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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 52. FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 1, 1866 FIVE CENTS.

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A WEEK IN THE WOODS BEHIND QUEBEC.

"WELL, Harry, what do you say? Will you come? I have everything prepared. My man is to be at the house at five o'clock; it will be a lovely night, and we shall have a right jolly time of it, if you will only come." That was my opening speech to Harry Busk, as I burst into his law office, and flung myself *sans ceremonie* into his comfortable arm-chair, reserved for favored clients, and rather boisterously disturbed the extremely proper air that always hung about everything belonging to Master Harry, until we could get him into the woods, and then he was as rough and careless as a Canadian sportsman should be. For a long time Jack Swivel and myself, Jack Swivel's friend, by name Tom Boon, had been planning a week's fishing of hard roughing it at the back lakes behind Quebec, and had been trying to stir up Harry Busk into coming with us. Saturday night he had half promised, and had, in fact, prepared everything for the start; but Sunday he had said that he thought he couldn't leave his office, to which he was sticking like a leech; and now, on Monday morning, the very day we intended to start, Jack and I were more than half afraid that he would not go with us, and had come to make a last attempt. We were then most agreeably surprised when he quietly replied to my interrogatory.

"Yes, Tom; I think that it will do me good, and set me up for my work, and so I shall go. You start from your place at five, and will pick me up a few minutes after, I suppose?"

"Bravo! for you, old fellow," was the return Jack and I gave him for his resolve. "Till five, then, *adieu;* mind you're ready, for we'll start pretty sharp;" and, in high spirits, Jack and I sauntered off to select a few more flies, and see if rods and guns were all right; for it was the last Monday in July, and, as we did not intend returning until the first Monday in August, we had made up our minds to have a crack at the woodcock in the summer covers, as well as a raid upon the trout and bass.

At five o'clock my man, as I called him, to wit, a farmer from the back settlement of Stoneham, at whose house I usually put up when on any sporting excursion in that direction, was at the door, and a few minutes afterwards we had *picked up* Harry, and, with nothing forgotten, were *en route* for the lakes, drawing glowing pictures of the wonderful bags we were going to make. Three hours afterwards we drew up at farmer Wilson's door. His home was a large, comfortable farm-house, rather better and cleaner looking than the ordinary run of houses in that section of the country, very pleasantly situated in a sheltered valley, the greater portion of which had been wrested by his own hands from the surrounding forest, and was under thorough cultivation. On nearly every side rose up the wooded heights of the Laurentide hills, while through the valley there ran, just a short distance from the house, one of those tempting trout streams which abound in the district, the outlets of the numerous lakes lying in every hollow of the mountains. Within, Mrs. Wilson had prepared for us a bountiful country tea—cream, eggs, strawberries, raspberries, fresh bread, and a host of other good things, for which she modestly apologized; but hoped we would taste something, even if it was not town fare—we showed her if we appreciated it—*some*—for the drive had served to put a wonderfully keen edge on appetites which were never very weak. Harry, however, wished, right or wrong, to cast a fly in the river first, as he was afraid it would be too late afterwards; but Jack and I convinced him that we were hungry—*very*—and that there would still be some fish left in the stream on the morrow, so he aided our attack on the supper; and afterwards, feeling very comfortable, we all three settled round a large fire before the house, and smoked with the burly farmer and his two strapping sons, Andy and my namesake Tom, the pipe of peace—no, I'm wrong, only two of us did so, Jack was making love to the blooming Sarah, our host's eldest lassie, and shamefully impressing her susceptible country heart with his fine town airs. Lying there round the fire we discussed the week's plans; Andy and Tom were both to come with us, as the hay being in, and the oats not yet ripe, they could easily be spared from the farm, and we were to make a grand tour of the fishing grounds about, commencing with the upper waters of the Jacques Cartier, and the rest *de suite*. Then, as we were to start at daybreak, we turned in about half-past nine, and slept the sleep of the dreamless.

At five in the morning we were stirring, at least Jack and myself were, but Harry was not to be found, until, on calling him from the door, he made his appearance, with about a dozen very nice looking brook trout. Evidently he was going in for fishing, as he went in for everything else—from law downwards—with his whole heart and strength. A splendid fellow was Hal, when you could once get him interested in a thing.

A light breakfast, and we were off; Harry, Jack and myself with our necessaries for the week done up in knapsacks, and as large a bag of provisions as we could conveniently carry upon our backs, and our rods in our hands, and Andy and Tom, the one with a light tent, a small bag of provisions, and one of our guns; the other with a large bag, and the remaining gun. And so for four long hours we tramped along, at first singing an occasional chorus song, but subsequently becoming very taciturn. At last the Jacques Cartier's rapid stream appeared in sight; a minute more, and we were upon its banks, where, with very audible sighs of relief, we flung our burdens on the ground, and seized upon the occasion to rest and bait before setting to work to paddle and pole up to our camping ground. But Andy did not give us long to wait, for he shortly appeared with the canoe from some nook or other, and, putting in the things, asked if we were not ready yet, informing us at the same time that we had some three or four hours work before us, and then a camp to build. So in we got and started, and for two long hours worked the canoe up a stream that seemed to me to be running like a mill-race. At last we came to the foot of a rapid too strong for all our poling, where, after narrowly missing an upset, we were obliged to land, and make a *portage*.

In case any of my readers, if any I have, should not know what a portage is, I will explain. When, in going up or down streams in a canoe, you come to any fall or rapid too dangerous to pass in your boat, it is usual in Canada to land, divide the canoe load, shoulder the light bark vessel, and so march by land till the difficulty is passed.

We had a portage of about a quarter of a mile to make, and by relieving Andy and Tom, who carried the canoe, of part of their loads, and the additional axe and camp-kettle picked up at the time we got the canoe, we succeeded in getting all to the head of the portage in one journey; then reloading, we proceeded on our way, and about an hour afterwards arrived at what Andy called "the camp," though precious little signs could I see of it, except some half-burnt logs, and wet and dried again ashes. Setting to work, though, we soon gave it a comfortable appearance. The tent, a gable one, was strung between two trees, and a fire lighted, why, it would be hard to tell, for it was a sweltering hot day, and the mosquitoes, the pests that necessitate a fire for the sake of the smoke, earlier in the season, had disappeared, while in the tent was collected a heap of soft leaves and branches of pine trees for a bed. And then preparations were made for regaling the inner man. Harry, the most enthusiastic fisherman of us all, had been down to the river while the camp was under course of construction, and on being hallooed to, made his appearance with about a dozen trout, varying in size from six to nine inches; these were soon prepared for cooking, and followed some primitive flour and water pancakes upon the frying pan. In a short time our meal was ready, coffee with sugar, but no milk; bread, pancakes, and trout—very rough, but we had good sauce for it—appetites gained by our hard morning's work,—while the whole was washed down with a "nip" all round before opening our campaign upon the river. Then, leaving Jack's well-trained cocker, Bang, in charge of the camp, we took our several courses up and down the stream, to try who could make the biggest basket before evening.

Not till the sun had nearly disappeared behind the mountain tops did we return to camp, and then, one by one—wet and weary, and hungry, but with a host of adventures with rock and current, and "whopper trout," to relate—we dropped in. Tom had returned first, and lit a fire, and made preparations for supper. That despatched, we proceeded to turn out our baskets, and count the slain—sixteen dozen and one, all told—pretty evenly divided among the five—Andy and Tom, with much inferior tackle, nearly equalling the rest of us. Jack had the largest, a stunner of five pounds weight, whose hard capture he consumed half the evening relating to us over our pipes and toddy, drank from our tin cups that served for all drinking purposes. Fatigue, however, soon compelled us to turn in, and having piled up the fire, we were soon all in the arms of Morpheus.

Before five we were stirring, and all went down for a refreshing plunge in the river. The morning was lovely—one of those cool glorious ones of mid-summer, which so often precede a broiling day. The woods were all alive with songsters, and the river sparkled gloriously in the morning sun. On returning to camp we set about to prepare for breakfast, and on going for some fish, found, to our annoyance, that a great many of the finest, which had been carelessly left on the ground, had been eaten by some mink or other during the night. Tom appeared rather delighted at this, as he said he would catch it, if it would only come again. The little wretch,

not content with eating whole ones, amidst so much abundance, had become saucy, and, an epicure in his way, amused himself by taking the shoulders out of as many as he could. Jack fortunately had strung up his prize, and so it had escaped mutilation. Picking out some of the remaining ones, we made our breakfast, and then left Andy to smoke the rest, while we started off to the fishing ground again, with the the exception of Jack, who, content with his fishing laurels of the day before, vowed, notwithstanding our expostulations against his cruelty in shooting them at this time of the year, that he would have a squirrel stew for dinner, and sauntered off with his gun and Bang. When he returned he brought a large bag of squirrels, which proved very nice, and a big cock-partridge, which he said he could not resist shooting, though out of season, the shot had been so tempting. In the evening our spoils from the river nearly doubled those of the preceding day, and we commenced to wonder how we would manage to bring them all to town, even when smoked.

Wednesday was the first of August, Jack and myself determined to spend it in a woodcock cover about a mile and a half up stream, leaving Harry to his beloved rod, and Tom to look after the smoking of the fish, and catch the mink if he could, while Andy volunteered to be our guide. It was certainly the hardest day's shooting I ever had in my life. The wood was very thick getting there, and when there the cover was terrible. Bang did his duty splendidly, but still we had a great deal of tramping to do ourselves. One bird in particular gave us a world of trouble; Jack walked him up in the open and missed him. He flew down the edge of the cover about a hundred yards, and then made a bolt in to the right. I was behind Jack when the bird rose and marked it down as well as I could. We went up to the place, but Bang was getting tired and could not find him, so I determined, as I thought I knew where he had pitched, to go and raise him myself. So, plunging in, I struggled through the undergrowth for some minutes calling at the top of my voice, when, pausing for an instant, I was suddenly startled by the bird getting off actually from between my feet and rising so perpendicularly as almost to brush my face, I called to Jack, but there was no need, he had seen him top the bushes, and master wood-cock fell back scarcely half a dozen yards from me. Another, but for Bang, would have been surely lost, it rose almost from my feet, and I fired before it had got a dozen of yards from my gun—a cloud of feathers showed through the smoke, and I thought the poor bird had been blown to pieces. What was my astonishment to see it running through the bush like an ostrich—only one wing had been shot away, not a feather else touched; and Bang had hard enough work in catching him. When we gave over, we showed eleven brace of birds, which we considered a pretty good bag for the first, so near Quebec. Our manner of cooking them was peculiar, but excellent. It was simply this, we rolled them up, feathers and all, in a paste of clay about an inch in thickness, and laid them in the hot embers; when cooked, the clay was easily knocked off, taking the feathers with it, by this means all the juice was preserved in the birds.

Next morning, we broke up camp on the Jacques Cartier, and moved back about six miles to the north-west, to a pretty large lake called Cedar Lake, leaving our tent behind, safely stowed away under the canoe, which had been drawn ashore and turned upside down. There we found a small log *cabane*, built by the Wilson boys on a former expedition, which was soon put under thorough repair, as also a raft, or rather a new one was made, the materials of the one found on the lake helping to make it up. Our slaughter of fish that day was most wanton, for we were already almost over-burthened with them. Our catch before sunset was *fifty dozen*, but they averaged a smaller size than those we had caught in the Jacques Cartier. That night we were very much disturbed, and, until we found out what it was, rather scared (to be honest about it,) by a duet of hideous yellings performed by two great horned owls perched in neighbouring trees. At first, thoughts of bears and wolves presented themselves, and it was only when Andy revealed to us the true source of the horrid noises that we could imagine whence they came, for they seemed in the air, above and below, and all round us, and were kept up almost without intermission. Getting hold of the guns, Andy and I went out into the moonlight, and just as one of them started to fly he knocked it over, while the report echoed across the lake, and reverberating from hill to hill, with long continued clearness, gave us a warning of foul weather coming, that we would have done well to have paid more attention to. But instead of starting to return next morning, we delayed till the evening, and devoted the day to shooting and fishing. Jack and I having discovered what turned out to be a magnificent cover, in which we bagged thirty birds; Harry, though we each offered him our guns, would not join us, as all the wood-cock in the country cannot wean him from his rod, when he finds his exquisite casts appreciated by the trout.

In the evening between five and six we started to return to the Jacques Cartier, every one of us with as heavy a load as we could well carry of trout and camp necessaries. By this time the weather was getting very dark and lowering and thickly overcast, while the constant rumblings and mutterings of the thunder warned us to remain, but we hoped to reach our old camp before the storm, or night set in. Unfortunately we had miscalculated our powers of progression and, retarded by our loads and the badness of the narrow foot-path through the woods, we were overtaken when little more than half way by both the darkness and the rain. Thus beset we soon lost our road. At first we were unwilling to give in that we had strayed, and for some time plunged boldly on through the woods, bruising our feet and legs, against roots and stones, constantly struck about the bodies and head by wet branches, and every second becoming more miserable. At last we could no longer deceive ourselves, and drew up to hold a council, Jack's exclaiming, "There's no earthly, use going on this way; better stop at once, and make up our minds for the most confoundedly miserable night we've ever passed." There we stood looking, I cannot say *at*, for it was too dark, but *towards* each other, wet, and draggled, for all the world like barn-door fowl after a day in the rain. Harry was the first to make a suggestion—"Out with the liquor, and let's have a nip all round." So the last bottle of brandy was produced and passed round, each one helping himself sparingly in order to make it last the night out. After that we piled up our things under the shelter of a large tree and spread a blanket over them. We then took shelter ourselves under neighbouring trees leaning our backs against them, and sitting or standing as best we could—poor old Bang crouching at our feet. An attempt was made to light a fire, but the matches had all got damp, and we had to give it up. Jack shot off a couple of jokes about it being impossible under the circumstances to display any of his usual *dry* humour; but they were miserable failures, and Harry's lead in "Jolly Dogs," was scarcely better. About midnight the rain ceased, but long before that we had become thoroughly saturated; fortunately it was a warm night, and the brandy helped to keep our spirits up. Slowly the hours wore on to dawn. I am not sure if any of us slept, but I think we did. At the first streak of light we were moving, and commenced preparations to start: cold and stiff we were, notwithstanding the mildness of the night. We found our things much less wet than we had feared; but the blanket we had put over them was a large water-proof one, and so protected them well. When it was light Andy soon discovered landmarks, and about an hour afterwards, we arrived at the Jacques Cartier. There we determined to remain till the afternoon, and dry ourselves and effects, so the tent was soon put up, and, a box of matches being discovered in one of the knapsacks, we speedily had a roaring fire blazing away. By this time, the sun was shining brightly down, and everything gave promise of a hot day—the woods were gleaming with emeralds and diamonds, and the birds as merry as birds could be, and the whole scene one to delight sadder hearts than ours. Changing as much of our clothes as we had changes for, we set them to dry, and then prepared a tremendous breakfast, at which it was something astonishing to see the quantity of hot coffee that was drunk. Then feeling much better—none of us had colds, strange to say—we prepared our lines for a last cast in the Jacques Cartier before returning to town. About one o'clock, we packed our things into the canoe and started down stream. It was easier sailing than coming up, for the current was so swift that we almost flew—no portage—no paddling—nothing but steering, and a steady hand it needed for that. Once or twice, I thought we were done for, dashed to pieces on some rock that it seemed impossible to avoid, but a twist of the paddle and we would shoot past within an ace. In an incredibly short time, we arrived at our place of disembarkment, and were soon after trudging towards Wilson's farm, where we arrived a little before six. There we soon got on comfortable clean clothes left there on our way out; and after we had put ourselves outside a substantial supper, lit our pipes, and bidden good-bye with a remuneration for their services to Andy and Tom, we started in the waggon with the old man for town, where we arrived soon after nine. Perhaps we didn't sleep that night. Sunday was a day of rest; and Monday morning, with renewed health and vigour from our "Week in the Woods." Jack went back to his ledger, and Harry and I to our law books and briefs.

