy it for you out of my own allowance; and I will, darling, if you will only come and be my friend and sister. My life is dreadfully dull without you. I walk up and down the stiff little gravel paths, and stare at the geraniums and calceolarias. *Mariana* might have been dreary in her moated grange; but I daresay the *Lincolnshire* flowers grew wild and free, and she was spared the abomination of gaudy little patches of red and yellow, and waving ribbons of blue and white, which constitute the glory of modern gardening. Do come to me, dear. I have no one to talk to, and nothing to do. *Mamma* is a dear good affectionate soul; but she and I don't understand each other. I don't care for her twittering little birds, and she doesn't care for my whims and fancies. I have read novels until I am tired. I am not allowed to go out by myself, and mamma can scarcely walk to *Kensington-gardens* without sinking under the exertion. We drive out sometimes; but I am sick to death of crawling slowly up and down by the *Serpentine* staring at people's bonnets. I might enjoy it, perhaps. I had you with me to make fun out of some of the bonnets. The house is very comfortable; but it always seems to me unpleasantly like some philanthropic institution in miniature. I long to scratch the walls, or break the windows; and I begin to understand the feelings of those unhappy paupers who tear up their clothes; they get utterly tired of their stagnation, you see, and must do something wicked and rebellious rather than do nothing at all. You will take pity upon my forlorn state, won't you, Di? I shall come to *Hyde Lodge* tomorrow afternoon with mamma, to hear your ultimate—what's its name?—and in the mean while, and for ever afterwards, believe me to be your devoted and unchanging,

LORRA."

Dianna Paget's eyes grew dim as she read this letter.

"I love her very dearly," she thought, "but not one hundredfold as much as I ought to love her."

And then she went back to Mr. *Hawkehurst's* epistle, and read and re-read its half-dozen lines, wondering when he would come to London, and whether she would see him when he came. To see him again! The thought of that possibility seemed like a spot of vivid light, which dazzled her eyes and made them blind to any thing around or beyond it. As for this offer of a strange home in the household of Mr. Sheldon, it seemed to her a matter of so very little importance where she went or what became of her, that she was quite willing to let other people decide her existence. Any thing would be better than the monotony of *Hyde Lodge*. If *Valentine Hawkehurst* came to see her at Mr. Sheldon's house, he would be permitted to see her alone, most likely, and it would be something like the old times; whereas at the *Lodge*, *Priscilla Paget* or one of the governesses would undoubtedly be present at any interview between *Diana* and her old friend, and the real *Valentine* would be hidden under the semblance of a respectable young man, with very little to say for himself. Perhaps this one thought exercised considerable influence over *Miss Paget's* decision. She wanted so much to see *Valentine* alone to know whether he had changed, to see his face at the first moment of meeting, and to discover, if possible, the solution of that enigma which was the grand mystery of her life—that one perpetual question which was always repeating itself in her brain—whether he was altogether cold and indifferent, or if there was not some hidden warmth, some secret tenderness beneath that repelling outward seeming?

In the afternoon *Miss Halliday* called with Mrs. Sheldon, and there was a long discussion about *Diana Paget's* future life. *Georgy* abandoned herself as unhesitatingly to the influence of her daughter as she did to that of her husband, and had been brought to think that it would be the most delightful thing in the world to have *Miss Paget* for a useful companion.

"And will you really make my caps, dear?" she said, when she had grown at her ease with *Diana*. "*Miss Terly* in the *Bayswater-road* charges me so much for the simplest little lace head-dress; and though Mr. Sheldon is very good about those sort of things, I know he sometimes thinks my bills rather high."

Diana was very indifferent about her future, and the heart must have been very hard which could have resisted *Charlotte's* tender pleading; so it was ultimately decided that *Miss Paget* should write to her kinswoman to describe the offer that had been made to her of a new home, and to inquire if her services could be conveniently dispensed with at *Hyde Lodge*. After which decision *Charlotte* embraced her friend with enthusiasm, and departed, bearing off Mrs. Sheldon to the carriage which awaited them at the gates of *Priscilla Paget's* umbrageous domain.

Diana sighed as she went back to the empty school-room. Even *Charlotte's* affection could not altogether take the sting out of dependence. To go into a strange house amongst strange people, and to hold a place in it only on the condition of being perpetually useful and unfaithfully good-tempered and agreeable, is scarcely the pleasantest prospect which this world can offer to a proud and beautiful woman. *Diana* remembered her bright vision of *Bohemianism* in a lodging near the Strand. It would be very delightful to ride on suzerainty in Mrs. Sheldon's carriage, no doubt; but O, how much pleasanter it would have been to sit by *Valentine Hawkehurst* in a hansom cab spinning along the road to *Greenwich* or *Richmond*!

She had promised to despatch her letter to *Priscilla* by that afternoon's post, and she kept her promise. The reply came by return of post, and was very kind. *Priscilla* advised her by all means to accept *Miss Halliday's* offer, which would give her a much better position than that which she occupied at *Hyde Lodge*. She would have time to improve herself, no doubt, *Priscilla* said, and might be able to hope for something still better in the course of two or three years;

"for you must look the world straight in the face, Diana," wrote the school-mistress, "as I did before I was your age; and make up your mind to rely upon your own exertions, since you know what your father is, and how little you have to hope for from him. As you are to have no salary with the Sheldons, and will no doubt be expected to make a good appearance, I shall do what I can to help you with your wardrobe."

