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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 88.

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 11, 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 XV.

Waterworth's reasons for turning King's Evidence—Correspondence between Cambray and Waterworth on this subject.

In the course of these revelations, Waterworth has not given any reason for having turned King's evidence against his associates, and it became necessary to use much persuasion in order to induce him to speak of it, for it seemed as though he reproached himself for the act. At last, however, he consented, and it was thus he explained the fact:

"I have been in the lock-up several days for some trick I had been guilty of, and during that time I experienced all the horror of isolation; my days were occupied in giving way to the most violent transports of rage, and my nights by frightful dreams.

"I fancied I saw figures tracing my death sentence on the walls around me, or busily employed in erecting my scaffold.

"One day when I had exhausted myself in one of my fits of desperation, and felt as if all the energies of life had departed, the jailer paid me a visit, and informed me that Cambray had had an interview with the officers of the Crown, and had volunteered to reveal the true details of our criminal career, on condition of being set at liberty on the expiration of the Criminal Term in September (1836), and of receiving pardon for his share in the matter.

"He stipulated," said the jailer, "above all to have his freedom without any delay whatever." This led me to suspect his real motive in saying, as he did on one occasion, "We have large sums of money in reserve—as yet we have not touched the Congregational silver—and it was doubtless Cambray's intention to come out snugly, and sacrifice me for the purpose of being able to take entire possession of our mutual gains. 'Well, since I have been betrayed, I am delivered from my oaths. I must be before them.'

"On that day, without any condition whatever, I offered my declaration to the officer of the Crown, and my offer was accepted. I do not know whether I was the victim of any trickery, but this I know that Cambray swore revenge to the death for my having played him such a trick.

"As we were kept in separate apartments we were obliged to write to each other. This we often did. Our correspondence generally turned on projects of escape, or new expedients proposed by Cambray, with the view of getting out of our trouble. The following, however, I received last autumn:

"Waterworth!

"You have sworn by the Devil to keep our secrets. You have broken your oath, you have turned King's evidence, you stand dishonoured before all your associates as having eaten your own words. For that act you well know I have the right to kill you. Think not that because I

and others are now enchained between four walls you can escape my vengeance. When I desire it I can find a subterraneous passage to your cell and strangle you; but you know I have ever been your friend, and I have now the means of saving us both. I am only accused of theft, —the murder of Sivrac is yet unpunished,—let us like two brothers, you and I, bear witness against some of the rascalins in this place; against P— or G— if you like.

You see by this means we shall both be saved, for the murder of Sivrac was an abominable affair, one that I almost regret, for not one sou did I put in my pocket. As soon as I am once free you shall have half of my hidings.

I must tell of a good precautionary trick I have taken. About twenty rascals have lately left the brig (prison), and I succeeded in speaking to them. They intend assaulting everybody in the streets by way of revenge. This will have the effect of diverting attention from us and throwing the indignation of the public upon them, you see.

It's a pity you have betrayed me, but I may yet make a large fortune. Write me if you are willing to arrange matters concerning Sivrac's affair; if not, I shall have your life.

CAMBRAY.

"To this I replied somewhat as follows:

"Cambray!

"You reproach me with having violated my obligations and of betraying my associates, but it is from you I have taken example, and now you propose fresh treason, still more contemptible, for it is founded on falsehood.

For a length of time you have deceived me, representing fortune and pleasure as the reward of brigandage; you have taken advantage of your influence over me, and made me the instrument of your cupidity; but I have arisen from this dream—my eyes are open—yes, I will be King's evidence, not against the innocent whom you would charge with the murder of Sivrac, but against you, Cambray; and you will see when my recital is made whether or not my memory is a faithful one.

You must be an incarnate devil to boast of having engaged the miserable wretches who were set at liberty to attack people in the street, in order to divert public attention from yourself. You ask my motive for acting thus, here is my answer—

The devil told me I was doing well, and afterwards that my deeds were chronicled in hell!

Such is the case now—I am no longer under your influence, and I believe I need not respect the criminal oaths I have taken any longer. For this reason I shall reveal everything. I laugh at your threats and your impotent wrath. Rely no longer upon me. WATERWORTH.

"It was not without considerable effort that I resolved upon sending this desperate answer to my comrade, from whom in return I received the following reply:

"Waterworth!

"We will yet meet, in a cell, in a narrow passage, on the scaffold, perhaps, or at any rate in hell—no matter where, but so surely as you fall into my hands I'll choke you—I'll massacre you. Meantime I send you my direct curses, thou infamous traitor. CAMBRAY.

"At last the March Assizes (1837) came, Cambray and his accomplices were placed upon trial, and I rendered evidence in the matter. I must admit when I was confronted with my former comrades my heart revolted at my position, and remorse followed on the footsteps of truth.

"Alas I wish I could see Cambray before I leave. I would not be afraid to meet him for he is unarmed. We could not behold each other without emotion, I am certain.

"But here I must be allowed to terminate this recital, to draw a veil over these sad events, for the remainder is known to you all."

Some days after this (6th April, 1837,) Waterworth was set at liberty, and left for ever, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVI.

Trial of Cambray and Mathieu—Conviction and Sentence—The First Night of the Condemned.

During the long and interesting trial undergone by Cambray and Mathieu for the robbery committed at Mrs. Montgomery's, and of which we have given the full details, the accused, seated in the criminal dock, overlooking the crowd, remained perfectly calm and collected, regarding from time to time with much assurance and an unfaltering eye, witnesses, judges, and jury, and casting at times disdainful or threatening glances at certain personages among the crowd. Mathieu, especially, appeared imperturbably cool, while his accomplice, Cambray, more capable of feeling the humiliation of his position, was, to judge from his convulsive efforts to repress his emotions, violently agitated. Not that fear or remorse had ought to do with these sensations—rage and disappointment alone were the cause of all his pangs. The sufferings he had experienced in prison were deeply graven on his countenance, slight contractions about his mouth marked infallibly the anguish and mental torture he had endured, and effaced in some measure his affected serenity; and he, who had been so remarkable for manly vigour and joyousness, now appeared ill in health and shattered in constitution. Notwithstanding that his guilt was manifest to all present, still more than one gazed on him with expressions of sincere compassion, while the more timid and simple, looking upon a man above the stamp of vulgarity, admired the apparently unwavering fortitude with which he comforted himself.

On Waterworth's entering the box to bear witness against them, they stood up and glared at him with eyes of fire, looking as if they wished to penetrate to the inmost depths of his heart. But the denouncer was prepared for this encounter, for he raised his eyes to Cambray calmly and collectedly, and, having gazed on him for a moment, without evincing the least emotion, he turned to the Court, and gave his testimony fearlessly and with precision: it was evident he had made up his mind to unveil the whole, so resigned and open his confession. Nevertheless the struggle with his nature was severe ere he could reconcile himself to this act of treachery, still the tenor of his conversation was not tinged with that remorse or confusion that so frequently forms the substratum of feeling in the hearts of the guilty, even where every other sentiment of honour has been abandoned.

The evidence went sorely against the accused; the only defence that Cambray's counsel could make was reduced to a question of credulity on the part of the accomplice. Mathieu's counsel asked Mrs. Montgomery if, when she heard the name of Mathieu pronounced, it was not possible that it might have been intended for some other person than the prisoner, from which arose the question whether it was not a fact that the name was a common one.

The jury retired, and re-entered immediately, amid the most universal anxiety on the part of all present. Everybody, but especially the prisoners, tried to read the verdict in their faces.

There was a moment of deep silence, and then came the fatal sentence:

"Charles Cambray and Nicolas Mathieu are guilty of the crimes of which they stand accused."

Mathieu, on hearing the verdict, showed no emotion whatever: neither restraint nor embarrassment indicated the least affectation of calmness.

Cambray, on the contrary, appeared for the moment violently agitated and despairing—a thousand thoughts rushed through his mind, and weighed upon his imagination.

Their trial was over, and they were brought back to prison, surrounded by a crowd of people.

Cambray, who was ill at the time, pretended that he was too weak to walk, and was therefore conducted in a vehicle.

Several days after this their sentence of death was pronounced with imposing solemnity by the president of the Court, in tones of pity, and in the presence of an expectant but silent multitude of spectators.

The prisoners bore up against the terrible ordeal with firmness and resolution. Cambray maintained a proud and disdainful mien, but, ransing his head, several great tears coursed down his cheeks—tears it would be difficult to say whether of weakness or regret. Mathieu was also at his ease, as much as if he had not had the slightest interest in the event; he amused himself by playing with his hands upon the dock, a spectacle which on another occasion would have appeared insignificant or ridiculous, but which on the present left a sad and painful impression on the minds of all who witnessed it.

The first night of the condemned was one of depression, horror, and mental agony too great either to paint or analyse. Who can inspire the healthy and hopeful with an idea of the desolation experienced by the unfortunate being whose existence is measured by the near approach of death—death branded with infamy, and within an allotted period? Every movement, every thought, every nervous quiver, is to him a step towards the end of his existence, a thread diminished to the cord of existence, and added to that which is destined to launch him into eternity—a voice calling on him to efface the judgment by appearing before his Creator.

Ever before his eyes are walls grated and silent—livid light—enormous doors—guardians—chains—the hangman—and, finally, infamy and death—death—a frightful spec re, which every one has gazed upon, and which every one must experience, and yet the existence of which all appear to doubt, but which the condemned felon is alone destined to meet face to face. Death is already standing before him, inexorable and isle.

Such is the fate of the unhappy being upon whose head the sentence has fallen—the dread certainty within a known time doubles and triples his agony of mind. Had he even the power of convincing himself of the justice of the sentence? but, alas! from the depths of his heart the cry of despair comes to him in the accents of rage. Man,—has he a right to take away human life?—holdest thou not thine from the Creator alone? Thus does he disclaim against society, in spite of crime, and is ushered on to the scaffold, his heart burning with hatred and vengeance. Such is an approximation to the feelings experienced by Cambray and Mathieu, modified by the individuality of each. Cambray's conduct was that of a ferocious beast bounding about in frenzy, shaking chains, yelling, dashing himself down, till, overpowered by exertion, he became calm and reflective, ferreting his brains for expedients to gain sympathy, and, if possible, to lull the storm once more.

Mathieu, more resigned to his condition, and less violent in disposition, retained his calmness and serenity. He nourished no thought of escaping the gibbet, and regarded it as the natural consequence of his crimes.

In the course of forty-eight hours the greater part of their sufferings were over. The elasticity of the mind, that which gives strength and energy to the human character, which familiarises us with every situation, and supports us in the greatest trouble, gradually restored calmness to the minds of our heroes, and permitted

them to spend the day with some degree of indifference, and the night in deep repose. However, both Cambray and Mathieu requested an interview with some minister of religion. Mathieu had a Catholic priest, but Cambray had priests of every denomination, and pretended to adopt the opinions of each, until, at last, the base wretch proclaimed himself repented and contrite—a lamb gathered into the fold.

"COUSIN BELL."

OUR summer vacation was over; and the Sandhurst term again in full swing, when, having accomplished the day's drill and study, I was smoking my midnight pipe in company with Jack Cluney, puffing the forbidden "bacey" up the narrow chimney of our dormitory, while we related the various adventures in the way of sporting, larking, and love-making, which had befallen us since we last parted. When my story was told, Jack drew a long breath ere he remarked—

"Then you are as good as engaged?" I nodded, and he went on. "I suppose you've seen your cousin, and like her?"

"Pretty well. She's only a school-girl, you know."

"And she likes you, of course?"

"I didn't ask her—the governor and her mother will put all that square."

"By Jove! what a cool hand you are, Harry," and Jack looked as if he did not know whether to envy or pity me. "Still, I think I'd rather picked out my own wife, though—after all; I dare say you are right. They manage it your way in France, and—but I think—"

"But come, no buts, Jack," said I, yawning, and proceeding to knock the ashes out of my exhausted pipe.

"By chaste Diana's sacred head.
I vow I shall 'my cousin' wed."

And so to bed. Three thousand a year is not to be sneezed at, and every fellow cannot go in for the sentimental now-a-days. I have been in love half-a-dozen times already, but it don't last long, and I dare say I shall fall in love with Bell some day. Good night, Jack."

And so, with the stoicism of eighteen, I was soon fast asleep. It was quite true, I was as Jack said, as good 's engaged; and how this came about I had better explain. It seemed that some ninety or a hundred years before, the old family property, having fallen to the share of joint heiresses, had been divided; after all this lapse of time, by a singular coincidence, the two halves came into the possession of a brother and sister, each widowed, and each having one child. Hence arose an arrangement between our representative parents, to the effect that I should marry my cousin Bell, and so re-unite the estates. My father told me all about it when I went home, putting it to me in such a plain, business-like way, that I never for an instant thought of making any objection. In fact, it seemed rather a fine thing to be disposed of; and when Jack let the secret out among our fellows, I gained several steps on the social ladder.

I did not see Bell again until the following summer, by which time I was an ensign in her Majesty's—th Regiment, and under orders to join the head-quarters in Canada. I had a fortnight's leave, and as the cottage my aunt had taken was within a mile of the manor, I spent most of my time with Bell. Yet when the parting came, I was no nearer being in love than the day I met her first. We had not quarrelled, simply, I thought, because neither of us cared enough for the other to do so. Not a word relative to the future had passed; and yet I was quite sure Bell knew all about her destiny, and almost as equally sure that she did not like it.

The—th had only to complete its term of foreign service; so by the time Bell had gone through a couple of seasons, I was at home again.

By the death of a sister, my aunt had become guardian to a little girl, Milly Ryan by name, who, at eleven years old, was one of the bright-

est, loveliest girls I had ever seen. We were friends at once; I was "cousin Hal" by adoption, and Milly was my champion, my second, my backer-up. Bell, looking on with scornful indifference while Milly's very impetuosity and enthusiasm made my cousin's coldness more palpable: a coldness which suppressed all my meditated attempts at love-making, and somehow continually reminded me that it was not necessary that we should act as ordinary engaged couples did.

So, though we rode, walked, and drove together, spending most of our time in each other's company, I again went back to my duty, and carried a whole heart with me. When another year had passed, my father began urging our marriage. So I wrote to Bell, asking her to fix a day. She made a very matter-of-fact reply, only asking to defer it for six months; and almost before I had time to think the matter over, tidings of the mutiny in India broke over Europe; and the—th were ordered to prepare for embarkation. I got a week's leave and ran down to Devonshire. Bell looked, I thought, even colder than usual, and listened passively to my enthusiasm about fighting, promotion, and glory. Not so did Milly, whose face was a picture in itself; her colour would deepen, her great eyes kindle, and with every nerve tingling, she would stand facing me as I spoke; sometimes, too, she would crouch down and clasp my arm, whispering—"I love you best of all, cousin Hal; and I wish I was a boy, and then no one could stop me going with you; but girls are such stupid, useless things, they can do nothing."

The night before my departure had come, and somewhat softened by the approaching parting, somewhat piqued by Bell's apparent insensibility to what the increasing intelligence from India convinced everyone would be a sharp and perhaps a long struggle, I talked rather more than I was wont, about the uncertainty of a soldier's lot. Suddenly Milly who had been sitting upon the ground, jumped up, and cried,—

"I'll be a woman when you come back, Cousin Hal."

"Ay," said I, bitterly, "if I ever come back. But many a poor fellow will bite the dust before we leave India again."

Bell's face grew paler, and her eyelids quivered, but she said nothing; until, looking at Milly, who stood with her eyes dilated and her hands clasped, she said—

"You are frightening the child, Harry."

"No he is not," cried Milly, wildly clenching her hands. "He is trying to frighten you, and you won't be frightened, because you don't love him. I believe you would not care a bit if he was killed."

Here Bell got up and walked across the room, and Milly, who had lost command of her voice, dashed away up-stairs, and returned no more.

Put off last words as you will, they must come; and in the dim little drawing-room lighted only by the wood fire, I bade good-bye to Bell with something very like a pang at my heart, and a newly-awakened sensation I hardly knew how to account for. My aunt being one of those women to whom weeping is a necessity, there were plenty of tears; and when I looked back from the threshold I saw Bell kneeling by her mother, comforting her, of course. It was very nice to know the tears were shed in sorrow for me, and I loved my aunt right dearly; but I was not going to marry her; and I confess I would rather have seen the mother comforting the daughter.

Going through the garden, down the walk by the laurels, upon whose broad glistening leaves the moonlight shone like frosted silver, I saw something white standing in my path; and the next instant Milly clasped her hands round my arm, crying,—

"Did you think I was a ghost, Cousin Hal?"

"I believe I did. But what on earth are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for you. I was in such a rage I dared not stay in the room. So I pretended to go to bed, and came here to waylay you, just to be the very last to say good-bye."

"Good-bye then, Milly. Make haste and

grow a woman, and then if Bell does not care for me I'll marry you."

"Will you really? Thank you Hal. I don't think Bell will care enough for you. What's that?"

She started and drew closer to me, shuddering, and then looking down the walk I saw another figure—white and ghostlike enough in the uncertain moonlight. It was just turning towards the house, and even as I caught sight of it, it vanished.

"What is it, Hal?" whispered Milly. "Do you think it was Bell coming to look for me? Do come back just to the grass."

I went back with her, and watched her into the house. Then I turned and went on my way.

CHAPTER II.

During the stirring months which followed on our arrival in India, I had little time for thought still less for writing. Letters were a rarity; we men looked with curious eyes at the despatch-bags. Almost unconsciously I had allowed my hopes regarding Bell's first letter to get the better of my discretion, and found myself looking forward to the contents as a test of her real feelings towards me. She would surely say something to betray herself, either for love or against it. When the letter did come I was half-frightened to open it, and turned it over and over before I broke the seal. Bell never crossed her letters, and wrote a large hand, so there were four sheets of thick note-paper besides a carte of herself. Nothing could be kinder and more cousinly than the letter, and yet my heart sank, for not one single sentence could I in any way twist into anything more tender; and crumpling it up, carte and all, I thrust it into the breast of my jacket. I was still reading my dear old father's chapter of home news, the condition of the horses, the state of the crops and the hopes for the shooting season, when the bugle sounded, and we were again under arms. This time I got the worst of it.