WYVANT.

Quebec, August, 1866.

THE DRAMA.

"IT is never too late to mend" is the title of a dramatic version of a novel written some fifteen years ago, when the public mind was agitated by the question of prison discipline, and certain well-meaning, but injudicious philanthropists exerted all their influence to convert penitentiaries, &c., into attractive retreats, instead of places of stern punishment for the committers of crime; the practical result of which was seen a few years after in the garotting experiments that for a while made the streets of London dangerous to walk in after nightfall. "It is never too late to mend," with its morbid, greatly exaggerated picture of the interior of a prison and the doings therein, together with the attempt to make saints and heroes out of street arabs and felons, happened to hit the unhealthy fancy of a certain portion of the public, and a dramatised version was for years played at minor English provincial theatres, always eliciting the applause of the gallery portion of the audience, ere the manager of one of the London establishments placed an improved edition of it before the Londoners, and by the influence of splendid scenery and accessories forced it into popularity, though the prison scene created a great uproar upon the first night, and had to be modified considerably afterwards.

As "Tom Robinson," the hero of the play, Mr. Barton Hill was hardly as successful as usual (we do not mean in pleasing the audience, but in his rendering of the character). In the first act we could not help fancying that in the style of the swell-mobsman we traced some resemblance to Mr. Hill's Lord Dundreary, a resemblance hardly natural in a flash pickpocket giving himself airs: in the second there was nothing in the manner of acting to complain of, but the greatest genius would find it difficult to make pleasing a scene in which prison tortures are inflicted, before the audience, in such a manner as to drive one of the prisoners into an attempt to hang himself and even ultimately to an early death, and to send another raving about the horrors of solitary confinement; especially, when nothing of the kind would be allowed in any English establishment of the kind, at the present date In the last two acts Mr. Barton

Hill appeared to much greater advantage, but the part contains but few opportunities for the employment of artistic ability. As the unfortunate convict boy Josephs, Miss Lizzie Maddern, acted as naturally and pathetically as possible, in delineating an originally over-drawn and unnaturally saint-like character. Miss Emma Maddern played with her usual ability as Susan Merton; this lady's style is occasionally a little too jerky, but there is an amount of ability and power to please shown in all her endeavours, that give good promise of future success. The greatest feature of the performance, was undoubtedly "Mr. Peter Crawley, attorney," as played by Mr. Vining Bowers. It was the most artistically humorous impersonation, we remember to have witnessed by this gentleman; the make-up was most excellent; the seedy black professional tailcoat, with the thin sleeves and shabby cuffs, the limp and untidy white necktie, the characteristic hat, tight and too short inexpressibles, to say nothing of the brushed up, poky, iron-grey hair and bushy eyebrows, and the half-drunken yet thoroughly wide-awake expression of the whole countenance, were very characteristic of that peculiar, gone to seed, class of men, who revel in doing dirty work for others, and will put conscience in their pocket, to serve any customer—for a consideration. All through the drama the character was well maintained, but the most laughter-moving "bits" were, we think, the interview with Meadows in the second act, prior to Crawley's departure for Australia, and the scene in the last act, where he betrays his foiled employer, and very much to his own disgust, is himself literally carried off to prison. As Jacky, the Australian savage, Mr. Barth's performance would not have been devoid of humour, had he been representing an Ethiopian serenader upon the spree, but to a native Australian we could see in it but little resemblance, while one very coarse bit of bye-play was introduced, that was an offence against good taste,—we allude to Jacky's attempts to rid himself of the troublesome companions that seemingly infested his limbs, in which he was made to assume the attitude and manner of one of Mr. Guilbault's monkeys, engaged in the same occupation so agreeable to witness. Mr. Barth is not at all wanting in humour and is a great favourite with Montreal audiences, but he should certainly seek to develope it, in a more refined and artistic manner, if he wishes to rise in his profession above the rank of a mere pleaser of the groundlings. Mr. Carden acted in his usual efficient style as George Fielding, but with the exceptions of "Peter Crawley" and Jacky, none of the parts in this play are capable of being made much of—as in most sensation dramas, the characters seem to be merely introduced as an excuse for the scenery. Mr. Giles, as Mr. Eden the clergyman, was altogether too stiff and melodramatic. The other characters were as creditably performed as could be expected. Mr. Halford as Mr. Meadows acted with much discretion, but was altogether too good looking to be an entirely satisfactory theatrical representative of such a morally unprepossessing villain.

As regards scenery and properties, the managers very creditably exerted themselves. The opening farm scene with the real live horse and pigeons and "the descent church that topped the neighbouring hill," was very pretty; and there was a degree of care expended upon the prison with its cells and corridors, and also upon the Australian glen with the waterfall of "real water!" that was very praiseworthy.

We trust, that when Mr. Reade, so deservedly celebrated, next attempts to influence the public mind, by writing a novel, touching upon any great social question, he will remember, "It is never too late to mend!" JOHN QUILL.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By W. P. Fetridge. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is the fifth year's issue of Messrs. Harper's well-known European Guide-Book. The greater portion of the text has been re-written for the present volume, which is corrected up to July, 1866—two years later, the publishers claim, than any European Hand-Book published. The work before us is convenient in form, and will prove a very useful companion to tourists, whilst dwellers at home may discover in its pages occasional scraps of pleasant gossip, and much valuable information respecting the chief points of interest in the old world.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS: A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

In the spring of 1865, a small party, composed of two English gentlemen and their wives, started from Salerno to pay a visit to the renowned ruins of Pæstum. They were assured that the road was perfectly safe, and guarded by soldiers throughout; but notwithstanding these assurances, on the return of the party, their carriage was surrounded in broad daylight by a band of brigands, and whilst at least fifty persons were looking on, the two gentlemen were seized and carried off by their captors. A heavy ransom was demanded by the brigands, and as neither of the gentlemen had the requisite sum at his command in Italy, it was arranged that lots should be drawn to determine which of the two should be set free, in order to procure the ransom necessary to effect the release of his less fortunate friend. The gentleman whose ill fortune it was to remain in captivity was Mr. W. J. C. Moens, and the work before us is a narrative of his adventures, whilst in the custody of the brigands; and also of the exertions made by his friends to procure his release.

The book possesses in an eminent degree the charm of novelty, for it is but rarely in the present day that we can obtain a glimpse of the domestic life of brigands. Mr. Moens effectually sweeps away the halo of romance which is supposed to surround the career of these reckless men. During the two months he was a captive he endured hardships and privations of no ordinary character; but these were equally shared by his captors, who had, moreover, to bear the brunt of almost incessant skirmishes with Italian soldiers. Nevertheless, to the disgrace of the Italian Government, immense sums are paid to brigands for the release of captives held to ransom. Our author informs us that during the year 1865 the captains of two bands, whose headquarters were in the province of Salerno, received in the aggregate a sum equivalent to twenty-two thousand pounds sterling, and this for the release of only eight captives. Mr. Moens' own ransom was originally fixed at £17,000 sterling; but on his declaring his inability to pay that amount, it was reduced one-half, and finally to £5100, which sum was paid. A *fac simile* of the captain's receipts is given in the appendix.

The concluding chapter of the book is devoted to "Reflections on Brigandage in Southern Italy," and our author gives it as his deliberate opinion that the *interests* of the country people are concerned in its maintenance. He calculates that a band of from twenty-five to thirty men would not pay less than £4000 a year for absolute necessaries, and that five-sixths of the money received, in the shape of ransoms, by the brigands, go to the peasants. The usual price paid to the country people for a loaf of bread is three shillings and fourpence (actual value in the town, threepence to sixpence); a like sum is paid for washing a shirt, and everything else in proportion. It will be seen at once how difficult the capture of these men must be, whilst the peasantry of the country have such substantial reasons for aiding and abetting their escape.

We commend Mr. Moens' graphic narrative to the attention of our friends. It is a faithful photograph of actual life among strange men, and in strange scenes, and cannot fail to secure the interest of the reader.

MAGAZINES.—We have received from Messrs. Dawson Bros. "Temple Bar," "Frazers," "The Dublin University," and "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," for August.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

In Press, and nearly ready! The Two Wives of the King, Translated from the French of Paul Féval. Paper, 50c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

A New Novel by Miss Braddon! will be published shortly! What is My Wife's Secret? By Miss M. E. Braddon. R. Worthington, publisher, Montreal.

Vol. II. of Napoleon's Life of Julius Cæsar. Fine Library edition. In cloth $2 50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Cloth. Price $4.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mistress and Maid. A Household Story. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons. A Novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Agnes. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"ISN'T it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the *salon* of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birth-day present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed, "what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know, may be no one, or nothing, and I daresay it is very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with anything dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well, said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned, her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver; that in a few hours her fate would be to meet that "something dreadful," so lightly spoken of just now, to conquer it, or die one of the most horrible deaths possible to be conceived.

We were a very happy *partie quarrée;* Elliot Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her colour-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we, too, left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which one day, she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-bye, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver, and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return."

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterwards, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill: this one led to another, and that to still another, and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond there was a group of cork trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the brushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when one reached, the walking would be easy. So though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn; and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark) and could see the cork trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only *one* moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, everything which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenéan dogs, their terribly acute scent, and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork trees.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralysed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life, at all events, as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel "yapping" sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels: if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs, now-a-days, were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran, I felt a reckless courage; and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single "yapp" so close behind, that an agony of terror put for the moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralysed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to make for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defence for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated, I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe, appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upwards of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance, when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest is should give you too true a clue to my place of refuge.

How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had travelled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering, lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than anything which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:—

As we neared the grove of cork trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the food which was unattainable, and came *en masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling, that after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brush-wood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered

for upwards of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees towards these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence, we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused: every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance to the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs, we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home, and did all we could to restore consciousness; but alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterwards that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life, but we who heard her tale so unaffectedly told, thought the pistol would have been but of little use, had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birth-day present.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S YARN.

READER, have you ever been thousands of miles away from your friends, I mean your own dear relations? If so, have you ever thought of them, wondering what they were doing at that very instant? I don't know what you may have done, but I remember that I for one, with many of my shipmates, after having been two years away—half the ship's commission—on a dull and monotonous station, have often leant over the bulwarks of H.M.S.——, and, looking down into the depths of the perfectly calm sea on a hot tropical night, have thought and talked of our friends at home by the hour together, wondering what they were doing, and wishing we could transport ourselves to them at that instant.

"Well! what is there to be done?" said one of the mids, after a long pause.

"Upon my word, I don't know," said I; "but what do you say to a paper-chase next Thursday?"

Our shore-going readers must be reminded that Thursday is generally allowed as a holiday to seamen, who, instead of being piped to drill on that day, are piped "to make and mend clothes," and that the day goes by the name of "rope-yarn Sunday."

"I vote for a ride across country, a dinner at old Carpini's at Las Piedras, and a ride home in the cool evening, smoking a quiet pipe."

"Not half a bad idea," was the general chorus.

By this time several of the ward-room officers had joined us after their dinner, and the motion was unanimously carried. The next day was a very busy one; the youngsters were besieging everybody right and left for paper to tear up for scent. All last mail's papers went like a flash of lightning, and then began a descent upon middies' work-books.

"Oh! I say, you've got my Day's-work Book there," said one poor luckless midshipman.

"Don't tear up that," said another; "it's a '66 Almanack I've just got out by the last mail."

At last one of the clerks appeared at the berth-door with two or three tremendous volumes of old office-books, and a whole lot of waste paper.

"Come along, old S——," was shouted; and the books were torn up and packed away in an instant. By this time we had paper enough; and the gunner poked his head in at the gun-room door with four large canvas knapsacks, which we immediately collared, and stuffed till they were nearly bursting.

Then there was a pause after the first excitement was over.

"How about leave?" said one.

There was a dead silence. From the faces of all you could see that each one was thinking of the same subject. A good many of them had guilty consciences, and knew that they did not deserve leave for not having been up in their tops at crossing top-gallant and royal yards, or for not having their logs or watch-bills up.

"Whose turn for the leave-book?" said one.

"Oh! I'll take it in; put your tallies down."!

So the names were put down in the book, and away I went to the Commander to get it signed, who, being a jolly, easy-going old fellow, signed it at once; but now came the tug of war. The Captain's signature was wanting to complete it. Away I went.

"Sentry, is the Captain engaged?"

"No, sir."

I gave a gentle tap at the door,

"Come in," said the old skipper, in a sonorous voice.

"Have you any objection to these young gentlemen going ashore, sir?" said I.

"Let me have a look at the book," said he; and as I turned it towards him he drew his finger down the page. "Mr.——, log not up; Mr.——, watch-bill incorrect;" and so on, about five of the names were scratched off. I was just turning to go away, when he bade me stop a minute; then he went on to say that he had heard we were going for a paper-chase instead of knocking about the town all day, drinking bad liquor, and otherwise abusing and endangering our lives. The old doctor (who was always a great friend of the middies) had advised him to give us all leave, telling him that the run would do us good.

"You may thank Dr. C—— for your leave," continued the Captain. "Away you go!"

I didn't wait to be told twice; so away I rushed down to the berth, and without saying a word flung the book upon the table with the crosses against the different names. There was immediately a groan from the unlucky ones, and I set up a laugh at them, for which I nearly got pitched into for my pains. As soon as I could obtain silence, I told them how the old Doctor had got leave for all of us. Then followed a scene almost indescribable—fellows tumbling over one another, four on the top of one, singing out "More sacks on the mill!" the more steady ones sending for their servants, and getting their plain clothes ready. When the fellows had got a little steadier, they went to cadge for spurs, whips, clothes, or anything required to fit themselves out for a good ride on shore. At length the day came to a close, and we all turned in to our hammocks early. Several ward-room officers were going, and the Commander had promised a boat at half-past seven, so as to get ashore by eight. Letters had been sent round to the different ships of the squadron, and every one was prepared for a jolly day on the morrow.

"Five bells, sir," said my hammock-man, as I lay in a dreamy state the next morning betwixt sleeping and waking. "Five bells, sir."

"All right," said I, and out I jumped.

