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# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 87.

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 4, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

### A THRILLING NARRATIVE

Of the exploits of the  
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS

Who infested

Q U E B E C

In 1831 and 1835.

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

### CANBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Life within the prison. The patriarch of thieves, or  
Captain Dumas—several attempts at escape—the  
German baron Van Kœning—the jailer.

Canbray and Waterworth, several days after their arrest, were taken out of the lockup and placed in a room with about a dozen other scoundrels in accordance with the deplorable custom adopted in our prisons; there they met Mathieu and Gagnou and several other villains alike distinguished in the annals of vice. With these they entered into criminal compacts and fresh conspiracies against society. It is difficult to imagine, and far more to portray the diabolical manners that reigned in that lawless circle. To give a faint idea of it, however, we shall again adopt the language of the King's evidence Waterworth, from whom the greater part of our information has been derived.

"Whilst in the lock-up and loaded with chains, our condition became so frightful to me that I believe I could not have endured it much longer, but as good luck would have it we were soon taken out and placed in a room where we met several of our old acquaintances. From this day the prison by no means appeared so horrible a place; and had it not been for our natural yearnings for liberty, a sentiment common to all mankind and a subject of deep despair to the inmates, we would have been rather happy than otherwise. We had nothing to do all day but to relate our former prowess and invent schemes of escape and future depredations. Our ancient friends told us of all their tricks, their adventures, their insight into the constructions of the wealthiest houses and the projects in which they expected to engage on their re-entrance into the world. In this way we encouraged each other in vice, and the least experienced among us soon acquired a wondrous knowledge of our art. We had amongst us a singular character in the profession, one Dumas, an extremely expert and cautious thief, who though he had never incurred the risk of dancing in the air, he nevertheless had passed the greater part of his life in prison. By his companions, this man was called Captain Dumas, who looked up to him as their patriarch and instructor. This original character had kept a journal of his exploits and those of his little band for ten years, and also undertook the task of teaching the young the secret of his trickery, and of initiating the inexperienced into the details of criminal attempts past and future. At the approach of the criminal term, he nominated himself president of an Amateur Court, before which each of the prisoners pleaded his cause, to each he gave the substance of his defence, wrote speeches for them, addressed the jury, administered a paternal reprimand to the guilty, and laughingly pronounced sentence upon all. Thus the inmates mutually instructed each other in their little industrial vocations, and became familiar with the penalties imposed by the law on their misdemeanours.

Among us was a man of herculean strength, who amused us by playing at hanging; this he did by suspending himself by the chin on a silk handkerchief and imitating the contortions of the body, while on the gibbet. We were not always idle, however; for while Mathieu busied himself in making false keys of wood to carry out our projects of escape, Canbray and I had made arrangements with a coiner, named K—y, and in concert with him we worked at an apparatus, intended on our discharge, to convert our virgin silver into American half dollars.

One dark and rainy night, just such a one as invites the drowsy sentinels to a nap in his box, while it favours the enterprise of crime, we all set to work in right good earnest, to effect our escape. In a short time eight doors had been opened, a ceiling pierced, a wall broken through, a rope ladder hung; all that was wanted to complete our liberation was the signal "are you ready," when the ill-omened voice of alarm sounded through the jail, and we were discovered.

Immediately a picket of soldiers invested the place, and we all rushed to our beds to escape the punishment consequent upon the attempt. It is astonishing that it is almost impossible to enter into any conspiracy without a rumor of it reaching the ears of the jailer; there are too many people in the same apartment, there is always some traitor to be found among them, who to gain favour is ready to sacrifice the lives of his companions, but we well knew how to punish these treasonable disclosures and carefully watched the suspected spy, making him pay dearly for any little favours he obtained. Canbray above all was inexorable in his persecution, till at last the jailer was compelled to remove some of his victims, who till that time had lived in perpetual martyrdom.

During the time I remained in prison, there were several attempts of this nature, the most daring of which was perhaps that of Canbray.

One day whilst we were all in the yard the door was opened to permit the entrance of a load of wood. Canbray, seizing the opportunity, rushed through the gate into the street, overturning a cart in his violence, together with a sentry, who stood on guard, but his precipitation was checked by the vehicle, and he was retaken by some soldiers who had arrived in time to prevent his escape. But the best concerted plan took place shortly after this event.

One of the prisoners—and it was Mathieu, we believed, who had taken this liberty—had made wooden keys for every door of the jail not excepting even that of the entrance. Every arrangement had been made for a general sortie, and the conspirators were completely sheltered from suspicion. Provost, who was at the head of this movement, was to have opened the doors of every room during the night time, gathered the prisoners in the passage, descended quietly and opened the outer door, given the signal to leave, got the whole band admissibly into the passage, armed the most determined with the guns of the guard, and led them all into the street, with the full determination to assassinate the sentinels had he offered to oppose their exit. This plan was partly carried into effect, and whilst the little army was arranged in the passage, awaiting impatiently the signal of Provost, who was a criminal condemned to transportation and who had descended to open the doors, he, in order to have his sentence commuted, informed the jailer and thus made a merit of his treason, and obtained great favour for having done so, while the least guilty in the affair were thrown into the cells. This Provost is a man of the very worst character; he fully merits transportation, and I heartily hope it may come to pass before long.

Our companions in this abode of crime were men entirely lost to decency and character; but sometimes hatred or prejudice or blind suspicion threw the innocent or the young in with the rest. It was horrible to listen to the sarcasm and jesting of which these simpletons, for so we called them, were made the subjects; and if the new comers were not proof against every thing in the shape of vice, the contagion of evil in every form, they were sure to fall into the ways of those by whom they were surrounded.

There is a man there at present of high birth and great honesty. I am convinced that he was reduced to the greatest misery by a series of misfortunes, and by deplorable accident he was finally thrown into this den of infamy. He was an inhabitant of St Jean Port Joly, a Canadian peasant. He was known in his parish as the German Baron, a local corruption of Van Kœning, which in the German signifies son of the King. He told me his history: it is one of great interest, even romantic in its details. His father was an officer in an English regiment, which was stationed in Canada about sixty years ago; he was of German parentage, being the only son of Baron Van Kœning, one of the most noble and wealthiest Barons of Germany. His father placed him in the English army until such time as his age warranted his appearance among the dignitaries of his native Empire. Unfortunately this young officer, amiable, wealthy and with every prospect of fame before him, was naturally of a thoughtless disposition, preferring a life of contented retirement to the labour and anxiety attendant upon a distinguished position. Having wandered over the greater part of Canada, he at last fixed his residence at "Riviera Ouelle" where he became acquainted with a beautiful peasant girl, the daughter of a farmer in that vicinity, whom he afterwards married.

For some time he lived in plenty and never dreamed of returning to Germany, but his resources soon began to fail, his family to increase, his pledges of affection, to double, and this son of the king saw the moment of indigence rapidly approaching. At last his father's death occurred and the succession became vacant; too poor and too idle to reclaim his estates in person, the German Baron employed a Canadian lawyer in his stead, giving him power to dispose of his domains and dignities. The collateral inheritors, who, in the absence of the heir, had succeeded to the immense property, to disencumber themselves of the legitimate claimant gave his agent a sum of several thousand florins, quite sufficient to render the Canadian family of Van Kœning perfectly independent, but which was completely squandered at the end of twenty years. The son of this Baron destined by birth to revel in luxury, to hold dominion over his fellow creatures, to form the foremost ranks of society in Europe, found himself at more than thirty years of age, poor, ignorant, humble in appearance as the peasantry with whom he had been brought up, and to crown all, the inmate of a prison. Where then is the superiority of birth and rank?—raise the democrat, the man of the people, and lower the monarch, and not one of nature's laws will be broken not a principle violated.

You are aware that last winter the inhabitants of the various parishes of the county of Rimouski and Kamouraska were reduced to great want by the failure of their crops. St John Port Joly suffered considerably in the general dearth, and among the rest the German Baron found himself, his wife and children, on the verge of starvation.