The Sepoys had invented a sort of diabolical machine by fastening a shell with a long fuse into a bag of gunpowder; the powder of course blew up first, and they calculated that the soldiers, seeing a shell rolling about, would go up to have a look; nor were they far wrong in many cases. I knew nothing of the trick, and after the first explosion, took a short cut past the shell, and came in for the brunt of it, one piece smashing my arm, another peeling my shin. I have an indistinct notion of a terrible thud—hardly pain, and yet something horrible—and then I knew nothing of it all until the effects of chloroform, administered to facilitate the setting and dressing, going off, I was congratulated by the doctor.

"A narrow escape; an inch to the right, and Winchester had had his promotion,—this paper saved your life," and he held up Bell's crumpled letter, matted together and stained with blood. "Lucky for you the paper was thick," went on the Doctor; "I've known some queer shaves for life, but I never saw one to beat this. By the Lord, there goes the bugle again; it's little rest we get out here, and plenty of practice, though it's not much I'd care if they gave us fair play, but they don't." Sir Colin has his petticoats to the front again. I'll step in and tell the news when I get away, Harry. Sleep is the thing for you."

Next day we were in Lucknow, and the doctor, in a perfect fury of delight, was telling me of the wilful mistake made by the gallant "skye blues," when an orderly brought me my share of another mail.

"You must get your heart up, Harry," said the doctor, one day, "Sir Colin thinks the air here not over good for the sick. I'll have you made as comfortable as possible; we are to march to-night. And there's the devil to pay among the women: they're wanting to carry off every old kettle they're used this twelve months. Faith I'd rather be a doctor than a commissariat officer to-night, though it's Jack's choice, between the devil and the deep sea. You'll have a sleep at Dil Koosha without the lullaby of big guns, that's one comfort."

The doctor was as good as his word. I had

a palanquin on which I lay as comfortably as on my bed, and worse pain than mine would have been forgotten in the excitement of moving.

It was a glorious moonlight night, so bright that we could see where the bullets had pealed the plaster off the walls, or where round shot had rent the stones and mud asunder, leaving great yawning gaps. I heard not a few lamenting over the ruin of what had been a city of eastern splendour. I, for my part, was heartily thankful to get out of it, and feel, as I presently did, the pure country air thrilling through and round me. There was firing from the enemy going on in the distance; but so admirable were the precautions taken by Sir Colin, that no suspicion of our great movement reached the mutineers. Silently and stealthily the great body passed along through the desolated ground of what once had been the Rance's palace, thence to the road by the river, where the great excitement began, and where the enemy were actually within sight; so that the open space along which we had to pass was cloaked by screens of matting, behind which we passed with bated breath and an unuttered prayer of thankfulness to the wise old man who had contrived so ably for our safety.

Morning brought renewed life to the wounded and wearied throng, and I shall never forget the wild delight with which the rising sun was greeted. Women lifted up their voices and prayed and wept, kissing their children or friends; men with moistened eyes tried to laugh at the fun, but gave in to the excitement at last; the camp was in a buzz, and God and Sir Colin were thanked in every dialect, from the full roll of Connaught boys' brogue, to the rough rich burr of "Danny Newcassel."

Never had there been such a November; one had no right to be ill or weak. I had princely quarters, and got well apace. I astonished the doctor, I astonished myself, and what was more, I astonished the colonel, who kindly offered to send me home—an offer I declined. I will not say how much Bell's letters had to do with my determination to remain in India; perhaps I was a true soldier at heart, and having a taste for the service, had fairly enrolled myself in the soldier's lot. Any way, I did not go home, and by the time peace was restored I was fit for duty, and rejoicing in my promotion.

"Somebody has been telling me you are going home, Yeo," said General —, a few months after I had my company. "Don't be such a fool. You've had the kicks—stay and have the half-pence. We want a few fellows to stick to us, there will be a regular exodus before the next hot season, and plenty of fellows retiring. You'll soon have your majority, and then may do as you like."

"I'll think of it, general," said I, and while thinking of it, another letter came from Bell. "By Jove!" thought I, I'll show her I can be just as cool as she is; I won't go home."

And I did not. Next mail brought me intelligence of my father's sudden death. I wrote home, as I felt in duty bound, told Bell I had accepted an appointment which necessitated my remaining two years longer, and asked her to come out and be my wife; other women did so, and I thought she might. But it is well said that it requires two to make a bargain; Bell did not see it in the light I did, she was willing, she said, to wait. So two years glided by, and then I wrote again: again came a refusal, and in the pique of the moment I asked for a post then vacant, entailing still further service, so that very nearly six years had passed since I left England, before I made up my mind to brave my fate and come home for good.

The overland journey was much after the manner of overland journeys in general. A full complement of mammas and children, real widows, and what are popularly known as grass-widows, a sprinkling of men; many going on sick leave, one or two, like myself, giving up their soldiering for ever. There was the usual amount of flirtation, scandal, and jealousy, from which I managed to steer pretty clear, until I fell into the hands of a pretty little woman going home on leave, and who I soon found knew Devonshire. One day at tea some one began talking of matrimony. Mrs. Vigne gave us her

opinion, adding a story illustrative of her experience that set the whole table in a roar.

"I am going to Lynmouth too, Mrs. Vigne," I said; "I hope you won't cut me as you did your husband."

"Then you know Lynmouth; isn't it a miserable, dead-alive sort of place? nothing but artists, reading-parties, and High-church people to be seen. By-the-by, talking of Lynmouth, and apropos of marriage, my sister tells me a charming story about their great heiress, a Miss Larriston; I dare say you've heard of her,—the story is just the thing for a sensation novel; she has been engaged since she was in longclothes to a cousin, the reason being that each of them has half of what was once a whole estate, and there being a curse upon the place until some old rhyme is fulfilled; the rhyme is that,—

The curse of the Yeo shall be outrun,
When Larriston's girl weds Yeo's son.

Of course they hate each other, and of course the heiress has taken to the Church for consolation, and found it in the curate. My sister says she expects an elopement, and rather leans to the lady's side; now all my sympathies are with the poor man."

"They generally are, I am happy to see," said Captain Smith; "I am sure we ought to be awfully grateful, and I am sure the unlucky lover will appreciate your kindness. Yeo, here, will introduce you; I dare say he is some relation, as he is going down there."

I did not know whether Smith was throwing out a feeler, but determined to ignore my identity, and promised to effect the necessary introduction, and for the rest of the voyage had to take care of Mrs. Vigne.

After a week in London I went down to Lynmouth, the wholesome English July air giving a new zest to my life, and somehow or other awakening a strong desire to be with Bell, and a fierce resentment against the curate, which was neither mollified nor explained by the sight of the sweet green hills of Devon, the fair woodlands, and deep lanes through which the groom bowled me in the tax-cart when he drove over to meet me at Barnstaple, any more than by the old servant's conversation; for, after telling me of my dear father's last days, he launched off into family and county gossip; and, as I thought, purposely avoided speaking of Bell, a reticence against which I secretly fretted, considering that thereby hung a tale. Of Milly, her goodness, beauty, and, above all, her riding, he seemed never tired of talking, and when I reached home the same might be remarked of the housekeeper, until, determined to bring out something, I said: "So, the old Rector has gone, too, Mrs. Clarke?"

"Aye, sir, and more's the pity, for the new one don't like this place, and lives in London or elsewhere, but he keeps a curate who works like six ordinary parsons, up and out, early and late, riding and walking till you wonder he has a bit of flesh on his bones. He knows every man, woman, and child in the parish, what they want, and when it's the right time to give. Ho and Miss Bell are thick; and if it wasn't that I knowed the truth, sir, of her and you, I'd believe what the country says; but then I know's better, and more—they do say, he's just the same as a Roman priest, and could not marry."

All this did not tend to increase my satisfaction, although it did awaken a terrible, and to me an unaccountable tumult in my mind. The more I tried to analyze this, the more hopelessly perplexed I became, until it suddenly began to dawn upon me that perhaps, after all, I was in love with Bell. Then came the remembrance of her coolness; the six years collapsed—I read her letters over again, and, taking my stick, went off to the cottage. Bell was in the drawing room, it was too dark to see her face, but her hand lay passive and cold as lead in mine as we stood together, waiting my aunt's coming.

"It is a sad return, Bell," I said, and then her hand shook, but gave no sympathetic pressure. "One expects changes in six years," I went on, thinking of the curate, "but there are some harder to bear than death."

She drew her hand away and turned partly round; but, before she spoke, the door opened

and Aunt Mary came in. Dark as it was, I could see how broken down the six years had left her.

"My dear boy," she cried, falling on my neck, "I began to think I too would be gone before you came home. Why did you stay away so long, Harry?"

I looked at Bell, she was standing in the window, only the faint outline of her figure visible. She moved towards us, and touched her mother's forehead with a caressing hand, saying,

"Don't reproach Harry to night, mother, let us be content that he has come. Tell her of the war, Harry, and how you were wounded, the friend you got to write was not explicit, and you never explained matters."

She stood by the fire, leaning against the chimney-piece, and looking down at me as I sat upon a low ottoman by my aunt's chair.

"It is rather a long story, aunt," I said, "but the gloaming is good for story telling, and you won't see my blushes. So beginning with my landing, I went faithfully through my experiences. When I reached that part relating to my wound, and as I spoke of Bell's letter having obtained the credit of saving my life, she walked back to the window; and when, having concluded my story, I turned to look for her, the window was open, and Bell had disappeared.

Even the story she might in common politeness have stayed to listen to, had it not interested her; but before I had time to think much of the circumstance the door flew open and an eager voice asked,—

"Where is he, aunty? They told me he was here." It was Milly; and as she came feeling her way among the chairs and tables in the dim light, I met her, and had her in my arms before either of us well knew, and my arm was still round her, when what little light there had been vanished, and Bell came in by the window again. Milly slid away, but her hand still held mine with a warm, clinging clasp.

"How fond you are of the dark," said Bell, going up to the fire and fumbling about for lighters. Milly sat down and her face coming on a level with my hand, I felt it drawn forward and pressed to her lips, then thrown away as she said,—

"Now then, Bell, light all the candles, and let us see what he is like."

Bell did light all the candles, and as the light fell upon Milly I was startled by the change. The six years became a fact at once, since they had converted the child into a blooming, lovely woman. Something of my thought must have shown itself in my face, for Milly's cheek grew crimson and the bonny blue eyes sank.

"How you are changed, Harry!" cried Aunt Mary. And turning to answer her, I saw Bell in the full light. She was a little stouter, her hair was dressed in a different way, there was a brighter colour in her face than I remembered to have seen before, and a deeper light in the full hazel eyes that looked back into mine, still she seemed unchanged, and the years collapsed again.

"If it was not for Milly, I could scarcely believe so many years have passed since I went away, aunt," said I, "Bell does not look a bit different."

"My growing days were over before you went away," said Bell, quietly; I cannot say you look the same; but then climate and all that may have changed you."

And so we fell talking again. It was a strange evening; Milly did not speak much, but I knew she was watching and listening. Bell talked as quietly as if I had been away only a week; and although I threw out a hint about the curate, and told them of Mrs. Vigne, how she had put me up to Devon gossip, I made nothing of it, and, as I walked home, was utterly miserable and dissatisfied. I wished Milly had been my fiancée, and yet I hated the unseen curate, and mentally abjured Bell as a heartless flirt.

When I got to the cottage next day the girls were out, and my aunt lying down. So, sheltering myself from the sun in a summer seat covered in by Roman creepers and honey-suckle, I lay down to enjoy a cigar and make up my mind

how I was to begin the conversation I had determined on, and which was to decide my fate. My meditations did not last long, Bell came up the walk and sat down upon an iron-chair facing the bowler. She looked paler than the night before, and spoke very quietly; but there was something in her face that I had never seen before, and which, though it made me look again and again, I could not understand.

Presently Milly rushed up, panting and flushed, her hair loosened from the net, and her hat in her hand.

"Oh, Hal!" she cried, leaning against one of the window pillars, and speaking in a great hurry, "I have seen your friend, she's coming here with her sister, and she told me such things about you; and so I took a short cut over the fields, and nearly ran over your curate, Bell, he was going to call at the manor."

I had no gratitude or affection for Mrs. Vigne. I remembered too well her story, and Milly's allusion to the curate was gall and wormwood.

"So you keep a pet curate, Bell," I began, "gossip makes wings, but you'll scarcely believe I heard of your curate, as Milly calls him, before I landed."

Bell's face flushed, and then grew deadly pale, but her eyes never flinched, looking back into mine with a steady gaze, defiant and yet sad, with a something in them that set me thinking, and kept me so, until a scorching breath from my cigar reminded me sharply of its fleeting existence. Throwing it down, I uttered an exclamation of anger, thus letting off a small bit of my suppressed indignation against Bell. Now, it is a bad plan—one of the very worst, indeed—to take an inch of latitude, when you are secretly angry. I glanced at Bell, as I spoke, and her face was cold and quiet.

"Has it burnt you?" said Milly.

"Just enough to make me wiser for the future," I answered savagely. "An old cigar is like an old love—apt to burn out, if kept long." Of course it was an idiotic, meaningless speech. I knew that at once, and dare not look at Bell's face; so I went on.

"Apropos of nothing, Milly. Do you remember promising to be a woman when I came home?"

"Yes, and have I not kept my promise?" said Milly, with a brighter colour in her face, and her eyes turned away and fixed upon the grey feather in Bell's hat.

"So well, that I want to keep mine."

Milly's face turned away a little more, but I could see a wicked smile hovering about the corners of her mouth. There is nothing like uncertainty to spur a man on, and although I had not the slightest intention of giving Bell up without making a fight for it, nor was I in love with Milly, yet, in spite of these things, I rushed on, until I was as good as in for both, and had not voices from the house suddenly broken in upon the silence, I scarcely know what the immediate result might not have been. As it was, Milly pointed up the lawn, where I saw Mrs. Vigne, with a very handsome man by her side, at whom she was launching her full battery of nods and wreathed smiles.

"Bell," whispered Milly, "she's got your curate."

Bell made no reply, but, rising, went to meet the party. I sat still; and Milly stood watching them with angry eyes.

"You don't like the grass-widow, Milly," I whispered.

"I hate her with the candid answer; and her sister too. I cannot think how men are such fools as to believe in women like those."

There was no time for more; Mrs. Vigne was upon us, and eloquent in her reproachful innuendos, as to my duplicity in not avowing myself on board the steamer. She was still talking when Bell interrupted, presenting the curate, as "Mr. Calvert, my cousin Harry."

Mr. Calvert's eyes met mine as we made our mutual bows. They were blue, honest eyes, hiding a depth of meaning in the clear light, and utterly incapable of concealment. In spite of my preconceived prejudice, I liked the look of the man, nor had my liking lessened when we adjourned to the drawing-room for five o'clock

tea. After which Mrs. Vigne and her sister departed, leaving Calvert, who had proved blind and deaf to the hints thrown out suggestive of his being driven home, standing beside me on the door step, watching the ponies go down the drive.

"Sharp-little woman, your Indian friend," said Calvert, with a queer, dry smile.

"Women are utterly incomprehensible from first to last," I said, the ugly feeling springing up.

"What is a woman like?" laughed Calvert.

"False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like a sand? Like a rock?
Like a wheel? Like a clock?
Ay, a clock that is always at strike.
Her head's like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on,
Her heart's like a lomon—so nice
She carves for each lover a slice.
In truth she's to me
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose ravings will hearken to no man.

Like a thief, like—in brief—
She's like nothing on earth but—a woman."

The curate stayed dinner, and I still liked him. Not that I felt at all like the immortal Mr. Toots. My affections were by no means disinterested; and if he was really a rival, I could hate him, no doubt; but then somehow I could not reconcile Calvert with my notions of a rival.

"What a handsome fellow your curate is," I whispered to Bell, as we joined the girls in the drawing-room. "I like him, in spite of Mrs. Vigne's gossip."

"I am glad of it, Harry; he deserves to be liked, and gossip does not deserve to be believed," said she.

Then, when coffee was over, she walked off on to the moonlit lawn with Calvert, and Milly having vanished some time before, I was left to my meditations, and, being idle, Satan of course kept up his character, and found me something to do in the shape of a thorough resuscitation of the jealousy which had been partially lulled to sleep.

I could see the two figures each time that they turned at the end of the terrace, and also that they were talking earnestly together. I envied him his stalwart figure, his easy quiet way, his firm sense, and the manner he had of giving it, without letting it annoy you, or make him appear pedantic. I did not wonder at Bell's liking him; he was just the man to trust in, just the man to feel a pride in loving, and to whose judgment you could look as coming right from an honest heart. I was horribly jealous, and yet I liked the man, and almost liked Bell better for having won such love as his. As I lay a-thinking, Milly glided very softly into the room, and, without seeing me, went up to the window. As the two came opposite, she drew back with a sharp, angry motion, and, leaning among the curtains, stood there. I could not distinguish the expression of her face in the dusk, but I could see she was watching with an eagerness I could not account for.

"Milly," said I, getting up and standing beside her. She started violently, and tried to push past me, but I held her fast. The spirit of the morning was in me again. "Milly," I went on, "I am going to ask you to keep your promise, made the night before I went away. You are a woman now."

"Yes, cousin Hal."

"You know all about the old engagement made for Bell and me?"

"Yes, cousin Hal."

"Bell does not like it. She never did. Her cold letters kept me in India. I didn't care if I never came home, and when I did start, the first thing I heard was the truth about this fellow Calvert and how she hated me. I did not believe it until I saw it for myself. I see it now; so do you. Look there, Milly—look at them Bell likes the curate's little finger better than my whole carcass."

"No she doesn't," cried Milly, passionately; "but he likes her, and she goes on in her quiet, heartless way, till, till—" But Milly began to cry, and a new light broke upon me. Suddenly, checking her tears, Milly said, "You are all

wrong about Bell. She does not show it, as I would; but I believe she loves you dreadfully."

"My heart gave a great throb.
"You don't believe me?"

"No, Milly dear. It's very kind of you telling me this; but I am quite sure you are wrong."

Next day I found Bell in the garden alone, and, figuratively speaking, I took a header at once. I told Bell I saw she did not love me. I told her I was sorry for my share in the engagement, and that it had been a miserable, ill-advised scheme from the first.

"The long and short is, you would tell me that the engagement is broken," she said, but without looking at me.

"If you wish it so, Bell."

"Can you doubt it?" and rising from the garden-chair she turned her face to me. It was frightfully pale, and her eyes had the same expression I had seen the day before. "You are quite free, cousin Harry."