The other fellows were turning out and rubbing their eyes, the hammocks were quickly disappearing out of the steerage. "Who's for a bathe? come on quick! they have just piped to breakfast." Away we went overboard, and had a good dip alongside before breakfast, dressed in plain clothes, and managed to make a good breakfast before the cutter was called away. As we were sitting at breakfast, the old Doctor made his appearance at the berth door. "Good morning, sir," was echoed on all sides; "thank you for getting round old Sinbad." *

"Ha! ha!" said the old Doctor, in guttural broad Irish: "ye may thank yir starrs that I cot him in the right humour. Now, mind ye enjoy yirselves, and come off properly to yir leave; don't get sticking about that nasty town, and catching fever and ague, for I promise you, by the powers, if ye fall into my hands through you running wild on shore, I'll ——. Well, never mind, there's yir boat called away, now cut along, and get a good day's ride, it'll do ye all good."

So the old Doctor disappeared into the ward-room, muttering to himself that it was of little use his speaking to the hair-brained young rascals, for half of them wouldn't mind what he said one bit. Up we all scrambled. Of course the cutter had not dropped from the boom yet, but there we were all in a flock in the gangway, ready to jump into the boat before she was well alongside. "Come, hold on there! you'll have me overboard if you don't look out." This from the fellow at the bottom of the ladder. "Move on," ejaculated some one from the top, "here's number one coming." This was the First Lieutenant, a very good seaman, a thorough gentleman, and a capital officer. At length we all got comfortably stowed away in the boat. "Shove off," said the First Lieutenant. "Shove off," echoed the midshipman of the boat, "down with your oars, give way together." Bravo! we were fairly off from the ship at last. Then commenced a chaffing match, such as is common amongst midshipmen whenever they have nothing to talk about.

"I didn't see much of you in the middle watch, B——," said the First Lieutenant to me.

"No, sir," said I, "I was just remarking the curious coincidence to Pat here, that I never saw anything of you either. I suppose you forgot to turn out, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Meacham (that was his name), "I turned out, but I didn't see any midshipman of the watch, and thereby missed my usual cup of coffee."

"Did you really, sir? I am indeed very sorry to hear it, but of course, sir, you made up for it by taking a nip of something stronger." A slight laugh was raised at Number One's expense, as he was rather fond of taking a nip. He shook his fist at me, saying,

"Get out, you young blackguard; I'll remember you the next middle watch, and won't let you off quite so easy."

So the chaff went on, the service and discipline being left on board the ship, and every one wearing a smiling face. As we neared the land, each began asking the other where he was going to get his horse from. The knowing ones kept silent, or threw out sly hints about stables that they knew of, where there was a splendid bay that went like the wind, so as to throw the greens off the scent, and secure the best horses for themselves. I and my chum had taken the precaution of writing ashore to one of the livery-stable keepers, so we had nothing to do but walk quietly there, where we found horses all ready for us. After looking them over a bit, we jumped on their backs, and walked them out of the yard. You must know that these horses are very singular in their movements; they rarely, if ever, trot, but always canter or gallop. The natives teach them this pace when they are young, and use them for making long journeys; horses out there are known to keep up this pace for twelve hours out of the twenty-four almost without stopping. But to return, our horses, immediately we got out, commenced their canter, which (not having been on horseback for some time), greatly dis-

* I am sorry to say "Sinbad" was the name which we reckless young reefers gave to our gallant captain.

turbed my equilibrium, and, to add to my difficulties, the streets were rather crowded. I managed, however, to bring my horse all right to José's café, Mount Bruno, where I dismounted, and found several fellows belonging to the different ships. After the usual greetings, sundry slaps on the back, &c., &c., we agreed that we would start at once for the rendezvous, a village about four miles out, called Passo Molinas. On the road to the course we had a friendly gallop, just to try the speed of our animals. We arrived there in about twenty minutes, and dismounted to wait for the rest. On they came by twos or threes together, till about some twenty of us were present. Then Meacham, taking out his watch, called out, "Who are the foxes?"

"Smith and Pat, sir," said I.

They had already been fixed upon as having the best horses. So after looking to their girths, and strapping on the bags, they were allowed to depart with instructions to give us a good scent, and a view about two miles before they got to Calpini's, an hotel about twelve miles off. Ten minutes was the time agreed to give them. Then we all lit our pipes, and stood talking and lolling about, to the utter bewilderment of the natives who had crowded round to look at the unnatural number of Inglizas (as they kept calling us), who had been behaving in what seemed to them a most extraordinarily eccentric manner.

"Two minutes more," shouts Meacham. Girths are buckled up, and everybody springs into his saddle to wait for the last moment. "Fair play is a jewel," as Meacham remarked. Hats are firmly pressed on, and pipes are carefully stowed away, when "time's up" is shouted out. Off starts every one in a canter, amidst the cheers and hoots of the populace; each of us glancing to the right and left, to make sure that the foxes had not turned down one of the bye-lanes. We got well out of the village before a sign of paper was to be seen, out into a large common. Then we began to spread. All of a sudden, "Yoicks, forard!" was heard right behind. Some of the more steady ones that had pulled up outside the village had observed a little bye-path, which had escaped notice in our hurry, and, suspecting that something was up, had made towards it, when a handful of scent was the first thing that greeted them. Now followed a smart gallop for about half a mile, scrambling through hedges and ditches, and getting ourselves torn and scratched by the horrid prickly cactus of which the hedges were made.

Not a check yet. Good foxes! Only five of us are together, and looking back we perceive a long line of horsemen trying to get through. "Holloa! why, where is the scent? Rein up there, rein up;" and "cast" was the general cry. So away we spread; and whilst casting about, one of the fellows came galloping up and shouted that the foxes had shown themselves in the rear, and that all the fellows behind us were following them by sight. Cunning fellows, those foxes! They let all who had good horses go past them, and then showed themselves to the stragglers, knowing that they could ride out of their sight in no time. We soon came up with the stragglers, whom we found clustered together at a large ditch and fence, which the scent went right up to and could be seen on the other side. Not one of our horses would face it; and how the foxes had got through we couldn't tell. We were enclosed in a small garden full of different plants, &c.—here a bed of potatoes, there a crop of wheat just coming up, &c. Of course ten or twelve horses were not doing any good to the garden. By and by out came an old man with his wife and daughter. The old man shouldered a gun, the wife was armed with a big stick, and the daughter with a pitchfork. The old man let off a torrent of abuse in Spanish, and, amidst roars of laughter, pointed his old musket at us; but as we could see the cobwebs across the muzzle, and that it had no lock to it, we were not much afraid of it. The old woman was a more formidable assailant with her big stick, with which she soundly cudgelled any of us she could hobble across; but the young lady—to look at her she seemed not more than fifteen—my eyes! I shall never forget the way she handled her fork as long as I live, although I myself got off scatheless. There she was, a regular young virago, rushing in and out among the horses, and putting about half an inch of steel into every one's seat of honour she could reach. The horses were neighing and plunging and rearing; the fellows were roaring, some with pain, others with laughter. I thanked my stars that I was one of the latter. Backing my horse out of the crowd, I spied a gap that had been all the while right under our noses. It was so shrouded by trees that when seated on horseback you would scarcely notice it. I sang out to the rest of the fellows, and, giving my horse the whip and spur, I made a dash at the gap; but the horse and myself both rolled into the ditch together. It was only soft mud; so I got off with two or three scratches, and a precious dirty "messing." When I had picked myself up again and mounted, about five of them had got through and were commencing the chase again. Away we went for about two miles, the scent getting scarcer and scarcer.

"It's time to get a view, I should think," I observed, as we rounded a small copse of trees. I had scarcely said so, when "Tally ho!" was wafted faintly on our ears, and we saw both the foxes on the brow of the next hill, sitting down by their horses, and smoking. To spring into their saddles was the work of a moment, and to be out of sight the work of another. Away we went, full gallop. I was some way astern of my comrades, and was a good deal surprised to see four of them go over their horse's heads one after another, and the fifth give a stagger and a kind of jump, and then continue his course. I soon became aware of the cause of the disaster. The two young gentlemen, whom we had selected as foxes for the day, combined all the natural qualities of the real animal; they had pulled up directly all the scent was gone, and had led their horses behind a blind ditch, where they had dismounted and lit their pipes, intending that we should see them, and at the same time knowing that we should ride full gallop at the spot where they had disappeared. I have shown how they had succeeded by their foresight and cunning. My horse having considerable way on him—going at a gallop—I had the good luck to stagger over the ditch, holding on fore and aft; for I defy any one to sit properly in the saddle as these horses go at it. Then came a neck and neck race who should get to Calpini's first, and touch one of the foxes: for we had no idea of catching them previously, since their horses were fresh compared with ours.

"Off!" said I, as I threw myself to the ground before my horse had fairly pulled up, and making a rush at one of the foxes, I gave him a hearty slap on the back. My companion had done the same to the other fox. By this time up came the rest, at least the four best, and dismounting we discussed the "run" over claret and pipes. Dinner was ordered, fellows kept dropping in every minute, and were greeted with shouts of laughter, especially those who had had the misfortune to get a little bit of pitchfork. One fellow got dubbed "Prongs" on the spot, and I believe retains the *sobriquet* to this very day, from the fact of his having had both points put into him. Then we all went down to the river for a bathe, and by the time we had had our dip, dinner was pronounced "ready."

I need not describe the dinner-scene—what a noise there was—how one of the stragglers had taken an awful leap which unfortunately no one had seen him take: how he was told to "pipe down," although of course he was implicitly believed; how another had had a row with some Gouchos (the natives who look after the cattle); and last of all how I came rushing in to inform them that a young married couple were about to start on their wedding-tour in a coach and four; how every one at once cleared out and gave them three times three, much to the astonishment of the natives and of the young couple, who had perhaps never heard twenty or thirty young Englishmen cheer before. The young bride gave us a most fascinating smile and bow as they dashed away. After settling with our worthy host, we lit our pipes, and prepared for a twelve mile ride home by moonlight, having given our horses three hours for rest and refreshment. We all started together, and arrived in town about eight o'clock, horses and riders thoroughly well done up. We met at José's again, and bartered for a boat. After putting the officers of the squadron on board their respective ships, we made sail for our own, which was about two miles out.

"I hope my hammock is down," I said with a yawn; "I shall turn in with a relish." This remark of mine elicited nothing but a sleepy response from the others. We arrived alongside in another quarter of an hour, and tumbled up the ladder.

"Good night, sir," said I to the First Lieutenant; "good night, and pleasant dreams."

It was about ten o'clock, the lights in the berth were out, and having declined number one's offer of a glass of grog, we betook ourselves to our chests, and deposited all our clothes in a lump on the top of them, being too tired to put anything away.

"Well, I *am* tired," said I; ain't you, Pat?"

"Yes," said he; "good night."

Reader, are you tired?—I hope not. Good night.

THE ROYAL ARMS AND ROYAL BADGES.

HERALDIC tradition—than which nothing can be more apocryphal—asserts that the lions or leopards of England's royal arms came over with the Conqueror. According to this very doubtful authority, William the Norman and his sons Rufus and Beauclerc bore 'two lions passant guardant,' which Stephen discarded in favour of an armed centaur—in fact, our zodiacal friend Sagittarius the archer. Henry II. brought back the leopards, adding a third in honour of his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine. All this is, however, conjecture, if not pure invention; but it is not to be disputed that Cœur de Lion, when Count de Poitou, bore three leopards upon his shield; in the old romance of *Cuer de Lyon*, he is described as carrying

> Upon his shoulders a schelde of stele
> With the lybbardes painted wele;

and so Richard figures on his second great seal of 1195. The motto *Dieu et mon Droit* dates from the same monarch. The author of the *Accedence of Armorie* informs us that 'Otho, the fourth emperor of Almaine, for the love he bare to Richard I. and John, kings of England, bare the arms of England, impaled with the arms of the empire, the kings being well contented he should do so.' Another emperor, Frederick, sent Henry III. three leopards, in compliment to his coat. Henry's motto was a quaint one: *Ke ne dune ke ne tine, ne pret ke desire;* that is, 'He who gives not what he has, takes not what he desires.' The leopards remained leopards down to the time of Edward I., for the *Roll of Karlaverok* a Norman-French poem, recounting the exploits of that monarch at the siege of Caerlaverock Castle, Dumfriesshire, in 1300, describes the royal banner as emblazoned with 'three leopards courant of fine gold set on red, fierce, haughty, and cruel.'

The first great change in the royal arms was made by Edward III., who, claiming the French crown by right of his mother, altered his armorial bearings accordingly, by carrying the arms of France and England quarterly; in other words, he divided his shield into four, placing the three lions on a red field in the first and fourth quarter, and filling the remaining quarters with golden fleurs-de-lis, "semy," or scattered on an azure field. He made a further addition in the shape of supporters, hitherto unknown to our kings, choosing for this purpose a gold lion and a silver falcon with golden claws and beak. These Richard II. changed to two angels; and these, again, had to make way for the swan and antelopes of Henry IV. The last-named king reduced the number of the fleurs-de-lis to five; and his successor cut off a couple more, and removed his father's swan in favour of a lion.

Although, as Shakspeare says, the fleurs-de-lis were cropped and half of England's coat torn away during Henry VI.'s unfortunate minority, that weak ruler did not remove the emblems of his French sovereignty from the royal arms;

but he did discard the supporting lion of the hero of Agincourt for a second antelope, an animal better representing his own unwarlike disposition. For the next six reigns, the only alterations made consisted in changing the supporters—Edward IV. taking a lion and black bull; Edward V., a lion and hind; Richard III., two boars; and Henry VII. adopting the red dragon of the Tudors and the white grey-hound of the Nevilles. Henry VIII. removed the dragon from the right to the left of the shield, and took a lion in lieu of the hound. Queen Mary's supporters were an eagle and a lion.

Semper Eadem was Elizabeth's motto: she got rid of her sister's eagle, and restored the old Tudor dragon; and not content with this, made the second important change in the royal arms, by introducing the harp of Ireland, and bearing them as they never were borne before or since, on three shields—one on the right, quartered with the arms of England and France; one on the left, bearing the emblem of Erin; and the third below the other two, representing the principality of Wales quartered in red and gold, each field bearing a lion counterchanged. James I., as the first king of Great Britain and Ireland, had to re-arrange the royal shield again, which he did after the following fashion: The first and fourth quarters were appropriated to the lions and lilies, borne quarterly as of old; the second quarter was given to Scotland's lion in his double tressure fleury; and the third to the Irish harp, "or stringed argent on an azure field." At the same time, the lion and unicorn became the royal supporters. The motto of James was *Beati pacifici;* that of Charles I., *Dieu et mon Droit*. The arms of the Protectorate consisted of a shield divided down the centre, bearing a cross on the left hand, and the harp on the right. Charles II. made no alteration in the royal arms; but William and Mary added the arms of Orange. Anne revived Elizabeth's motto, and impaled the arms of England and Scotland in the first and fourth quarters of the shield, the lilies of France in the second, and the harp of Ireland in the third. George I. put the Hanoverian arms into the fourth quarter, and restored the motto cast aside by his predecessor. In 1801, George III. ceased to style himself king of France, and a royal proclamation was issued, ordering that for the future the arms of the United Kingdom should be quarterly first and fourth England, second Scotland, third Ireland; over which, on an escutcheon of pretence, the arms of Hanover ensigned with the electoral bonnet. Hanover being made into a kingdom in 1816, the bonnet gave place to a regal crown, which disappeared with the arms to which it belonged, when the connection between England and Hanover was happily severed by the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of Britain.