One fearfully cold evening, when the thermometer stood at fifty degrees below zero, and the wind beat furiously over the village and against the frozen woods in the vicinity, there

was neither fool nor firewood in the Baron's house, and his half-naked family, faint with hunger and shivering with cold, hung weeping around their master, imploring to get them a little bread. Grief and despair in his heart, he left the house in the middle of the night and cautiously made his way to the house of a rich neighbor, and returned with a loaf of bread and a few pounds of pork. The following day being suspected, he was arrested for the act, and thrown into prison, where he has remained for three months awaiting his trial without being able to find bail for his re-appearance.

The history of the German Baron is only one among thousands of the same kind, equally interesting and instructive.

I have now been some time shut up in this prison—continued Waterworth—and I have keenly felt the privation of freedom, but I must acknowledge that we have ever been indebted to the jailer for his sympathy and humanity in ameliorating our unfortunate condition. Notwithstanding the vexations to which he was constantly exposed by the ill temper of some of the inmates, and the general inconvenience resulting from the various arrangements of the building, he was ever in good humour and omitted no means of rendering our lives as supportable as circumstances would permit; mildness and firmness act much more favourably than would severity, which only aggravates the evil passions of the perverse and inflexible.

Do not imagine, however, that there is any looseness in our discipline; on the contrary it requires all the vigilance of our jailer to watch the treachery that is daily being worn around him, and to control so great a number of prisoners within so small space. For all have constant intercourse with outsiders, who furnish them with the necessary instruments to effect escape, and generally aid them in carrying out their nefarious schemes.

"Scarcely a day passes in which confiscations are not made—of keys, cords, knives and aquafortis, and all the various et ceteras required for that purpose—these are enclosed in baskets by officious sweethearts, longing for the delivery of their beloved, who draw them up to the windows by means of cords.

(To be continued.)

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 98.

For the safety of his precious model, Humphrey yielded to this proposition. Hurrying in, he helped Jenkyns make the door fast, and ran out to seek the steps that led up to the back yard.

Before he went, however, there occurred a little incident which Joan never forgot to her dying hour.

Just as he was going out by the door leading to the steps he paused an instant, and, with a glance at his wife and Jenkyns, threw out his arm with a strong impressive gesture in the direction of the machine.

Neither had time to answer the look or movement. He was gone, and the two were left alone.

As they stood taking breath after all the hurry and affright, a stone came against the window, smashing the glass and striking violently upon the shutter.

Little Dick sat up in bed, put a fist in each eye, and began to roar.

Another stone came crashing down on the window, and then came a volley on both window and door.

Jenkyns flushed and shook his fist. Joan turned as white as her neckerchief.

Jenkyns looked distracted as his eye fell upon her.

"Oh, come now," said he, seizing her arm roughly and drawing her towards a chair. "Don't let's have none o' that, or I dunno what I shall do. There's never a rumpus of no kind but what you wemmen must go and make it worse by a-goin

as white as biled cod or screschin' like a hayhe-na. Stow it now, missis, do stow it," cried he, beseechingly, as another shower of stones clattered down, and Joan's face grew more and more rigid.

He began to clasp her hands, saying—  
"There, there, now don't be afraid. It's all safe enough. They couldn't get in if they was to all bear upon the door at once; not they."

"Let me alone, Jenkyns," said she, clenching her cold hands, and letting them fall heavily in her lap; "I'm not afraid."

At that moment there came a knocking at the inner door, and before Jenkyns could get to open it, the mistress of the house, a poor widow, came in, looking nearly as white as Joan.

"Mercy save us, Dame Arkdale!" cried she. "Oh dear, oh dear, what have you brought upon me! A lone widder, and the lads away on their Christmas outing, and the house unprotected by so much as the cat, that was pizoned last week with licking the new dye your husband invented. Oh, oh! I'm ready to drop. Hark to 'em; hark to 'em! Not; we shall be murdered in our beds!"

"Not you," growled Jenkyns. "There's no such good luck as you taking yourself off there!"  
The widow threw herself into a chair, and began to rock to and fro and weep and moan dismally, which sound made Dick break out with redoubled vigour.

Down came the stones. The widow shrieked. Jenkyns jumped on a bench and reached down his master's old pistol, Joan sat motionless, her face like marble, her eyes large and glittering, and a little raised, as if she listened to some voice speaking to her.

At last she made a sign with her hand to Jenkyns. He came.

"Make that woman go away," she said, under her breath.

"Come, mum," said Jenkyns, shaking the widow, "you and me 'ud better come up and rekerniter—see the doors and windows is all fast and that—or we shall be having a surprise not over pleasin'. Come, accept of my arm."

"I won't keep him long from ye, dame," sobbed the widow. "Oh, hark! oh, hark!"

No sooner had they left Joan to herself than the face of stone grew suddenly human. Great tears came into her eyes, and, stretching out her arms towards the window, with a look of ineffable love and pity, she fell upon her knees.

"Oh, my poor souls! Oh, my poor, poor souls! My heart is broke for you!—my heart is broken in twain!"

She sobbed with passion, her cheek laid to the wall, and her hair, which she had clutched at till it fell, lying over the stones in front of her.

She lay there some minutes, while gradually the showers of stones ceased, and heavy feet came clattering down the area steps, and fierce blows began to fall on the window and the door.

Little Dick had lain back on his pillow, pale and sick with fright.

Now Jenkyns, being a great friend of Dick's and one in whom he had more confidence than in any one beside (except his father), the child was much grieved and alarmed at not hearing his voice for so long.

At last he mustered up courage to pull his little crib curtain, and peep tearfully out into the great room, full of shadows and lights.

Then Dick saw a sight that filled his little heart with wonder and vague terror.

He saw, standing by his father's machine model the cover of which was off, a woman, having in her hand a thing like that which his stepmother and Jenkyns used for chopping firewood. The woman was, it seemed to Dick, wondrously like his stepmother, yet wondrously unlike when he tried to persuade his fearful little heart that it was her. Her lips were parted over her teeth, yet she did not seem to be laughing. Her hair covered her shoulders, her eyes were so bright they made Dick's wink more than looking at the candle did.

Just above the machine there hung a picture of Holofernes lying asleep in his tent, and Judith looking at him.

Now as Dick raised his eyes to that, it struck him that the woman by his father's model was

more like Judith in the picture than his stepmother. She looked down on the machine just as Judith looked down on Holofernes.

Dick had heard the story, and knew what Judith had done to Holofernes after looking at him like that, and his heart began to quake for what was going to happen to his father's cherished treasure.

Presently he stood erect by the crib, and in another instant, spite of the clamouring at the door and window, the bare, rosy feet pattered boldly across the room.

He took hold of the woman's skirts.

"Mammy, don't a kill it."

She shrieked and started back, as if his touch had burned her.

"Ha! did thy mother send thee?" she moaned.

"Are the very angels of heaven against me!"

Then suddenly and wildly she caught him up in one arm.

"Nay, they send thee to bear a part in saving thy father," she said; and, to the child's terror and amazement, she went to the besieged door, undid the fastenings, and flung it wide open.

"Back!" cried she, extending her hand palms outwards towards the fierce faces with a gesture at once commanding and piteous.

There was tier after tier of these furious faces all up the steps, and the area presented to Joan a sight from which at any other time she would have fled in wildest fear. But now she stood looking at them with a face on which blind prejudice and superstition looked as grand and tender as outraged justice.

Her eyes swam in tears of passionate pity, her lips quivered; her brave, determined attitude and gesture, in the face of a riotous mob, her earnestness, her passion, gave her for the moment all the beauty and grandeur of true heroism. When she spoke, it was in a strange mixture of hoarse and strong, and sweet, shrill tones.