"Your freedom is more to the purpose," said I, fiercely, half-mad with love, disappointment, and jealousy.

"What do you mean?"

"Only what you say—that you are free, Bell, and that I am sorry I have interfered so long with your happiness. Had I known the truth sooner, it might have spared me much. I was a blind, obstinate fool not to give in long ago, but, in spite of common sense, I hoped against hope. I thought if you did not love me yet, another year might make a difference. It was not your fault, I know. You were cold enough; but I loved you so dearly, I—"

"Harry! Harry!" cried Bell. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"Too well," I replied, fiercely; and then, like a veritable madman, I let my tongue loose. I told her the whole story of my life, seeing it with a new knowledge myself; how I had learnt to love her, how her coldness had crushed my love until I thought it had died out, and how the story I heard in the steamer made it all blaze forth again.

Bell had been standing when I began to speak, but long before I finished she was sitting, her face flushed and her hands nervously clasping and unclasping. As I finished, her eyes rose to mine, and absolutely startled me. I had never seen such lights in eyes before. Her whole expression had changed, and thinking she might have clonked her joy, if only for decency sake, I turned indignantly away. The instant after a hand was upon my arm.

"Harry! Harry! come back to me. Are you blind? Won't you see that it was my love, that I only feared you thought yourself bound to me, that I only wanted to let you try if you loved anyone else?"

But I need not tell all Bell said, or how she explained much which—though probably quite lucid to the reader, who, being in the place of a looker-on, proverbially speaking sees most of the game—was dark and inexplicable to me, until Bell put it to me in the clear light of her love. One thing, however, I must add. I had been quite wrong about the curate, who was in love with Milly all the time, and who told his story so effectually that Milly believed him. Thus was fulfilled to the letter the old adage—

The curse of the Yeo shall be outtrun
When Larriston's girl weds Yeo's son.

I. D. FENTON.

THE FIFTH OF MARCH IN DUBLIN.

I HAD been absent from Dublin on leave, during the whole month of February. When I left the city, on the 27th of January, the Fenian conspiracy would have seemed to an ordinary observer utterly collapsed. Arrests were occasionally made, but were chiefly confined to Americanised Celts. If these men had been born in Ireland, the soil and climate of America had a strange effect upon their constitution. They were tall, pale-faced, and bearded—in every respect presenting the appearance of the genuine

article. My duty brought me into contact with many of these prisoners, and I found that for one who came from New York, three came from Massachusetts. They seemed to me to court arrest, for they were singularly rude and insolent, swaggering through the streets, jostling the passers-by, and walking at a rapid pace three or four abreast when the footpath was crowded during the fashionable hours for promenading or shopping. I remarked that several wore large stars of silver on their left breasts: ugly ornaments enough; for they were, in all respects, like pieces of block tin. All had hats, a compound between the "put hat" and the "Jerry." All, too, had loose overcoats of different shades of grey.

When many were seen together, it became plain that their dress was a kind of uniform. Nothing was found upon these men when searched. Documents they would not carry; revolvers and ammunition were thrown into the river before the police could seize them at the quays. On the American Celts money was found in abundance; the street-rowsies of Dublin and the importations from the slums of manufacturing towns in England seldom had a shilling. The latter were miserable, stunted, woebegone creatures, with a mischievous cast of countenance not usual with the Americans. Now and then the police discovered pikes, swords, belts, revolvers, and rifles—never many together—hidden behind shutters, between beds and mattresses, or under the flooring. Secret information had led the detectives to their hiding-places, and it was surmised by many that the information was given by the leaders of the plot themselves. They knew that every seizure would be magnified tenfold, and made notorious through the public press. Thus the discontended and seditious would believe that the conspirators were at work, and preparing for a rise. The majority, however, believed that Fenianism was merely a gigantic swindle, intended to procure money for the leaders. From the first, the authorities, especially those connected with the military service, thought differently. The public did not know what information or proof the government might possess; but while all was in profound peace around them, they saw the government urgently pressing forward military preparations, as if a formidable foe were at hand. All were puzzled, and not a few blamed the authorities for creating alarm in the minds of women or timid persons by vain and unnecessary precautions.

Such was the state of things when I left Dublin, and it did seem strange to me that, if danger were really imminent, "leave" should have been freely given. In my retreat I heard of the fiasco at Oshircree, and the curious movement on Chester. But my newspaper was always three days late, and was read, I verily believe, by every person in the village before it was allowed to come to me. There were Fenians, as I afterwards found, in my neighbourhood, and accident taught me that the maid-servant in my lodgings was enlisted in the plot. A secluded glen some distance from my home was a favourite haunt of mine, but I found that whenever I strolled out in that direction, she placed a candle in an upper room, the window of which could be seen from the glen. I noticed the light, but did not discover that it was a signal until informed by the constabulary on the night before I left.

I was sitting at breakfast on the morning of the 5th of March, wondering whether all my friends had forgotten me, seeing that I received no letters, when a jaunting-car was driven up before my window, and a boy handed me a telegram. It was very brief, containing an order for my instant return to Dublin and my post. I felt that "something was up," and, telling the carman to wait, made my hurried preparations. While I was wrapping a rug about my legs, the servant-girl, looking piercingly at me, inquired: "Have they kept their word?" As I hesitated, not knowing what answer to give, she inquired again: "Are the boys up in Dublin? They said they would rise to-day." "Indeed?" said I. "You know much more than I do." As I dashed down the road leading to the station, I

noticed that a loose pile of straw at the head of the glen had been fired, and now sent up into the clear air a rolling column of white smoke. In ten minutes similar smoke signals were seen on seven hillocks stretching round and past the glen, and then I believed that there really was "something up."

I travelled to town by the Great Southern and Western Railway in a third-class carriage, I wished to hear the talk of the country people. I counted nine young athletic fellows in the carriage; they were all singularly silent. We took in few additional passengers until the train reached successively Straffan, Celbridge, Lucan, and Cloudalkin. At the last two places passengers became so numerous that accommodation could not be provided for them. There was evidently an understanding between many of the young peasants and two American Celts who got in at Celbridge. The moment these men entered, every pipe was put out. They had with them a stout deal box about twenty inches long and sixteen deep, braced at the corners with iron, and evidently of great weight.

There was no confusion or crowding at the terminus. I noticed that three men stepped out from among the carriages and cabs, and addressed a very brief sentence to the two Americans who travelled with us. The young men regularly "fell in" and marched rather than walked down the quays. Suddenly they broke up into twos and threes, and disappeared rapidly up the lanes leading to Thomas and James-street. Three hours afterwards, I recognized five of them at Tallaght.

Coming down the north side of the quays, here and there scarcely seen—for the gas was peculiarly dim—I saw policemen wearing swords standing in sixes together with their backs against shop shutters. They looked like a black wall. Further on, a group of boys, youths, and men would be formed around one person in the centre, and, after receiving brief directions from him, also broke up into twos and threes and passed rapidly down the quay.

I saw one group in process of formation. A man stood motionless in the centre of the pathway, near Aran Quay Chapel. He beat the pavement with his iron-shod heel, as if to warm his feet. Almost immediately, were heard at a distance similar triple beatings of the fact, and in an incredibly short time a group of at least thirty formed a circle, with their faces turned towards an individual in the centre—to break up in twos or threes almost as soon as formed. I counted thirty-one of these groups from the railway terminus to Sackville-street. But here there was a continuous stream of men and boys passing rapidly over Carlisle Bridge. For the most part they were the gamins of the city—horse-holders, sweepers of shop doors, ragged nondescripts, pickpockets. Pale-faced slouching men, smelling strongly of whisky and tobacco, appeared among the ruck. Now and then an American Celt could be seen to hail a cab, into which three and sometimes five persons would enter. The faces were all-turned one way, and the town seemed to be disgorging all its rabble. I could compare the stampede to nothing but the rush of people to witness a fire. Not a word was spoken, and though very large numbers poured out of Dublin together, there was not the slightest disturbance or confusion. I followed the moving stream up Westmorland-street, past the college in whose vast front not a light was to be seen, through Grafton-street, up Stephen's green, and Harcourt-street. There I left them, and hurried home. I expected to find explicit orders awaiting me.

Along the rout taken by the multitude, the cigar-shops, oyster-stalls, and gin-palaces were open as usual. In my own street every house was lighted up, and a large ball was being given in Harcourt-street. No chain was placed across my own hall door, and my servant, in answer to my inquiries, replied, as coolly as if it were a matter of no importance, that "the Fenians had riz." In the parlour all were at "high tea." A blazing fire shone out gloriously, and a joyful welcome was given me. Short space was there for rest or warmth. A long envelope was handed to me, and in five minutes I left my home alone,

to move with the Fenians up to a certain point. They had risen, and it was believed that they intended, when collected in numbers sufficiently great, to pour down upon the wealthiest portion of the city, and plunder there.

I found that the greater portion of the mass began to move slowly in the neighbourhood of Rathmines: a suburb consisting mainly of a single street of fine houses inhabited by the higher orders of the middle class. This street is three-quarters of a mile long, with a very wide footpath on either side. At the extremity furthest from the city, it opens out into a spacious triangular place, at the two opposite angles of which two roads branch out: one leading to Rathgar, Roundtown, and Rathfarnham; the other, though an irregular line of buildings, to Palmerston-fields, which are skirted by the river Dodder, here exceedingly picturesque. There are some very fine old trees in the neighbourhood; and in a magnificent field surrounded by wood the multitude gathered. I think, however that from the first many of the Fenians passed on rapidly, crossed a bridge over the Dodder, and made for the rendezvous at Tallaght, a village fully four miles to the right. As far as I could judge, there were at no time more than between six and seven hundred persons assembled at Palmerston-fields, of whom four-fifths were youths not over eighteen years of age, weaklings, and with a dissipated air. There were two carts: both containing arms, as we subsequently found. For some time the mass moved about without any apparent object, and I understood they were waiting for some one to lead them. The Rathmines police-office is close to the triangular space, and from this the little garrison of eight men hovered on the skirts of the Fenians, now and then arresting individuals. Suddenly, and without a word, this mass of Fenians broke up: some proceeded at a rapid pace towards Tallaght, but fully half the number, already tired of the enterprise and alarmed by discovering that they were really required to fight, poured back into the city, flinging away the arms they had received. They found that the police were searching all persons passing into Dublin whose appearance was suspicious; consequently, they determined to rid themselves of proofs of complicity with the rising. The night wore on, raw and cold, with a drizzling of sleet and rain. The romantic apprentices shuddered at a four miles' march to Tallaght over an uncalculating country.

By this time the alarm had spread. Cavalry from Portobello, and infantry from other barracks, were on the rear of those stepping out for Tallaght. The cavalry did not proceed very rapidly; for, I believe it was designed by the authorities to allow the mass to meet at Tallaght. The metropolitan police, whom I have spoken of as standing in sixes by the shop shutters, had now united into a very formidable body of tall strong men, and they moved after the insurgents as rapidly as the cavalry. They marched silent as death, each man fully able to deal with half a dozen Fenians. Tired and worn out by my long travel, I stepped into a friend's house to obtain some momentary refreshment, but after a little rest I mounted my friend's car, and arrived at Tallaght before the great event of the night occurred.

The lower order of Irish use the phrase, "Tallaght-hill talk," to express boasts and menaces without power to enforce them. From the hill you can look down upon Dublin, "the city of the black pool;" and on a summer's day or moonlight night the panorama is magnificent. St. Patrick's cathedral stands out grandly, with its lofty steeple, and spire, and flying buttress. A scout placed on Tallaght-hill could ascertain, without difficulty, every military movement in Dublin. I do not know the plans of the Fenians, but I think they expected large reinforcements to meet them at Tallaght from the counties of Meath, Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare, and, when all were combined, to pour down upon that part of Dublin which, from their cry, they saw to be least protected. Lord Strathnairn, however, was too quick for them, and while he and his strong force of infantry and cavalry were marching to cut off the approaches to the

city, he had directed a portion of the 48th Regiment to move from the Curragh by the Southern and Western Railway, to leave the train at Celbridge station, and cut off the rear of the insurgents.

But, before the military had reached the Fenians, the latter were cowed and beaten. The tactics of the leaders were to attack police-stations, with their little garrison of from six to eight men. The constabulary barracks are nothing more than ordinary houses, usually one of a number, and in no way distinguished from the rest. The police barrack at Tallaght is a weak building, incapable of resisting determined assailants. On the night of the 5th of March there were fourteen constabulary in the barrack, when an excited messenger gave information that the Fenians had risen and were marching on the Tallaght road. Almost at the same moment the sound of a very large number of advancing men was heard. The inspector who commanded the constabulary ordered his men to move out and face the enemy. These could be heard and seen advancing like an irregular moving wall. It seemed as if the earth had risen five or six feet high, and were pressing forwards. When the constabulary challenged the crowd, no reply was given. Some order was issued to the insurgents, and then a volley came from the rebel ranks, irregular and scattered, but the light of the rifles pointed out the insurgents to the constabulary. These had knelt down, and the insurgents' fire passed over them without wounding a man. Then the constabulary delivered their fire, all together, like one shot. There was silence for an instant, then terrific yells rent the air, and screams of men in agony. The insurgents recoiled and broke at once. I can compare their breaking up to nothing but that of a "school" of mackerel. They ran everywhere, jostling, impeding, fighting each other, in anxiety to escape. You could hear the pike-staves and revolvers falling on the ground, as they were thrown away in the panic.

The dark mass melted away, but on the ground lay two dying men, one clutching at the gravel, and screaming out, "O men! O men!" The other was desperately wounded, and insensible. Two others were found next morning. They had been thrown into a ditch to die. The bullets of the constabulary did their work well; no one can tell how many were "hurt badly" by that one volley. I know there have been several clandestine burials and unhonoured graves; and I believe that there are still many sorely mangled lying in outhouses, a terror to their friends.

During the remainder of the night, or rather in the dark morning, the insurgents, who had fled to the Tallaght-hill, slipped off by ditches, hedge-rows, and mountain-torrent beds. When light dawned, there were not more than three hundred men and boys together, the most timid of the lot, who had feared even to attempt escape. The military captured with ease one hundred and eighty-six of these miserable wretches, half dead with fear, and utterly worn out with hunger and fatigue. They were marched into Dublin, and "paraded" in the Castle yard. Some begged for water, others for a morsel of bread; many threw themselves down on the flags to get a moment's rest. A more dismal and disgusting spectacle was never seen. There my duty ended. I had not found the man I was ordered to seek out, though he was at Tallaght-hill. How and where I found him I may tell hereafter.

THE NEW "Paris Guide," in French (intended for visitors to the Great Exhibition), is to be published in one volume, crown 8vo., containing from 1,300 to 1,400 pages of text, and 100 original full-page Engravings; 25 Maps and Plans, including a large Coloured Map of Paris; Maps of Versailles, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, Vincennes, the Environs of Paris, the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, &c.; and autographs of all the authors, upwards of 100 in number. The introduction is written by Victor Hugo, the History of Paris by Louis Blanc and Eugène Pelletan, and the various chapters on Science, Life, Art, Industry, the Environs of Paris, &c., by nearly all the best French literary men and artists of the day.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM.

ONCE more do I feel the soft summer wind blowing,
Whilst it tenderly rustles the trees;
Again the clear water is trilling and flowing,
As the rushes are bent 'neath the breeze.
The grand purple shadows are dreamily spreading
Their gloom o'er the sunshiny gleam;
Through tall nodding grasses I fancy I'm treading,
By the side of the murmuring stream.

Ah! don't you remember, sweet Amy, the talking
You caused down at Silverdale Hall?
How men were all wild to attend you in walking,
Or to carry your sunshade or shawl?
You laughed and you flirted, and were so provoking,
For you reigned like a despot extreme;
And issued your edicts—part earnest, part joking—
From your throne by the side of the stream.

Then you had your favourites I can't help confessing,
Though you treated us all as your slaves—
One moment were angry, the next were caressing,
More capricious than wind-driven waves.
'Twas then Charlie Lincoln and I were both vying
To be first in your love and esteem,
Whilst swiftly the rosy young hours were flying
At your court by the side of the stream.

Thus it often occurred in that bright sunny weather
That we both were ensnared by your wiles;
You gave one a flower, the other a feather,
Whilst you gladdened us both with your smiles.
At last came a time of most exquisite rapture—
How short did that afternoon seem!—
As rosy lips pouted, I made my first capture,
When I met you alone by the stream.

Alas, did I say? Charlie Lincoln had seen us;
That he had I could tell by his look;
What matter? With osiers and hurdles between us,
With a thick tangled hedge and—a brook.
'Twas all one to me, for he could not come over;
So he bowed in a manner supreme,
And envied the lot that had cast me in clover,
With himself the wrong side of the stream.

How tender and true were those words softly spoken!
How lovely the light in your eyes!
How earnest those pledges, ne'er meant to be broken,
Those whispers that melted to sighs!
No longer a fancy—my fate was decided;
No mere phantom or fairy-like dream:
I blessed the good luck that my rival had guided,
Thus to walk the wrong side of the stream!

J. ASHBY STERRY.

THE OLD HOUSE OF WYCHCOMBE.

IN one of the fair southern English counties, somewhere between the days of Robin Hood and Dick Turpin, when acorns had ceased to be the national dish, and the Normans had introduced beef and mutton, and had given their sanction to Saxon ale—somewhere in those times there lived in pomp and dignity the proud family of the Wychcombes, in the beautiful manor-house of Wychcombe Hall. It was in the days when the priesthood held sway, and when their word was law.

The family consisted of Dame Wychcombe, as she was styled, a tall, gaunt old lady of past seventy; her husband, a weak old man, who had evidently been ruled through life by her stronger will, and was little capable, if indeed he had desired it, of raising a standard of domestic rebellion now, in his seventy-sixth year. For the dame was the dread of her household; her daughters, unmarried old maids of at least fifty years, covered before her, and obeyed her like children. Indeed she had never ceased to consider them as such, so much so, that they themselves had no will of their own and were accustomed to be ruled and guided by her in the most trivial as well as the most important things. And, alas for them! but one important thing had happened to them in their lives, and that was when the youngest and fairest had, at the age of twenty, fallen in love with a young

squire of low degree, he dared to listen to his whispered words of love under the shade of the kitchen-garden wall, and when taxed with having stayed out beyond the hour fixed for her return, had fallen on her knees and implored her mother, though scarcely able to speak for fright, to sanction her union with the man to whom she had given her heart. But she never ventured to name his name again! The few words her stern parent returned in answer crushed her hopes and her heart for ever. She left her presence, feeling she must have done a deadly wrong in even thinking that such a marriage could be possible for her.