This letter decided the fate of Captain Paget's daughter. A week after Miss Halliday's visit to Hyde Lodge a hack cab carried Diana and all her earthly possessions to the Lawn, where Charlotte received her with open arms, and where she was inducted into a neatly furnished bed-chamber adjoining that of her friend. Mr. Sheldon scrutinised her keenly from under the shadow of his thick black brows when he came home to dinner. He treated her with a stiff kind of politeness during the orderly progress of the meal; and once, when he looked at her, he was surprised to find that she was contemplating him with an expression of mingled wonder and reverence.

He was the first eminently respectable man whom Miss Paget had ever encountered in familiar intercourse, and she was regarding him attentively, as an individual with scientific tastes might regard some natural curiosity.

CHAPTER V. AT THE LAWN.

Life at the Lawn went by very smoothly for Mr. Sheldon's family. Georgy was very happy in the society of a companion who seemed really to have a natural taste for the manufacture of pretty little headdresses from the merest fragments of material in the way of lace and ribbon. Diana had all that versatile cleverness and capacity for expedients which is likely to be acquired in a wandering and troubled life. She had learned more in her three years of discomfort with her father than in all the undeviating course of the Hyde Lodge studies; she had improved her French at one *table d'hôte*, her German at another; she had caught some new trick of style in every concert-room, some fresh combination of costume on every racecourse; and, being really grateful for Charlotte's disinterested affection, she brought all her accomplishments to bear to please her friend and her friend's household.

In this she succeeded admirably. Mrs. Sheldon found her daughter's society much more delightful now that the whole pressure of Charlotte's intellect and vitality no longer fell entirely upon herself. She liked to sit lazily in her arm-chair while the two girls chattered at their work, and she could venture an occasional remark, and fancy that she had a full share in the conversation. When the summer weather rendered walking a martyrdom, and driving an affliction, she could recline on her favourite sofa reading a novel, soothed by the feeble twittering of her birds; while Charlotte and Diana went out together, protected by the smart boy in buttons, who was not altogether without human failings, and was apt to linger behind his fair charges, reading the boards before the doors of news-vendors' shops, or looking at the cartoons in *Punch* exhibited in the stationers' windows.

Mr. Sheldon made a point of pleasing his step-daughter whenever it was possible for him to do so without palpable inconvenience to himself; and as she was to be gratified by so small a pecuniary sacrifice as the trifling increase of tradesmen's bills caused by Miss Paget's residence in the gothic villa, he was the last man in the world to refuse her that indulgence. His own pursuits were of so absorbing a nature as to leave little leisure for concern about other people's business. He asked no questions about his step-daughter's companion; but he was not the less surprised to see this beautiful high-bred woman content to sit at his board as an unsalaried dependant.

"Your friend, Miss Paget, looks like a countess," he said one day to Charlotte. "I thought girls generally pitched upon some plain homely young woman for their pet companion, but you seem to have chosen the handsomest girl in the school."

"Yes, she is very handsome, is she not? I

wish some of your rich city men would marry her, papa."

Miss Halliday consented to call her mother's husband "Papa," though the caressing name seemed in a manner to stick in her throat. She had loved that blustering good-tempered Tom Halliday so very dearly, and it was only to please poor Georgy that she brought herself to address any other man by the name that had been his.

"My city men have something better to do than to marry a young woman without a sixpence," answered Mr. Sheldon. "Why don't you try to catch one of them for yourself?"

"I don't like city men," said Charlotte quickly; and then she blushed, and added apologetically, "at least not the generality of city men, papa."

Diana had waited until her destiny was settled before answering Valentine Hawkehurst's letter; but she wrote to him directly she was established at the Lawn, and told him the change in her plans.

(To be continued.)

THE BANKER'S WARD.

"NO; I cannot give my consent to their engagement," said Sir William to Lady Mansfield, as they were seated in the drawing-room at Mansfield Hall. "I have thought the matter over, and it is impossible. Helen is young, and cannot have conceived any very deep affection for this young Evelyn. Moreover, I think that she is bound to consider our wishes in some measure; and I have thoroughly fixed my determination."

"But," said Lady Mansfield, sighing, "it does seem somewhat hard that we should thwart her in this; for I am convinced that her heart is thoroughly set upon it; and she has clearly shown her respect for our feelings and authority by at once consulting us, before even giving young Evelyn any answer to his suit."

"Yes; I am quite ready to admit the propriety of her conduct so far. Yet, unless she is prepared to abide by our decision in the matter, the reference to us will be nothing more than a mere piece of form."

"She is prepared to accept our decision, for she is a good and loving child, and does not easily cast aside the recollection of the many happy years spent under our roof since the sudden death of both her parents. She heartily appreciates your approval of whatever she may do; and therefore she has earnestly begged me to intercede for her with you. Will nothing move you, William? Frank Evelyn is a gentleman in every sense of the word; and is in every way calculated to make her a good husband."