"Masters, a black work has been done in this house—it shall be undone; but not by you, for to get ye thrown into gaol for rioting. Oh, not by you, but by this hand, masters! this hand, that should have crushed the black work at the beginning! I have been false to ye. I will make amends this night, and save him from the poor folks' curse for masters, he has put all his heart and soul in this thing and could never—no, never—make another were this destroyed. And shall that not be? Ay, though it ruin me, though it kill me, to cut to pieces the work of a hand so dear. Look, gossips, look, masters, if I keep not the word I have passed you, then to your homes quickly and peaceably. Your poor wives are waiting for you, cursing me and mine, perhaps, for the thing that keeps you abroad and in danger. One look, then, to see me make good my word, then away, and good luck be with ye; and masters, should ye see any from my part, I trust ye'll speak a word for me, saying how, in the end, Joan Merryweather was true to her own poor working folk."

The crowd of faces pressed closer together and nearer to the door, as Joan turned and snatched the clever Dick had seen in her hand as she stood under the picture of Holofernes and Judith. At first the silence was almost unbroken; but at the first stroke on the hated machine, a low buzz of fierce satisfaction and expectation began, and rose, and deepened into an exultant roar, as the weak arm, bared to the shoulder for its work, struck and struck again with increasing vehemence and power.

With the beautiful child clinging to her shoulders, and her pale, soft hair borne back from her face by the sharp gusts of wind, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes gleaming with excitement and fierce exertion, Joan appeared to the rioters like a fair and powerful angel come down to defend them.

Joan herself—though at first the severing of the strong and delicate workmanship had been like cutting at her own flesh and blood—began to feel a wild joy in her work, and a mad recklessness as to the misery that must follow.

All the bitter hatred for the inventor, which her love for her husband had made her hide in her own breast so long, found vent at that moment, and gave strange fire to her eye and strange strength to her arm. Every miserable

moment this thing had cost her was remembered now and avenged.

But the moment drew nigh when this wondrous strength of Joan's was to leave her as it had come—suddenly. Her eye began to glaze, her hand to strike at random.

Even if this had not been perceived by the crowd at the door, it was hardly likely all could resist the temptation to help at such fascinating work. Just as Joan's hand grew unsteady, a powerful young fellow who had once felt the barber's heavy hand and had not forgotten its weight, tore up a loose paving-stone at the door, and, rushing in, fell upon the remains of poor Arkdale's hand and brain labour of so many weary years with a fury that left it nothing but a heap of rubbish on the floor.

No sooner was this brave deed finished than the word was passed from mouth to mouth that Arkdale was coming. There was a fresh yell of triumph as the crowd jostled each other, and rushed to the area steps and poured into the street.

The tidings of the destruction of the model was speedily passed on to those who had been too far off to hear and see what had taken place within the threshold of the inventor's door.

The increasing roar of voices kept Joan still inspired a moment or two with their joy and their exultation. Presently she heard Humphrey's firm foot leaping down the steps, and her heart seemed to stand still. Her yellow hair was still borne wide on either side of her by the wind; her face was paling slowly from the crimson flush of passion to the hue of death; her hand, holding the instrument of destruction, hung powerless by her side. She tried to grasp the child, but felt him slipping from her. Her eyes were staring fixedly at the doorway.

The well-known face came before her, and looked at her with eager and tender eyes.

"My wife! thank Mercy you are safe."

He took the child from her, actually setting his foot on the ruins of his model without noticing them.

This tender anxiety for her, and forgetfulness of everything else, increased for Joan the anguish of the moment.

As he stooped to kiss her a sound between a sob and a laugh came from her white lips, and she pointed down with one hand while she lifted the other to her eyes, and hid them.

Arkdale looked on the ground, and saw the rubbish without recognising more than enough to give him an uneasy thought, and send his quick glance darting about the room. His glance returned to the broken mass at his feet, and a flash of recognition came into his eyes.

"Ha!"

He staggered back with the sharpest cry of pain Joan had ever heard from a man, and sank down on the doorstep, pressing Dick fast in his arms and staring at his mangled treasure with brows drawn upward and forehead full of lines.

Dick caressed him in childish terror at his strange looks, and soon Humphrey began to return his caresses, sighing heavily, and kissing him and pressing him to his breast.

It was worse than gall to Joan to see him sit hugging his boy in silence, and his staring eyes filling slowly with tears, the first she had ever seen there.

"Ay, Dick," said he, hoarsely, stretching out a hand that shook as with palsy, "there 'tis, my lad, all dust and ashes! Thy fortune—fit for a prince, boy—fit for a prince—dust and ashes! Thy mother's home—our home, where we were to make up to her for all she has suffered and wanted in this—ah, such a place, lad, thee'st never seen the like—there 'tis, Dick, dust and ashes! Her carriage, her fine friends—my lords and my ladies—she'd have shined amongst 'em, Dick, no fear o' that—her servants, her charity money, that was to be spent like water on the poor folk she loves, there—there, all dust and ashes! The means of glorious prosperity thy dad was to leave his country, all dust and ashes."

Joan had cowed down to his feet, with her forehead to the stones.

"Ay, 'tis a heavy blow for thee, my poor lass," said he, stroking her head gently, "but heavier than thou knowest."

Now Jenkyns, who, while struggling to force his way through the crowded area, had seen all that had been done, came in at this minute, and seeing Joan at her husband's feet, and Arkdale's hand on her hair, the simple 'prentice supposed that all was known and made up between the two. It was therefore with the greatest surprise and horror that he saw his master suddenly start to his feet, in a paroxysm of rage, crying—

"Oh, 'twas like striking at a human life. May the accursed hand did it be held out in vain for charity's mite! May it be held out in vain for another hand to grasp it at the hour of death! Lay—"

"Hist, master; hold your tongue," cried Jenkyns, rushing at him as if he would seize him by the throat. "D'ye know who you are cursing?"

"Would I did," groaned his master, stooping to raise Joan—"would to heaven I did!"

"Then you shall know. 'Tis her—your wife!"

CHAPTER CXY.—PART OF A LETTER FROM HUMPHREY ARKDALE TO HIS BROTHER PAUL.

... And in this way, Paul, we lived for many weeks, she speaking to me no more than if she were my servant, and I taking my meals from her in silence, without so much as looking at her face. When she did things to please me I feigned to take no notice; but I assure thee, Paul, a favourite dish eaten in this way was often like to choke me. I began my model partly because I had many excellent new ideas, one of which I have told you at the beginning of this letter, and partly to show my wife she had gained but little by her wicked act. I laboured hard, and with effect, but being much pinched for means, spite of the most careful housewifery on Joan's part that was ever known, I made but slow progress. As I could not make up my mind to tell thee of the blow I had received, I could not ask thee for money, after so much generosity as you have already shown me.

One day, in the old coffee-beggin where I put by all the spare coins I can for my model, I found a bright gold guinea. My heart leaped at the sight; but, on getting cool again, I began to ask myself how it came there, I took it to Jenkyns, and asked him concerning it, and, says he, "Thee'rt such a heavy sleeper; but if thee could'st cast an eye in this room by four in the morning, thee'ud perhaps get an inkling as to where that came from." I did as he said, and what, think you, I saw?—my wife at her wheel, spinning as for dear life. The sight did me no good, Paul; I was savage that she should have any hand in the thing she had ruined before. So, in the course of that day, I went, as by accident, to the beggin, and taking a few coppers I had put in, turned the guinea out on the table before her, bidding her find another place to keep her money in. Well, my boy, I grew poorer and poorer. She used her precious guinea, poor soul—unknown to me, she thought—to buy us food. At last came news that gave me more hope than I had ever known before. Mr.—, a great manufacturer of Nottingham—I told you he came once and saw my other model—sent a very particular message to me by the landlord of the "Red Lion" Inn, where all the quality go when they come here. He wanted to have the pleasure of an interview with me at breakfast the next morning, if I would favour him with my company, at the "Red Lion," at ten o'clock. What would I do but send my best respects, and say I would come? But oh, Paul, I was such a ragged beggar to go to breakfast with a gentleman. I can scarcely tell you what I suffered all day thinking of it. The more Jenkyns and I talked it over, the more necessity there seemed for going in clothes somewhat gentleman-like, and the less probability of being able to do aught of the kind. I should tell you that my wife went out a little before noon, telling Jenkyns she was going to see a gossip of hers at the other end of the town; and that, should she not be back by the dinner-hour, he and his master were not to wait for her. She was not back then, nor at the supper-hour, and I was much surprised to hear that the carrier had seen her at—, which, you know, is full ten miles from here. After supper I went to old Speers, the tailor, to make a last appeal to him about letting me have

the suit he had made for me before the destruction of my model. He was obstinate as a pig, and laughed at me into the bargain, declaring he had got rid of them, which I did not believe, as Jenkyns had seen them at his shop that very morning.