She never saw the squire of low degree again; and dark suspicions were assaulted as to the cause of his sudden and entire disappearance from his native place. This event broke one sister's heart, and was such a lesson to the others that they hardly dared to utter a word or move a finger without first endeavouring to read on their mother's face whether they had her permission to do so.

They had had a brother, but they had known little of him, and now knew not whether he were alive or dead.

Both sisters had a clear recollection of waking up one night in a long-bygone winter and hearing words of fierce altercation in voices they knew, one their mother's, the other their brother's, and now and then another, which they did not know,—a gentle voice pleading, as it seemed, with both, and ending with a wild shriek. Then a door banged loudly, and all was still. The eldest sister stood shivering and trembling at her bed-room door for an hour or more, till she heard her mother come upstairs with a slow and heavy tread, muttering to herself, and the only words that could be distinguished were, "A girl like that my daughter-in-law! Never. Now—No one heard—not even the splash—though he tried—but I am strong too—ha! ha!" Shaking with terror and frightened to death, the listening girl retreated into her bed-room, the darkness concealing the fact of her door being ajar. The two sisters never dared to ask an explanation of what had passed that night; but they never saw their brother more!

Neither was Dame Wychcombe in good repute amongst her neighbours, for there were dark stories of her early life; and her tyranny to her husband and daughter, remarkable even in those stern days, was well known abroad. But none dared remonstrate, and the power and wealth of the family placed her in such a position as to be above feeling the dislike of her neighbours. A distant respect was all she sought, and that much they were obliged, as far as appearances went, to concede to her. But in the hearts of all she was hated, and few, if any, knew how deeply that hatred was deserved. For seventy years she had faced the world with unflinching indifference; for seventy years she had borne the insinuations that she heard faintly murmured around her without changing a muscle of her hard countenance; for seventy years she had stood there shrinking from nothing, rejecting no investigation, repelling no question, fearing no discovery. For who would question a rock? Who would seek to undermine a rock to see what lay beneath? Would not the rock crush them first? Who would venture such a risk? And, indeed, it was nobody's interest to examine into the private affairs of that proud family. Exclusive and cold, common curiosity shrank from their very name!

And so it was till the threescore years and ten had passed, and the tall, gaunt frame began to stoop, and the cold grey eyes lost some of their fire, and the thin cheeks grew yellow and wrinkled, and all could see that age was doing its quiet but inevitable work. At last her iron constitution gave way under the weight of years, and then, indeed, the sins of her past life crowded into agony on her soul. Indomitable as she had ever been, there was one who in her strongest days had had some slight influence over her; and now this man, the village priest, was the only one who had any power at all over her still despotic will. She declared she would see no one. He quietly entered her room; she bid him fiercely be gone. He calmly sat

down by her bedside, and watched her without speaking, while she raved at him. But her power was slipping out of her hands: his was as strong as ever, for it lay in his eyes, with which he seemed to mesmerise her and coerce her into passiveness before he spoke, in the quiet but firm tone habitual to him.

"You are dying," he said. "You had need to make one more confession ere you die, or the blessing of absolution will not be yours."

"I have confessed and confessed," she cried, "and I have no more peace than if I had never spoken. I will confess no more."

"Once more," he continued, in the same tone; "once more. Recollect the darkest page in all your life. All your other sins I know, and may the Holy Virgin forgive you, for they are many."

"Absolution, father," she cried imploringly; "you promised me absolution after I had told you—"

"All," he added, for she hesitated; "and you have not told me all."

"And all you shall never know," she said, passionately; "for I will die without telling you, and the grave will keep my secret."

"Die, then," he said; "die without absolution, and with all your sins on your own head, and the vengeance of Heaven—"

"Stop! stop! and I will tell you. Here, listen; hold your head down—lower, lower, lower, that none may hear. Ha? what was that? I heard a scream! Ha! he is coming! Oh! Heaven have mercy on my soul!" cried the raving woman.

"You have but little time on earth—but little time for repentance," said the priest, in his cold measured voice, glancing at the sun, which was sinking low in the crimson sky.

"Give me time!—only give me a little time. When the sun sets I will tell you."

They both watched it—the priest with eager impatience, the dying woman grudging every second that fled by of her last day on earth, and it was with an effort, as the last ray vanished beneath the dark purple horizon, that she turned to the priest and said, almost gasping—

"Now, father, I will tell you all. Stoop down and hear me."

He listened, and his face grew white as she whispered her last confession into his ear—white as that of the wretched woman who had bartered her very soul for pride. What she told him was worse, far worse, than what he had thought.

"Woman!" he cried, as she ceased and sank back on her pillow, "you are lost—lost beyond redemption. Absolution is not for such as you. There is no time for penance—no time for forgiveness for such black deeds as yours. You are lost!"

"Lost!" she cried in frantic despair; "lost! never! Surely the fire that has burnt in my heart till it was seared in agony must count for something? Father, set me what penance you will. I have life in me to do it yet. Speak, and quickly; what more can I do?—what more can I suffer?"

The priest hastened to speak.

"Lands to the Church," he said. "An ample gift might purchase prayers that would release a sinner such as yours from purgatory, and save it from eternal destruction. But what riches are yours—what lands could you bestow?"

"Give me but hope, father. I will provide the means. My husband—where is he? and fetch a notary; and, father, be yourself a witness."

"It shall be done," answered the priest, as he rose to fetch the old man, who, awed by the nearness of death, entered the room with a look of solemnity which the mere prospect of parting with his wife could hardly have called up.

"My husband," said the weak and gasping voice, "you see me dying. Grant me one last boon—the very last."

"What have I ever denied you, that you should ask like this?" he answered.

"I have been a worldly woman," she said. "I have not done for the Church all that I ought to have done; and, now that my last hour is

come, I have nothing I can call my own to offer as a mark of my contrition and humility."

"Truly," thought the old man, "there is need of proof ere I believe in your humility;" but aloud he only said, "What is your wish? I will grant you whatever you desire."

"I only ask this," she said, "only this. You see how weak I am. My voice is failing, my strength is gone. I pray you to let me rise, and promise me faithfully that so much of land as I can walk over may be given from henceforth and for ever to the Church."

"I promise you that, and welcome," said the husband, with a covert smile, for he felt certain that her first step from her bed would be her last in life. She caught the smile, though, and her spirit rose within her; for, with the "ruling passion strong in death," the desire of disappointing her husband gave her even more strength than the fear of the flames of purgatory.

She rose, supported by the priest, and staggered to the door. Though scarcely breathing, yet, as the door was opened the fresh air of the evening blew down upon her and revived her wonderfully. With unexpected energy she crawled a few yards, then, to the growing alarm of her husband, she raised herself up-right, and absolutely walked; but walked so far and so steadily that he, old and lame, could scarcely keep up with her, and struggled behind, invoking a thousand curses on her head, as, step by step, he saw the best part of his property passing away into the hands of the Church. On she went, and more than one gate was opened by the eager priest, and more than one obstacle cleared out of her path, ere she gave up the race with death, and sank at last on the bare earth. Her husband came up just in time to hear her last words—to hear her calling down Heaven's bitterest judgments on any member of the family, however distant, who should alienate these lands, which her dying energies had gained, from the Church—to hear her invoking a special curse on his head, should he attempt to forego his promise—and to hear her last words of all, "And when these broad lands have passed away from the Church may the family have a male heir never more!" And so she died, out in the night air, with a curse on her lips.

The confessor stood by her side triumphant; her husband raging, swearing, and stamping as only a deceived man can.

Still he made over the broad lands to the Church. He was too much awed to cheat them of as much as a square inch of it. And when he had delivered over the parchment deed, duly signed and attested, the priest poured into his astonished ears the news that, though his son was dead, his grandson survived, and was heir to the place, impoverished as it was by the large piece taken from it.

"And where is he?" asked the widower, who was beginning to find consolation for the loss of his lands in the fact that he had lost his wife also, and to whom this possession of a grandson opened a vista of comfort for his declining years.

"Not far off," said the priest. "That youth who works in the monastery garden is your grandson."

"But my son died childless, so it cannot be," continued the old man, returning to despondency. "He died abroad, just after his mother refused to consent to his marriage."

"He was married already, and his child was born when their last interview took place," said the priest, cautiously.

"He was?" he exclaimed, with surprise. "But speak out, man speak out. You know more than I do. Why should not I know all? There is no one to prevent me now." And he laughed with some bitterness.

"What I know," said the priest, "I learnt under the seal of confession, and may not tell."

"You must prove to me that my son was married, that I may believe that that lad is my grandson."

"Does not his likeness prove it?" asked the priest.

"It may, it may," said the old man, musingly. "But," he added, with his voice lowered to a hissing whisper, "my son, what of him?"

"Your son was murdered," said the priest, boldly, "and by the hands of his mother; and you will find his bones in the deep well behind the fir wood. If you find them you will believe me, and may believe me, too, when I say that that boy is your grandson. And I can give you written proofs, besides."

The old man's eyes were glazed, and he stared transfixed at the priest.

"Horrible! horrible!" were his only words.

They sought and found the bones. The boy was indeed and in truth the grandson. His gentle though low-born mother was for the first time acknowledged as the daughter-in-law of the house, and cordially welcomed by the grey-haired but still warm-hearted old sisters.

The rest of the story is soon told. So long as the lands over which the resolute old woman had walked were left in the peaceable possession of the Church, an heir male was never wanting to the family of Wyclcombe. But when, a hundred years or so after the death of the wicked dame, they were commuted into money, and a yearly sum paid—but paid irregularly and scantily—in their stead, daughters only were born to the house, till at length one heiress, who either pined more than the others for a son, or was more devout, and believed the old story, restored the lands in a *bona fide* gift to the Church. She was blessed with many a son, and ever since, in spite of misfortune and strange adventure by land and sea, an heir male has never been lacking to the proud old house of Wyclcombe.

T.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A VERY interesting discovery has just been made in St Patrick's (better known as Marsh's) Library, Dublin,—a curious collection of old books, in a dusky old building which seems as if it had not been touched for generations. Certain papers have there turned up in the handwriting (at least, so it is believed) of Dean Swift. The library, which is in the cathedral close, is known to have been one of the great satirist's haunts, and the fragment which forms the most important of the papers just discovered has certainly all the character of Swift's genius and all the marks of his manner, though considering what ingenious imitations have been made ere now, we should perhaps do well in receiving the passage with a reasonable amount of caution until we have some authoritative statement as to the genuineness of the handwriting. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which publishes the fragment, says:—"The relics brought to light are, it seems, for the most part mere scribbings; scrawls made as if to try a pen; words written down as though to test some question of orthography (spelling was still rather arbitrary in 1720, and Swift was somewhat of a precision on that head); sometimes, too, words which look like experiments in the Houyhnhnm language, put down to verify the monstrosity of their appearance before their admission into the manuscript, and here and there a stray note of page or reference to an author. Of the very few that deserve title of writings, the one which we are enabled to lay before our readers is in many respects the most curious and interesting. Why Swift excluded the fragment from its proper place in the fourth part of 'Gulliver' must be left to conjecture. Probably it was from the fear of giving offence to some of his oldest and dearest friends. Writing in Ireland, he was no doubt aware in a general way that a passion for racing and turf speculation then prevailed in England; that the Darley Arabian was spoken of in terms that would have seemed extravagant if applied to the founder of a dynasty, and that 'Newmarket fame and judgment at a bet' were more valued in society than a reputation for wit and wisdom. But when he made his journey to London in the spring of 1726, he found that the mania had infected his own circle of friends. Pope, indeed, busy on the 'Dunciad' had escaped, and Arbuthnot's Scotch caution had kept him safe; but Bolingbroke, to the peril of his then newly recovered patrimony, had taken to bookmaking with that energy which he threw into everything he attempted; and Gay, not

cured of gambling by the South Sea Bubble, was investing the proceeds of 'The Captives' by backing the Duke of Queensberry's stable in the most reckless manner and at the most ruinous prices. Others there were, no doubt in the same case, but it was enough that these two might possibly be hurt by his strictures on the turf to induce Swift to suppress them." The passage (which seems to be have been intended for the fourth chapter of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms) contains a bitter satire on the rascality of bettingmen, jockeys, and the rest of the confraternity, and is certainly in Swift's keenest and most masterly style. It ends in the middle of a sentence, but is too long for quotation here.

THE NEW NATION.

THE deed is done! Our country stands
United, hearts and hopes and hands,

From ocean to the far-off west,
In peace the nation waxes to life,
No bloody stains of angry strife
Reddening her virgin crest.

To us the past remains no more,
Save where its pago is sprinkled o'er
With records of each noble deed;
How brave men conquered in the fight,
How statesmen struggled for the right,
Each in his country's need.

But bright the future gleams beyond,
And quick our hopeful hearts respond
As down the vista long we view,
The coming glories of our land;
And fast they throng on either hand
In this our era new.

Increasing commerce, with its sails
Moved by the breath of favoring gales,
And dotting ocean's heaving breast;—
At home the wealth that labour yields
Augmenting ever, and the fields
In waving plenty drest.

Increasing love of country, strong
To save the right, avenge the wrong,
And to protect our northern homes;—
While from the world beyond the sea,
Lured by the sweets of liberty,
Unnumbered thousands come.

Such pictures pass before the eye
Of him who essays to desery
The future of our infant state;
To prove them true or false remains
With us,—we now may forge our chains,
Or make our country great.

Men of the north! whose sturdy hands
Have caused our gloomy forest lands
To bud and blossom as the rose!
The prospect fair before you lies,
Sleep not your noble energies
In indolent repose.

But bend your minds, your strong good sense,
Your wisdom, your intelligence,
To start the nation on its road,
While mother-England cries, "God speed!"
What more, Canadians, do we need?—
The blessing of our God!

Let then the warm petition rise,
Where village spires point to the skies,
Where city thousands meet for prayer,
That Canada may ever be
United, happy, brave and free,
And honoured everywhere!

H. K. C.

Quebec, April, 1867.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Rev. Dr. John Campbell, editor of the *British Standard*, and other periodicals, and the author of several works, chiefly of a controversial character, has died at the age of seventy-two. He was a minister of the Independent or Congregational denomination, and a D.D. of St. Andrew's University. It was he who a few years ago came into collision with the *Satur-*

day Review, and as long back as 1839 he had a controversy with the Queen's printers on the Bible-printing monopoly, which resulted in a large reduction in the price of the Scriptures.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce, to be published shortly, "The History of the (U. S.) Navy." By the Rev. Charles D. Boynton, D.D., Professor at the U. S. Naval Academy and Chaplain of the House of Representatives. The work will be issued in two elegant octavo volumes of about five hundred pages each, embellished and illustrated with some ten full-page engravings in chromo tints, and with the same number of woodcuts, portraits on steel of distinguished officers, and numerous vignettes from sketches made by Commander M. B. Woolsey, U. S. Navy, and with numerous maps and charts from government surveys and official plans, furnished for this work exclusively. The publishers state that every desired facility has been extended Dr. Boynton by the Navy department for obtaining information from original and reliable sources, and that they will spare neither pains nor money in the production of the work. It will be printed on beautiful paper, of excellent quality, in large, clear type, and handsomely bound in various styles.

The *Carlisle Examiner* publishes some selections from a recent work of "the Poet Close," to whom Lord Palmerston granted a pension of we believe, £50 sterling. The book is a mixture of prose and verse, dedicated to Dr. Rooko, F.G.S., of Scarborough. The first poem of any pretensions in the volume is that entitled "Our Blue Coat Boy," composed in memory of Colonel Lowther's kindness in presenting Poet Close's son to Christ's Hospital. It contains the following stanza;—

"May God reward the Colonel kind
Who gave us such a boon;
Whose kindness got him in this School
At such an age so soon.
Well may we love Colonel Lowther's name,
Long Life may he enjoy;
Whose patronage has crowned our Son,
Made him a—Blue Coat Boy."

The next piece is in honour of "the distinguished Miss Hill, who had built a church at her own expense in the village of Great Asby." This is the style in which Miss Hill is celebrated;—

"We link thy name with glorious Mrs. Fry
Whose Virtues live for ever—never die!
Miss Burdett Coutts, Oh, noble Womankind
Nobler hearted ladies there cannot be!"

There is an ode on Thorley's cattle field, with a note at the bottom, saying who is sole agent for Kirby Stephen; and there are a pair of stanzas on Tiukler's patent prize churros. One of the most delicious things in the volume, however, is the following; "It was expected that Mr. Close might have dined (at Kirkbythore) with a certain Parson, who has a living worth £1,000 per annum, but he chose to remain with Mr. Thom and his dear little Wife, who welcomed the Poet in their usual hearty style—a *roast Goose* and other dainties graced the table, and, need we add, no doubt Mr. Thom's famous Black Bottle was there also? At dinner, the Poet said, 'Mr. Thom, I am afraid your Goose will come alive again, and make a great noise over all Westmoreland; that thousands, when they ride by Rail, will point out your House, and say, 'That's the place where poor Poet Close feasted like a Prince of the Blood, and never enjoyed himself more in his life.' When geese sing the praise of Poet Close and his patrons, it cannot be denied that they have a large circle of worshippers."

AN AUTOGRAPH of Oliver Cromwell, at a recent sale in Worcester, fetched the price of six guineas, which, as the signature was merely "Oliver P.," was at the rate of nearly a pound a letter. Mr. Carlyle may be pleased to know, that his favourite is not, in a mercantile phrase, depreciated in the market, and that, in autographical sense, Cromwells are looking up.

Messrs. HATCHARD & Co., of London are about to publish a sequel to that well-known work for young children, the "Peep of Day," the title of which will be "Precept upon Precept." Of the "Peep of Day," 250,000 copies have been sold in England, and a like number in the United States.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MAY 11, 1867.

BOUND VOLUMES.

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

THE LAMIRANDE EXTRADITION CASE.