"Yes; that may be so; but, nevertheless, I have my objections, which I cannot waive. You must remember that Helen Conway will become possessed of a very large fortune, either in the event of her marrying with my consent, or absolutely and unconditionally, on attaining the age of twenty-one. She is still young—barely more than seventeen—and I am not inclined to surrender her fortune into the keeping of this Evelyn."

"But he will not make any difficulty about money: he will be perfectly willing to take Helen, and leave her fortune untouched till she shall reach the appointed age."

"Yes, Marian; that sounds very well: but it will not do. What would people say to such an arrangement? I am very sorry to refuse Helen; and I am still more sorry to be obliged to differ with you on the point; but my determination is irrevocable. And I shall leave you to communicate my final decision to her in as gentle a way as you may find possible. But let us not discuss so unpleasant a topic any longer, as I have my own reasons for giving this answer to her request."

And so the fate of Helen Conway, the ward of Sir William Mansfield, the great banker of Lombard Street, was settled. Helen had been for nearly ten years under the guardianship of the Mansfields, having been especially entrusted to their care by her father just before his death;

and had learned to regard them almost as her own parents, so kind had been their treatment of her, and so thoroughly attached had she become to them by the association of so many years. Her father had been a partner in the bank of which Sir William was now the head, and had bequeathed the whole of his large fortune to his only child, leaving the property in the trust of the banker, with the condition, before-mentioned, as to Helen's coming into possession. The Mansfields, moreover, having no children of their own, and having frequently expressed their intention of making their ward their eventual heiress, it may easily be imagined that there was no lack of suitors for her hand; and the banker had already received on her behalf the offers of three representatives of various impoverished noble houses. But these proposals had been so evidently made for Helen's money, that their rejection had been fully endorsed by her. The suit of Frank Evelyn, however, was of a different nature and character; and when Helen Conway heard the stern refusal of her guardian to entertain it, her feelings were those of sorrow, grief, and indignation commingled. She had been so accustomed to accept Sir William's decision in all matters as final and binding, that at first, in this instance also, her tendency seemed to acquiesce. But soon the spirit of rebellion rose within her, and she began to ask herself why, in so important a question, she herself was to have no voice? why her suitor was to be condemned and rejected unheard.

Though, therefore, Lady Mansfield communicated the baronet's decision to her in as delicate and gentle a form as the circumstances would permit, she saw that the manner of her ward was altered. From the dutiful, obedient, unquestioning child, she seemed suddenly to have developed into a high-spirited and determined woman. And she said pretty plainly that, from the way in which she had been treated, she considered her right established to look after her own interests, and to demand some definite reason why she should dismiss the lover, upon whom already she had bestowed the young affections of her heart.

But though Lady Mansfield sympathised strongly and heartily with Helen, she knew Sir William's character too well to imagine for a moment, that after so decided an expression of opinion on his part, he would relent, and give in even to the united wishes of his wife and ward. When, therefore, Frank Evelyn called at Mansfield Hall at the time which had been appointed, he saw at once, from the shade of grief which overspread Helen's face, that he was not destined to hear good news. It was with a trembling frame and pale face that Helen Conway received him.

"My Helen," he said, seizing both her hands between his: "I fear—indeed, I see from your face that you have no good news for me."

"I have referred the question to Sir William, and he thinks that it would be better that our engagement should not take place."

"And you, Helen? Do you endorse this cruel decision? What reason does he give for my rejection?"

"He gives no reason, Frank."

"No reason!" and he paced once or twice across the room, muttering something indistinctly. And then, stopping suddenly in front of where Helen was sitting, he said—

"Helen! I think it is only justice to you and to myself, that some reason should be given for so summary a refusal. What his motive can be, I know not. If he has a word to say against me in any way, I shall be glad to court inquiry in the fullest form."

There was a tone of anger in his voice, and a look of resolute determination in his face, that somewhat alarmed Helen. She rose from her seat, laid her arm gently on his, and said—

"Frank, do not be angry."

He threw his arms around her, and said—

"Helen, I am not angry with you, you know it: but I do not think we are fairly dealt with. My darling, you are sure of your love for me? You really think and believe that I shall be able to make you happy?"

"I do, Frank, from the bottom of my heart."

Whatever may happen, nothing shall ever change my feelings towards you."

"And you believe that I really love you, as you deserve to be loved."

"I do."

"Then, Helen, I declare that they shall not part us: even if they succeed for a time, they shall not break the tie that binds our hearts together. And more, I say, that I will have from Sir William's own lips his reason for wishing to put an end to our mutual love."

"Oh! Frank, be gentle. Remember all the kindness that I have experienced at his hands. For the last ten years, he has been to me in the place of a father."

"I do remember it, Helen; but even that memory must not prevent me from knowing his reason. His kindness in the past cannot for a moment justify his cruel conduct now. I will see to it. I will see Sir William myself. If then he can show good cause for denouncing to my suit; and if you, on hearing that cause, can really and truly acquiesce in the justice of his objections; then—and then only, will I withdraw, and pray fervently that you may find one more worthy of you—one who will love you with a truer and a deeper love. When I hear from your lips, Helen, that Sir William has convinced you, I will obey; but no other voice than your own shall induce me to resign you. Till then, nothing shall move me; nothing!"