I went home, and found that Joan had returned. She was looking pale and fagged. I supposed she had been spending an odd shilling or two of her own earning at—, for she had on a new cap, such as the wives wear here, covering all the hair. I asked her no questions, and went to bed with a heavy heart.

The next morning I awoke late, and turned with a groan to the chair where I had laid my ragged clothes.

Lad, I thought I was yet asleep and a-dreaming, and rubbed my eyes again and again, till I made sure they saw the same for all the rubbing. My rags were gone, and there lay on the chair the very suit I had ordered of old Speers, as neat a brown cotton shag as ever you saw in country or town.

I shouted to Jenkyns, who came running in pretty quickly, not having had his inquisitive eye and ear far from the keyhole, I'd warrant, at that minute. The rogue pretended to be as much bewildered as myself, but I soon found out he knew more of the mystery than he acknowledged, and at last I got it all from him, bit by bit. My wife had been to—, and sold her hair to Pritchards for seven pounds ten, on purpose to get those clothes for me. Paul, what possessed me I know not, but I could not lose such an opportunity for making her suffer. I put on my old things. I took the others back to old Speers, and forced him to return me the money. I did the same with the shoes and the hat, came back with the whole sum, for she had spent every farthing on me.

She was sitting busy at her wheel, which she stopped as I went up to her.

"Joan," said I, "here is your money; I have nothing to do with it, and I request that you do not again meddle in my affairs." And I put the money in her hand, and turned.

A little cry came after me.

"Humphrey!"

I turned sullenly. She was standing up with the money in her hand.

"You'd never be so cruel as this," she said, with the tears running down her face. "I walked twenty mile, Humphrey, to get it."

"I have said," answered I and went away to keep my appointment. You will see by what I have told you in the enclosed paper of our interview, that it was my good fortune to meet with a truly honest and generous rich man, who was not particularly horrified when requested to look a little further than his own nose—in the way of invention I mean. The new crank and comb he thinks—But I forgot; I have told you about that on the back of the drawing which I send. Show it to Sir R. C., if you think it wise so to do. On the whole I would rather you did not. That day you were determined to make good the old saying, Paul, that "Fortune makes fortune," for on getting home I found thy good news, lad, for which I thank thee, and money, for which I shall give thee no thanks for a year or two, but which, none the less, doth come to me like rain in drought. I told Joan nothing of my talk with Mr.—, or of your letter, but she soon heard all from Jenkyns.

I took more rooms in the same house, and kept my work carefully and ostentatiously locked up in a chamber by itself.

Joan became paler and thinner day-by-day, yet my heart remained hard as stone to her.

"Master is a brute, to treat thee so," I heard blunt Jenkyns say to her one day. He often said as much to my face.

"Hush, Jenkyns," she said; "he is one of those who are slow to take offence, and, once offended slow to forgive."

One morning she came and stood before me in the shop, with a sort of quiet courage and determination that made me angry. I should tell you she had had news that morning through the old farmer, Luke Bristow, that her father had died at Philadelphia, and left her four hundred pounds

She had put this letter by me at breakfast. I refused to look at it. Of course, I got my knowledge from Jenkyns.

So she stood before me in the shop, like one determined to be heard out, and said—

"Humphrey, it is far from me to complain of your treatment. I deserve all that I suffer; but deserving and enduring are two different things. It was not for me to do other than bear all and slave on while you and yours were in need of me. But you told me I should never share your prosperity, and I have been allowing myself lately to take this much comfort from your increasing hardness—I mean to think that that prosperity is now on the road to you, and so you are wishing me away."

"As to that," I muttered, "I want no scandal; no separating. I've something else to think of."

"Nay," answered she, with a sigh, "I think I could manage for myself without causing you any annoy or trouble. Some money has been left me by my poor father; it is but natural I should take a journey to see after it. Luke Bristow writes to me, through the clergyman, very kindly. My father has left him a hundred pounds, and I think he would be quite willing for me to begin my old life there again. The grand-mother is dead, and Margery married; they must need a woman in the place; and with my little fortune, I need not work so very hard at my wheel to make both ends meet."

She was silent, and I was too. My heart seemed like something alive, but shut down under ice that it struggled against but could not break its way through. Paul, I was fool enough to think she loved me too well to leave me.

As I did not speak, she said, by-and-by, with her voice all a tremble—

"So I hope you'll think it best to let me go, and soon, very soon, for it's getting more than I can bear."

"You are welcome, Joan, to go when you please," answered I. "But whenever or wherever you go, I would have you remember you go as my wife, with sufficient to keep you always, according to my means."

"I was thinking of setting out to-morrow," she said. "Do you see any objection?"

"I see no objection to your doing exactly as you please about it," I answered, turning to my work.

She is gone, Paul, and I am alone with Dick and Jenkyns. Ah, lad, I should like "some wheel" to see thee now!

Jenkyns took down her wheel and other bits of things, and stowed them on the coach in good time.

At last she came out into the shop in her cloak and hood.

She went straight to the door.

I bit my lip nigh through, trying not to call after her.

"Good-bye, Humphrey," said she.

I rose, and took up my hat, muttering—

"It won't start for half an hour yet. I shall go down with you, as Jenkyns doesn't seem to know about the fare."

I went out with her, and we walked down the street side by side.

It was a fine dry day for April; the dust was thick on the roads. Our feet trod so quiet it seemed like walking in a dream. She had started none too soon, for the coach met us by the mile-stone. It was fortunate Jenkyns was there, for I seemed unable to do a thing—coach and everything swam before my eyes.

"Good-bye, Humphrey," she said, and held out her thin, little hand.

"Peace be with thee, Joan," said I, and she answered as they do in church to those words—

"And with thy spirit."

And she is gone, Paul. Come, lad, come and see me, if thou canst. Thee shall find me hard at work, and that is all the good I can tell thee of.

Thy brother,

HUMPHREY ARKDALE.

#### CHAPTER CXVI.—ACROSS THE FERRY.

"FERRYMAN!"

The ferryman was asleep under a tree on the other side of the river.

The man who had shouted to him stood to him idly looking on the ground and making marks with his stick. He drew a 15 and made a circle round it, and smiled as he looked down at it.

It was a soft September evening; the roar of the great fair came fitfully with the wafts of sultry wind across the fields.

"Ferry!" shouted the strong, mellow voice again. And this time the ferryman's voice, lumbered into his boat, and came rapidly across.

The boat touched the bank, and the ferryman's hand touched the ferryman's cap at the same time, for the disturbing stranger was somewhat richly dressed, and unlike the gaudy fair-goers.

"Look here, my man," said he, as he seated himself and took a crown from his pocket, "could you put me down by Chesterton, by Farmer Bristow's field?"

"I could," returned the ferryman, in a tone that seemed to intimate a crown was about his usual charge for the distance mentioned.

The boat glided gently along; the stranger leaned his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, and looked down at the sunset colours reflected in the river. The sunset colours, and many strange things mixed up with them, reflected from his own mind. And what does he see?

A parting in a dusty road, three years ago.