THIS cause célèbre has derived additional notoriety and interest from the publication of the correspondence and other documents connected with it laid before the Imperial Parliament; some copies of which have recently reached this country. Many of the facts brought forth are not a little curious, and will probably afford matter for more than one sensational tale, English as well as French; for several of the incidents are quite in the style of the present school of romance, of which roguery and vice are the staple commodities, and the heroes accomplished candidates for Botany Bay and the gallows. Miss Braddon, or Mrs. Wood, or Mr. Charles Reade, would, we have no doubt, convert the Lamirande affair into a most thrilling narrative, with very little aid from imagination, for they would find the materials, to a great extent, ready-made to their hands. Statesmen, governors, judges, lawyers, detectives, policemen, crowd the scene, whose characteristics as painted by themselves, require but few touches from the skill of the artist. We have no intention of encroaching on the manner of the novelist, and shall content ourselves with a simple relation of the leading circumstances of Lamirande's story, his crime, his flight, his capture and the international questions to which they gave rise. These, it is true, have been largely discussed in the Canadian, English, and French newspapers; but the facts have been so distorted by legal subtleties and partisan zeal, that most persons have been able to form but a very confused notion of them.

At the date of March, 1866, Ernest Surreau Lamirande had been for about ten years cashier to the branch of the Bank of France, established at Poitiers in the department of Vienne. On the 12th of that month, Mr. Bailly, the local director, informed Lamirande that a million francs in gold would have to be immediately forwarded by him to the branch at Angoulême, and that on the following day a further sum of half a million francs in silver must be sent to the same place. Lamirande, during the morning and afternoon of the 12th, was busily employed in preparations to despatch the money; but in the evening he left his post, took the railway, and crossed the frontier, after taking considerable precaution to avoid early pursuit. He had circulated a report in the town that his nephew was dangerously ill at Châtelleraut, and he had written to Mr. Bailly, the Director, that he was called away by this misfortune, but that he would be back in sufficient time to attend to the transmission of funds to Angoulême. He had at the same time sent his keys to another employée of the bank, with a request to act for him in his absence. No suspicions were entertained at first, but on the 13th the sacks of silver intended for Angoulême having been removed from the bank vault and weighed, they were found to be deficient to the extent of two hundred francs each. In short, the sum deficient in the vault was on examination, found to amount to 219,000 francs. But Lamirande in transmitting his keys to the person he requested to perform his duties temporarily, had retained the key which opened the compartment which held the current cash for daily use, and of which, as cashier, he was sole custodian. Upon forcing open this place, it was discovered that all the large notes of 1000 francs were missing,

and that many bags which ought to have contained 10,000 francs in gold were partly filled with silver pieces to the same bulk. The mode of the extraction was sufficiently simple: Lamirande took gold from the bags and supplied its place with silver; he took silver and replaced it with paper; then made false returns of the cash on hand. Nothing but great carelessness on the part of the Directors and Superintendants could have enabled him to carry on his frauds for so long a period; and the demand for Am-goleme of a million and a half, at once put an end to his operations. It appears that if he could have kept his balances right in his own particular cash account, any deficiency in the vaults would have been laid at the door of several other persons in common with him; and his chief object seems to have been to manage matters so that this result should be attained. The total amount of his speculations was over 704,000 francs, a considerable portion of which he carried off with him.

In the meantime the defaulter had found his way to England, whither he was followed by E. J. Melin, *Inspecteur principal de Police* at Paris, instructed to demand that he should be delivered up under the extradition treaty between England and France; but the bird had flown, having left Liverpool for New York. Thither Melin also took his way, and soon discovered him, passing under more than one false name. At first, a civil suit was instituted against him for recovery of the monies of which he had deprived the Bank of France; but as soon as certain necessary documents had been received his extradition was demanded in the name of the French Government. There could have been little difficulty in delivering him up by the United States, for the extradition treaty between that country and France, provides for the crime of embezzlement, with which Lamirande was plainly chargeable by the laws of both nations. But be that as it may, he contrived to evade American justice, and to escape into Canada; and here begins our connection with the affair. On the 18th July, 1866, the Consul-General of France, for the Provinces of British North America addressed to the Governor General, through the Provincial Secretary, a requisition for the extradition of Lamirande. The Governor on the 26th of the month issued a warrant for his apprehension, and on the 7th August, he was taken into custody and lodged in the Montreal jail, to be dealt with according to law. After a protracted trial before Mr. Brehaut, Police Magistrate, it was adjudged that the prisoner should be surrendered for extradition. This judgment was rendered on the 22nd August at half past seven o'clock p.m. Next morning, Lamirande's attorney served a notice for *Habeas Corpus* on the gentleman representing the Attorney General, and on the 24th the case was argued in chambers before Mr. Justice Drummond of the Court of Queen's Bench. From some occult cause the issuing of the writ was postponed to the next day, and thereby hangs a tale. In the course of the night Lamirande was "spirited away" in a manner so strange that people have been unwilling to believe that the incident could have occurred in a community such as ours. But the authentic details now produced leave no room for doubt on the subject. The accounts of the transactions heretofore within our reach were incomplete and often contradictory.

Lamirande seems throughout to have been impressed with the conviction that, whatever the decision in his case might be, he was destined to be carried off by the Detective who had so persevering followed in his track; and his counsel, Mr. Doure, declares that "from the beginning of the proceedings, tending to the extradition of the prisoner," he, Mr. Doure, "anticipated that the said prisoner would be arbitrarily and illegally dealt with by the Magistrate and officers prosecuting his extradition." Consequently, while the question was pending before Mr. Brehaut, a petition was forwarded to the Governor General, stating these apprehensions, and praying him to give no order for Lamirande's surrender, without allowing him time to sue out a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Mr. C. L. Spilthorn,

who had acted as the accused's attorney in New York, delivered this document personally to His Excellency, who in a despatch to the Secretary of the Colonies alludes to it in these terms: "It is true that I stated to Mr. Spilthorn, when he presented a petition to me on the subject at Ottawa, that time should be allowed to the prisoner to apply for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*." Mr. Doure still entertaining suspicion on this head, said, when applying for the writ, that although he could not show cause by affidavit for the necessity of a speedy decision, he felt bound to express the intense fears of the prisoner that he should not be fairly dealt with; that he had been threatened that, law or no law, he would be carried back to France; that attempts had been made to bribe his captors; and that the French detective Melin had boasted that he had an unlimited control over the funds of the Bank of France to secure that object. The representative of the Attorney General indignantly repelled these insinuations, and carefully disparaging to the institutions of the country, when the prisoner was fully protected by the fact that he could not be surrendered except on the warrant of the Governor General. Lord Monck's warrant was, however, on its way from Quebec at that moment, if it had not reached Montreal. Mr. Doure in an affidavit declares that on the evening of the same day—the 24th August—between 8 and 9 o'clock, he was called upon by parties who told him that they had credible information that Lamirande was to be carried away that night. He thereupon repaired to Judge Drummond's house, and made a deposition of the facts related to him. The Judge accompanied him to the Grand Trunk Railway Station in Bonaventure Street, where they found Melin, the High Constable Bissonette, and another constable, Judge Drummond informed Mr. Bissonette of the facts that had come to his knowledge, adding that he would hold him responsible for anything that should happen; to which the high constable replied that he knew nothing of the affair, and had received no orders in connection with it. The Judge then drove to the jail, where he left written instructions to detain the prisoner in custody. The closing scene is graphically described by Mr. Spilthorn in a statement made by him on oath. He had been at the Bonaventure Station with Judge Drummond and Mr. Doure, and says:

"A few minutes after, the Quebec train being in motion, Mr. Doure advised me to go down to Quebec, and do as circumstances would require. I did so; but the train stopped at Point St. Charles, and we were all detained there until 1 o'clock A.M. During that interval I walk up and down, and saw that the train was divided in two parts, some three or four cars having been left some distance behind. About one or two minutes before the final departure of the train the two parts were coupled together. Having more than suspicions about what was going on, I tried to look into those cars. One of them was a baggage-car, having a kind of balcony passage. Seeing light in that car, I went in the passage and saw Lamirande through the window. The door was locked. Around Lamirande I saw High Constable Bissonette, the French detective Melin, and one or two others I did not know. I called Lamirande by his name, and he made a move towards me, but he was immediately brought down by force, and the light inside was blown out. I did not see him before reaching Point Levi, near Quebec, on the morning of the 25th of August. On the way down I prepared two telegrams, one addressed to the Governor-General, the other to lawyers of Quebec. I applied to five stations to have my telegrams sent to their destination. In two of them I found no operator; in two others I was told that they were not in working order; and in the last, objection was made to my telegrams because they were written in pencil. We arrived at Point Levi at about 10 o'clock. I met Lamirande at the ferry-boat. I asked his guardians under what authority they were conveying him. They answered at first that they had no account to give, but at last they said that they had the Governor's warrant. I reminded Bissonette of what had been told

him by Mr Justice Drummond in my presence. He answered that when he had the Governor's warrant he laughed at Judge's orders. Bissounette's assistants were saying the same; this all amidst threats of violence and arrest against me if I said anything more. All the while the ferry-boat was directed towards the steamer "Damascus" laying at the Quebec wharf, and waiting for the ferry, under steam. Lamirande was immediately transferred on the steamer, which left a few minutes afterwards.

All this is not a little melodramatic and sensational; but it is considerably out of character with the sober routine of British and Canadian justice. We shall resume the subject in our next number.

REVIEWS.

Black Sheep: a Novel, by EDWARD YATES, Author of "Land at Last" &c. &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers

THIS is a reprint of a story by Edmund Yates, one of the younger English novelists, who is rising rapidly in public estimation. It is well worthy of being added to Harper's "Library of Select Novels" as it has already enjoyed more than usual honours. Originally written for Dickens' periodical "All the Year Round," it has been republished in the columns of the "New York Albion," and also in the pages of "Every Saturday." Belonging to the school of writers, of whom Sala is perhaps the cleverest and best-known representative; a minute photographer of every day life, and a keen observer of character, Mr. Yates has hitherto been successful in all his literary ventures. His last novel "Land at Last" had a considerable run, but at the same time a cry was raised by many who had the best reason to be well-informed, that his sketches of Bohemian Artist Life, far from being true to nature, were utterly unlike anything that is met with in that singular and fantastic world which was so wonderfully described by poor *Henri Murger*.

In the present story a far darker and less well-known phase of life is described, the two leading actors in it being Stewart Routh and Harriet, his wife. On the portrait of the latter all the skill of the novelist has been lavished: and though we can scarcely consider her character a probable one, still we cannot but feel deeply interested in her fortunes, as her various qualities are called into active play during the development of the plot. Stewart Routh is the son of an honorable and honored old Herefordshire Squire. Educated at Eton and subsequently at Oxford, he is detected at the latter place in the act of "securing" some dice, and is expelled from the University by the College authorities. His father disowns him—erases his dishonoured name from the family bible, and the cast-off prodigal becomes almost a *chevalier d'industrie*, living on his wits, or, what amounts to the same thing, on the want of wits in others. A deadly fever, during which he is deserted in affright even by the servants in a hotel at Baden, makes him acquainted with Harriet Creswick, (the governess in a noble family), who gives up her situation to tend her lonely countryman in his hour of need. Under her care and kind treatment he recovers, and partly in a spirit of gratitude, partly because his quick perception detects in her, the woman who, by her physical and mental qualities, is exactly fitted to be his partner in the game of life, marries her. Nor has he ever reason to repent of the step which he takes.

The process by which, after one fruitless hint at the possibility of reforming and leading a higher life, the wife gradually assimilates to her husband, until at length she directs all his schemes, and is an accomplice in all his criminality, is described with considerable power. How the threads of their existence became inextricably entwined with the life of George Dallas, the hero of the tale, it is not for us to say. The pivot on which the main interest of the novel turns, is the murder, in the streets of London, of an American stranger, who is a gambling acquaintance both of Routh and Dallas. This man, known to us at first as Philip Deane, but who

turns out afterwards to have been Arthur Felton, cousin of the hero's, is, we think, the worst drawn character in the work; in fact, a decided failure. The sketch is a gross caricature, designed merely from fancy, with but slight reference to nature.

The denouement of the tale is highly dramatic; and the fate of Harriet, the most loving and devoted of wives to her worthless husband during all his criminal career, excites, in a high degree, our interest and pity. Her character calls to mind, and to a great extent realizes for us those wonderfully passionate lines of Moore, which have been quoted by Edgar Allan Poe, as containing the very soul of the most ardent earthly love.

"Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame? I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thine Angel in moments of bliss, And thine angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this— thro' the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, or save thee,—or perish there too!"

Frederick the Great and his Family: An Historical Novel, by L. MULBACH. Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman, and her Daughters, with Illustrations. New York: Appleton & Co. (From Dawson, Bros.)

Louisa Mulbach's historical novels have been extremely popular in her own country, and well merit the honour of translation for the Western World of novel readers. The series in which Frederick the Great figures, is particularly attractive; and although we think that in the present volume, some of the scenes in Frederick's life are described with unnecessary minuteness, and at a tedious length; still on the whole, the story is an interesting one, and the characters of the principal *dramatis personæ* are well sustained. The style is rather diffuse, and the moral reflections are occasionally rather trite, but the morality of the book is at any rate sound; and there is considerably more plot and action than mere reflection in the tale. It would be impossible in our narrow limits, to attempt any analysis of the story, which is, if we have rightly calculated, fully equal in length to a four volume novel. We are aware that this sounds formidable; but the reader, when once fairly started on the journey, will not find the road tedious or the company unpleasant. The translation in a few instances is not sufficiently idiomatic, but on the whole seems creditably executed. The illustrations hardly add to the value of the book, and might have been omitted without causing regret.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 120.

Book the Fourth.

VALENTINE HAWKEHURST'S RECORD.

CHAPTER III. MR. GOODGE'S WISDOM.

October 5th. My dreams last night were haunted by the image of grey-eyed Molly, with her wild loose hair. She must needs have been a sweet creature, and how she came amongst those prim fishy-eyed men and women with absurd headgear is much more than I can understand. That she should mix herself up with Diana Paget, and play *rouge-et-noir* at Forest-chêue in a tuckered-up chintz gown and a quilted satin petticoat! in my dreams last night—that I should meet her afterwards in the little stucco temple on the Belgian hills, and stab her to the heart, whereon she changed into Charlotte Halliday—is only in the nature of dreams, and therefore no subject for wonder.

On referring to Sheldon's letter I found that the next people to be looked up were descendants of Brice the lawyer; so I devoted my breakfast-hour to the cultivation of an intimacy with the oldest of the waiters—a very antique specimen of his brotherhood, with a white stubble upon his chin and a tendency to confusion of mind in the matter of forks and spoons.

"Do you know, or have you ever known, an attorney of the name of Brice in this town?" I asked him.

He rubbed the white stubble contemplatively with his hand, and then gave his poor old head a dejected shake. I felt at once that I should get very little good out of him.

"No," he murmured despondently, "not that I can call to mind."

I should like to know what he *could* call to mind, piteous old meanderer!

"And yet you belong to Ullerton, I suppose?"

"Yes, and have belonged to it these seventy-five years, man and boy;" whereby no doubt the dreary confusion of the unhappy being's mind. *Figurez donc, mon cher Qui-que-ce-soit*, fifty-five years or so of commercial breakfasts and dinners in such a place as Ullerton. Five-and-fifty years of steaks and chops; five-and-fifty years of ham-and-eggs, indifferently-buttered toasts, and perennial sices of brandy-and-water! After rambling to and fro with spoons and forks, and while in progress of clearing my table, and dropping the different items of my breakfast equipage, the poor soddened faded face of this dreary wanderer became suddenly illumined with a faint glimmer that was almost the light of reason.

"There were a Brice in Ullerton when I were a lad; I've heard father tell on him," he murmured slowly.

"An attorney?"

"Yes. He were a rare wild one, he were! It was when the Prince of Wales were Regent for his poor old mad father, as the saying is, and folks was wilder like in general in those times, and wore spencers—lawyer Brice wore a plum-coloured one."

Imagine then again, my dear, an attorney in a plum-coloured spencer! Who, in these enlightened days, would trust his business to such a practitioner? I perked up considerably, believing that my aged imbecile was going to be of real service to me.

"Yes, he were a rare wild one, he were," said my ancient friend with excitement; "I can remember him as well as if it was yesterday, at Tiverford races—there was races at Tiverford in those days, and gentlemen-jocks. Lawyer Brice rode his roan mare—Queen Charlotte they called her. But after that he went wrong, folks said—speckilated with some money, you see, that he didn't ought to have touched—and went to America, and died."

"Died in America, did he? Why tho deuce couldn't he die in Ullerton? I should fancy it was a pleasanter place to die in than it is to live in. And how about his sons?"

"Lawyer Brice's sons?"

"Yes, of course."

My imbecile's lips expanded into a broad grin.

"Lawyer Brice never had no sons," he exclaimed, with a tone which seemed to express a contemptuous pity for my ignorance; "he never married."

"Well, well; his brother. He had brothers, I suppose?"

"Not as I ever heard tell on," answered my imbecile, relapsing into hopeless insanity.

It was clear that no further help was to be obtained from him. I went to the landlord—a brisk business-like individual of Transatlantic go-aheadism. From him I learned that there were no Brices in Ullerton, and never had been within the thirty years of his experience in that town. He gave me an Ullerton directory in confirmation of that fact—a neat little shilling volume, which I begged leave to keep for a quarter of an hour before returning it.

Brice was evidently a failure. I turned to the letter G, and looked up the name of Goodge. Goodge, Jonah, minister of Beulah Chapel, resided at No. 7 Waterhouse-lane—the lane in which I had seen the chapel.

I determined upon waiting on the worthy Goodge. He may be able to enlighten me as to the name of the pastor who preached to the Wesleyan flock in the time of Rebecca Causfield, and from the descendants of such pastor I may glean some straws and shreds of information.

The pious Rebecca would have been likely to confide much to her spiritual director. The early Wesleyans had all the exaltation of the Quietists, and something of the lunatic fervour of the Convulsionists, who kicked and screamed themselves into epilepsy under the influence of the Unigenitus Bull. The pious Rebecca was no doubt an enthusiast.

I found No. 7 Waterhouse-lane. It is a neat little six-roomed house, with preternaturally green palings enclosing about sixty square feet of bright yellow gravel, adorned by a row of whitewashed shells. Some scarlet geraniums bloomed in pots of still more vivid scarlet; and the sight of those bright red blossoms recalled Philip Sheldon's garden at Bayswater, and that sweet girl by whose side I have walked its trim pathways.