And he strained her to his heart in the vehemence of his passionate love; and kissed her as the token of his unflinching devotion. She, looking tearfully up into his face, said—

"Frank, nothing shall change me. I do indeed love you, and I will be firm through every trial and every change."

"God bless you, my darling. But fear not, if we but remain true to each other, we shall bring things to a happy issue. Meanwhile I must see Sir William, or perhaps I had better write to him first. Then, if his letter does not satisfy me, I will see him in person, and learn something more definite."

"Promise me one thing, Frank; be gentle with him."

"I will be just, Helen, and justice must claim the precedence of all else."

And so the lovers parted, each eager for the solution of the mystery which seemed to overhang their courtship; a mystery, however which a few days was destined to clear up.

CHAPTER II.

Frank Evelyn was considerably perplexed, at what he considered, the extraordinary conduct of Sir William Mansfield in declining his proposal for the hand of Helen Conway, without vouchsafing any reason for his refusal. But after the excitement of his interview with Helen had passed away, he began to view the question in a calmer manner, and to flatter himself that a little conversation with the baronet would adjust the matter. He knew well enough, or at least, he fancied that he knew well enough, that monetary considerations could have no connection with his rebuff, for Sir William had been the banker of the Evelyns for many years. It might, indeed, be possible, that he was looking higher for Helen, and expected that the large fortunes which she would inherit would give her a claim to a coronet; but it was well-known that three such offers had been distinctly and deliberately refused. He was therefore compelled to lay aside this possible explanation, and determined to write at once, and obtain the elucidation of his difficulty.

Accordingly, Sir William found a letter from Evelyn lying on the breakfast table for him the next morning. He broke it open impatiently, and read

"Sir,—I have received to-day indirect information that you entertain a strong objection to my suit for the hand of your ward, Miss Conway. I shall be glad to receive from you either contradiction of the same, or some reason for your refusal, that shall enable me definitely to accept it.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
FRANK EVELYN.

"To Sir William Mansfield, Bart."

"Confound the fellow's pertinacity!" was the baronet's remark, when he had read the letter.

"But I will soon convince him that I know my own mind, and that I mean to adhere to the line of conduct which I have marked out." And he forthwith dictated the following reply, which he immediately despatched:—

"Sir,—I beg to state that your information is perfectly correct; and to inform you that I have no intention either of altering my opinion, or of holding myself answerable to you for any step which I may take with reference to the future interests of my ward.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM MANSFIELD.

"To Frank Evelyn, Esq."

And having sent his reply to the post, he complacently flattered himself that he had done everything that was needful, and had completely settled Evelyn's claim; though occasionally a doubt crossed his mind as to whether he had not been too laconic and abrupt, and had treated his correspondent in somewhat too contemptuous a style. He speedily, however, dismissed any such thought, and early in the course of the morning took his departure from Mansfield Hall, to attend to his important business in Lombard Street.

Directly after his arrival at the Bank he summoned his confidential manager to his private room.

"How do matters stand, Baynes?" he asked, as soon as the door was closed.

"Very badly, Sir William."

"How? What do you mean by very badly? Have we enough actual cash to meet to-day's probable demands?"

"Yes; I think there is no doubt that we can go through to-day; and might possibly manage to-morrow, if no heavy cheque comes in."

"Good! I almost feared matters were worse. However, it is perfectly evident something must be done, and that promptly, too; for if the rumour once gets abroad in the City that we are short, it will be all over with us; we should be obliged to stop payment."

"We should, Sir William," echoed the manager.

"Now, Baynes, that is a contingency that we must carefully guard against."

The manager slowly inclined his head.

"It is a danger which must be averted," continued the banker.

"It must," the manager replied.

"At all risks and hazards," was the echo.

"You understand distinctly what I mean, Baynes? Nothing—nothing must stop us from taking the necessary measures to avert this blow. No compunction must stand in our way. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Sir William."

"And you are prepared to go through with it? Mind, you have my authority for doing it."

"I am prepared, Sir William."

"It has succeeded before."

"And it shall do so again," replied Baynes, suddenly seeming to wake up, and with a look of determination on his face.

"You are an invaluable servant, Baynes. Let us lose no time. How much do we want?"

"Fifty thousand pounds."

"And there are good securities for the amount?"

"For more than double."

"Then raise sixty thousand. You understand me? The bank requires fifty: raise sixty, and I shall be satisfied."

"The amount shall be in this house before to-morrow morning. Will you oblige me with the key of the strong room?"

"It is in my private drawer, Baynes. But, mind, let everything be done carefully and secretly. Be judicious in your selection."

"I will take care of that, Sir William. You will give me authority to raise sixty thousand pounds, and to pay away ten thousand privately for you? The balance will be availed for business purposes to-morrow morning?"

"Yes. Your plan will be perfectly satisfactory, Baynes. I suppose I can make myself quite easy on the subject now?"

"Perfectly easy, Sir William."

And the manager, with a low bow of meek obeisance, left the room. But a minute afterwards he returned, to say that a gentleman wished to speak with the banker. For a wonder, the manager had not looked at the card, which he handed over. Had he done so, matters might have ended differently; but perhaps he was too much engrossed.