A crowded room in the Free Grammar School at Bolton. A machine model at work.

A factory at Nottingham.

A bread riot.

Factories at Chorley.

A mill burning in sight of the soldiery.

A handsome house and grounds.

A boudoir fitted as for a bride.

A woman's face, that seems now to be drawing him along the river as it drew him years ago.

He had said to her, "Thou shalt not share my prosperity;" and in after days, when his heart longed for her, he told himself he would not seek her, to unsay those cruel words, till he had a fortune worthy of laying at her feet with his remorse.

That time had come at last. He was a rich man—his house was prepared—he had come to seek her.

How lazily the boat crept along the water!

It reached the well-known field and stopped, rocking against the muddy bank. The ferryman took his crown with a grunt, as much as to say it was a hard-earned coin. His passenger leaped on shore, and took the nearest way across the field.

There was the old lane, exactly the same as ever; the rotten, decrepid houses, no worse and no better. The same old stone passages, the same cripple in one making mats; the same sour-visaged old dame in another, with her staff in one hand and her ale-jug on her knee.

The visitor made straight for a certain door that stood open, and put his foot upon the threshold.

There was the settle, with the saddles on the back; the trusses of hay in the corner, the spinning wheel, the long, low, sunny, window, with the ripe apples knocking against it. There was the bench, and round it sat Farmer Bristow and his two sons, eating cold pork.

"Good day, farmer."

All three looked up, with a lump of pork suspended midway 'twixt plate and mouth.

"Good day, master," answered the farmer, "and whoa might you be, an I may be so bowld."

"I believe there's one Mistress Arkdale lodges here—am I right?"

The farmer put his piece of pork in his mouth, shut his lips over it tightly, and stared at his visitor. A scowl of recognition came over his face.

"We called her Joan Merryweather in these parts," said he.

"Is she in?"

"No."

"Can you tell me where I shall find her?"

"In the churchyard," was the gruff answer.

"Is she coming back from the fair that way?"

The farmer bent over his plate, as if he had already given all the information he intended to give.

The guest so uncharitably received turned away with a smile, and looking all round him—

north, south, east, and west—for a certain slim figure in modest fair-day attired, pursued his way to the churchyard.

He chose a path she always used to choose, because it led her past her mother's grave. She used to rest there, he remembered, on her way home.

Should he find her sitting there now?

He approached through the long grasses and the drooping little trees, with an eager step.

Nay the grave was empty. A tiny bird flew away from it as he came through into the little chamber of willows wherein it and several others nestled, hidden from the path. He, too would have turned away quickly, but that something caught his eye and held it. It was four letters—four letters, fresh and black, on the white head-stone.

He fell on his knees by the mound and spelt all that the stone bore—spelt it out, over and over, like a child. And this was what he read, and at last understood—

HERE LYETH THE DUST OF  
GRACE MERRYWEATHER,

AND OF

Her only Daughter.

J O A N.

Before the stranger left the village there was added to the name Joan—

THE FAITHFUL AND BELOVED WIFE OF  
HUMPHREY ARKDALE.

CHAPTER CXVII.—SIR HUMPHREY ARKDALE ENTERTAINS THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

It was on a fine June day, some ten or twelve years after the escape of a certain famous rebel from the tower, that the old town of—found itself in a state of unusual excitement.

A magnificent flag, that expands and falls on the June breeze with a stately languor, is mounted on Sir Humphrey Arkdale's house—the home of the lately knighted inventor; and there is as much traffic to and from the kitchen as at Christmas time.

The white-capped cooks, coatless, and in bibbed aprons, run hither and thither, puffing and blowing with the heat, and wrangling now with Sir Humphrey's head serving-man Jenkyns, and now with refractory butchers, spit-turners, and scullery-maids. The sun will put out the fires, skewers will break, people will come in and chatter, and eat, and drink; housemaids and grooms will dawdle and flirt, the brewer's men will get drunk, and roll themselves into wrong places instead of rolling their barrels into the right places; in fact, nothing will be as it should be, but all is a confusion of scolding, laughing, eating, drinking, saucepans boiling over, spits burning, dogs running away with half-plucked pheasants, and voices of command vainly trying to make themselves heard above the din they help to create.

"How, sirs!" storms the housekeeper; "is a banquet fit for a Lord Mayor of London to be prepared in such a Babel as this?"

It is, however, the greatness of their undertaking which so confuses the poor cooks, and therefore they get on no better for this harangue.

The Lord Mayor of London a guest at their master's house! The Lord Mayor of London a partaker of this dish, or that! The thought is enough to make the most skillful hand tremble and forget its cunning.

The heads of the parish make their preparations with more dignity, though no less excitement.

Sir Humphrey's factory people are collected on the little green, and the children of his new schools are ranged along the road, the boys in a line on one side and the girls in a line on the other, their pinafores filled with flowers, their faces all turned one way. Every window in the main street is crowded.

"Hurrah!" cry the people on the green.

They have seen a cloud of dust far away down the road. It looks uncommon dust, as if a lord mayor's carriage-wheels might have stirred it.

"Hurrah!" cries all the town, and the cry



reaching Sir Humphrey's kitchen, makes the confusion and noise there worse than ever.

At last the horses are really in sight—Sir Humphrey's horses and coach, which have been sent to bring the Lord Mayor on the last stage of the journey. Off go the hats on the green, and the little children's knees begin to tremble, preparatory to the curtsying that will presently be signalled for by the parish clerk hidden behind the pump.

In good time, the prancing horses, unwillingly slackening their pace, come right between the lines of children. Up goes an arm behind the pump, down go to the little knees and laden pinafores like machinery, and lo! the Lord Mayor's entrance into the old town is over a perfect carpet of roses.

Yes, they actually have him at last revealed, every inch of him, in Sir Humphrey's great open carriage, and not Sir Richard Constable alone, but his lovely adopted daughter and her husband, Paul, one of the wealthiest mercers of London, and the brother of their own Sir Humphrey. And while the Lord Mayor lifts his hat, and bows and smiles to the gaping children, there is Sir Humphrey seated at his side, and leaning back, that he may not seem to be appropriating any of the homage of his townsmen to himself.

He is looking wondrously well, and without doubt is heartily happy. There is, however, a certain touching sweetness in the expression of the lips—a tender gravity that disappears at the sound of his own mellow, ringing laugh, but that settles on them again softly, tenderly, like an angel's finger. It is said by those nearest him that he always wore that look till one moment—the last of his busy and honourable life—when it passed away in a smile of divine light, and all the little remaining life within was given to uttering the words—“How sweet of thee to come! I knew thou didst forgive me, Joan!”

No mortal horses could have been made to walk slower, yet the passage through the town seems to have been all too quick for the eager eyes that reluctantly let the carriage pass from their gaze into the great gates of Sir Humphrey's house.

“Well, nephew Dick,” says Mr. Paul Arkdale, as a bright-haired lad comes leaping down the steps to meet the party, “and pray who is that little gentleman you have knocked over in the hall in your haste to welcome your venerable uncle?”

“That is Steenie Langton, sir,” says Dick.

“Indeed!” says Dick's sweet little aunt, Christian, embracing him affectionately, “then of a truth, brother Humphrey, you are more favoured than Paul and myself, for Herminia and Stephen would never part with him to us a single day; and 'tis a pity, too, for see how delicate such close confinement has made the dear child!”

“Why, I managed to persuade them that 'twould do the boy a world of good to come and have some pony riding and fisticuffing with my Dick,” said Sir Humphrey. “Sir Richard,” added he, as the young folks loitered with the children on the stairs, “what think you of this mantelpiece? The idea was borrowed from your place at Blackheath.”

The Lord Mayor entered the room quickly; and no sooner was he out of sight of the young people, than, rudely turning his back on the mantelpiece, he held out his hand and grasped Sir Humphrey's, ejaculating—

“Well?”