But business is business; and if I am ever to sue for my Charlotte's hand I must present myself before her as the winner of the three thousand. Remembering this, I lifted Mr. Goodge's knocker, and presently found myself in conversation with that gentleman.

Whether ordained piety has a natural tendency to become greasy of aspect, and whether, among the many miracles vouchsafed to the amiable and really great Wesley, he received for his disciples of all time to come the gift of a miraculous straightness and lankiness of hair, I know not; but I do know that every Methodist parson I have had the honour to know has been of one pattern, and that Mr. Goodge is no exception to the rule.

I am bound to record that I found him a very civil person, quite willing to afford me any help in his power, and far more practical and business-like than the rector of Dewsdale.

It seems that the gift of tongues descended on the Goodges during the lifetime of John Wesley himself, and during the earlier part of that teacher's career. It was a Goodge who preached in the draper's warehouse, and it was the edifying discourse of a Goodge which developed the piety of Miss Rebecca Caulfield, afterwards Mrs. Haygarth.

"That Goodge was my great-uncle," said the courteous Jonah, "and there was no one in Ulterton better acquainted with Rebecca Caulfield. I've heard my grandmother talk of her many a time. She used to send him poultry and garden-stuff from her house at Dewsdale, and at his instigation she contributed handsomely to the erection of the chapel in which it is my privilege to preach."

I felt that I had struck upon a vein of gold. Here was a sharp-witted, middle-aged man—not an ancient mariner, or a meandering imbecile—who could remember the talk of a grandmother who had known Matthew Haygarth's wife. And this visit to Mr. Goodge was my own idea, not prompted by the far-seeing Sheldon. I felt myself advancing in the insidious arts of a private inquirer.

"I am employed in the prosecution of a business which has a remote relation to the Haygarth family history," I said; "and if you can afford me any information on that subject I should be extremely obliged."

I emphasised the adjective "remote," and felt myself, in my humble way, a Talleyrand.

"What kind of information do you require?" asked Mr. Goodge thoughtfully.

"Any information respecting Matthew Haygarth or his wife."

Mr. Goodge became profoundly meditative after this.

"I am not given to act unadvisedly," he began—and I felt that I was in for a little professional discourse; "the creatures of impulse are the children of Satan, the babes of Lucifer, the infants of Beelzebub. I take counsel in the silence of the night, and wait the whispers of wisdom in the waking hours of darkness. You must allow me time to ponder this business in my heart and to be still."

I told Mr. Goodge that I would willingly await his own time for affording me any information in his power to give.

"That is pleasant," said the pastor blandly, "the wordy are apt to rush blindly through

life, as the roaring lion rushes through the forest. I am not one of those rushing worldlings. I presume, by the way, that such information as I may afford is likely to become a source of pecuniary profit to your employer."

I began to see that my friend Goodge and the rector of Dewsdale were very different kind of people, and that I must play my cards accordingly.

"That will depend upon the nature of your information," I replied diplomatically; "it may be worth something to us, or it may be worthless."

"And in case it should be worth something?"

"In that case my employer would be glad to remunerate the person from whom he obtained it."

Mr. Goodge again became meditative.

"It was the habit of the sainted Wesley to take counsel from the Scriptures," he said presently; "if you will call again to-morrow, young man, I shall have taken counsel, and may be able to entreat with you."

I did not much relish being addressed as "young man," even by such a shining light as the Rev. Jonah Goodge. But as I wanted the Rev. Jonah's aid, I submitted with a tolerable grace to his patriarchal familiarity, and bade him good-morning, after promising to call again the following day. I returned to my inn and wrote to Sheldon in time for the afternoon mail, recounting my interview with Mr. Goodge, and asking how far I should be authorised to remunerate that gentleman, or to pledge myself to remunerate him for such information as he might have to dispose of.

Oct. 6th. A letter from Sheldon.

"DEAR HAWKHEURST,—There may be something very important behind that mysterious burial at Dewsdale. Go without delay to Spotswood; examine registers, tombstones, &c.; hunt up oldest inhabitant or inhabitants, from whom you may be able to discover whether any Haygarth or Haygarths ever lived there, and all that is known respecting such Haygarth or Haygarths. You have got a clue to something. Follow it up till it breaks off short, as such clues often do, or till you find it is only leading you on a wild goose chase. The Dewsdale business is worth investigation. Men: How about descendants of lawyer Brice?"

Yours truly,

G. S.

"G.'s Inn, Oct. 5th."

Before starting for Spotswood it was necessary for me to see Mr. Goodge. I found that gentleman in a pious and yet business-like frame of mind. He had taken counsel from the Scriptures, like the founder of his sect; but I fancy with rather less spiritual aspirations.

"The text upon which the lot fell was the 12th verse of the 9th chapter in the Book of Proverbs, 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself,'" he said solemnly; "whereby I perceive that I shall not be justified in parting with that which you seek without fitting recompense. I ask you therefore, young man, what you are prepared to give."

The Rev. Jonah's tone could scarcely have been more lofty, or his manner more patronising, if he had been Saul and I the humble David; but a man who is trying to earn three thousand pounds must put up with a great deal. Finding that the minister was prepared to play the luckster, I employed no further ceremony.

"The price must of course depend on the quality of the article you have to sell," I said; "I must know that before I can propose terms."

"Suppose my information took the form of letters?"

"Letters from whom—to whom?"

"From Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth to my great-uncle, Samson Goodge."

"How many of such letters have you to sell?"

I put it very plainly; but the Rev. Jonah's susceptibilities were not of the keenest order. He did not wince.

"Say forty odd letters."

I pricked up my ears, and it needed all my diplomacy to enable me to conceal my sense of triumph. Forty odd letters! There must be an

enormous amount of information in forty odd letters; unless the women wrote the direst twaddle ever penned by a feminine correspondent.

"Over what period do the dates of these letters extend?" I asked.

"Over about seven years; from 1769 to 1776."

Four years prior to the marriage with our friend Matthew; three years after the marriage. "Are they tolerably long letters, or mere scrawls?"

"They were written in a period when nobody wrote short letters," answered Mr. Goodge sententiously,—"the period of Bath post and dear postage. The greater number of the epistles cover three sides of a sheet of letter-paper; and Mrs. Rebecca's caligraphy was small and neat."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I suppose it is no use my asking you to let me see one of these letters before striking a bargain—eh, Mr. Goodge?"

"Well, I think not," answered the oily old hypocrite. "I have taken counsel, and I will abide by the light that has been shown me. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself;' such are the words of inspiration. No, I think not."

"And what do you ask for the forty odd letters?"

"Twenty pounds."

"A stiff sum, Mr. Goodge, for forty sheets of old letter-paper!"

"But if they were not likely to be valuable, you would scarcely happen to want them," answered the minister. "I have taken counsel, young man."

"And those are your lowest terms?"

"I cannot accept sixpence less. It is not in me to go from my word. As Jacob served Laban seven years, and again another seven years, having promised, so do I abide by my bond. Having said twenty pounds, young man, heaven forbid that I should take so much as twenty pence less than those twenty pounds!"

The solemn unction with which he pronounced this twaddle is beyond description. The pretence of conscientious feeling which he contrived to infuse into his sordid bargain-driving might have done honour to Molière's Tartuffe. Seeing that he was determined to stick to his terms, I departed. I telegraphed to Sheldon for instructions as to whether I was to give Goodge the money he asked, and then went back to my inn, where I devoted myself for the next ten minutes to the study of a railway time-table, with a view to finding the best route to Spotswood.

After a close perusal of bewildering strings of proper names and dazzling columns of figures, I found a place called Black Harbour, "for Wimborough, Spotswood, and Chilton." A train left Ulterton for Black Harbour at six o'clock in the afternoon, and was due at the latter place at 8.40.

This gave me an interval of some hours in which I could do nothing, unless I received a telegram from Sheldon. The chance of a reply from him kept me a prisoner in the coffee-room of the Swan Inn, where I read almost every line in the local and London newspapers pending the arrival of the despatch, which came at last.

"Tell Goodge he shall have the sum asked, and get the letters at once. Money by to-night's post."

This was Sheldon's message; sharp and short, and within the eighteenpenny limit. Acting upon this telegram I returned to the abode of Mr. Goodge, told him his terms were to be complied with, showed him the telegram, at his request, and asked for the letters.

I ought to have known my reverend friend better than to imagine he would part with those ancient documents except for money on the counter.

He smiled a smile which might have illuminated the visage of Machiavelli.

"The letters have kept a long time, young man," he said, after having studied the telegram as closely as if it had been written in Punic; "and lo you, they are in no wise the worse for keeping: so they will keep yet longer. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself.' You

can come for the letters to-morrow, and bring the money with you. Say at eleven A.M."

I put on my hat and bade my friend good-day. I have often been tempted to throw things at people, and have withheld my hand, but I never felt Satan so strong upon me as at that moment, and I very much fear that if I had had anything in the way of a kitchen-poker or a carving-knife about me, I should have flung that missile at the patriarchal head of my saintly Jonah. As it was, I bade him good-day and returned to the Swan, where I took a hurried repast and started for the station, carrying a light carpet-bag with me, as I was not likely to return till the following night, at the earliest.

I arrived at the station ten minutes before the starting of the train, and had to endure ten minutes of that weariness called waiting. I exhausted the interest of all the advertisements on the station walls, found out how I could have my furniture removed with the utmost convenience—supposing myself to possess furniture; discovered where I ought to buy a dinner service, and the most agreeable kind of blind to screen my windows in sunny weather. I was still lingering over the description of this new invention in blinds, when a great bell set up a sudden clanging, and the down train from London came thundering into the station.

This was also the train for Black Harbour. There were a good many passengers going northwards, a good many alighting at Ullerton; and in the hurry and confusion I had some difficulty in finding a place in a second-class carriage. The passengers therein blocking up the windows with that unamiable exclusiveness peculiar to railway travellers. I found a place at last, however: but in hurrying from carriage to carriage I was startled by an occurrence which I have since pondered very seriously.

I ran bolt against my respected friend and patron Horatio Paget.

We had only time to recognise each other with exclamations of mutual surprise when the clanging bell rang again, and I was obliged to scuffle into my seat. A moment's delay would have caused me to be left behind. And to have remained behind would have been very awkward for me; as the captain would undoubtedly have questioned me as to my business at Ullerton. Was I not supposed to be at Dorking, enjoying the hospitality of an aged aunt?

It would have been unlucky to lose that train. But what "makes" the gallant Captain in Ullerton? That is a question which I deliberated as the train carried me towards Black Harbour.

Sheldon warned me of the necessity for secrecy, and I have been as secret as the grave. It is therefore next to an impossibility that Horatio Paget can have any idea of the business I am engaged in. He is the very man of all others to try and supersede me if he had an inkling of my plans; but I am convinced he can have no such inkling.

And yet the advertisement of the Haygarth property in the *Times* was as open to the notice of all the world as it was open to the notice of George Sheldon. What if my patron should have been struck by the same advertisement, and should have come to Ullerton on the same business.

It is possible, but it is not likely. When I left town the Captain was engaged in Philip Sheldon's affairs. He has no doubt come to Ullerton on Philip Sheldon's business. The town, which seems an abomination of desolation to a man who is accustomed to London and Paris, is nevertheless a commercial centre; and the stockbroker's schemes may involve the simple Ullertonians, as well as the more experienced children of the metropolis.

Having thought the business out thus, I gave myself no further trouble about the unexpected appearance of my friend and benefactor.

At Black Harbour I found a coach, which carried me to Spotswood, whither I travelled in a cramped and painful position as regards my legs, and with a pre-reading sensation which was like a determination of luggage to the brain, so close to my oppressed head was the heavily laden roof of the vehicle. It was pitch-dark when I and two fellow-passengers of agricultural aspect

were turned out of the coach at Spotswood, which in the gloom of night appeared to consist of half-a-dozen houses shut from the road by ghastly white palings, a grim looming church, and a low-roofed inn with a feeble light glimmering athwart a red stuff curtain.

At this inn I was fain to take up my abode for the night, and was conducted to a little white-washed bed-chamber, draped with scanty dimity and smelling of apples—the humblest, commonest cottage-chamber, but clean and decent, and with a certain countryfied aspect which was pleasing to me. I fancied myself the host of such an inn, with Charlotte for my wife; and it seemed to me that it would be nice to live in that remote and unknown village, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." I beguiled myself with such foolish fancies,—I, who have been reared amidst the clamour and riot of the Strand!

Should I be happy with that dear girl if she were mine? Alas! I doubt it. A man who has led a disreputable life up to the age of seven-and-twenty is very likely to have lost all capacity for such pure and perfect happiness as that which good men find in the tranquil haven of a home.

Should I not hear the rattle of the billiard-balls, or the voice of the *croupier* calling the main, as I sat by my quiet fire-side? Should I not yearn for the glitter and confusion of West-end dancing-rooms, or the mad excitement of the ring, while my innocent young wife was sitting by my side and asking me to look at the blue eyes of my first-born?

No; Charlotte is not for me. There must be always the two classes—the sheep and the goats, and my lot has been cast among the goats.

And yet there are some people who laugh to scorn the doctrines of Calvin, and say there is no such thing as predestination.

Is there not predestination? Was not I predestined to be born in a goal and reared in a gutter, educated among swindlers and scoundrels, fed upon stolen victuals, and clad in garments never to be paid for? Did no Eumenides preside over the birth of Richard Savage, so set apart for misery that the laws of nature were reversed, and even his mother hated him? Did no dismal fatality follow the footsteps of Chatterton? Has no mysterious ban been laid upon the men who have been called Dukes of Buckingham?

What foolish lamentations am I scribbling in this diary, which is intended to be only the baldest record of events! It is so natural to mankind to complain that, having no ear in which to utter his discontent, a man is fain to resort to pen and ink.

I devoted my evening to conversation with the landlord and his wife, but found that the name of Haygarth was as strange to them as if it had been taken from an inscription in the tomb of the Pharaohs. I inquired about the few inhabitants of the village, and ascertained that the oldest man in the place is the sexton, native-born, and supposed by mine host never to have travelled twenty miles from his birth-place. His name is Peter Drabbles. What extraordinary names that class of people contrive to have! My first business to-morrow morning will be to find my friend Drabbles—another ancient mariner, no doubt—and to examine the parish registers.

Oct. 7th. A misty morning, and a perpetual drizzle—to say nothing of a damp, penetrating cold, which creeps through the thickest overcoat, and chills one to the bone. I do not think Spotswood can have much brightness or prettiness even on the fairest summer morning that ever beautified the earth. I know that, seen as I see it to-day, the place is the very archetype of all that is darksome, dull, desolate, dismal, and dreary. (How odd, by the way, that all that family of epithets should have the same initial!) A wide stretch of moorland lies around and about the little village, which crouches in a hollow, like some poor dejected animal that seeks to shelter itself from the bitter blast. On the edge of the moorland, and above the straggling cottages and the little inn, rises the mas-

sive square tower of an old church, so far out of proportion to the pitiful cluster of houses, that I imagine it must be the remnant of some monastic settlement.

Towards this church I made my way, under the dispiriting drip, drip of the rain, and accompanied by a feeble old man, who is sexton, clerk, gravedigger, and anything or everything of an official nature.

We went into the church after my ancient mariner No. 2 had fumbled a good deal with a bunch of ghostly-looking keys. The door opened with a dismal scroop, and shut with an appalling bang. Grim and dark as the church is without, it is grimmer and darker within, and damp and vault-like, *à suivre fremir*. There are all the mysterious cupboards and corners peculiar to such edifices; an organ-loft, from which weird noises issue at every opening or closing of a door; a vaulted roof which echoes one's footsteps with a moan, as of some outraged spirit hovering in empty space, and ejaculating piteously, "Another impious intruder after the sacrament plate! another plebeian sole trampling on the brasses of the De Montacutes, lords of the manor!"

The vestry is, if anything, more ghostly than the general run of vestries; but the business mind is compelled to waive all considerations of a supernatural character. For the moment there flashed across my brain the shadows of all the Christmas stories I had ever read or heard concerning vestries; the phantom bridal, in which the bride's beautiful white hand changed to the bony fingers of a skeleton as she signed the register; the unearthly christening, in which all at once, after the ceremony having been conducted with the utmost respectability, to the edification of the unauthorised intruder hiding behind a pillar, the godfathers and godmothers, nurse and baby, priest and clerk, became in a moment dilapidated corpses; whereon, the appalled intruder fell prone at the foot of his pillar, there to be discovered the next morning by his friends and the public generally, with his hair blanched to an awful whiteness, or his noble intellect degraded to idiocy.

For a moment, the memory of about a hundred Christmas stories was too much for me—so weird of aspect, and earthy of atmosphere, was the vestry at Spotswood. And then, "being gone" the shadows of the Christmas stories, I was a man and a lawyer's clerk again, and set myself assiduously to search the registers and interrogate my ancient.

I found that individual a creature of mental fogginess compared with whom my oldest inhabitant of Ullerton would have been a Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But I questioned and cross-questioned him until I had in a manner turned his poor old wits the seamy side without, and had discovered, first, that he had never known anyone called Haygarth in the whole course of those seventy-five years' vegetation which pointlessness compelled me to speak of as his "life;" secondly, that he had never known anyone who knew a Haygarth, thirdly, that he was intimately acquainted with every creature in the village, and that he knew that no one of the inhabitants could give me the smallest shred of such information as I required.

Having extorted so much as this from my ancient with unutterable expenditure of time and trouble, I next set to work upon the registers.

If the ink manufactured in the present century is of no more durable nature than that abominable fluid employed in the penmanship of a hundred years ago, I profoundly pity the generations that are to come after us. The registers of Spotswood might puzzle a Bunsen. However, bearing in mind the incontrovertible fact that three thousand pounds is a very agreeable sum of money, I stuck to my work for upwards of two hours, and obtained as a result the following entries:

1. Matthew Haygarth, aged four years, buried in this church-yard, over against the tomb of Mr. Martha Suleman, a bout 10 feet from my old yue tree. February 6th, 1753.

2. Mary Haygarth, aged twenty seven years, buried under my yue tree, Nov. 21, 1754.

After copying these two entries, I went out

into the churchyard to look for Mary Haygarth's grave.