The dukes of Grafton, as descendants of Barbara Villiers, bear the royal arms of Charles II.'s time, which are quartered on the shields of four other ducal families—those of Buccleuch, Cleveland, Richmond, and St. Albans. The last two represent respectively the unpopular Duchess of Portsmouth and the popular Nell Gwynne. The Vanes derive arms and dukedom by intermarrying with the Fitzroys; while the House of Buccleuch has quartered the arms of the Merry Monarch ever since its representative, "the greatest heiress and finest woman of her time," espoused the unlucky son of Lucy Walters, who came to grief at Sedgemoor. The House of Normanby quarter the royal arms of James II., that king having granted them to his natural daughter, Lady Catharine Darnley, whose heiress married Mr. William Phipps. The Fitzclarences bear the royal arms as borne by their progenitor William IV. The Beauforts quarter the arms of England and France, or rather the royal arms of Edward III., in token of their descent from Shakspeare's "time-honoured Lancaster," famous John of Gaunt; and the Dukes of Somerset quarter the lions of England between six fleurs-de-lis, being the coat of augmentation granted to their House by Henry VIII. upon his becoming connected with it by his marriage with Lady Jane Seymour. No less than forty-five peers still claim the right to quarter the royal arms of the Plantagenets upon their shields.

Royal badges differed from the royal arms in this—the latter might be said to be the badge of the nation itself, while the former were mere personal emblems, which the sovereigns of England used to embellish their robes of state, to adorn the caparisons of their horses, and to decorate the garments of their retainers, changing them as their taste and fancy prompted them. The badge of William Rufus is said to have been an eagle gazing at the sun; that of Stephen, an ostrich plume. Henry II. used three devices—the broom or plantagenista; "the gem escarbuncle, which is found within the saphir," the badge of the House of Anjou; and a cunning device representing "a genelt" passing between two "plantes de geneste." The broom was one of Richard I.'s badges, a star-mounted crescent another. John chose the last named; while his successor went back to the old love of his race. Edward I. was the first English king that adopted the rose, but his rose was neither white nor red, but a golden flower on a green stalk; he also used a bear standing against a tree. Edward II. symbolised his descent from the House of Castile by taking a golden tower for his device. Edward III. delighted in a variety of badges, sporting sometimes a griffin, as on his private seal, sometimes an eagle, and sometimes two green sprigs issuing from the stock of a tree. After his victorious campaign in France, he added a fleur-de-lis-decorated sword to his devices; but when he appeared at the grand tournament at Canterbury in 1349, he wore a tunic emblazoned with white swans, his shield bearing the same designs, with the somewhat profane motto:

> Hay! hay! the wythe swan!
> By God's soul, I am thy man!

Another device he affected, that of sunbeams issuing from clouds, was emblazoned on the robes of the Knights of the Garter in Henry VIII.'s reign, in memory of him, as founder of the noble order.

Richard II.'s favourite badge was the white hart (derived from the white hind of his mother, the Fair Maid of Kent), which she wore embroidered on his sword-belt and velvet sheath. The white falcon was another badge of his: he had a third in the broom with the seeds dropping from its breaking pods; and a fourth in "a sun in his splendour," as borne by his warrior sire, the Black Prince. Jenico d'Artois, a Gascon, faithful to Richard through good and ill fortune, is said to have been the last man in England to wear the cognizance of the white hart. Henry IV. adopted the silver swan and white antelope of his wife's family, the Bohuns, and the mysterious SS, whose origin defies elucidation; he also bore the red rose of Lancaster, and "a fox-tail dependent," the latter advertising all whom it might concern, that when he found the lion's skin too short, he was able and willing to piece it with the fox's tail. Henry V. granted the barony of Homet to Walter Hungerford conditionally, that he should bring him a lance with a fox's tail dependent when he did suit and service for his estate, so the fox's tail must be reckoned among the badges of that famous king. After the battle of Agincourt, he chose a crowned fleur-de-lis; but his tomb in the Abbey bears a fire-beacon, with an antelope and a swan chained to it. Henry VI.'s badges were the Lancastrian rose, a panther spotted all colours, and two white ostrich feathers.

Edward IV., as in duty bound, held to York's pale and angry rose, originally the device of the Mortimer's, from whom he derived his earldom of March. The golden-clawed black dragon of the Burghs was one of his badges; another was a falcon on an open fetterlock, which originated in a curious manner. Edward's great grandfather, the first Duke of York, received from his father the grant of the castle of Fotheringhay, "which he new-built in form and fashion of a fetterlock, assumed to himself his father's falcon, and placed it on a fetterlock; implying thereby that he was locked up from the hope and possibility of the kingdom. Upon a time finding his sons, beholding this device set upon a window, asked what was Latin for a fetterlock, whereupon the father said: "If you cannot tell me, I will tell you: *hic, hæc, hoc, et taceatis*;" revealing to them his meaning, and advising them to be silent and quiet, as God knoweth what may come to pass. This his great-grandchild, Edward IV., reported, and bore it, and commanded that his younger son, royal Duke of York, should use the device of a fetterlock, but opened." At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Edward, astonished by beholding

> Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
> Not separated with the racking clouds,
> But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
> See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
> As if they vowed some league inviolable;
> Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun—

accepted the omen as one of success; and in remembrance of the event, surrounded his white rose with sun-rays. This badge-loving king also used a pyramid of feathers issuing out of a crown, and the black bull of the Clares.

Edward V. scarcely reigned long enough to choose any badge. His unscrupulous uncle rejoiced in the rooting hog, or a silver boar with gold tusks, and when he went to be crowned, was attended by a retinue bearing thirteen thousand boars upon their coats. Shakspeare's tragedy contains several allusions to the favourite device of the crook-backed Richard: Stanley dreams the boar had raised off his helm; Richmond styles his rival "the wretched, bloody, and usurping boar;" while the ghosts chorus:

> Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
> Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy.

But the boar was a dangerous animal to sneer at, as the author of the couplet—

> The rat, the cat, and Lovel the dog,
> Rule all England under the hog—

found to his cost. After the fight was over at Bosworth, Richmond was crowned on the field with his opponent's crown, which had been found lying in a hawthorn-bush—a fact commemorated by Henry's assumption of the crown and hawthorn-bush as a badge. He also united the blood-stained roses, bearing a rose half-white and half-red, which he afterwards altered to a white rose within a red one; he likewise used the portcullis of the Beauforts, the dun cow of Guy of Warwick, and the red dragoon of Cadwallader.

Henry VIII. employed the old badges of the falcon and fetterlock, the hind, portcullis, hawthorn-bush, and double rose, and not content with these, invented one for himself, emblematic of his triumph over the pope—an armed leg cut off at the thigh, the foot passing through three gold crowns. A red-wattled silver cock and a flame of fire were also two of his especial fancies. It seems to have been the custom of his time to christen the smaller vessels of the royal navy after the royal badges; and from a list of the "pynasses and row-bargys" then forming part of the fleet, it would appear that Henry used the tiger, the lion, the dragon, the antelope, the greyhound, and the cloud-in-the-sun, besides the devices above mentioned.

Edward VI.'s badges were a rising sun and the rather inappropriate device of a cannon sending forth smoke and flame. Mary took her mother's pomegranate and red and white rose impaled on a sheaf of arrows, as well as a sword standing upon an altar—symbolical, we suppose, of her determination to use that weapon in defence of her faith. Elizabeth used a variety of badges, but her favourite one was Anne Boleyn's falcon with a crown and sceptre. Badges now went out of favour; and when we have named James I.'s red rose and thistle crowned, the catalogue of English royal badges is exhausted; but before laying our pen aside, we may mention, as something germane to our subject, that the colours of the House of Lancaster were white and blue; of the House of York, murrey and blue; the Plantagenets' colours were white and red; the Tudors', white and green; the Stuarts', yellow and red; those of William and Mary, orange and blue. Scarlet has now held the place of honour for a long period, and it certainly has the best claim to the pre-eminence, seeing that 'gules' has been, from time immemorial, the colour of the field of England's coat-of-arms.

CROQUET GALOP.

CHARLES COOTE.

Tempo di Galop.

f

GALOP.

1st time.

Glissando.

8va

2nd times.

fine. *f*

1. 2.

D.C.

TRIO.

1st time.

2nd times.

fine. ff

D.C.
To Trio.

INVOCATION TO EVENING,

BY MARY ANN M'IVER.

Come, gentle Eve, the Day lies dead,
  Slain by her dark-browed sire,
And all her crimson life-blood shed,
  Seems turning into fire.
Thine own fair star her watch hath set,
  And, like a jewelled coronet,
Glistens above the distant hill,
  And, oh, there are world-wearied eyes,
Turned upward to the glowing skies,
  That keep a vigil still.

Come, with thy silver spangled veil,
  Shrouding thy features mild;
Come, tripping down the dusky dale,
  Like some bright, fairy child.
Lay thy cool fingers on each brow
  That throbs with fevered fancies now,
Bid ev'ry, wildring care repose;
  Bring Lethe's fabled draught to steep
The quiv'ring nerves in restful sleep,
  Bid drooping eyelids close.

The prisoner, with wistful eye,
  Shall look through dungeon-bars,
And see thee calmly gliding by,
  With thy bright train of stars.
Awakened mem'ry shall go back
  O'er many a long-forsaken track
His merry playmates' call,
  His sister's voice once more he'll hear.
Oh, Evening! ever blest and dear,
  Thou shall recall these all!

Then come, sweet Eve! the Day lies dead
  Slain by her dark-browed sire,
And her bright tides of life-blood shed,
  Roll down the west like fire!
But, like the fabled Phœnix, she
  Shall rise next morn from out the sea,
From her own scattered ashes bright,
  Thrilling the heart with sweet surprise
That now for thy deep quiet sighs
  And softer, purer light.

Ottawa.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

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Continued from page 395.

CHAPTER VII.—JOHN ENGLISH'S LETTER.

Late one August evening, a tall stranger stalked into the bar of the *Hand and Dagger*, and inquired whether he could be accommodated with a supper and a bed. Mrs. Winch having answered him in the affirmative, he went back to superintend the unloading of his luggage from the fly which had conveyed him from the nearest railway station; and when that operation was concluded, and a short five minutes had been given to his toilet, he re-appeared in the bar, and, at the landlady's invitation, seated himself in the arm-chair by the chimney-corner, pending the preparation of his supper. Would he not like to have a private room? asked the landlady. No, he should prefer taking his meal where he was, provided Mrs. Winch had no objection to his company. Mrs. Winch had no objection whatever, and would do her best to make him comfortable.

Supper was quickly served, and while the stranger was discussing it, Mrs. Winch was enabled to take a mental inventory of his appearance. He was apparently about six-and-twenty years old; very tall—six feet two at least—and strongly built; without an ounce of superfluous flesh, but with plenty of muscle. His skin was very dark, either naturally so, or from long exposure to a hotter sun than ours; his hair was black and crisp, and evidently inclined to curl, but cut too close to allow of its doing so; he had a thick black moustache, and a beard that fell in great rippling waves low down on his chest. His eyes were the same colour as his hair, and extremely bright and piercing; so much so, indeed, that, as the landlady afterwards observed, they seemed to look clean through any one on whom they were steadily fixed. His features were sufficiently regular and well-cut to be considered handsome by most people; but it was the general expression of the man that struck you, rather than any one point of detail; there was something noble and leonine about him; he looked so strong, and yet withal so gentle, that a child would as instinctively have asked him to mend its broken toy, as a bully would have shrunk from the lightning of those terrible eyes, or the silent menace of that iron arm. When he walked, it was with a free swinging gait peculiar to himself; and in all his movements there was a certain careless dignity which might have graced a Red Indian chief or a sheik of the Desert; and as a true sailor always smacks of the sea, so did he seem to carry with him, wherever he went, a fresh, open-air, breezy flavour that was infinitely refreshing. Although he wore no gloves, and was shod in strong boots, he was unmistakably a gentleman; and that close though unconscious observer of character, the great Jeames himself, never ventured to treat John English with anything but the most profound respect.

Yes, that was his name, John English; and a good name, too, he added, as he volunteered the information over supper to Mrs. Winch. He was not at all indisposed to talk about himself, as the landlady was gratified to find; for one's curiosity respecting strangers, especially in a little country place like Normanford, ought never to go unsatisfied; only some people are so stupidly reserved that they never can be induced to talk about themselves or their business. He was a photographer by profession, he went on to say, and was at present engaged by an eminent London firm to go from county to county and photograph the most picturesque and noteworthy architectural features of each shire, especially the houses of the landed gentry, as the basis of a certain great illustrated work which was shortly to appear. He intended to take up his residence at Normanford for a few weeks, as a convenient central spot from which to make excursions to different parts of Monkshire; and if Mrs. Winch knew of any clean and respectable lodgings in the little town, he should be glad to receive her recommendation. To-morrow, or next day, he was going up to Belair, to request permission of Sir Phillip Spencelaugh to photograph the east wing of the Hall, which—so he had been given to understand—was very old and picturesque, while yet in an excellent state of preservation. And then he got out his portfolio, and proceeded to show the landlady some specimens of what he had already done in other counties. Mrs. Winch was loud in her praises, her knowledge of the photographic art having hitherto been limited to cheap portraits of herself and acquaintances.

By and by, Mr. Brackenridge came in, and was duly introduced to Mr. John English; and the latter seeing before long how affairs stood between the chemist and the widow, discreetly withdrew; and having lighted his well-worn meerschaum, proceeded to take a quiet ramble through the town, in which, early as was the hour, nearly everybody seemed to have gone to bed. He lingered on the bridge for half an hour, smoking, and listening to the melancholy murmur of the dark stream that ran below, and trying to make out through the starlight the outlines of the different hills by which the little town was shut out from the world; and then back to the *Hand and Dagger*, and so to bed.

The following letters, written a few weeks after John English's arrival at Normanford, and addressed to his friend, Frank Mashiter, at that time staying at Nice for the benefit of his health, are here inserted as containing his own impressions of certain people with whom the reader has already some acquaintance, and with whose fortunes those of the young photographer himself were afterwards so strangely interwoven.

My Dear Frank,—How long is it since I wrote to you last? Somewhere about a month, I believe; at all events, I know that there is a long letter due to you, and I sit down this wet Sunday evening to conscientiously work off my arrears. Yes, a wet Sunday evening in a little country place, where I am almost an entire stranger—such is my predicament at present.