“My guests are all here,” answered his host, with a beaming smile, “but silent as the grave as to the miracle that brought them; therefore, friend mayor, 'tis I who should cry—Well?”

“Tut! miracle!” returned Sir Richard Constable; it is one of those miracles that will never cease. His Majesty does for a selfish motive what he would not do for all the prayers of the loyalest subjects around him. In one word, then, Sir Humphrey Arkdale, I had it in my power to do His Majesty a service. He was in need of money. I obtained him a foreign loan, and made this my condition, which you see he has granted.”

“And your daughter Christina knows not a word of this?”

“Not a word.”

“What! weeping, sweet sister?” says Sir Humphrey, meeting Christina as she enters, with her face buried in her hands.

“Ay, sir,” she answers, “forgive me; 'tis indeed a poor return for all your goodness; but when I look into this sweet child's face, and think of his father's strength and his mother's beauty wasing in hopeless captivity, how can I choose but weep?”

“My child,” says the lord mayor, “let no heart be hopeless while God liveth. 'Tis little child's parents are free—are here. Nay, see, darling, who now enters with thy good brother Humphrey.”

“Herminia! Stephen! Is this true?” murmured Christina, as she advanced to meet them, and found her answer in the tears of joy and the fond, passionate embraces of her brother and his wife.

“Ah, yes!” whispered Lord Langton to her; “all is well at last. My wife, my brother, my sister, my friends, my country, my rank—all are restored! The lions, somehow, seem to be vanishing from the path; and certainly I have no Quixotic desire to pursue or seek them.”

END OF “THE LION IN THE PATH.”

### THE KEEPER'S SON:

A BALLAD.\*

BLACK is the night, and as though in fight  
Their arms the trees of the forest wave,  
And not a sound can be heard around  
But rain that rushes and winds that rave.

The doors are shut in yon woodland hut;  
An aged sire and his fearless sons,  
Three poachers keen, with a greyhound lean,  
Crouch in the thicket and load their guns.

Within the gloom of that hut's low room  
An infant sleeps by the grandam's bed,  
While a maiden fair near the slumbering pair  
Sits at a spindle, with drooping head.

A flickering lamp through the midnight damp  
Illumes her cheek with a feeble light,  
Aiding to trace a sweet flower-like face  
And curls that stray o'er a neck snow-white.

Fair is her form: but her bosom warm  
Fitfully heaves like the ocean's breast:  
Is it fright or care, or the stifling air,  
Or waiting that causes her wild unrest?

The hinges weak of the frail door creak,  
And a rainy squall from the outer gloom  
Driveth a boy, the fair maiden's joy,  
Into the shadowy, silent room.

Clasped in her arms, he rebukes alarms,  
And cries, “Sweet Alice, what need of fright?”  
She pleadeth, “O, speak soft and low,  
My grandam's slumber is ever light.”

Their hearts beat high with ecstasy,  
And the maiden wipes, while she softly speaks,  
The raindrops cold that like tears have rolled  
Down her boy-lover's white brow and cheeks.

“My love is wild for thee, sweet child,”  
He cries. She murmurs, “Eve, morn and noon  
“For thee I sigh, but, my darling, why  
“Wast thou the son of a Keeper born?”

“For, higher far than our forests are,  
A barrier rises to part us twain;  
And I dread his ire, should my jealous sire  
Learn that I love and am loved again.”

He soothed her fears, and he kissed the tears  
That overflowed from her soft brown eyes,  
But while deep joy thrilled his maid and boy,  
Day swiftly follows the night that flies.

Far off they hear shrill chanticleer,  
“Bird, if I owned thee, thou now hadst died,”  
The lover speaks, while the morning breaks,  
And the maiden opens the casement wide.

\* Translated from a Poem by André Theuriot in the  
“Revue des Deux Mondes,” for February, 1865.

The storm is o'er, and the blithe larks soar  
Aloft like specks in the clear blue sky:  
One more sweet kiss, full of passion's bliss,  
Now till eve cometh again, “Good bye.”

Swift as a deer, with no sense of fear,  
The youthful lover then lightly broke  
Through the thicket's maze, over which thick haze  
Swam like a quivering wreath of smoke.

But the poachers bold, wet, famished, cold,  
With empty game-bags behind their backs,  
Were homeward beating a slow retreat—  
Fur and feather alike each lacks!

A light branch stirred, and their quick ears heard,  
“Shoot,” the same instant exclaimed the sire;  
Three shots ring out, and three voices shout,  
“The beast has fallen before our fire.”

Deep bayed the hound with a mournful sound,  
The sire pressed onward, then shrank aghast—  
Mid the heather dyed with a blood-red tide,  
The son of the Keeper had breathed his last!

G. M.

Montreal Literary Club.

### LIFE IN A MILITARY PRISON.

WE are indebted to a writer in the last number of the Cornhill Magazine for the following graphic description of life in the Montreal military prison.

In 1865, when stationed in Canada, I became an inmate of the Montreal military prison, all through taking a drop too much. I never was in any such position before. Now the management of military prisons is a sealed mystery. I shall open the seal. It may be of service to the next Royal Commission that sits on the important subject of recruiting for the army. It may be as well to remark at the outset that Montreal Provost is not an exceptional prison,—better or worse than its neighbours. The principles upon which British military prisons are conducted may vary in minor details, but the general system is the same in England as in New Zealand, in Canada as in India, on Cork Hill as on the Rock of Gibraltar.

Montreal prison consists of two separate buildings. One contains the offices, as well as stores, and three large wards, one above the other, for prisoners. These wards accommodate about sixty delinquents. They resemble three common large barrack-rooms; on 't' everything goes on there in silence. You hear no laughing, whistling, singing, or swearing. The other building, two stories in height, consists entirely of cells, about eighty in number.

You enter the yard of Montreal prison by a wicket-gate. The escort is there to see you in; the prison chief is also there to receive you, if not with open arms, with open bolts and bars. The non-commissioned officer in charge of the pilgrim rings the bell, and hands in the “committal”—an important document containing all that is necessary to know concerning the offender, as well as his regimental officer's testimony that he is fit to undergo imprisonment with hard labor. When the chief has examined the “committal,” and found it correct, the prisoner is marched in, leaving him as completely buried to the world as if they had broken the clods upon his coffin-lid, and said, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.”

Two o'clock p.m. is the hour of day fixed for admission. The prisoner gets no supper on the evening of his entrance—not being, as yet, in the prison “mess;” but he is allowed to carry in something for supper along with him. I took in a two pound loaf, stuck in the breast of my great-coat. Inside, the first question asked was, “Have you any pipes, tobacco, matches, money, or knives about you?” I answered, “No.” But my word was not taken. After being searched for these contraband articles, I was marched to the warden in charge of the “receiving-room,” and handed over to his mercies. I felt a secret hatred towards this man at first glance, and further knowledge deepened my first impression. In his hands I was soon undergoing the same process that Samson underwent at the hands of

Delilah when betrayed to the Philistines. Having a pair of scissors in his right hand, with his left he seized the long hair surrounding the face first, shearing it to the very roots. He then, without a comb, went round and over the skull, from front to rear, clipping down to the scalp. Working as he did, without a comb, he left the head covered with shear-marks. This business finished, "There, now, take one of those razors," he said, pointing to a window-sill where lay two or three of those instruments,—and shave off your whiskers, moustache, everything, from ear to ear." I obeyed the order. Obedience is the first duty of a soldier—more especially in a military prison. "Now go into that corner. Take off your clothes, and throw them out into the middle of the floor. Then go into the tub there and wash yourself all over." The corner pointed out was screened off from the rest of the large room by barrack sheets and rugs. Within the veil there was a large tub half-full of water. While performing my ablutions, a prison suit was flung in to me, through the curtains. It consisted of a flannel shirt and a pair of drawers; trousers of coarse grey cloth, vest and jacket of the same material. The jacket is faced with red, and had leaden buttons, on which are the disagreeable words "Military Prison." The cap is a common infantry forage-cap, with the letter of the ward to which the new-comer is to belong, and the number of his berth, cut out of red cloth, sewed upon the front. These articles, along with a pair of well-darned socks, and a pair of well-worn "ammunition" boots, made my complete outfit.