Sir William muttered something that sounded very much like an oath, and then said, quickly:—

"Show him in, Baynes—show him in."

And accordingly Frank Evelyn was ushered into Sir William Mansfield's private room.

Evelyn looked towards the banker as if he expected to read in his face the unmistakable indications of enmity; but he was completely surprised when Sir William advanced towards him, with a smile upon his face, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said:—

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Evelyn. You have doubtless received my note on the matter on which you communicated with me?"

"I have, Sir William," answered Evelyn, scarcely knowing what to think of the manner of his reception—whether to interpret it unfavourably or otherwise.

"Ah! then we may consider that affair as settled. Is there anything in the way of business in which my advice can be of service to you?"

"Sir William Mansfield, you must allow me to assure you at once that, far from considering the matter which you have mentioned as settled, I have sought this interview with you now for the express purpose of getting some more definite explanation from you, as to your motives in so decidedly putting your veto upon my engagement with Miss Conway. I know perfectly well that you are invested with certain powers of discretion in your capacity of guardian, and I do not deny your perfect right of exercising those powers, especially in an affair of so much importance as the present. But I, at the same time, think that, after the many years during which my family have been known to you, it would at least have been an act of courtesy on your part to mention to me the reason for giving me an answer in the negative. If the objection be in any way connected with money affairs, I could in some measure understand it, though I believe I could remove all apprehensions on that score. If—but I will start no more hypotheses; I will appeal to you frankly to give me some explanation of my rejection. I do not think you can refuse it."

"I admit the justice of a great deal that you say, Mr. Evelyn; but at the same time I can assure you that I thoroughly made up my mind; and it will be mere waste of time to endeavour to change my decision."

"That will in a great measure depend upon the nature of your objection."

"I beg your pardon; there you are mistaken. My decision will not be influenced by any modification of my original objection."

"Will that be just, Sir William?"

"Perfectly so."

"I really cannot understand it."

"Pray do not attempt to do so. Accept my answer; it will be quite sufficient."

"Nay! I fairly look for some reason."

"I fear that your expectations, however fair they may be, will nevertheless be doomed to remain unfulfilled."

"Am I to conclude, then, that you refuse to accede to my very moderate request?"

"That is the only conclusion to which my remarks can lead you. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I can say no more."

"Then, Sir William, learn that I am not only disappointed, but dissatisfied; and that I shall make my dissatisfaction felt in a way that you will not fail to appreciate. You have treated me most unhandsonably—most unfairly. I love Helen Conway, and she is willing to accept me for her husband. Show me the good cause or reason why this should not be. You cannot, or will not, be it so. I accept your answer now, but not in the spirit that you wish. Once more, I ask you either to grant my suit, or to show reason to the contrary."

"I cannot recall my words," the banker answered, rather slowly.

"That is your irrevocable decision?"

"It is."

"Then I must save you the trouble of recalling them, by rendering them utterly vain and futile. Sir William, I have learned that to-day which has shaken my faith in the whole commercial world, and which, doubtless, you too will learn in very good time. I know your reason for rejecting my suit. You do not wish to part with Helen Conway's property. You cannot part with it."

Sir William Mansfield started from his seat, swiftly bolted the door of the apartment, and with a terrified stare confronted his visitor. His face became almost livid, and his lips ashy white.

"What do you mean, Frank Evelyn? You are trifling with me."

"Judge for yourself, Sir William, whether I am trifling. Your conscience will absolve or condemn you on your just merits."

"Explain, explain!" said the banker, sharply.

"It is my turn to refuse, Sir William. I shall withdraw the whole of my deposit, close my current account, and—I must also trouble you to send the title deeds of my estates in Devonshire and my Mexican bonds to my solicitors before four o'clock this afternoon. I will now wish you good morning, Sir William. Perhaps we meet again."

And Frank Evelyn coolly unfastened the bolt of the door, and walked out of the banker's room. The moment he had gone, Sir William went into the outer office, and gave instructions that Baynes, the manager, should come in to him the instant he returned. It was an anxious time for the banker—that which elapsed between Evelyn's departure, and Baynes's return from the business on which he had been despatched, and he paced continually up and down the room, muttering to himself:—"What can he mean? What can he know?"

But Baynes presently re-appeared, and he turned sharply to him.

"Have you succeeded, Baynes?"

"I have, Sir William."

The banker gave a sigh of relief.

"By the way, where are the title-deeds of the Evelyn estates?"

"Mortgaged—six months ago, Sir William."

The banker uttered a groan of terror.

"And the Mexican bonds?"

"I sold them to-day."

"Go, Baynes; that will do." The banker uttered a low cry of anguish, terror, and despair. "My God!" he cried, "I am a ruined man!"

CHAPTER III.

The scene which ensued at Mansfield Hall, on the banker's return home, was such as to cause the utmost consternation and dismay, both to his wife and ward. For more than an hour he lay upon a couch almost insensible, muttering, however, from time to time, incoherent remarks, in which the names of Frank Evelyn and Helen Conway were strangely prominent. But to all the entreaties of Lady Mansfield that he would speak to her, and tell her the nature of his trouble, he replied only by a vacant, terrified stare, still again and again muttering the name of Evelyn, sometimes in threatening tones and with threatening gestures, at others in the sad and anguished accents of despair. It was plain that some terrible misfortune had overtaken him, which had prostrated both strength and energy, and clouded for the time the intellect which had once been so keen and penetrating.