I rejoice heartily, my dear Frank, to find that you are so much stronger than when you left England, and hope, now that the year is so far advanced, that you will stay where you are through the winter, and come back to us, thoroughly rejuvenated, with the swallows in spring. Your account of the old Italian *maestro* and his little household was excellent, and might, I think, be elaborated without much trouble into a tolerable paper for the *Metropolitan*. Send me a full account of what you are engaged on, next time you write. I am afraid, from the tone of your letter, that you are growing too dreamy and transcendental—that you read too much poetry, and see too many dark eyes for your peace of mind. The society of a hard-headed practical fellow like me for a week or two would do you a world of good.

I wish, *cher ami*, that I possessed your ready pen, your easy flowing style, your happy knack of putting down whatever you wish to say without any apparent effort. To me, writing is hard work; my thoughts move crabbedly; my style is no style at all, but a series of angular jerks without grace or unity of design; my fingers feel far more at home with a rifle between them than they do when handling a pen. I trust, therefore, sir, that you will value my lucubrations all the more when you consider under what difficulties they are written.

Why I wish for your pen at this time more than another is, that it might assist me to state clearly certain particulars which I wish to lay before you, without exactly knowing how best to set about doing so.

I came to Normanford three weeks ago, an utter stranger to the place. I was captivated with it at the first view, and determined to make it my headquarters for some time to come, especially as I know there was some good fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, and my work was so far ahead that I could spare a few half-days without detriment to the interests of anybody. After passing a couple of nights at the only tolerable hotel in the place, I engaged my present lodgings—two rooms *en suite* in the house of a decent widow body, who does her best to make me comfortable. Normanford does not, I imagine, contain over a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants, but its situation is more picturesque and romantic than that of any other English town with which I am acquainted. It lies in the hollow of a most lovely valley, three or four miles in length, but nowhere very wide, shut in on both sides by hills wooded to their very summits, which here and there are split as by some great movement of nature countless ages ago; road and river in many places wind in and out between huge precipices of rock that impend grimly on either hand.

Every little country town in England has its great man, to whom it looks up with reverence, on whom it is more or less dependent, and who sways its destinies in a greater or lesser degree; and Normanford is no exception to the rule. The great man to whom it touches its cap respectfully, not to say obsequiously, is Sir Philip Spencelaugh of Belair—a personage of great wealth and blameless life, who can trace back his pedigree almost to the Flood. Although only a baronet, he is quite as important a personage in Monkshire as my Lord Clopford himself, whose title only dates back to the reign of the Second Charles, and whose castle, some dozen miles from here, is the great show-place of the county. The greater portion of the property in the neighbourhood of the town belongs either to the owner of Belair, or to his neice, who is said to be even richer than he is, and who is young, charming, and unwedded; but of her more hereafter.

Before proceeding to give you an account of my reception at Belair, and the events which followed it, I must go back to the date of my arrival at Normanford, and deal first with certain occurrences, trifling in themselves, perhaps,

but possessed of a singular interest for me, as throwing an unexpected ray of light on the mystery of my life.

I have already stated that my first two nights in Normanford were spent at its principal hotel, a great rambling place, a relic, I suppose, of the old coaching-days, many of its rooms being now denuded of its furniture, and entirely unused. It is now widely known under the sign of the *Hand and Dagger* (part of the armorial cognizance of the family at Belair), and is kept by a widow of the name of Winch, a tall, angular, hard-featured woman, with slaty eyes, and a most determined-looking mouth. She is not, however, too far advanced in life to have lost all hopes of matrimony, her "intended," who came in, and to whom I was introduced, in the course of my first evening, being a chemist of the name of Brackenridge, who keeps a shop in the town. He is much younger than the widow—not over thirty, I imagine—and is a stoutly-built man, with huge sandy whiskers, and a face that would be handsome, if it bore fewer traces of premature dissipation, and were less cynically defiant in expression. What his object is in seeking the hand of the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, it is not, I think, difficult to opine; but the widow's eyes are evidently blind to all his imperfections. He seemed disposed to fraternise with me, but beyond the barest civilities, I would have nothing to do with the fellow: he is one of those people to whom I take an antipathy at first sight—it may be prejudice on my part, but I can't help it—and I soon wandered out to smoke a solitary pipe.

I was just finishing breakfast next morning, which had been laid for me in the landlady's own little snuggery, when I heard a voice call loudly outside, "Jerry! Jerry!" Merely those two words: ridiculous words you will probably call them, but I cannot tell you how strangely I was moved at hearing them. Yes, they thrilled me through and through, and my memory seemed to go back to some far-distant time when I had heard these very words repeated, and that by a woman's voice. I sat for a moment or two like one petrified. Happily, I was alone; there was no one to observe how strangely I was affected. Where and when had I heard those words before? I asked myself the question again and again, but without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. You know something of the mystery that surrounds the history of my early years, and how anything that seems to touch, however remotely, upon that time has for me an indescribable fascination; and I could only conclude, that to some vague recollection of that period which still lingered faintly in my memory, was due the sense of unfamiliar familiarity, if I may use such a term, with which the repetition of those two words affected me.

But who was "Jerry?" I got up from the table, and lighted my pipe, and wandered out towards the back premises of the house on a voyage of discovery. How I progressed, I will tell you to-morrow; for the present I am tired—so, good-night, and pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LETTER CONTINUED.

I walked through the long flagged passage leading to the back of the house without encountering any one, and was just about to enter the yard, when, glancing through one of the side-windows, I saw a sight which brought me to a stand. Sitting astride a wooden bench, placed full in the warmth of the morning sun, was one of the strangest figures I have seen for a long time—a youth of eighteen or twenty, with features that were almost feminine in the delicacy of their outline, but freckled and burnt by the heats of summer; and with long tangled elf-locks, in colour a pale yellow, falling low over his shoulders. On the ground near him was an old felt hat, gray and napless, in shape like a sugar-loaf; and on the other side of him, a steaming bowl of oatmeal porridge, waiting till it should be cool enough to be eaten. But what took my attention most was the singular way in which he was occupied. He was playing one of those long tin whistles, the like of which may not unfrequently be seen among the *gamins* of London, and the music he elicited from it was such as I could not have believed so rude an instrument capable of producing. What the air was, I know not. It was one that I had never heard before—weird and melancholy, and for anything I know to the contrary, may have been improvised by himself. Over the bench in front of him was spread a piece of green baize, on which two large vipers were now placed, which swayed their heads slowly to and fro as he played, darting their long tongues here and there with every movement, and seeming mightily pleased with their master's shrill music. I stood for three or four minutes a silent spectator of this singular scene. At length, the youth ceased playing, and turned his head to look after his porridge, and as he did so, I saw, with a thrill of sorrowful surprise, that he was an idiot. No—that is too strong a word; he was what the Scotch call "daft," and the Yorkshire call "soft"—in fact, a harmless simpleton, with three grains of sense in his head to one of foolishness. His eyes told the story of his misfortune at once; and yet they were beautiful eyes, large and bright, but with an expression in them beyond my skill to analyse.

"Jerry will catch thee a nice fat mouse tonight, my beautiful Mogaddo," he said, apparently addressing one of the reptiles. "But as for thee, my little Pipanta, thou shalt go supperless to bed; thou art getting too lazy to dance to thy lord's music, and thou must be punished. Jerry dreamt last night that he was king of the monkeys, and lived in a grand palace; and the monkeys were masters of everything; and all the men and women that were left in the world ran wild in the woods. And King Jerry, and his lords and ladies, went out hunting them; and it was rare sport to see how the men ran and hid themselves among the bushes, and to hear them roar with pain when our arrows took them in a tender part. And why shouldn't the monkeys be masters for the next thousand years, I should like to know? They would be a far jollier lot of fellows to live among than these miserable two-legged creatures that have it all their own way now. Beautiful Venus and red Mars would shine just as brightly if all this was to happen to-morrow. What would it matter to them? But Jerry wants his breakfast. When he is sultan of the apes, thou, Moggaddo, shalt be his grand vizier. Hoo-hoo-hoo?" and he ended his speech with a wild crackling laugh, such as no sane being could have given utterance to, and then fell to work ravenously on his porridge; while his two pets coiled themselves up on the green baize, and basked lazily in the grateful warmth of the sun.

This, then, was the Jerry whose name, when called aloud, had startled me so strangely. "Good-morning, Master Jerry," I said as I advanced; "you seem to be enjoying your breakfast." The poor lad started at my sudden appearance, and stared up in my face with a touching, wistful look, as though deprecating any possible anger on my part. "Sahib Mogaddo, too," I said, turning to the larger of the two vipers, "seems to relish the bright sunshine;" and as I spoke, I seized the reptile with my left hand quickly up its back, grasped it tightly with my thumb and finger, just behind the head, and so held it, powerless for injury, while its body twisted and untwisted itself rapidly round my arm. "I met thy uncle one day on the banks of the Ganges, and thy grandfather among the Mountains of the Moon, and each of them sent thee a message," I continued, addressing myself to the viper; and with what I mumbled over a few sentences of Arabic which I had picked up during my travels; while Jerry looked on with a silent awe, his nether lip trembling with nervous agitation. Afraid, apparently, lest I might treat Pipanta in the same unceremonious way, he hastened to seize the smaller viper, and put it away in a box which he drew from under the bench; and I was by no means sorry to deposit Mogaddo in the same place of security. Jerry was evidently disposed to regard me with reverence, if not with absolute fear: that any one should be on speaking-terms with his favourites, and introduce himself to them as a family friend, was something altogether beyond the narrow range of his experience. Where might the knowledge of this mysterious stranger be expected to stop? So, to shew the depth of respect in which he held me, he proceeded to favour me with a series of old-fashioned rustic bows, running the open palm of his hand close up by his face, and then bringing it down through the air in a sweeping curve almost to his feet. "Jerry hopes that your Lordship has salubrity of health, this saffron-tinted morn," said the poor lad. "He is your Highness's most complaisant and obedient slave. My Lord Mogaddo and his bride, the beautiful Pipanta, are your slaves. *We* know nothing, and the master, to whom everything is known, holds the key of our destiny."

What answer I should have made to this high-flown tirade, I cannot say, but at this moment Mrs. Winch entered the yard. "Good-morning, sir," she said. "I perceive that you are making the acquaintance of my poor boy. Heaven, for some wise purpose, has seen fit to afflict him, but he is none the less dear to a mother's heart: it may be, indeed, that I love him more than I should do were he the same as others;" and the widow bent and kissed her son's forehead fondly. But Jerry was again ravenously intent on finishing his breakfast, and seemed to have no attention to spare for either his mother or myself. The widow signed to me to follow her. As soon as we reached her little parlour, she turned to me and said: "Last night, sir, in the course of conversation, you mentioned that you were a potographer by profession. Would it be too great a favour to ask you to take the portrait of my poor boy some day when you may have a little spare time? It is what I have desired to have—a good one I mean—for a long time. I will pay you whatever you may choose to ask."—"I will take your son's portrait with pleasure," I replied (and so I would have done, for it isn't every day that one has an opportunity of adding such an original to one's gallery); "although portraiture is out of my usual line of business, and I only dabble a little in it occasionally, and that merely for my own amusement; still, in the present case, I will gladly do my best to give you satisfaction; and as for the expense, we will talk about that some other time."

I was away at Eastringham all that day on matters of business, and did not get back to the *Hand and Dagger* till close upon eleven o'clock. "Mr. Brackenridge and I have been talking about photography this evening," said the widow to me as I lingered over my last pipe. "He tells me that by its means copies of fading portraits may be taken, and that thus the features of those who, when living, were dear to us may be perpetuated for years after the original likeness has become blurred and unrecognisable with age. Will you, sir, kindly tell me whether this is so or not?"—"What Mr. Brackenridge told you is to some extent true," I replied. "Pictures can, of course, be photographed just as any other object can; but the brighter the picture is, the clearer will the photograph of it be: a dim picture will yield but a dim copy through the camera. But you had better let me see any portrait that you may wish to have photographed, and I can then judge better as to its capabilities for coming out well under the process."—"I am really ashamed, Mr. English, to trouble you about such a trifle," said the landlady, "but I have, up-stairs, a portrait of my brother, which has, unfortunately, been hung for some time in a damp room, and now I find that the colours are fading rapidly, and that in another year or two it will look nothing more than an unmeaning daub."—"Let me see the portrait," I said; "something can be made of it, I have no doubt." The interest I shewed in the matter evidently pleased her; she rose with a gratified air, and went at once to fetch the picture. She came back with it almost immediately, and laid it on the table before me. It was a poor thing enough—a Kit-cat, done in water-colours, in that florid style of art so popular among a certain class about the time that you and I were born. But scarcely had I set eyes on it before *I recognised it as the portrait of a man whom I knew when I was a child*—of a man whose rugged and strongly-marked face I have but too much reason to remember; and the same instant there flashed across my mind the very time, place, and circumstances

under which I had heard those two words: "Jerry, Jerry," called aloud many years ago, the sudden repetition of which had so startled me that very morning. Yes, that man on whose portrait I was now gazing was the very man to whom those words were addressed. The whole scene rose before me in a moment, as clear and vivid as one of my own photographs. Here it is. Daybreak on a bitterly cold morning. A man is riding away from the door of a little house in a little, shabby country town—not an English town—and mounted behind him, with his arms arms around the man's waist, is a lad of nine—your friend John English, to wit, only his name wasn't John English then. They are riding slowly down the silent street, when a shrill voice behind them calls "Jerry, Jerry." They both look back, and see a white-faced woman standing in the doorway of the house they have just left, earnestly motioning to them to return. But the man only mutters a curse, and digs the spurs into his horse, and the sparks fly out of the flinty roadway as the animal springs suddenly forward; and as they turn the corner of the street, the boy, still looking back, sees the woman's clasped hands flung up suddenly above her head, as though in prayer or invocation; and then she passes from his sight for ever; and the man and he ride wildly on for what seems to the lad a terribly long time, till at length the latter drops asleep from very weariness, and is only kept from falling by the belt which fastens him to his companion; and when he awakes, it is to find himself in a strange place, and among strange faces, and to be told that he will never see the man who brought him again, whereat he is not sorry.

Such was the picture, my dear Frank, which the sight of that faded old portrait brought back so vividly from the dim recesses of my memory. It was all that I could do to retain my self-possession under the keen eyes of the widow, while pretending to be making a close examination of the painting. The beating of my heart, for a minute or two, seemed to deafen me; strange lights danced before my eyes; the room, and everything in it, except that stern-faced woman before me, seemed to fade into unreality; and it was as though I, John English, were looking down upon some other man, who sat there in sad perplexity, not knowing what to do next. But a question from the widow soon recalled my scattered wits. "Well, sir, what is your opinion?" she said. "Do you think that anything like a tolerable photograph can be taken of it?"—"Undoubtedly," I said. "A person who understands his business well might, with care, obtain a very fair reproduction." I said this more to gain time than for any other reason; and my next remark had the same end in view. "If I remember rightly, Mrs. Winch, you stated, that it was the portrait of your brother?"—"Yes, she raid rather plaintively, "the portrait of a very dear brother, who died many years ago. My poor boy is named after him."