I was now marched into the "shot-shed," where the most severe part of the punishment is carried on. The place is large, affording easy accommodation for a hundred and forty men at a shot-drill. It consisted of an old and a new shed, the new one having probably been added when the prison was enlarged. When I entered, the shot-drill had just been finished, and the prisoners, about one hundred and twenty in number, were marching in dead silence round both sheds at a good sharp quick-march pace. I filed in. There were warders stationed here and there to prevent talking, or any other breach of prison discipline. There they stood ready with admonition and threat, they had also their little note-books at hand, ready to put their threats into execution. "Close up, No. 13."—"Hold up your head, No. 19."—"Look straight to your front, No. 26."—"Keep your arms close to your sides, No. 7."—"What are you two fellows of the 25th Regiment doing there together? Drop behind, one of you. You'd better mind what you're about."—"There's three men of the Artillery all in a row, by G—d! I'll take every one of your names."

These, and similar threats and exclamations, intermingled with more oaths than can be set down on this page, were heard from all sides. But no replies were made, that would have been treason. To explain. The numbers called were the numbers worn by the men in front of their caps. The head must be carried straight, erect, and looking right to the front. Although a man were to fall down dead within a yard of the right or left of a prisoner, he must not turn his eyes to look. "Keep your arms close," means that from the shoulders down they be plastered to the sides of the body as if pinned there, with the palms of the hands turned full to the front, fingers extended. All marching, or walking, within the walls of a military prison is performed in this attitude. Even when carrying anything in one hand, the other hand and arm must be fixed in this posture. Again, two men of any one corps must never be found together—either marching round, picking oakum, at shot-drill, divine service, at any time or at any place. This precaution is taken to prevent communication between acquaintances, either by touch, sign, word, or glance. All violations of these rules are punishable by loss of supper or sentence to bread-and-water. This marching round lasts about twenty minutes.

On the word, "Form up," being given, the whole of us, in a few seconds, were formed up, and standing at "attention," immovable as statues. Then in about two minutes, three or

four "classmen" arranged several rows of benches along the shed. The order "Sit down" was given, and all were down in an instant. A "classman" with a basket in one hand, passed smartly along the sitting ranks, dropping a kneecap in front of each man. Another "classman" followed dropping a piece of junk (old ship ropes cut into lengths of about five inches), in front of every man. In less than a minute, kneecaps were buckled on the right knees, and every one was busy untwisting, rubbing, and working the old junk into oakum.

The "classmen" who served out the oakum, and who are always at hand to do any light work, are prisoners who have served some time on the premises, and have never been reported for any offence. They are exempted from heavy shot-drill, and have the advantage of two hours at school in the evenings.

I had never seen oakum picked. But glancing stealthily right and left, I made haste to do what I saw others doing. "Come, mind your work there, No. 26" (that was my number); "no looking about you here. If you commence that work you'll have many a day's bread-and-water to do." Then the warder who had just checked me came close up to my front, and asked, not in a very winning voice,— "Did you ever pick oakum before?" "No."

"Look here, then, you'll never pick oakum in that way of working. Take it in this manner." And he gave me a few directions, illustrating them by action. I worked hard in accordance with his directions, but with more zeal than judgment. It was sad uphill work. My progress was slow, and I murmured, inwardly, "The way of transgressors is hard."

When we had worked at the oakum-picking about three quarters of an hour, the word, "That'll do," was given by the senior warder. Down dropped the oakum, off went the kneecaps, and all sat silent, with hands on knees, heads erect, looking straight to the front, as motionless, and in exactly the same position, as the figures in front of an Egyptian temple.

Classmen again passed smartly along the silent ranks, picking up kneecaps, junk, and oakum, as rapidly as they had previously dropped them. "Rise up"—"One pace to the front."—In a moment benches were piled away by the classmen. "Ranks, right and left face, quick march!" and the whole were again marching round the sheds, in long, silent, single file. The march this time did not last over three or four minutes, when the command, "Form up!" was again given. But I saw that the "form up" this time was not to be the same as before.

There were two doors opening from the sheds into the yard. Men filed rapidly out at both doors, and formed up outside, in six or seven different single ranks. The movement was a mystery to me. But I followed the man in front of me: when he went out, I went out. In the rank he formed up, I also formed up. But the warder in front of the rank attacked me in a moment,— "What do you want here? You don't belong to the cells. Don't you know the letter in front of your cap? You belong to "B" ward. Get out of this!"

Here I was in a fix. Where was "B" ward? I dared not speak to any one and ask. Driven from my first rank, I was hurrying from rank to rank, looking at the fronts of the caps in each rank, to find letter "B," when I heard the roar of the senior warder.— "What the devil is that fellow doing dancing about there?" Quick as lightning five or six subordinate warders were round me. "Who are you?"—"What are you doing?"—"What do you want?"—"Have you lost anything?"—"Is the fellow drunk?" were the questions showered around me, until I was shoved into "B" ward at last.

As soon as all the men of each ward, as well as those of each corridor of cells, were formed up in their respective single ranks, classmen again passed quickly along each rank with baskets filled with junk (this time the junk was carefully tied up in small parcels), flinging a parcel at each man as they passed him; which the man, without taking time to look at it, placed under his left arm. This done, the senior warder walked along the front of each rank,

counting his men. He must count his men every time they are formed up, about half a dozen times a day. Just as he finished numbering his people, the chief of the prison entered the yard, with some slips of paper in his hand. The senior warder called "Attention!" then turning to the chief, reported, "129 prisoners, sir." "That's right," replied the chief. Then he began to read, one after another, the slips he held in his hand.

"Daniel Murphy, second, 16th Regiment." "Here, sir," was answered, while the man held up his right hand to indicate his whereabouts. "Reported for being idle. Twenty-four hours' bread-and-water."

"George Ashwell, Royal Artillery." "Here, sir," Ashwell also holding up his right hand, according to order. "Reported for talking. Forty-eight hours' bread-and-water."

"Michael Kirrigau, Rifle Brigade." "Here, sir," "Reported for not having your bed properly made up. Deprived of supper for one night."

When the chief had finished his usual nightly reports and sentences all similar to the instances given he gave the order, "File off from the right." Obeying this order, men belonging to the wards began to file off in that direction, while men belonging to the cells filed off in the direction of the cells.

We marched off one by one, at four paces distance. Previously warders were stationed on the roads leading both to the cells and the wards, at ten or twelve paces distance, so that no prisoner could be a moment out of observation. The tongues of the warders, as they stood at their posts, were not idle. When I passed the first, he shouted, "Step quicker!" The second, "Hold up your head!" The third, "Keep your arms close!" The next, "Look to your front!—You don't come here to look about you." Sharp work this, I said to myself.

After thus running the gauntlet, I reached my berth at last. It consisted of a common iron barrack-room bedstead. Upon it lay a pillow, and an old infantry great-coat, folded. On the shelf, above the bedstead, were a pair of bar rack sheets, neatly folded. At one side of the sheets were placed a pair of shoe-brushes, a clothes-brush, a button-stick and brush, and a kneecap; at the other side of the sheets lay a Bible and prayer-book. Upon an iron pin, stuck in front of the shelf, hung a card on which was painted the number of the berth, and a few inches from this hung a tin pint measure. Next to the pint measure, in a sort of catch fixed on the front of the shelf, an iron spoon was stuck. Under these, on a nail in the belting of the room, hung a small bag containing some cleaning rags. Close in front of the bedstead was a three-legged stool. About six feet in front of that stood a small table, about eighteen inches square.