But how to get at the key to the mystery, Lady Mansfield knew not. The more she endeavoured to rouse her husband from his torpor, the more settled and alarming became the symptoms of prostration. The doctor being called in, pronounced the case to be entirely beyond the range of his skill; to be the effect of some fearful mental trouble, the result of some sudden and unexpected shock. The only thing that he could suggest, was that the banker should be got to bed as soon as possible, and that nature, overtaxed and shaken, should be allowed quiet and repose for the recovery of its energies. In accordance, then, with his advice,

the banker was carried to his room, and after a somewhat restless night, awoke in the morning, still much depressed and agitated, but able to answer the questions that were put to him. His first request was that Helen should come to him; and in spite of the endeavours of Lady Mansfield to dissuade him from too soon taxing his returning strength, he persisted in his determination to see his ward. As soon as he had gained his point, with a surprising show of alacrity he dressed himself, and walked with a firm step down to the library. There Helen Conway was awaiting him.

"Helen!" he said, with a forcible effort at composure, as soon as he had closed the door of the apartment. "I have much—very much to say to you. Will you listen patiently?"

She came to the spot where he was standing, and with tears in her eyes, said: "My father, I will—"

But he stopped her instantly.

"Hush! not that word! I have, indeed, but poorly supplied the place of the noble parent whom you have lost."

"No! oh! no! do not say that," answered Helen, alarmed at his vehemence.

"Yes," he said, in a tone of fierce determination: "It is all over now. The die is cast! and I am a ruined man. Helen, you must listen—patiently."

"I will," she replied, growing more and more alarmed.

"Helen! tell me about this affair with Frank Evelyn. You love him?"

"I do, indeed."

"And he loves you—truly, and as you deserve?"

"Yes! oh! yes!"

"And he would marry you—even if you were not the great heiress that you are supposed?"

"Frank will be true through everything."

"Then, I will tell you all, Helen: all!" he repeated, in a loud tone of voice: "And you will promise to forgive me for the injury that I have done you?"

She leaned her head on his shoulder, and spoke with some difficulty:—"There is nothing to forgive. But you do not know, Sir William, how I love Frank. Do not—do not part us."

"It is beyond my power now to do anything—for good or for evil. I am a helpless, down-cast, shattered man. I am in your power: at the mercy of you and Frank Evelyn. It is a bitter day, indeed, when I must speak like this. But the story must be told, and I would sooner tell it you. There is a long chapter of wrongs and injuries. But my day is past; my pride is gone: and I must make the small reparation or atonement that may yet be in my power; even if everything be not too late."

These wild words thoroughly confused and unnerved Helen, and she listened, in trembling silence, as her guardian continued—"Helen! you once had a large fortune—committed to my trust. I have shamefully betrayed that trust; Helen, you are penniless. I have said it now. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Is that all your trouble, my father?" she said: "I care not for my money. You were welcome—more than welcome to it, if it could be of service to you."

For an instant he gazed with wonder upon her lovely face.

"No! no! Helen," he said: "tell me you forgive me. If I could but hear your forgiveness, I would bear the rest."

"From the bottom of my heart, and before Heaven, I wipe away all thought of my loss. Do not—pray do not, let that trouble you."

"Noble, generous heart!" muttered the banker, and then:—"But there is more. I fear I have done that to Frank Evelyn which he never can pardon. Now, Helen, you see my reason for wishing to stay your marriage. Your fortune was gone. I hoped in time to get it back; then I would have furthered your every wish."

"I will telegraph to Frank. He will come directly at my calling. Will you trust me to speak to him?"

"I place myself entirely in your hands."

Helen Conway lost no time in despatching a message to Frank Evelyn; nor did he delay to

obey her summons. But when he arrived he was surprised at the state of agitation in which he found her. The communication which Sir William Mansfield had but just made to her, was indeed of a nature to unnerve even the strongest mind. She could not fully understand the extent of the calamity which she had that morning learned. And she knew that it was something fearful and terrible; and she scarcely dared to think how it all would end. She knew Frank's nature was hot and hasty, and she feared that he would be terribly outraged at what had passed. But she trusted in some measure to her influence with him, to soothe his feelings and mollify his indignation.

"My darling," he said, "I have come instantly at your bidding. But what is the cause of these tears? I have seen Sir William, and I have told him what I have discovered. He was little prepared for my revelations. Helen, what is to be done? He has ruined you; and he has gone some way towards ruining me. We must not be parted. He cannot wish to part us now."

"Frank, I know all. Sir William has told me everything. Oh! if you could but see him now, I am sure you would feel for him. He is so terribly fallen—such an utter wreck of his former self."

"Helen! I cannot forgive the way in which he has wronged and injured you. For myself, I care not. But that he should have robbed, and defrauded the child who was so confidently intrusted to his honour, that can never be forgiven. He must reap as he has sown."