Her boy named after him! If any doubt had previously existed in my mind as to whether my memory were playing me false, these words would have been sufficient to remove it; but even so, I determined to evort further testimony from her, if it were possible to do so. "Yes, Mrs. Winch," I said, "if you will intrust this portrait into my keeping, I will engage to make you a very excellent photographic copy of it. But do you know, the more I look at it, the more it gives me the impression that it is the portrait of a man who walked with a limp—of a man one of whose legs was shorter than the other. Ridiculous, of course, but that is the idea it gives me." As I said these words, I looked full and unflinchingly into the widow's eyes. Her face blanched to a dull deathly gray before I had done speaking, while the firm fire of her eyes quailed and flickered, and then fell utterly before my gaze. Her thin lips tightened over her large white teeth; her breath came and went rapidly; and her long thin fingers closed unconsciously over the wine-glass which she happened to be holding at the time, and crushed it to fragments in their convulsive gripe. She got up without a word, and stretched out her arms, and drew the picture to her, like a woman in a state of somnambulism, and then turned and walked slowly from the room. But when she reached the doorway, she stopped; and her head came slowly round, as though it were worked by mechanism, till her eyes met mine with one brief fiendish look of mingled hate and fear, which, if looks possessed the power of annihilation, would have withered up your poor friend on the spot. I saw the widow no more that night.

I was too much excited to sleep, and sat by the open window of my bedroom, smoking and thinking till daybreak. How can I set down, how make you comprehend, even a tithe of what I thought as I sat there? Some vague outline of my history is already known to you, and one of these days I will fill in the details, and colour the picture for you; but even then, you will but faintly realise my state of mind on that night, when I deemed I had found the key that would unlock the dark mystery in which as in an iron chest, hitherto to me impenetrable, lay hidden the secret of my early life.

I encountered Mrs. Winch at the foot of the stairs, as I was coming down to breakfast next morning. I thought she looked paler than usual, but her demeanour was as quiet and impassive as it always was. 'You must have thought me very rude last night, Mr. English,' she said with a smile. 'I believe I actually snatched my brother's portrait out of your hands, and left the room without a word. Pray, accept my apology for such ill manners; to explain which, I must tell you what is well known to my intimate friends, that I am subject to sudden attacks of vertigo, combined with sickness. Feeling the premonitory symptoms of an attack last night, I hastened to leave the room while I had still some control over my actions. The act of seizing the picture was merely an instinctive impulse to reclaim what I value so highly, and at the moment I was only half conscious of what I was doing. You will pardon me, will you not?'

What could I do but utter some commonplace phrases of civility that meant nothing? In my secret heart, I believed that the woman was lying to me; her tone carried no conviction with it: and again, how could I believe her in face of the fact that I had certainly recognised the portrait of the man she called her brother, and that her sudden illness declared itself exactly at the moment when she became aware of such recognition on my part? No—there was certainly something more in the case than was just then visible on the surface; and it was equally as certain that I had made this woman my enemy; in those cold grey eyes, and that set, colourless face, I read a strength of implacability that might well have made a nervous man tremble in his shoes. Happily, I am not nervous, and rather enjoy the fact of having an enemy than otherwise; it is like caviare, and gives a zest to an otherwise insipid *plat*; for, after all, life *is* insipid in this dull conventional England. Still, I think a man had better have six enemies of his own sex, than have one against him who has the power and the will to work him harm. (N. B.—Do not suppose from this that I am afraid of the widow.)

'I think, Mr. English, I heard you mention yesterday that you intended going up to Belair this morning?' said Mrs. Winch interrogatively, as she brought in my coffee herself.—'Such is certainly my intention,' I replied. 'If you will permit me, sir, to give you a word of advice,' continued the landlady, 'I would recommend you to go, in the first instance, to Lady Spencelaugh rather than to Sir Philip. The baronet is in very delicate health at present, and all power is vested in the hands of her Ladyship, a word from whom to Sir Philip would at once insure the success of your mission. By the by, while I am here, I may as well tell you that Mrs. Jakeway, of Cliff Cottage, has got two very nice rooms to let, which I think would suit you exactly. I intend writing her a note presently, which I will send down by Jerry; and you, sir, will perhaps be good enough to step in as you go through the town on your way to Belair, and see whether the apartments are to your liking.'

All this certainly seemed very kind and plausible on the part of the widow, but I am afraid I scarcely felt sufficiently grateful for her good offices; in her demeanour towards me there was a sort of insincerity impossible to analyse, but none the less certainly there.

When the girl who ordinarily waited upon me came in to remove the breakfast things, she told me that her mistress had just received a telegram, which had been brought express from the nearest railway station about six miles away, informing Mrs. Winch that her mother was dying, and that if she wished to see her alive she must start by the first train without fail. The girl added, that the news had affected her mistress a good deal, but that the first thing Mrs. Winch did after hearing it was to write and send off two notes, one addressed to Lady Spencelaugh of Belair, and the other to Mrs. Jakeway, of Cliff Cottage; and that everything was now hurry and bustle in the house, to enable her to get off in time to catch the train.

'I have sent a note down to Cliff Cottage,' said Mrs. Winch when she came in, a few minutes later, to bid me good-bye. 'I think you will find the rooms to your liking;' and with that she went, and I saw her no more for nearly a fortnight.

A note for Lady Spencelaugh of Belair! Was Mrs. Winch, then, on such familiar terms with her Ladyship that she could presume to write to her? But what business was it of mine if she chose to write fifty notes? Probably it was nothing more than a bill for ale or wine supplied to the Hall. And yet, do what I would, I could not get the idea out of my head that the Landlady's note had reference in some way to my approaching visit to Belair.

I found Cliff Cottage without difficulty. It was pleasantly situated on the outskirts of the town, and formed one of two small semi-detached houses standing quite alone in gardens of their own. The other house, as I was not long in learning, was tenanted by Brackenridge the chemist, whose shop was half a mile away in the town. Mrs. Jakeway was a clean, apple-faced, motherly little woman, brisk and busy from morning till night, with an intense pride in her neat little house, and a pardonable weakness on the subject of chimney-ornaments and anti-macassars, of which articles she possessed sufficient to stock a house six times as large as her own. 'Law bless you, sir!' she said, when I had introduced myself and made known my business, 'why, I had a note from Mrs. Winch only half an our ago, telling me, I suppose, that you were about to call, and that you were a respectable gentleman; but I can see that well enough by your looks: I've not lived in the world all this time without having my eyes about me; and if the rooms suit you, I shall be very glad, and will do my best to make you comfortable.'

'But if you have received Mrs. Winch's note, you of course know what she says,' I replied.

'No, that I don't,' answered the little woman, as sharp as a needle; 'for, as it happens, I mislaid my spectacles this morning, and I might just as well try to fly as to read that scrawly spider sort of writing without 'em. I know the note was from Mrs. Winch because Jerry brought it. Here it is, sir, and I shall take it as a favour if you will just read it out loud, and let us hear what the widow has to say. A very decent respectable woman is Mrs Winch, and everybody in Normanford will tell you the same thing.'

She held out the note as she spoke. 'But there may be something in it,' I remonstrated, 'intended for your eye alone.'

'Don't you think anything of the kind, sir,' said the little woman emphatically. 'There's no secrets between Mrs. Winch and me; and I shall just take it as a favour if you will read it out aloud.'

She was so urgent on the point that I could not well refuse to comply with her request; so I took the note, carelessly enough, and opened it, never dreaming for a moment that it was anything other than what Mrs. Jakeway imagined it to be—a simple recommendation of myself as a tenant for the vacant rooms at Cliff Cottage. But it was something very different indeed, as I saw at once when I had made myself master of

the spiky irregular hand in which it was written.

It was the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, which had been enclosed by Mrs. Winch in the wrong envelope!

It ran as follows: 'Dear Lady Spencelaugh —Be on your guard against the stranger who will come up to Belair to-day to ask permission to take some photographs of the Hall. Refuse his request, and do not allow him to see Sir Philip. *He is dangerous.* He knows *something*, but how much or how little I cannot at present tell. I am unable to see you, having just been summoned to the bedside of my mother, who is dying.—Your Ladyship's devoted M. W. Burn this when read.'

I sat staring at the letter like a man in a dream, till Mrs. Jakeway's shrill voice recalled me to the necessity of explaining my silence. 'A nasty awkward hand to read, ain't it, sir?' said the old lady. 'Folk now-a-days seem to try how badly they can write.'

'Pardon me, Mrs. Jakeway,' I replied very gravely, 'but Mrs. Winch has evidently made a mistake in sending this note here. It is intended for Lady Spencelaugh, to whom the note for you has probably been sent. If you will oblige me with a light, some sealing-wax, and an envelope, I will at once enclose it to the writer, and your maid can take it down to the *Hand and Dagger* some time in the course of the day.'

I think it probable that the old lady would have demurred to my summary disposition of her note, but I spoke so authoritatively, and looked so grim and determined, that she was frightened into submission, and got me the articles I wanted without a word. I addressed the envelope to Mrs. Winch, and marked it with the word *Private*, and wrote inside, 'With Mr. John English's compliments: sent in mistake to Cliff Cottage'; and then enclosed the note, and sealed it up in the presence of Mrs. Jakeway, who looked on in wondering silence, and promised faithfully that it would be delivered at the hotel in the course of the day. 'If the mistress of the *Hand and Dagger* and I are to be enemies,' I said to myself, 'the warfare on my side at least shall be fair and above board.'

Having completed all needful arrangements with regard to my apartments, I set out for Belair with a heart that beat more high and anxiously than usual. What did that woman mean by saying that I was dangerous? I, at least, was ignorant of my own power for harm. And why should I be dangerous to Lady Spencelaugh, of all persons in the world, of whose very existence I was utterly ignorant three days before? Into the heart of what strange mystery was I about to plunge? Vain questions, but pondered so deeply as I walked up to Belair, that I had no eyes for the beautiful scenery through the midst of which I was passing.

How I sped at Belair, I must leave for another epistle. This one is so unconscionably long, that I am afraid you will never wade to the end of it. Write soon, old boy, and let me have a good account of your health. *Vale*. Ever thine, John English.

THE BETTER ANGEL TRIUMPHS.

In the vicinity of a pretty and thriving village, on the southern coast of England, a wealthy and respected family, of the name of Hazelton, had resided for centuries. Time had worked changes in the condition of the family, and, from being owners of a wide extent of rich domain, the descendants of the original stock had gradually sunk to the comparatively obscure, but yet respectable, grade of yeomen; the present representative of the line occupying, as tenant, a small portion only of the lands once held by his progenitors in fee. Mark Hazelton was a thriving, well-to-do specimen of the English farmer of the last century, and was looked up to by his neighbours and companions as a model of the class to which he belonged. In addition to the land tenanted by him, he was owner of the only mill within a very considerable distance of the village and adjacent homesteads, and it was generally supposed that whenever Esther Hazelton, his only child, and the most cherished object of his love, should give her hand in marriage, she would take with her an ample dowry, with which to gild the fetters of Hymen.

Esther was a girl of uncommon beauty, and her personal charms were enhanced by the graces of her disposition, and the advantage of an excellent education. She was the light that cast a radiance over the widowed home of her father, and her sweet voice, as she carolled about the old-fashioned dwelling, imparted joyousness throughout the whole establishment.

Esther was, at the time to which my story refers, just entering upon her eighteenth year, and, with the advantages she possessed of personal attraction and local position, it was not strange that she should be looked upon as a prize worth contending for by the swains of her native village.

But Esther had not reached her eighteenth year without certain aspirations of her own in reference to the future; and the object on which her "maiden fancy loved to dwell" was a cousin Frank Merton, whose predilection for the sea had induced his parents to apprentice him at an early age to the merchant service, and he at this time held the important position of first-mate on board a first-class Indiaman.

Esther and Frank had been brought up together almost from infancy, and the mutual love of childhood had grown into the love of their youth; and, now that they were verging upon a more advanced stage of existence, it developed itself into a perfect unison of affection and of faith; they were pledged to each other for "weal or woe—through life to death."

With a perfect reliance upon each other's love, Frank and Esther parted on the 9th of November, 1847; he to perform his last voyage out and home; she to provide the *ménage* which should grace their nuptial ceremony and future home. The blessings of the parents on both sides were with their children.

Shortly before the occurrence just spoken of, a new incumbent had been dedicated to the vicarage of——. The stranger was a person of commanding presence, of decidedly aristocratic tendencies, and about thirty years of age. He was unmarried, and was accompanied to the vicarage by a maiden sister, who presided over his household. In the course of his introductory visits to the members of his new flock, the Rev. Basil Hinton very early became acquainted with the family of Farmer Hazelton; and whether it was that he felt more than usual interest in the spiritual welfare of that particular family, or whether he was fascinated by the natural loveliness of its special ornament it is certain that his calls at the miller's homestead were more frequent than at any other residence within the limits of his fold. His attentions to Esther were earnest, yet ever delicate, until, at length, he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her with a passion that at times absorbed every other faculty of his nature.

Still, there was the pride of birth, of social position, of the world's opinion, ever antagonizing with his love, and so restraining him from saying what he would have given thousands to say had such saying been reciprocated. He would have said to Esther, "I love you," and he dared not! For, besides obstacles in his way on his own side, he knew that Esther was affianced to her cousin.

In love, as in war, difficulties only sharpen the desire to overcome them; but the consciousness of these difficulties did not render the vicarage a happier home than it should be. Basil was fretful, impatient, impetuous, and, on returning home, at any time, instead of joining his sister, would retire to his room, and brood in silence over the obstacles in his path to happiness.

"My dear brother," said Margaret Hinton, as she one day advanced to salute him on his return from a protracted walk, "do look cheerful once more! My heart aches when I see that continual gloom upon your brow—do tell me if I can relieve you from the weight that oppresses you?"

"No, Meg, no! you cannot help me, and I beg of you not to add to my annoyance by questioning me about the cause of it."

"Brother, I know the cause, and need not question you. You love Esther Hazelton?"

Basil started as though a dagger pierced him. "How know you that?" he asked, passionately.

"Dear Basil, I have seen it for some time past; but you have become so reserved, and so unapproachable, that I dared not speak to you upon the subject."

"And if you had dared to speak, what would you have said to me, Margaret?"

"I would have told you, Basil, that Esther Hazelton is the betrothed wife of another, and that, as such, you love for her is sinful."

"My dear monitress, I know it is; but my love for that girl is the master-passion of my soul. For her I would sacrifice everything—surely she might sacrifice her girlish love in return."

"Basil! remember your sacred calling—remember your vows at ordination—remember your duty to your Maker, and to His creatures! Oh, get rid of this fascination, my brother; do not peril your soul by persisting in evil."

"It is useless, Margaret. Esther Hazelton shall be my wife, or the wife of no other man. There leave me; I shall remain in my study today."

Margaret looked at her brother, and with streaming eyes and hardly-suppressed sobs, left the room.

About three months after the occurrence of the incident I have related, a rumour became prevalent that the——Indiaman, on board of which Frank Merton was on his outward voyage, had been wrecked, and that all on board had perished. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the feeling of distress and anguish with which the intelligence was received at the home of Esther, and it would be uncharitable to dwell upon the sensations of mingled pity and gratification that prevailed at the vicarage. The Rev. Basil Hinton beheld in fancy a stumbling-block removed from his path by a dispensation of Providence. Why should he not press forward?