Under a fine old yew—which had been old a hundred years ago, it seems—I found huddled amongst other headstones one so incrustured with moss, that it was only after scraping the parasite verdure from the stone with my pen-knife that I was able to discover the letters that had been cut upon it.

I found at last a brief inscription:

Here lieth ye body of

MARY HAYGARTH, aged 27. Born 1727. Died 1754.

This stone has been set up by one who sorroweth without hope of consolation.

A strange epitaph; no scrap of Latin, no text from Scripture, no conventional testimony to the virtues and accomplishments of the departed, no word to tell whether the dead woman had been maid, wife, or widow. It was the most provoking inscription for a lawyer or a genealogist, but such as might have pleased a poet.

I fancy this Mary Haygarth must have been some quiet creature, with very few friends to sorrow for her loss. Perhaps only that one person who sorrowed without hope of consolation.

Such a tombstone might have been set above the grave of that simple maid who dwelt beside the banks of Dove.

This is the utmost that my patience or ingenuity can do for me at Spotswood. I have exhausted every possibility of obtaining further information. So, having written and posted my report to Sheldon, I have no more to do but to return to Ullerton. I take back with me nothing but the copy of the two entries in the register of burials. Who this Matthew Haygarth or this Mary Haygarth was, and how related to the Matthew, is an enigma not to be solved at Spotswood.

Here the story of the Haygarths ends with the grave under the yew-tree.

FALCONS AS MESSENGERS.—If falcons could be once more trained to carry messages (where the telegraph was destroyed), they might be useful servitors to the army. Their swiftness is thus defined:—It has been calculated that a hawk will fly not less than one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Major Cartwright, on the coast of Labrador, found, by repeated observations, that the flight of an eider duck was at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The flight of the common crow is nearly twenty-five miles an hour, and Spallanzini found that of the swallow to be about ninety-two miles, while he conjectures that the rapidity of the swift is nearly three times greater. A falcon, belonging to Henry IV of France, flew from Fontainebleau to Malta in less than twenty-four hours, the distance being one thousand three hundred and fifty miles, and it is probable that his flight was about seventy-five miles an hour, as such birds fly in the day-time only. These facts show how easily birds can accomplish their extensive migrations, especially when we consider that a favourable wind materially helps them on their voyage.

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.—Count Charles de Basserole, who occupied the position of game-keeper near Ruffec, recently died near Paris. Another member of the same family, a grandson of a major in the army of Condé, is a joiner at Paris. The chief of one of the oldest houses of Comtat Venaissin, the Marquis de Porcelet, is in business in the South at a very trifling remuneration. A member of the house of Bridiers, an offshoot of the princely family of Albret, is a woodcutter in Berry. Count Louis de Montmorency is a clerk in a government office in Vienna. In the centre of France the great-grandson of a marshal of France is reduced to keep an inn.

"BELGRAVIA."—The Chancery suit, between two London publishers, as to the right, from priority of entrance of the title at Stationers' Hall, to issue a magazine called "Belgravia," has been ended by a judgment which wholly dismisses the case, and leaves each party at liberty

"to publish, or not to publish." Miss M. A. Bradou's "Belgravia" continues to be issued, but we notice in the "Athenæum" of January 26th the following advertisement: "Literary property for sale. The right to publish a magazine under the title of 'Belgravia,' a magazine of fashion and amusement, is to be disposed of. Particulars of editorial arrangements, &c., may be had of the publishers, St. Bride's-avenue, Fleet-street, London, E.C." This evidently emanates from the proprietors of the other "Belgravia." It may be difficult to set a money value on "the right to publish a magazine" under a particular title, which right is judicially declared more than doubtful.

LUXEMBOURG.

THE Luxembourg question still continues to excite the apprehension and to spread panic through the exchanges of Europe. Even the promised Exhibition, which was so confidently regarded as a security for the preservation of peace during the present year, has no longer any tranquillizing effect on the public mind. Both in Germany and in France there are unmistakable signs that the popular feeling is becoming engaged in a manner which threatens to override, or at least to control, the action of the Governments; while there is unfortunately no reason to believe that either the Emperor Napoleon or Count Bismarck requires much pressure to move in the direction of war. The one is bent on restoring his damaged prestige; the other upon maintaining the influence and power which Prussia has lately acquired. To the former a great and striking success is almost a matter of necessity; but that success it is imperative upon the latter to prevent. If we are to place reliance upon authority which is apparently trustworthy, the Emperor has only been restrained by the remonstrances of his Ministers from despatching an ultimatum to Berlin; and no one can doubt in what manner such a document would have been met. Although hopes still continue to be expressed that war may be temporarily postponed in consequence of the unprepared state of the French army, it is difficult to believe that the Emperor would have raised a question of this kind until he felt himself in a position to take decisive action. Even if we suppose (which is not improbable) that in the well-known conference at Biarritz, Count Bismarck held out the annexation of Luxembourg, as one amongst the baits by which he secured the neutrality of France during the late war, Napoleon must by this time have learnt the value of the promises with which he was then fed. His reputation for sagacity has suffered previously from many recent failures, but we must impute to him absolute stupidity if we imagine that he ever expected to get the Prussians out of Luxembourg by means of a convention with the King of Holland. It is not impossible that he so far underrated the national feeling of Germany, as to think that he might attain his object by a demonstration: but he must be aware that to make a demonstration imposing it must be supported by a military force capable of taking the field with effect. The equipment of the French army is probably not so defective as some persons represent, and it is notorious that the Minister of War has publicly stated that he is prepared for any eventuality. Besides, it is most likely that if inadequate supply of breech-loaders should make the French Government desirous of postponing the issue which it has raised, that very circumstance would only make Count Bismarck more desirous to precipitate events. That statesman has never concealed his own belief that war with France is sooner or later inevitable. He knows now that his countrymen not only share that impression, but are quite prepared for a conflict from which they see no chance of permanent escape. If he were to declare in categorical terms to-morrow that Luxembourg is a German fortress, and that under no circumstances will he abandon the right to hold it by a Prussian garrison, he would receive an enthusiastic support from one end of the Fatherland to the other. Now it is as certain as any-

thing well can be, that when Count Bismarck feels himself strong enough to act, he is not the man to stand idly by while an antagonist prepares to attack him. If he is satisfied that war can only be postponed, but cannot be prevented, he will not allow the French to choose the time for waging it that may be most convenient to themselves. If he has reason to think that they are not so well prepared to fight now as they will be at some future time, that is exactly the thing to make him resolve upon bringing about a crisis. We do not, therefore, believe that a solution of the question can be adjourned, and, indeed, it is hardly desirable that it should be. A prolonged period of suspense, during which two great nations are visibly arming themselves to the teeth, is almost as bad as war itself; nor is there any reasonable chance of a peaceable settlement after the passions of both peoples have been excited by an elaborate and unconcealed preparation for war.

We cannot profess to be at all sanguine that the negotiations which are now going on between the French and Prussian Courts will have any satisfactory result. Unfortunately, on both sides, the question is taken up rather as a matter of national dignity and honour than as one of interest. In spite of the recent development of the commercial spirit amongst them, the French are still in a great degree the victims of their old craving for predominance in Europe. They are not content to hold an influential position. They long for a certain ascendancy, of which the consolidation of Germany has deprived them. Under any circumstances this would be mortifying enough, but by a succession of blunders and false moves the Emperor has contrived greatly to intensify their sense of humiliation. By all accounts, a war with Prussia would now be popular amongst all ranks and classes; and it is doubtful whether, even if there were no difficulties on the other side, the Emperor could now, without serious loss of prestige, accept that which, to impartial observers, seems the natural settlement of the difficulty. It is clear enough that, if neither of the two great Powers desired more than to obtain a fair security against the encroachment of the other, it would be easy enough to provide for this by declaring Luxembourg neutral, and razing the fortress. The people of Luxembourg do not wish either to join the German Confederation or to become absorbed in the French empire. They do not want to maintain a fortress which is not only perfectly useless to them, but is, in fact, a constant source of peril. And, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that the possession of that fortress by either France or Prussia does lay the territories of the other very dangerously open to invasion. If it were destroyed, both would stand on a footing of perfect equality, and neither would have any real reason to apprehend attack from the neighbouring State. Unfortunately that simple way of setting the matter at rest seems to find no favour on either side. The French do not care for Luxembourg without the fortress; the Prussians will not evacuate a strong position which they hold, and to which they can maintain their right by plausible arguments. For although the Paris journalists assert that Prussia has in her favour only the bare fact of possession, such is not the case. Her right to place a garrison in Luxembourg does not depend upon the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg being a member of the now defunct German Confederation. It rests upon a separate convention between the King of Holland as Grand Duke and the King of Prussia; and there is good, or at any rate tolerable ground for contending that this is in no wise affected by the dissolution of the Bund. It may be very well for the French diplomatists to say that the Prussians only hold the place in trust either for the old Confederation or for the King of Holland, and that they have therefore no right to retain it when the one is dead and the other wishes to sell it. But it is equally open to Count Bismarck to uphold a contrary construction of the treaty, and the point cannot be said to be so absolutely clear that either side is palpably in the wrong.

It would, however, be a waste of time to enter

into the diplomatic controversy on a point which will certainly not be decided by the weight of argument, but either by the application or the threat of force. From the speeches of Lord Stanley and the Marquis de Moustier, and from the declarations of the Prussian official press, we gather that both parties have already appealed to the great Powers who signed the treaty of 1839, under which Luxembourg was guaranteed to Holland. We also know that both England and Russia have expressed an opinion that that treaty does not in any way contravene the proposed cession; does not in the present case entail any right or responsibility of intervention upon the Powers, who became parties to it, and leaves the matter entirely for Prussia, France, and Holland to settle amongst themselves. It has also been intimated that the King of Holland has withdrawn from the discussion; and so far as we are at present informed, the controversy is now entirely confined to the two former States. There we trust that it will be allowed to remain, so far as England is concerned. Neither our duty nor our interest requires us to intervene in any other way than by the offer of any good offices we may be able to exercise in the way of mediation. At the same time we shall not be absolutely indifferent spectators of a war, should one break out. As a mere matter of right, Prussia has certainly a better title than France to our sympathy, because although the Luxemburgers do not wish to separate from Holland, there is no doubt, that as Germans, they would infinitely prefer to join their compatriots, than to be sold to France. There is indeed something utterly detestable in this mercantile transaction of a slave-trading kind, the real character of which it is vainly sought to cover by a hypocritical appeal to universal suffrage; and we cannot help feeling that in standing out for her right to keep the fortress of Luxembourg, Prussia is also, to a certain extent, protecting the people of the minor State. Nor is that all. If either France or Germany must be aggrandised, we should prefer the gain to rest with the latter; because we know there is far less risk that she will use any advantage of position for offensive purposes. There is no danger that she will seek to annex Holland or to invade Belgium. But there is no security that if France gets to Luxembourg she will be content to remain there. After all, the little Duchy is but a paltry compensation for the strength which Germany has gained during the last twelvemonths. There will be great temptation to use it as a means to further advance. Its possession would materially facilitate an attack upon the Rhine provinces, but it is more important for us to observe that its occupation would enable France to check any German army which should advance to the assistance of Belgium, in case the independence of the latter country were threatened. Now, as England has, in common with other Powers, guaranteed that independence, it is clearly not our interest that any difficulty should be placed in the way of our co-signatories—of which Prussia is one—fulfilling their obligations. We cannot too strongly deprecate a war the legitimate cause for which might be so easily put an end to by the destruction of the fortress of Luxembourg; but if a conflict should break out, considerations both of interest, and of a larger and more generous kind, arising out of our respect for the principle of nationality, will necessarily incline us to desire the success of Prussia rather than of France.—*Border Review.*

A PHOTOMAGNETIC COMPASS.—An ingenious contrivance has been recently invented by a naval engineer, M. Corridi, for ascertaining a ship's course during a voyage. On the dial of the compass, instead of the star which indicates the north, a circular opening is made, furnished with a small lens. The light shining upon the compass penetrates through the lens, and traces a black mark or line on a sheet of sensitive paper underneath, which is made to move at a certain speed by means of clockwork. The sensitized paper turns with the ship, and as the needle remains perfectly steady, every deviation or alteration of the course is photographed on the paper.

PIPES AND TOBACCO.

IN these days, when oaths are kept as carefully out of a lady's hearing as grey hairs are from her sight—alas! much more carefully than vice of another description, and which our ancestors forty or fifty years ago, winebibbers and blasphemers though they might be, would have blushed to speak of even to their sons,—in these days, I say, it is rather difficult to imagine the state of society, when one of a gentleman's qualifications was a string of oaths which would put a Billingsgate fishwoman to shame, and it was in those days that the anecdote from which I have borrowed my title took place.

An uncle of my father's (a gentleman fully accomplished as the times went, competent to drink and swear, ride and attend cock-fights, with the greatest nobelman in the land), happened to be one of three passengers inside the night mail from Edinburgh *via* Newcastle to London. He had taken his place from the first-mentioned city, though he did not intend to occupy it until the "Highly r" stopped to change horses at a small country town named Wooler. Having greeted the coachman, admired the team, and fortified himself with a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, he proceeded to arrange himself in his corner, and had just placed his legs comfortably on the seat opposite, when the two passengers who had travelled all the way from Edinburgh, and had been refreshing the inner man in the dining-room of the "Taukerville Arms," appeared.

"Friend, thou hast taken my place," said one of them, smiling blandly, and pointing to my uncle's legs, which were removed with a proper compliment of expletives. The stranger, still smiling, took possession, the second followed, and off went the eager team.

My uncle knew every acre of ground for the next twenty or thirty miles, and coming from an agricultural family, he made no attempt to conceal his approval or disapproval of the system pursued by the different men whose farms lay along the turnpike. Of course, each exclamation began, continued and ended with the usual string of oaths,—at last he was induced to relate an event, which, though of no moment in this history, had caused considerable excitement in the neighbourhood. When he had finished, his opposite neighbour, whom we have already mentioned, remarked—

"Friend, I can tell thee a better story than thine, and one thou wilt do well to remember and remark.—A neighbour of mine—pipes and tobacco!—was,—pipes and tobacco!—yes, he was—pipes and tobacco!—going out. Oh!—pipes and tobacco!—to walk, when—pipes and tobacco!—who on this—pipes and tobacco!—earth, should he meet but the—pipes and tobacco! parson, walking along with his—pipes and tobacco!—face as long as to-day and to-morrow. My friend started, yes sir!—pipes and tobacco!—he started, and, said he—pipes and tobacco!!"—My uncle had gradually stared harder and harder, something in the speaker's face, made him think there was a good story, but if it went on in this way, what could he make of it; so out of all patience he shouted:—

"D—n it, sir! what the devil's the good of saying, 'pipes and tobacco?'"

"Even so, friend," said the quaker, smiling; "thou perceivest it to be a foolish, useless expression, marring the interest of my tale, and yet it is harmless. Pipes and tobacco offend not the Spirit of God; but thou, friend, didst condemn thy soul and my eyes to hell twenty times in the space of five short minutes. Thy expressions not only marred the interest of thy discourse, but made me tremble lest the Maker thou blasphemest shouldst call thee to fulfil thy chosen fate."

It is from this story, told me by my dear mother, that I have chosen my title; and having effected that most difficult of all things in writing an article, namely a beginning, I shall go on to say what I intended about "Pipes and Tobacco."

When tobacco was first introduced into Europe, is a subject upon which there appears to be considerable doubt. One thing, however, is certain,

—nobody smoked before the 15th century in that portion of the globe. In that eventful era, the mighty continent of America was discovered, and amongst other wonders related by Columbus and his companions touching the inhabitants of this new world was that they "carried firebrands about with them, and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses." Oviedo, the historian, calls it very pernicious, and states that it brought on insensibility, going to say that they inhaled it through the nostrils by means of a forked tube or cane, the shape of the letter Y. Be this as it may, Columbus, on his return, stated that the inhabitants of Paragnay opposed his men landing, by charging them with their mouths full of a herb called tobacco, the juice of which they squirted into the Spaniards' faces, aiming always at their eyes.

Francisco Lobez de Gomora, Chaplain to the expedition which, under Cortez, conquered Mexico, speaks of smoking as the usual amusement of the people; and another writer, of the same date, in narrating his personal adventures in America, says, "There are some bushes, not very large, like reeds, that produce a leaf in shape like that of the walnut, though rather larger, which (where it is used) is held in great esteem by the natives, and very much prized by the slaves whom the Spaniards have bought from Ethiopia. When these leaves are in season they pick them, tie them up in bundles, and suspend them near their fireplace till they are very dry: and when they wish to use them, they take a leaf of their grain (maize), and putting one of the others into it, roll them tight together; then set them on fire at one end, and putting the other end to the mouth, they draw their breath up through it; wherefore the smoke goes into the mouth, the throat, the head, and they retain it as long as they can; for they find pleasure in it; and so much do they fill themselves with the cruel smoke, that they lose their reason, and remain the greater part of the day or night stupefied."

Harcot, in writing his account of the voyage on which he accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh, says the natives of Virginia looked upon tobacco as the especial gift of their gods, using it as incense when they made sacrifices. The North-American Indians have a tradition of somewhat similar tendency; namely, that in ages gone by a goddess descended from the heavens, and on being hospitably treated by the chiefs promised they should be amply rewarded, and that upon the very spot where she stood they would, thirteen moons hence, find certain things that cheer them through all ages. At the appointed time they returned, and found maize, kidney-beans, and tobacco.

They have, since then, made use of the pipe both as a daily comfort and sacred sign of peace. The same habit extends among the natives of the west coast, and in most of the Pacific Islands. When old graves have been opened, pipes of every shape and material (many hitherto unknown) come to light, and puzzle mankind by their quaint devices. Some of these are so formed that, being fitted to the top, a vessel containing tobacco, a dozen or more tubes could be inserted, and thus a party of friends smoke the social pipe together. This description, though now unknown, seems to have, at a remote period, been very common, and are made of a peculiarly hard and close-grained clay.