"Frank!" she cried, clinging to him with an almost convulsive gesture. "Oh! unsay that, for Heaven's sake, unsay those cruel words. For my sake, Frank, do not speak in that angry tone! You terrify me, so that I scarcely know what I do or say. Spare my father!"

"Father!" he answered, indignantly, "does he dare to usurp the name of one to whom he has played so villainous a part?"

"Frank, for my sake, you will not refuse me!" and she looked up into his face appealingly.

For more than a minute—a minute full of agony for her—he did not speak. Then he said:—

"Helen, you have conquered! I forego my vengeance on this man, even though I fear I am wrong in doing so. But, Helen, you must come away; this is no place for you."

"God bless you, Frank!" she answered. And that was all she could say, for her feelings completely overpowered her.

"You must come away, Helen."

"I will go to the end of the world with you, Frank; but you will let Sir William see you. You will tell him that the past shall be forgiven?"

"No, Helen; not even for you can I do that. I cannot trust myself face to face with such a man. You may tell him; and tell him also that you must leave here this very day, this very hour."

The next day Frank Evelyn and Helen Conway were married by special license; and at once departed for the Continent. By the kind intercession of his wife, Frank was induced to surrender all claims upon the banker. And after some little time, Sir William, a reformed man, and with the bitter lessons of experience fresh in his memory, contrived, by dint of persevering industry, to retrieve his position. He has restored to Helen the greater portion of the fortune which he had appropriated, and Frank himself even is a believer in the integrity which, though late, has nevertheless entered into the character of the once reckless and unscrupulous banker.

MARK SHATTOCK.

THOUGH death is before the old man's face, he may be as near the young man's back.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along quietly enough till they are engaged.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones; they have had much longer practice.

To ANAD Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants, home is paradise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

ARTHUR J., TORONTO.—The fleet of the Montreal Steamship Company, including the *Austrian*, now building, consists of thirteen vessels. Of these ten are first class screw steamships, employed in the mail service, and three are auxiliary vessels on the Glasgow route. The subsidy received by the Company from the Provincial Government is about sixty thousand pounds per annum. The mail steamers were, we believe, armed last winter, in consequence of rumours pointing to possible attempt at seizure by Fenian desperadoes. Steam winches are employed in loading and unloading freight. The volunteer militia force in Montreal consists of First or "Prince of Wales," rifles; "Montreal," light infantry; "Victoria," rifles; "Chasseurs Canadiens," rifles; "Royal," light infantry. "Huchelaga," light infantry; "Garrison Artillery," a Field Battery, Nos. 1 and 2 Troops of Cavalry, and the "Royal Guides" or Governor General's Body Guard. Abbotsford is a village in the Seigniorly of St. Hyacinthe, County of Rouville, distant about fifty miles from Montreal.

A SONSCHNER.—It would be impossible in our limited space to give even an outline of the rules of the game. Consult Hoyles' Book of Games.

POLLY.—We discontinued the practice chiefly from a desire to economize our space. When the answers are not numerous, we will in future give the details.

T. M. C.—The paper is respectfully declined; why abandon a profitable employment of your leisure time?

V.—About seven columns per week. Have not yet read the MS.

KATE.—The gentleman's name should be first mentioned. Our reply to your second question is, "no gentleman would think of preceding a lady in the manner indicated."

DEW.—We will give the MS. our careful attention, if you decide to forward it.

J. McD.—It is quite impossible to comply with your request.

ISABELLA C.—We regret that we cannot publish the verses.

L. EMMET.—The paragraph was copied from an English paper.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A WILD IMAGINATION.—"I do not say," remarked Mrs. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

A CLUB of henpecked husbands met once a week—that meeting being their only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourned they called it the rising of the *tied*.

Who brews a quarrel, soon may bruise his head. Strange that a dull set of people never appreciate the dulcet notes of a melody. Is a Mussulman a man of muscle?

THERE is a nobleman in Belgravia who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.

No matter how ugly you may be, your shadow will stick faithfully to you, for it is as ugly as you are.

A MAN is like an egg; kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft—toolong, and he gets hardened.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent a piece of poetry with these words:—"The following lines were written more than fifty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement!"

MANY a philosopher, who thought he had an exact knowledge of the whole human race, has been miserably cheated in the choice of a wife.

An old maid, who was over-nice in regard to cleanliness about her house, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

A PICKPOCKET, detected with his hand in a lady's pocket, and taken to the station-house, stated that he was an old acquaintance of the lady, and that he was in the habit of carrying things for her which she could not carry herself.

A THIEF being caught by the proprietor on the top of his garden wall, was asked, somewhat peremptorily, where he was going, to which question he replied, with admirable discretion, "Back again."

The poet whose soul was "wrapped in gloom," had the wrapper taken off lately. He is doing as well as could be expected.

Soms malignant slanderer says. "Woman needs no eulogist—for she *spraks for herself*."