Misfortunes rarely visit mankind singly—you seldom lose a valuable horse, but you learn that your rickyard has been the playground of an incendiary — so the news of Frank Merton's death was presently supplemented by rumours of Farmer Hazelton's difficulties.

Between filial affection and the heartbreaking consciousness of her lover's death, it may well be imagined that poor Esther had little thought of anything but the misery in her own heart, and in that of her father. Still, for his sake, she kept bravely up, and, hoping against hope, resolved to preserve her plighted faith to her cousin until death put its eternal seal upon her fidelity.

There was now a double motive for the attentions of the Rev. Basil Hinton at the residence of Farmer Hazelton—to impart feelings of resignation for a loss that was irrecoverable on the one hand, and to suggest measures for alleviation of pressure on the other. He did not omit to avail himself of it, and while he delicately sympathized with Esther on her bereavement, he also comforted her father with assurances that affairs were, perhaps, not so bad as they appeared to be.

"But, farmer, suppose the affair is so desperate as you imagine, there are ample means at hand for extricating you from your embarrassment. Let me be your banker for the moment."

"No, sir! I never borrowed money yet, and my child shall never say I was the first of the house to accept aid from strangers."

"Nonsense Hazelton! I like your spirit, but I condemn your pride. For your child's sake let me assist you."

"No."

"You refuse my assistance simply because I am a stranger."

"Not so, Mr. Hinton; but I would rather endure the worst that can happen than lay myself under an obligation I may not be able to relieve myself from."

"Listen to me, Mr. Hazelton, and think well over what I shall say to you. Your daughter's affianced husband has gone down with his ship, has he not?"

"I fear so—I fear so."

"Nay, my friend, there can be no doubt of the fact; and when the shock of the first blow shall have been alleviated by time and resignation, Miss Hazelton will probably endure the idea of becoming the wife of another aspirant for her hand."

"I don't know, Mr. Hinton; but I think not."

"Well, time will tell. Now listen to me. I know an individual of unquestionable character, ample fortune, and excellent social position, who has long loved your daughter with an intensity of affection that absorbs every feeling in the one idea of a pure and holy love. Suppose such an individual was to present himself to Miss Hazelton in the course of a few months, might he hope for your good wishes to aid him in securing the future happiness of your child?"

"It is premature to talk of Esther's love for another, while the death of her cousin is still lacerating her memory."

"Not at all, farmer. I am putting an hypothesis that, if realized, would have the effect of immediately relieving you from embarrassment and prospectively of securing your daughter's happiness."

"I cannot understand you. Who is this person?"

"Myself, Mr. Hazelton."

"Sir, you astonish me. An idea that you loved Esther never entered my brain. You would marry her?"

"I would to-morrow, if it were possible to do so. And now, Mr. Hazelton, having explained so much, tell me your view of the subject. Will you consent that, at a fitting time, I may woo your daughter?"

"If the poor girl should ever reconcile herself to the addresses of another lover, and consent to receive you as such, I will place no obstacle in your way, Mr. Hinton."

"Thank you heartily and sincerely; and now my good friend, I shall, as your future son-in-law, take upon myself the privilege of insisting upon relieving you from immediate pressure."

"Your generosity overpowers me; but do not be led away by a hope that may be delusive."

"Leave that to time and assiduity. I do not expect that Miss Hazelton will look with favour upon any proposition for her hand at the present moment. But have I your permission to see her this morning?"

"You have, sir; and heaven speed you, if you can bring solace to her mourning heart. I think you will find her in the other parlour, Mr. Hinton."

It is not necessary that I should dilate upon the painful nature of the interview between the reverend suitor and the sorrow-stricken object of his affection. He cautiously and delicately introduced the subject, declared his passion, but asked for no immediate reply; and he concluded by observing that he had felt compelled to be thus hasty in his avowal, that he might, if possible, have a sort of claim to be allowed to assist her father through his difficulties, the latter having refused to accept aid from him as a mere stranger to the family.

Esther listened to the pleadings of her reverend suitor with bewildered senses and tearful eyes, and when he had concluded, she threw herself at his feet, and besought him in mercy to speak no more to her upon a subject so repugnant to her feelings.

"Oh, sir, for pity—for pity, spare me! My heart is with my poor cousin! I cannot, cannot love another!"

"Be calm, my dear Miss Hazelton. I see how much the subject distresses you, and I will not press it. Promise me to think of what I have said, and allow me to see you for a moment the day after to-morrow."

Without waiting for a reply, the reverend gentleman courteously bowed to Esther, and left the house.

The second interview took place as Hinton had desired; but it was far less favourable to the indulgence of his hopes than the first had been. Still there was a conflict in the bosom of the girl between her love for her cousin and the duty she felt to sacrifice her own feeling, if thereby she could save her father.

Hinton was deeply moved by her anguish, and mentally blamed himself for being too precipitate. Still he resolved to persevere, and if possible, secure her hand, though he might never possess her heart. He saw the advantage he possessed by her father's difficulties, and the effect the latter had upon Esther's feelings, and he determined to profit by them.

Very conflicting and unsatisfactory were the feelings of the Rev. Basil Hinton as he walked towards the vicarage, after his last interview with Esther Hazelton.

He plainly saw that the heart of the young girl he so passionately loved was dead to any other feeling than that of intense, overwhelming grief for the loss of Frank Merton; and he asked himself—

"Is it manly is it consistent with my calling and position, to take advantage of a father's misfortune to drag her into a union that could produce nothing but life-long misery to the broken-hearted mourner?"

And yet he loved Esther with a passion that consumed him.

Should he relinquish the pursuit of the cherished object altogether, or wait until time had alleviated the poignancy of her grief, and then renew his suit?

It was not natural that one so young should be ever inconsolable. Time might bring with it a revulsion of feeling, and at a more propitious season he might with her hand obtain her heart also.

He would wait, and seek comfort in his prolonged hopefulness by ministering unseen to the welfare of her whom he so intensely loved.

Hinton walked slowly towards home. His bright visions of domestic happiness with Esther Hazelton were gradually fading away; but they left no void in his heart. A change had come over his spirit. The better angel of his nature had touched the living chord that, in its vibration, spoke of peace.

Yes, fierce and long had been the conflict between passion on the one hand, and reason on the other.

As soon as he reached the vicarage, he proceeded at once to his study; but had scarcely seated himself, when his sister tapped at the door.

"I cannot speak to you just now, Margaret," said the minister. "I wish to be alone for a few minutes; return to me in half an hour, for I have much to say to you."

Margaret withdrew, wondering, yet pleased at the unusually quiet tone in which her brother had spoken.

As soon as the sound of her retiring footsteps had died away, Hinton arose, and turned the key of his door. Then falling on his knees, he offered up an earnest prayer that the temptation to do evil might pass away, and that the impetuous passion which had scorched his own heart, and would blight the young life of one whose happiness it was his vain desire to secure, might be restrained. He prayed for strength to aid him in an effort that should prove to Esther Hazelton the sincerity of his love for her, by relinquishing the further prosecution of a suit that was hateful to her.

My friend, Basil Hinton, was a man who would have found a more congenial sphere of action in the army than in the Church. Of strong will, hasty and impetuous in disposition, the discipline of study for the sacred profession had been insufficient to subdue altogether feelings that were, at times, inconsistent with his holy calling and ministerial character. Happily he was conscious of this defect, and, in the calmer hours of his existence, would endeavour to bring his rebellious temper into subjection.

He was certainly not the model from which one would choose a village pastor; but there were latent points of goodness in his disposition that he was at times scarcely sensible of himself.

During his walk homeward, he had meditated upon the possibility of the intelligence respecting the loss of the Indiaman, with all on board, proving to be unfounded; and he then pictured to himself the life-long misery he should inflict upon Esther and her sailor lover, if, after a marriage so repugnant to her feelings, and which could only be consented to for the sake of her father, young Merton should again make his appearance.

All these, and many other thoughts, flashed through the mind of Hinton, both on his way home and in the privacy of his chamber; but before he rose from his knees, he had resolved upon his future course with regard to the Hazeltons; and he had sought a blessimg on that resolve.

A burthen had fallen from his heart! He felt he could stand erect, for he had wrestled with temptation, and had subdued himself.

Refreshed, comforted, strong in faith that he was doing right, Basil Hinton hastened to his sister in the little drawing-room with a light heart and an elastic step.

The peace he had sought for himself and others, and had obtained, had chased the habitual frown from his brow; and as he entered the apartment, Margaret could not restrain an exclamation of joyous surprise.

"Dear brother, you have good news! You look like yourself again. Oh, I am so happy!" said the affectionate sister, as she threw her arms round his neck, and impressed a kiss upon his brow.

"Yes, dear Meg, I am happy. I have had a fierce struggle with a powerful enemy, and have conquered."

"And that enemy?"

"Was my own selfish passion for one whose heart I should have broken for my own gratification."

"But, Basil dear, what do you really mean?"

"I mean, sister, that I have been nourishing a passion for one to whom such passion has been a persecution; that I have been 'bruising the broken reed,' when, as a pastor, I should have been binding up the wounds of the broken-hearted, and speaking words of consolation and hope to the mourner."

"Dear Basil, I do not comprehend you. Whom have you persecuted? Whom have you injured? Are you speaking of Esther?"

"Of Esther; and I want your earnest assistance to enable me to carry out my wish to recompence her for the anguish inflicted by my pertinacity."

"Only say, dear brother, how I can be instrumental, and I will aid you with delight. Say, have you resigned further thought of an union with Esther?"

"I have."

"I appreciate the pang it must have inflicted to do so, and I glory in you for the victory you have obtained over a hopeless passion. But what do you propose to do, Basil?"

"You are aware that Hazelton is in some difficulty at the present time?"

"You have told me so; and I believe it is reported that he will have to give up his mill."

"Just so."

"Is it, indeed, so bad? What misery will follow! Oh, how I grieve for poor Esther's sake. Can nothing be done to prevent the wreck?"

"Yes; much can be done—it shall be prevented, Margaret."

"And you?"

"And I, with God's help, will be the means by which the calamity shall be warded off; but you must help me, Meg."

"Joyfully, brother."

"I have several times offered Hazelton a loan to pay off the mortgage upon his mill, and relieve him from embarrassment; but the farmer is too proud to accept a pecuniary favour."

"Then how can you help him?"

"Listen. When I found, through Branstead, his chief, I believe his only, creditor, that he was about to foreclose his mortgage; and that not only the mill would be lost, but the farm sold up also, and, moreover, that Esther was likely to be without a home, I renewed my offer of assistance; but he still obstinately refused to accept it. I then told him of my love for his daughter, and looking to a propitious future, urged to be allowed to do that as a *duty* which I had offered for friendship, and I asked him to give me Esther for a wife, when time should have moderated her present sorrow."

"Yes?"

" He told me, if I could obtain her consent, he would not refuse his, and in that case he would accept my assistance for his child's sake.

" And then you saw Esther?"

" And then I saw Esther! But, oh, Margaret! when I think of the look of unutterable despair with which she heard me repeat her father's words, and urge my suit; when I think of the anguish she endured at the idea of desecrating poor Frank Merton's memory by even a thought of a successor to her love, her tears, her entreaties for my pity, I felt that I should be a monster of cruelty to persecute her further. But her father must be saved, nevertheless, and that at once."

" But how, Basil?"

" Come to my study after tea, Margaret, and I will tell you how, and instruct you in the part you will have to perform in accomplishing my object."

My narrative has already, I fear, occupied more of our time than it should have done. I will wind it up, therefore, in a few words. By the aid of Basil and his sister, the mortgage on the mill was paid off, as well as the liabilities that had accrued on the farm, and Hazelton was once more a free man. Esther's fidelity to her lover's memory was rewarded in the course of the following year by the reappearance of Frank Merton, who had been saved, with a few others, from the wreck of the Indiaman.

At Marie Antoinette's private theatre the little comic opera of " Rose and Colas " was being performed by the royal family and court. The queen had a part in it; and just as she had finished one of the songs a sharp hiss was heard. The spectators looked at each other with surprise; but Marie Antoinette, who felt at once that in all the crowd of grandees and courtiers there was but one person who would venture to take such a liberty, came to the front of the stage, and addressing the king, said, " Sir, since you are not satisfied with my acting, if you will take the trouble to step out, your money will be returned at the entrance." A thunder of applause greeted this sally, in which the king joined most heartily.

A short time since, we mentioned M. Doré's new project of an illustrated Shakespeare. A gentleman lately from Tours (the place of publication of Doré s pictorial Bible), gives a few particulars concerning the artist and his publisher, which very considerably modify previous statements. He says that M. Mame has made no money by the first edition, but expects to make some profit out of the second edition, now in course of publication. The first issue—which, amongst amateurs, is at present bringing almost double its published price—scarcely covered the cost of production. It is said that Mame has refused to take the artist's Shakespeare at anything like the price asked. If, he says, the book which appeals to the greatest number of readers is not a commercial success, an illustrated French translation of the English dramatist would scarcely be likely to pay. The correspondent's expression is that he avoids the Shakespeare as " scalded cats do cold water." However, the statement has recently been made that an English, an American, and a French firm are in negotiation for the purchase of the work, taking Messrs. Hachette's offer of £16,000 as a basis; but the same correspondent avows that this is simply " an exaggeration to increase M. Doré's reputation, and influence publishers."

The French Government has recently been organizing a most extensive system throughout France for the prompt distribution and sale of one or two halfpenny newspapers. These journals are circulated by the provincial agents of the petty *Moniteur*, which appears every evening under official sanction and patronage. It is said that the scheme has been fostered by the Government for the purpose of keeping within its hands as many readers as possible. Every town and village, and even the mountain districts, have now their newspaper agents, with a regular supply of the latest news and opinions from Paris.

PASTIMES.

REBUS.

1. A town of Canada West.
2. A well-known poem by a living American author.
3. One of Jacob's and Leah's sons.
4. The poetical name for the morning star.
5. The goddess of chastity.
6. A Roman who raised himself to power by the title of Tribune.
7. One of the Hebrides.
8. A celebrated naval station near the mouth of the Thames.

The *initials* will tell what we once were and the *finals* what many desire. R. T. B.

SQUARE WORDS

1. Part of a tree.
2. Comfort.
3. A large portion of the Globe.
4. Dread. Meta.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Musical composers.

1. RRLAYRDNSBEHCDII.
2. HICOPN.
3. NTMUAG.
4. RULMEL.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is a domestic animal, my *second* is a kind of fish and my *whole* is used by surgeons.

2. My *first*, though not half a rod in size,
   Is three parts of a pole;
   My *second*, o'er river, and pond, and brook,
   In winter has control;
   Deprived of my *third*, this earth would soon
   Be desolate and undone;
   My *whole*, both day and night you'll see
   In the streets or walk or run.