No diminution in the prevailing habit has taken place among the few that remain of the aborigines of America. The pipe still holds its wonted place at feast or gathering, and the sacred pipe of peace is still the most inviolable pledge they make use of: it is under the protection of their gods, and is carefully preserved until occasion makes its sanction necessary. Catlin, in his delightful account of North America, relates many new and interesting anecdotes and incidents connected with the calumet as the pipe of peace is named, and describes it as surmounted with "war-eagles" quills, and never allowed to be used on any other occasion than that of peace making, when the chief brings it into treaty, and unfolding the many bandages which are carefully kept around it, has it ready to be mutually smoked by the chiefs, after the

terms of the treaty are agreed upon, as the means of solemnising it, which is done by passing the sacred stem to each chief, who draws one breath of smoke only through it, thereby passing the most inviolable pledge they can give for keeping the peace." He says further:—

"There is no custom more uniformly in common use amongst the poor Indians than that of smoking, nor more highly valued. His pipe is his constant companion through life, his messenger of peace; he pledges his friends through its stem and its bowl; and when its care-drowning fumes cease to flow, it takes a place with him in his solitary grave, with his tomahawk and war-club, companions to his long-fancied mild and beautiful hunting-grounds."

The Chinese claim the privilege of being the first nation who made use of this all-prevailing habit, and, strange to say, many of the old pipes dug up in America are so carved as to bear a strong resemblance to the Mongolian cast of feature. But for this, little attention would have been paid to the Chinaman's assertion, as every one who knows anything of them or their literature, must be conversant with the fact that whatever is good or excellent they claim as their own, and it is well-nigh impossible to get one to allow that there is anything new under the sun.

Tobacco was not the name the plant was first made known by, but that of *nicotiana*, from the name of the Lord of Villemain, who presented Catherine de Medici with several plants, calling it, in compliment to her majesty, *Herbe Medicée*. The name soon gave place to his own, which is kept up in that of nicotine, the scientific designation of the oil extracted from the tobacco; finally, the name given by the Spaniards, and brought by them from America, superseded all others, and is now used all over the world, each nation, through varying the orthography, adhering to the same sound.

It was to its medicinal qualities that its first popularity in our realm is due; all bowed to a decree of science, and tobacco began to be estimated as the sovereign cure for almost every complaint known. Doctors lectured, old women gossiped, and Europe consumed fabulous quantities of *herba santa*, most of which was cultivated in France and England.

Poets of that date vie with each other in singing the praise of tobacco, and the stage steemed with witty discussions, always resulting in the triumph of the weed. So rapid was its progress in favour, that, in a curious old book, published in 1614, called "The Honestie of this Age," we find recorded:—"There is not so base a groome that comes into an alehouse to call for his ot, but he must have his pipe of tobacco."

Year after year served to increase the habit, until it grew to such an excess as to be considered a general evil, and a crusade against all growers, user, or sellers of the pernicious leaf was commenced. Pope Urbain the Eighth, issued an edict of excommunication against every one who made use of it in churches. James the First—King Jamie—wrote his famous Counterblast, and not content with that, farther wrote in "A Collection of Witty Apothegms," that "Tobacco was a lively image and pattern of hell, for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained, to wit: First, *It has a smoke*, so are all the vanities of this world: secondly, *he delighteth them who take it*, so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world: thirdly *it maketh men drunken and light in the head*, so do the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith; fourthly, *he that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him*, even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them: and farther, besides all this, *it is like hell* in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking, loathsome thing, and so is hell."

Thus wrote the King—the gentleman who, according to the clever author of the "Ingoldsby Legends"

"In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Held in abhorrence, tobacco and witches."

Not satisfied with writing against the obnoxious weed, the King put a heavy tax upon it, which Charles the First found very useful in replenishing the exchequer. Nor did Noll Cromwell him-

self object to it, but rather agreeing with King James, that the plant injured the soil, he sent his soldiers to beat and tread down all the tobacco-fields they could find; yet, in spite of their pretended zeal and the Protector's good example, the soldiery smoked at their great general's funeral, which Evelyn records as, "The joyfulest funeral he ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs which the soldiers hooted away, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went." Yet still there was no doubt that a strict Puritan held it in abhorrence, and it was truly said or sung, he

"Abhorres a satin suit and velvet cloak,
And says tobacco is the devil's smoke."

When Charles II ascended the throne he confirmed the laws for the suppression of its culture, extending the prohibition to Ireland; and it is historically asserted, that among other edicts pronounced at the University of Cambridge was one against smoking. Yet, in despite of the royal disapproval, the habit continued to be general. Authors, and particularly poets, asserted that it brightened their imagination, and under its exhilarating influence, their verse, whether in praise of beauty, valour, or wealth, flowed more freely, and with a more even cadence, while at the same time, it had the power to awaken the soul, and excite the imagination. East, west, north, and south, tobacco held undisputed sway, until at last royalty itself accorded its sanction.

Now, in the nineteenth century, a boy is scarcely out of the nursery, when you catch him with a pipe in his mouth, or picking up the ends of Tom's cigars; and shortly enough, having gone through the usual probationary term of sickness incidental to acquiring the habit, he blinks his watery eyes and struts along, trying to remember all his cousin said, and thinking in his poor, innocent heart, what a jolly thing it must be to be grown up, and have a horse, besides being able to smoke without feeling queer. Ah! he little knows what a change a few years will work, and how often that same chattering, chaffing cousin, wishes he was a boy again.

What a desperate sensation that same smoking sickness is? Talk of sea-sickness, it is nothing to the other; and having once experienced it, I have wondered ever since at the pluck and determination of boys in conquering this enemy to smoking. If they worked half as hard, and with a quarter as good will, at any one branch of their studies, what clever sons we should have! How mothers dread the first cigar, and look upon the cutty pipe as the stretch of depravity!

I am no smoker myself, and never was, yet I can, and do, understand that it may be a solace and luxury to thousands, whether overworked or underworked; both need comfort at times, and, of the two, I verily believe the last are most to be pitied. An overworked man may grow a little and look with some sort of envy upon his idle *confères*, but he has small cause; for could he take one glance behind the curtain, he would return with gladness to the weariness of head or hand, rather than the terrible self-debasing weariness of heart and feeling.

Our greatest as well as wisest men have acknowledged the soothing companionship of a pipe. As for poets, have not Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, and, in our own days, Tennyson, sung its praises? Dr. Parr, the great authority on pills and longevity, smoked, it is written, as many as twenty pipes in one evening, and yet nobody can deny that his state of nerves and health bore up to the last. Sir Isaac Newton smoked and worked until his death at an old age; and our own great novelist and satirist says, in his "Fitzboodle Papers":—"What is smoking that it should be considered a crime? I believe in my heart the women are jealous of it as a rival. The fact is, the cigar is a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror, too. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world and see; your adversary has overcome it."

LONDON DAILIES.—The circulation of the "Daily Telegraph" is stated now to be 138,704 per diem—about double that of "The Times."

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A Greek Island.
A celebrated public school.
A river in France.
An Asiatic Isle.
A river in Prussia.
A town in England.

The initials will give the name of a celebrated Admiral, and the initials loss he sustained, PHIZ.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. My *whole* is meant to be a guide;
Behold, and I am large and wide.
2. When beheaded I often look in my *whole*; behead me again, and I am a stupid animal; transpose my head and body, and I am a light.

CEPHAS.

FLORAL ANAGRAM.

Leave run for

FERAMORZ.

SQUARE WORDS.

A mark of honour.
An allowance in weight.
Space.
A past participle.

FERAMORZ.

ENIGMA.

A tiny creature, shortly named,
In lay and legend I was famed;
I dwelt amid the field or flood,
Or in the floweret's opening bud;
A fairy sprite, my home I found
In earth, or air, or underground.
But if you crown me with an S,
Great is the metamorphosis:
I am an essence half divine,
That clings to you, but still is mine;
That lives in action or in ease,
That all men ever strive to please;
That every living creature loves
More than aught else that round him moves.

C. T. C.

CHARADES.

1. A word of letters two,
A proposition reckon'd
My first is: and you'll find
Men always near my second;
My third stands for myself,
My fourth prevents an entrance,
My whole the judges does to a case
Before he passes sentence.
2. Je suis composé de vingt lettres.
Mes 6, 6, 12, 12, 20, est un fruit.
Mes 8, 13, 3, 8, 17, est une relation.
Mes 14, 2, 19, 4, 19, est le nom d'un homme.
Mes 9, 10, 7, 14, 14, 20, est une partie d'un vaisseau.
Mes 5, 2, 11, est un pronom.
Mes 1, 15, 12, 13, 17, est une chanson religieuse.
Ma toute est la devise d'un ordre de chevalerie.

BERICUS.

PROBLEM.

A speculator invested all his capital in grain: 10 per cent. in rye, 30 per cent. in wheat, 25 per cent. in barley, and 35 per cent. in corn. He sold his rye at 8 per cent. gain, his wheat at 10 per cent. gain, his barley at 5 per cent. gain, but he lost 12½ per cent. on his corn. He nett gain was \$405.00. What was the amount of his original capital.

CEPHAS.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREN, &c.

No. 86.

- Arithmoren.—Herschel—1. Howard; 2. Evil; 3. Rutland; 4. Spurious; 5. Catrine; 6. Hector; 7. Eternal; 8. Lifford.
Logograph.—Chair-Hair-Air-I.
Anagrams.—1. The Scarlet Letter. 2. Charles O'Malley; 3. Roland Cashel; 4. The greatest plague of life.
Charades.—1. Arrow-root; 2. Cowslip; 3. Pageant; 4. China; 5. Bridegroom.
Enigma.—Looking-glass.
Problems.—1. In 2 h. 30 m. 2. The numbers are 1, 3, 5, 7, 9.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- Arithmoren.—Bericus, Polly, Feramorz, B. N. C., Argus, Ellen B., H. H. V., Violet.
Logograph.—Polly, Feramorz, Bericus, Argus, Ellen B., Niagara, B. N. C.
Anagrams.—Argus, H. H. V., Niagara.
Charades.—All—H. H. V., Argus, Ellen B., 1st and 2nd—Feramorz, Polly. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th—B. N. C., Bericus, Niagara, Violet.
Enigma.—B. N. C., Polly, Bericus, Feramorz, Argus, Violet, Niagara.
Problems.—Cephas, B. N. C., Argus, H. H. V., Niagara.
Received too late to be acknowledged in our last—B. N. C., and J. Stuart.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

ALBERT.—The Dred Scott case, which excited so much interest both on this continent and in Europe, was brought for final discussion before the Superior Court of the United States in 1856. Dred Scott, together with his wife and two children, had been held as slaves by a Dr. Emerson in the State of Missouri. After the death of Emmerson, Scott, with his family, claimed to be free, on the ground that they had resided for some time with their late proprietor on a free territory, so that having, as Scott alleged, been free in that territory, they could not now be held to slavery. The result of the litigation was that Dred Scott and his family were still held to be slaves.

ALPHA.—The paper you mention was discontinued some months since.

L. D. L.—It is legal but not advisable.

THOMAS CUSHING.—Machinery is largely employed in the manufacture of files.

LEX.—In the middle ages Ireland was designated "The Isle of Saints," on account of the rapid progress which Christianity made in that country, and the number of learned ecclesiastics which it furnished.

GEORGE B.—Edward Cocker, born in London about the year 1631 or 1632, was the author of an arithmetic which has served as the model of almost all school-treatises since published. The expression "according to Cocker" became common through its frequent use in the title pages of arithmetical treatises following his method.

D. H.—We are very much obliged to you for calling our attention to the matter.

C. K.—Professor Seeley of University College, London, is said to be the author of *Ecce Homo*, and we believe he has not denied the impeachment.

EMILY M.—Declined with thanks.

***—The lines "To a Mother on the death of her Child" are respectfully declined.

A. F.—We have no recollection of the letter, and think it almost certain that we did not receive it.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—We have received from Messrs. Dawson & Bros. the May number of this magazine. It contains in addition to the lighter entertainment served up for its readers, a clever sketch of the Hon. B. Disraeli, and a well-written paper on the Cretan question. The recent visit of Ristori to our city will give additional interest to a lively sketch of the romantic career of that incomparable actress. The May number completes the thirty-fourth volume of the magazine.

MISCELLANEA.

Sir Philip Sydney said, "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues."

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to the top of another.

BOWLING.—Bowling is an old English game, and was very common as early as the thirteenth century. Charles I played at it, and it was a daily sport of Charles II, during his stay at Tunbridge.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.—The most ancient manuscripts are written without accents, stops, or separation between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between words.

CEMENT FOR STOVES.—When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be effectually and readily closed with a composition consisting of wood-ashes and common salt, made into a paste with water. Plaster this over the crack.

ORANGE SYRUP.—Select ripe and thin-skinned fruit; squeeze the juice through a sieve; to every pint, add a pound and a half of powdered sugar. Boil it closely, and skim as long as any scum rises; you may then take it off, let it get cold, and bottle it off. Be sure to secure the corks well. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup mixed in melted butter make an admirable sauce for a plum or batter pudding, and it imparts a fine flavour to custards.

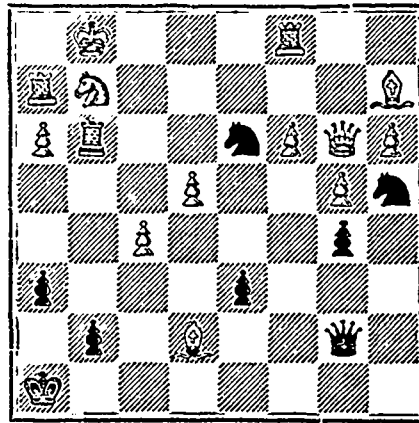
AN INDIA-RUBBER TONGUE.—A writer from Paris speaks of meeting a Parisian coachman, to whom misfortune had given a curious celebrity. Some time since a cancer in his tou, ue rendered amputation necessary. This operation was performed by the surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, who shortly afterwards replaced the lost tongue by one of india-rubber. Although the coachman cannot speak, he tastes, swallows, and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment. After eating he takes out his tongue—as one takes out a set of teeth—to clean it; and between his repasts he generally finds it more convenient to carry it in his pocket.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 67.

End game between two Port Dover, C.W. amateurs, in which Black (Mr. G. D. Lawson) having to play, announced mate in five moves.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and Mate in five moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 65.

WHITE.

- 1 Kt to K B 5
2 Q to K 5 Mate.

(a) 1 Q takes P Mate

(b) 1 Q takes P Mate.

(c) 1 R to B 5 Mate.

BLACK.

K takes Kt at B 5 or (a. b. c.)

K takes Kt at B 3.

P takes Kt.

P to K 7.

The following game, which we extract from the "Book of the First American Chess Congress," was contested between Paul Morphy and his uncle, Mr. Ernest Morphy, in November 1856. This beautiful specimen of the Evan's Gambit will amply repay the student for its examination:

WHITE, (Paul Morphy.)

- 1 P to K 4.
2 K Kt to B 3.
3 R B to Q B 4.
4 P to Q Kt 4.
5 P to Q B 3.
6 P to Q 4.
7 Castles.
8 Q Kt takes K B.
9 Q B to K 3.
10 Q to Kt 3.
11 Q takes B P.
12 P to K 5.
13 K R to K sq.
14 Q R to Kt sq.
15 K B to Q B 5.
16 K R to Q B sq.
17 Q takes Q R.
18 Q takes R P (ch.)
19 K R takes B.
20 R takes B P (ch.)
21 Q to Q B 6 (ch.)
22 Q R to Q Kt 8.
23 K R to K 7 (ch.)
24 R takes R (ch.)
25 R takes Q Mate.

BLACK, (E. Morphy.)

- 1 P to K 4.
2 Q Kt to B 3.
3 K B to Q B 4.
4 K B takes Kt P.
5 K B to R 4.
6 K P takes P.
7 K B takes B P.
8 Q P takes Q Kt.
9 P to Q 3.
10 K Kt to R 3.
11 Q to R B 3.
12 Q P takes P.
13 B to Q 2.
14 Castles Q R.
15 Q Kt to K 4.
16 B to Q B 3.
17 Kt P takes B.
18 K to Q 2.
19 K to K B 4.
20 K to K sq.
21 K to Q 2.
22 Q takes Q.
23 K to K B sq.
24 Q to K sq.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

NEW BOOKS.

"Barney's Landlord," by the author of "Sir Jasper's Tenant."

"Merely a Brick," by the author of "Only a Clod."

"Deviating yet Straight," by the author of "Erring yet Noble."

A powerful new American novel—"Sally Ann Crow, or the Unfortunate Inquest," by the author of "Marian Rourke, or, in Quest of Fortune."

"Pure Butter," a Tale of Bygone Times, by the author of "Chastekard," a Tale of the Times of Mary Queen of Scots.

"The Daughter of the Water," by the author of "The Son of the Soil."

"Blind Man's Buff," by the author of "Hide and Seek."

"The Dilapidated Cow Shed," by the author of "The Ruined Homestead."

"The Boy in Blue," by the author of "The Woman in White."

"The Lucky Funeral," by the author of "The Fatal Marriage."

"As you like it," as the servant said when he drank his master's grog.

"A winter's tale," as the churchwarden said when the pauper asked for some coals.

THE NOSE.—Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I dunno about that. I've blowed my nose a great number of times, and I've never broke it yet."

A SURE TEST.—To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer, and blow into the muzzle, letting the hammer slip from under the foot, and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded, you will be notified of the fact.

It two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR."—No, and none but the brave can live with some of them.

You may wish to get a wife without a failing; but what if the woman, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?

THE SCHOLAR AS ACUTE AS HIS MASTER.—"Now, then, fast boy in 'rithmetic, how many white beans air there in ten black ones?"—Ten, sir, if you skin 'em," was the reply.

"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

John Phillip Kemble, while performing one evening, was interrupted by a baby crying, and in nervous excitement came forward to the footlights, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if the tragedy does not stop, the baby can't go on."

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ-boy performed with a monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."

Mrs. Partington cannot understand either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, that they should be so anxious to pass a Bill in Parliament to give the people "universal suffering" and "vote by ballast." For her part she thinks there is suffering enough among the poor people, without making it universal. Reform indeed! they should reform themselves first, without thinking to reform the people.

Beware of women who seem very sweet.—Dealers in sugar-candy are not always candid.

A teacher said to a girl at school, "If a little naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?"—"Yes ma'am," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her!"

A back-woodsman, finding himself one night in a theatre of a border town, where the music was somewhat interrupted by the crying of a baby, shouted out, "Stop them fiddles and let the child cry; I haven't heard such music these ten years!"