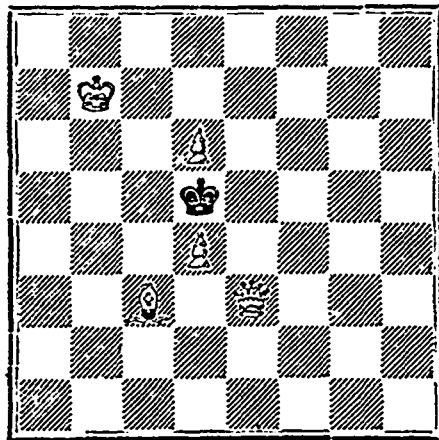
Why is a windy orator like a whale?—Because he often rises to spout.

A FAST BOOK.—The Racing Calendar.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 69.

By I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C.W. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 58.

- WHITE. 1 Q to K B 8. 2 Q to K B 2 (ch.) 3 Q to K B 4 Mate. (a.) 1 Q to K B 2 (ch.) 2 Q to Q K 7 Mate. (b.) 2 Q to K B 4 Mate. BLACK. K to K 6 or (a.) K to K 6. K to Q 5. K to Q B 6 (b.) K to K 5.

Game played some time since between two members of the Egmondville, C.W., Chess Club.

(EVANS' GAMBIT.)

- WHITE, (Dr. Smith.) 1 P to K 4. 2 Kt to K B 3. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 P to Q K 4. 5 P to Q B 3. 6 Castles. 7 P to Q 4. 8 P takes P. 9 Q Kt to B 3. 10 P to K 5. 11 Q B to R 3. 12 Kt takes Kt. 13 Q to Kt 2. 14 B takes P (ch.) 15 Q R to Q sq. 16 K R to K sq. 17 B takes B. 18 Q R takes P (ch.) 19 Q takes Q Kt P (ch.) 20 K takes Kt. 21 K takes P (ch.), and Black resigns. BLACK, (Mr. J.) 1 P to K 4. 2 Kt to Q B 3. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 B takes Kt P. 5 B to Q B 4. 6 P to Q 3. 7 P takes P. 8 B to Q Kt 3. 9 Kt to K B 3. 10 P takes P. 11 Q Kt takes Q P. 12 Q takes Kt. 13 P to Q 3 4. 14 K to K 2. 15 Q to K Kt 5. 16 Q B to K 3. 17 Q takes B. 18 B takes B. 19 Kt to Q 2. 20 Q takes R.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

- 1. A river in Scotland. 2. A province of France. 3. A cape in the South of Europe. 4. A province of Spain. 5. An island in the Mediterranean. 6. A town in France. 7. One of the United States. 8. A town in England. 9. A country of Africa.

The initials read forward will name a celebrated conqueror of the middle ages.

BERICUS.

SQUARE WORDS.

A wooden building. Not there. A man's name. Part of a ship.

INKERMAN.

RIDDLE.

What inanimate substance do the most expressive, the most restless and the most masculine letter of the alphabet form? M. R.

CHARADES.

- 1. Misery, myself, and my wife. S. H. 2. My 4, 14, 3, 8, 9, 12, 5, 2, 40 is an annalist; my 2, 13, 9, 6 is a river in England; my 2, 15, 9, 6 means quick, or soon; my 10, 15, 6, 4, 8 is a season of darkness; my 7, 14, 6, is a spirit of evil; my 13, 5, 12, 7, 14, 15 is a maiden. My whole is an author of the present century.

3. To nothing add ten Then three fifths of two score. When this you have done Add five hundred more, You then will have the name Of a city great in fame.

4. My first will fit you, without doubt, If 'tis your proper size; My next you surely must find out, It is before your eyes. My third, what is it? Why, it's you, And I, and Mrs. Harris— Indeed, it's every one. My whole is London, say, or Paris. A. D.

DECAPITATION.

A female's name, a clement act, Thanksgiving, elegance, in fact; Beheaded, I'm a trial of speed, Brought on too off by love of greed; Again behead, I'm in a game Well known to you, at least, by name.

PROBLEMS.

A merchant owing, to a fall in prices, marked a lot of goods at 10 per cent below cost; the market continuing dull he reduced these prices 5 per cent but without making sales. An improvement in the value of the articles taking place he finally sold the lot at 12½ per cent advance on his latter prices. His total loss was \$457,50, what was the cost of the goods?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c.

No. 78.

Geographical Rebus.—Lime Ridge. Colonel Booker.

Riddle.—Mur-mur.

Square Words.—1 A L S O. 2 A L A S. L O A M. L A S T. S A M E. A S J A. O M E N. S T A R.

Charades.—Sir Walter Scott. 2 *Chacun a son gout*.

Problem.—52 ½ per cent, advance.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Riddle.—Polly, S. Hall, Bericus, Camp. Argus, H. H. V. Geo. B.

Square Words.—S. Hall, Polly, Argus, Bericus, Geo. B. Inkerman, Den, Mary W.

Charades.—The following answer both, Bericus, Polly, S. Hall, Argus, H. H. V., Mary W. 1st Inkerman, Den, Camp, Geo. B.

Problem.—S. Hall, Bericus.

ARTICHOKE dried is the new substitute for tobacco. It is said to be pleasant and innoxious. The preparation is patented.

A NEW process for manufacturing lucifer matches has been brought before the French Academy. The wooden slips are first plunged into phosphorus and afterwards into sulphur—the old method reversed.