3. I am a word of 14 letters.
   My 4, 8, 9, 1, 10, 11, 2, 13 is a fragment.
   My 6, 7, 9, 8 is what we all are to ourselves.
   My 4, 9, 8, 1, 5 is akin to Fenianism.
   My 10, 2, 8, 12, 3, 10, 2 is a Canadian city.
   My 4, 8, 9, 3, 1, 5 is a county in Europe.
   My 6, 2, 1, 10, 8, 11, 3, 5 is a principle.
   My 1, 12, 3, 10, 8, 9, 1, 10 is a bargain.
   My 10, 8, 9, 6, 7 is the life of a nation and will be probably increased by my whole.
   My 12, 4, 10, 7, 13 is not seldom.
   And in my whole we are all deeply interested.

Ragde.

DECAPITATION.

1. In my present condition I'm hard to endure;
   Behead me, I then become food for the poor;
   Beheaded once more, you plainly may see
   What fruit, to be wholesome, must certainly be.
   Transpose me, I'm changed to a safe landing-place;
   Curtail, then the table I frequently grace.
2. Complete, I'm a gallant, and brave cavalier,
   Behead me, I'm a season, but not of the year;
   Curtail me, you'll find, I'm now close to hand;
   Curtail, and transpose me, I'm a curse to a land.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

What is the total number of inhabitants, in a town where there are two-thirds as many men and five-sixths as many women as children, and 146 more women than men?

M. Stanley.

ANSWERS TO ACROSTIC, &c. No. 50.

Acrostic.—William Cowper, Alexander Pope. 1. Winchelsea. 2. Ingul. 3. Louisville. 4. Lynx. 5. Ida. 6. Anacreon. 7. Macclesfield. 8. Cybele. 9. Otter. 10. Wasp. 11. Plato. 12. Escalop. 13. Robespierre.

Charades.—1. Looking-glass. 2. Misfortunes. 3. Newspaper.

Square Words.—S N O B
N O N E
O N C E
B E E R

Biblical Questions.—1. 2 Kings 6-6. 2. Eccl. 10-2. 3. Zech. 8-5.

The following answers have been received:

Acrostic.—Felix, Belleville, James H. W., Flora, Alpha.

Charades.—J. A. W., Polly, Belleville, Flora, Argus, H. H. V.

Square Words.—Polly, Argus, J. A. W., H. H. V., Cloud, Flora.

Biblical Questions. — Flora, James H. W., Alpha.

CHESS.

The great Chess match between Anderssen and Steinitz commenced on Wednesday, July 18th. The winner of the first eight games is to be the victor. One game had been played at our last advices, and after a hard-fought battle of six hours, was won by Prof. Anderssen.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

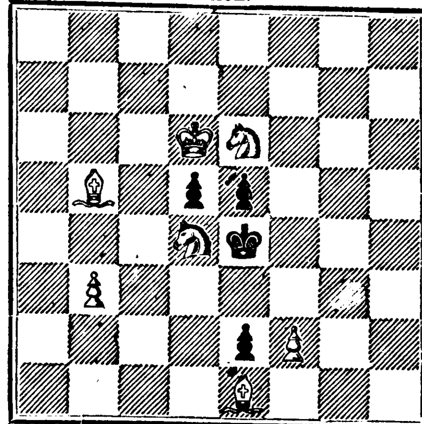
Later advices state that Mr. Anderssen after losing four games in succession, had recovered a portion of his ancient vigor, and by winning the last three games had placed himself breast to breast whith his gallant little foe. The score stands,

Anderssen 4, Steinitz 4, Drawn 0.

PROBLEM No. 40.

From the Illustrated London News.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 38.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K R 8.	K to Q 4 or (a)
2. Q to Q B 3.	K to K 5.
3. Q to K 5 Mate.	
(a) 1. ———	K to K 6.
2. Q to Q Kt 2.	K to K 5.
3. Q to K 5 Mate.	

The fourth game in the Anderssen—Steinitz match

Salvio Gambit.

WHITE. (*Mr. S.*)	BLACK. (*Mr. A.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 P to K B 4.	2 P takes P.
3 Kt to K B 3.	3 P to K Kt 4.
4 B to Q B 4.	4 P to K Kt 5.
5 Kt to K 5.	5 Q to K R 5 (ch.)
6 K to B sq.	6 Kt to K R 3.
7 P to Q 4.	7 P to Q 3.
8 Kt to Q 3.	8 P to K B 6.
9 P to K Kt 3.	9 Q to K 2.
10 Kt to K B 2.	10 B to K 3.
11 Kt to Q R 3.	11 B takes B.
12 Kt takes B.	12 Q to K 3.
13 P to Q 5.	13 Q to K Kt 3.
14 P to K R 3.	14 Kt to Q 2.
15 B takes K Kt.	15 B takes B.
16 P takes P.	16 P to Q Kt 4.
17 Kt to Q R 3.	17 Kt to K 4.
18 Kt takes Q Kt P.	18 Q R to Q Kt sq.
19 Q Kt to Q 4.	19 B to K 6.
20 Kt takes P.	20 Q to K B 3.
21 K to Kt 2.	21 B takes Kt.
22 Kt takes Kt.	22 B takes K Kt P.
23 Kt to Q 3.	23 B to K R 5.
24 Q to K 2.	24 Q to K 2.
25 Q R to K B sq.	25 B to Kt 4.
26 Q R to K B 5.	26 P to K B 3.
27 K R to K B sq.	27 Castles.
28 P to Q Kt 3.	28 Q R to K sq.
29 K R to K sq.	29 K to R sq.
30 Kt to K B 2.	30 B to K R 5.
31 Q R to K R 5.	31 B takes Kt.
32 Q takes B.	32 K R to K Kt sq.
33 Q to K B 5.	33 K R to Kt 2.
34 Q R to K R 6.	34 Q R to Kt sq.
35 K R to K R sq.	35 K R takes P (ch.)
36 K to B 3.	36 K R to Kt 6 (ch.)
37 K to K 2.	37 K R to Kt 2.
38 R takes B P.	38 K R to Kt 7 (ch.)
39 K to Q 3.	39 Q R to Kt 6 (ch.)
40 K to Q B 4.	40 Q R to K 6.
41 R to B 8 (ch.)	41 R to K Kt sq.
42 R takes R (ch.)	42 K takes R.
43 R to Kt sq. (ch.)	Black resigns.

Memory.—The hoarded slides of the mind's magic lantern.

Opinion.—A grain of gunpowder.

Toleration. — An acknowledgment of the possibility of truth in others.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. T.—We regret very much that you have not received a note we posted as you requested, about six weeks since. Please inquire at the Post Office for a note addressed A. M. T., Montreal.

ARTIST.—It will be inserted as soon as we can find space.

BRAUN.—For a "new hand," we think you have succeeded pretty well, and would advise you to try again. First attempts are seldom worthy of type.

WYVANT.—The letter was received—quite right.

BAD TOM.—We think it unjust to the writer to select a single sentence from an article, and then claim that the isolated passage teaches "dangerous doctrine." Common fairness would indicate that it should be judged by the tenor of the whole article. The purpose of the writer was to show how differently the same sentiment may be expressed, and consequently the necessity of circumspection in clothing our thoughts with words. Even Holy Writ would not bear the test you have applied to the article in question.

POLLY.—We hope to have the pleasure of receiving further contributions from you, when you have the requisite leisure at your command.

MY SELF.—"Cable" poetry is plentiful as Fenian bonds, at Sweeny's head quarters, and much of it is equally worthless. There are some very good lines in the verses forwarded, but the composition as a whole is too unequal to admit of publication.

A. R.—Not only "difficult" but apparently impossible.

H. H.—We really do not know how to advise H. H., but if the little fluttering bird persistently refuses to be caught, perhaps it would be better to leave it severely alone for a while. It may grow tamer when frost and snow come. Try the influence of a sleigh drive then.

ALARM.—As we have escaped so long, we think we may, in view of the near approach of cool weather, indulge a strong hope, that Cholera will not visit Canada this season. At any rate, humanly speaking, it is improbable that it will become epidemic. Rum, in hot tea, is now the favourite specific in Europe.

LOOSE.—"What I saw at Tadousac," is respectfully declined;—altogether too loose.

A. W. S.—The Montreal Ocean S. S. Company are building two new vessels; one, we believe, is to be named "The Austrian," the other "The Sardinian."

FESTUS.—In March 1865, the United States' navy consisted of 684 vessels with 4,477 guns.

MISCELLANEA

LOW RENT.—The London residence of Baroness Truro, in Eaton Square, was sold by auction, recently, to Mrs. Mainwaring, of Oakley Hall, Shropshire, for the large sum of £19,600. The house is held under a lease direct from the Marquis of Westminster, which has fifty-five years to run, and is subject to the rent of a peppercorn only. The lady was strongly opposed to the bidding, in person, of Lord Lytton, of Knebworth, but he eventually gave way.

IT is stated that a Lyons physician cures hydrophobia by placing his patient in a vapour bath of about 120 deg. Fahr.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.—The oldest house in the United States now standing as originally built is the Rev. Dr. Whitfield's, at Guilford, Connecticut. It was built in 1639, and the stone walls and oak-work remain in good condition.

THE locust is appearing in France in large quantities. That utilitarian people have begun to eat them, and you may have them in thirty-six different ways at the most fashionable *restaurants*. Frenchmen eat everything—snails, frogs, locusts, donkeys, and grass.

IN parts of Australlia the farmers are said to be making cider from peaches. They are so plentiful there.

THE latest style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as consisting of two straws tied together with a blue ribbon, on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price nineteen dollars.

A LADY is about to appear as a *trapèze* performer in London.

The standing armies of Europe amount to about six millions of men.

During some military manœuvres near Strasburg, recently, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Rhine in twelve minutes.

A young Frenchwoman on her matrimonial trip, but a week old, was recently arrested by a vigilant officer of Prussia, as she was unable to pronounce her own name when she was asked for her passport, and suspicion was aroused as she could not explain, or would not. She wa detained till the arrival of her husband, whose name was Baran de Vandienpendaëlbroeck.

TO CANDY FRUITS.—Take one pound of the best loaf sugar, dip each lump into a bowl of water, and put the sugar in a preserving kettle. Boil it down until clear, and in a candying state. When sufficiently boiled, have ready the fruits you wish to preserve. Large white grapes, oranges, separated into small pieces, or preserved fruits, taken out of their syrup and dried, are nice. Dip the fruits into the prepared sugar while it is hot; then put them in a cold place; they soon become hard.

A HANDKERCHIEF VANISHING WITH A FLASH.—At a recent lecture on gun-cotton by Professor Doremus, the lecturer stated that he had treated a linen handkerchief with nitric acid, and having thus converted it into gun-linen, he had sent it to the wash with other clothes. The washerwoman washed and dried the handkerchief without perceiving any difference in its character; but when she came to iron it, at the very first touch of the hot iron the handkerchief vanished with a light flash leaving no trace behind.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MR. WILDE'S electric lamp casts shadows from the street lamps a quarter of a mile distant.

IT is stated that lemons may be preserved by the very simple process of varnishing them with a solution of shellac in spirit of wine. Fresh lemon juice is thus obtainable at all seasons.

THERE was lately exhibited in Lloyds' Captains' Room a model of Skinners' patent vertical steering apparatus. The advantages which this invention is said to possess over every other means of steering are mainly comprised in its strength, compactness, simplicity, and power.

GUN-COTTON often explodes from spontaneous decomposition. If it is slightly acid, fumes will be generated by the reaction of the acid; and if these fumes are not allowed to escape, especially if the heat is retained by means of non-conducting bodies, the temperature will become high enough to cause explosion.

HEMPEL'S ELLIPTICAL COMPASSES.—This instrument has been for a long time past reported on favourably by geometricians in Paris; the simplicity of its construction, the facility with which it is handled, and the accuracy with which it traces the ellipsis, give it great value.

PURIFICATION OF PETROLEUM.—In the refining of petroleum, or of oils obtained from the distillation of coal, &c., at low temperatures, it is usual to add sulphuric acid as a preliminary process of refining; and Mr. Fordred, of Blackheath, has proposed to substitute a preliminary alkaline process, and the alkaline foots obtained are treated with steam and an oil separated, which will be found needful in the arts. The oils thus obtained possess valuable drying properties, and may be advantageously employed in conjunction with boiled oil, and with such resinous guns and resins as may be soluble therein, and they may be used with paints and varnishes.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE news from the minor German States is given in the journals of Fatherland under the following simple heading, "Mitteleuropaischestaatengruppe."

A POLITICAL QUESTION.—Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion" that is flowing.

AN AMERICAN STORY.—Mosquitoes are large and somewhat ferocious in the Mississippi country. A man who went out one day to look for his cow, found her skeleton on the ground, and a large mosquito on an adjacent tree picking its teeth with one of her horns!

A FIERY BEVERAGE.—The editor of a Yankee contemporary, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession that was going down his throat.

"IF you beat me, I'll call out the soldiers," as the drum said.

CHEMISTRY OF THE COMPLEXION.—The product of pale brandy is often a red nose.

TAXIDERMY FOR PARENTS.—If you want to preserve your children, do not stuff them.

AN INSTANTANEOUS METHOD FOR PRODUCING VINEGAR.—Praise one young lady to another.

THE inhabitants of a noted fever and ague district in Illinois are said to turn their "shakes" to some account: they climb into the top of a "shell bark" just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earthquake" leaves them, there is not a hickory nut left on the tree.

SLEEPING LIKE A TOP.—Two knights of the angle having sought the shelter of a sorry alehouse for the night, one questioned the other the next morning as to how he had slept, observing that, for his part, "he had slept like a top,"—"So did I," replied his companion, "for I was turning round all night.

WHY is England the richest country in the world?—Because it has a Deal more than any other country.

A WICKED old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and then she is in the right instantly.

WE notice an advertisement of "milliners' feathers" for sale. The milliners from whom these feathers were plucked must have been little ducks.

"HAVE you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey of a reckless-looking young man. "No, not exactly," replied the young man; "but I have broken three or four dog-carts."

WHAT is the difference between a volunteer who shoots wide of the target, and a husband who blackens his wife's eyes?—The one misses his mark, and the other marks his missis.

A COUNTRYMAN who was charged with ten gallons of whiskey, which a publican put in an eight-gallon keg, said he "didn't mind the money over-charged, so much as he did the strain on the keg."

PROFESSOR de Morgan went to hear an organ played by a performer who seemed very desirous to exhibit one particular stop. "What do you think of that stop?" he was asked. "That depends upon the name of it," said he. "Oh! what can the name have to do with the sound? 'That which we call a rose,' &c."—"The name has everything to do with it," said he; "if it be a flute-stop, I think it very harsh; but if it be a railway-whistle stop, I thing it very sweet."

MOTTOES.—*For a provision merchant:* "If parts allure thee, see how Bacon shined."—*A nobleman's gardener:* "What hoe, my lord?"—*A successful foxhunter:* "Heads I win, tails you lose." *A projected silk-mill:* "Looming in the distance."—*A travelling draper:* "Tally-owe!" —*A trio of vegetarians:* "When shall we three meet again?"

"OH, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor. "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."