All along one side of the room, or ward, berths were fixed and provided exactly like my own. They stood within about a foot of each other, and close to the wall. Every second or third bedstead had a barrack bed upon it, with bedding. The bed-ticks were very carefully rolled up, the blankets, sheets, and rugs, folded into one another. Along the middle of the ward stood another row of bedsteads, with their backs towards the first row. Close in front of each was also a three-legged stool, and out in front of that, close against the wall, a small table. Upon the shelf, above each table, were placed the Bible, prayer-book, brushes, and all the other little prison luxuries. Thus, when seated, the two rows of prisoners did not face each other, but faced all one way. The wall to which they faced partitioned them from a long narrow passage which ran along the whole length of the ward. This wall had square perforations, at four different places, in which were fixed four large glass lamps. Between each lamp there was an oval orifice in the wall, converging outwards to a small circle, which was fitted with a glass just large enough for the eye. The inside of the orifice was covered with wire gauze. By this means the peeper in the passage outside, could see what was going on inside, without his eye being readily detected at the glass. At the upper end of the narrow passage, and curving in to

one of the upper corners of the ward, a recess was built, resembling in form a large cupboard, in which two men could stand with ease. This cupboard was furnished with a row of peeping-places similar to those in the wall, through which a complete view of the whole ward could be obtained at a glance.

When arrived safely at my berth, I immediately did what others did: took down the pint measure from where it hung on the edge of the shelf, and placed it on my small table; then took the knee-cap from the shelf, buckled it on my right knee, sat down on my stool, untied my parcel of junk, untwisted the pieces of rope into single strings, took the strings in small lots, rubbing each lot up and down upon the knee-cap, to soften and separate the thread, and then went on with my oakum-picking as best I could. In less than a minute all the prisoners in the ward were thus busy as bees but silent as mutes. Warders were stationed at each end of the room, stern and still.

We had not been long at work, when a warder, accompanied by a cook and a classman, appeared. The cook had a basket filled with bread, carefully cut up into half-pound pieces. The classman had a can of milk in one hand, a half-pint measure in the other. The cook placed a half-pound piece of bread on each table, the classman poured a half pint of milk into each pint measure. Thus they passed up along one row of tables, down the other, and made their exit, working all in dumb show—a prison pantomime. In a short time was heard the sharp tinkling of a small bell. Down dropped the oakum from all fingers, and every prisoner sat with hands on knees, motionless as if touched by the wand of an enchanter. The warder on watch for the night gave the command,—

“Rise up.” We did so.

“Three paces to your front, march.” We marched the paces, automaton-like.

“Take up your suppers.” Those who had suppers to take up did as ordered.

“Three paces step back, march.” We took the backward paces.

“Sit down; go on with your suppers.”

This order was obeyed with alacrity. The two-pound loaf I brought in with me at two o'clock was brought up by the cook and set upon my table. But not being entitled to a half pint of milk, I got a whole pint of water. Having, through the kindness of my escort, had two or three glasses of whisky before entering the enchanted ground, I was thirsty, and drank the water, but was little inclined to eat the bread. The two men on my right and left observing this, contrived to let me know by signs that they were sufficiently well disposed to eat it for me. Keeping my eyes steadily fixed on the warders, I broke the loaf into two pieces—we had no knives—tore a fistful out of the heart, and affected to be eating greedily, while I contrived to drop one half between my feet, and with my left foot shoved it towards the man on my left, who managed to take it up. The other half was passed to the man on my right in the same manner, and the two halves soon disappeared. A quarter of an hour was the time allowed for supper; most of the prisoners had it over in five minutes. Yet no man dared to touch his oakum before the time was up. Every one sat still awaiting the sound of the bell. At length the tinkle is heard, and presto! every finger is again busy. I worked hard too, but with little result. Those on my right and left had heaps of oakum between their legs before I had a good handful. The two men with whom I had shared my loaf seemed to be practised at the business, and got through it with ease. When they observed my limping progress they made signs for me to pass some of my stuff to them. I took the hint and contrived to pass a piece of my junk to each of them, in the same manner as I had passed the halves of my loaf. Both movements had to be gone through with circumspection, for both actions were prison crimes. Still I wrought hard. Between exertion and anxiety, the sweat was running from my brow. Nevertheless, in spite of the help I received, I still wanted a little of having my lot finished when the bell again rung, and all sat motionless.

The human voice in command was again heard amongst us—“Rise up! Three paces to your front, march!” In rising every one lifted his bundle of oakum carefully from the floor, carried it forward with him in one hand, his three-legged stool in the other. The prisoners, called “wardsmen,” each with a broom, then swept quickly along each side of the ward where the oakum-pickers had been sitting. “Three paces step back, march! Make down your beds. No noise!” In a second all hands were in as rapid motion as if the building had been on fire; but noiseless as if they were in an infirmary. Those who had beds made them down; those who had none turned down their iron bedsteads. At one end of the ward there was a pile of barrack-room table-tops. Every one not entitled to a bed for the night, carried away one of these tables and fixed it upon his bedstead. Then taking the old infantry great-coat out of the fold, he put it on, buttoned it up as if going on sentry, lay down on the table-top, and was in bed for the night.

Every prisoner in a military prison lies without either bed or bedding for the first seven nights after admission. After this period of wholesome probation, he is allowed a bed every second or alternate night. Thus, suppose you and I are alongside of each other. If you lie upon the bed to-night, and I upon the board, then I get the bed to-morrow night, and you take the board. Thus one bed serves two men.

I followed the rule of the “order.” Not being entitled to a bed, I appropriated a board, put on the old great-coat I found in my berth, and lay down. It would be murdering a fine poetical phrase to say that I lay with my “martial cloak around me,” for the cloak had as many patches on it as if it had been doing duty on the back of a “gaberlunzie.” The bell which set us a-bed-making was rung at a quarter to eight. At eight o'clock its tinkling made every man, with or without bed, take up his position for the night. In a moment there was a little stir or life in the large hall as if it were tenantless. We did not lie with our heads all one way. In that position whispering might be carried on. If the man next me lay with his head towards the top of his bed, I lay with my head at the foot of mine, and so on all round the ward.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the chief of the prison, keys in hand, marched up one side of the ward and down the other, to see that all his lambs were in the fold. The warder on watch then locked us in, and took his post in the narrow passage outside for the night. Here, by the aid of lamps and loopholes, we were under his observation every minute throughout the long dark night, not a motion of a limb but could be seen by him. I lay very still. It is against the prison regulations to turn or tumble about at night, either on bed or board. But I could not sleep, the situation was so strange. After a while I grew very cold, especially about the feet. The man on my left, like myself, lay upon his stretching-board, close buttoned to the chin. But it happened to be bed-night with the man on my right. His body-clothes lay on the floor between us. I stretched out my hand slowly to draw up his jacket, meaning to cover my feet with it. But its owner, who chanced not to be asleep, seeing what I was about made a sudden sign for me to let his jacket alone. You are a hard-hearted wretch, thought I to myself. But that was a false judgment. Self-preservation made the poor fellow stop me. I understood this a few days after, when I saw a prisoner get twenty-four hours' bread-and-water for allowing another to use his trousers for the same purpose that I meant to use my comrade's jacket. As the night wore on I dropped off into sleep, or rather an uncomfortable dose. It was not rest. Now and again I started up out of miserable dreams. Towards morning sleep deserted me altogether, I was so cold. Although I knew the day would bring punishment, yet I longed for it. At length morning began to break and the prison lamps to burn dim. A bell rung. I made a start, thankfully, to rise; but the man on my right whispered, “Don't move!” What the bell had been rung for I could not divine; there was not a stir among the prisoners. In

fifteen minutes more the bell rung again; and, as if touched by an electric wire, every one was in active motion. Table-tops were lifted from the bedsteads and piled in their places at the end of the room, bigcoats were unbuttoned and flung off; iron bedsteads were folded up; those who had enjoyed a bed for the night put on their clothes, and rolled up their beds. All were hurrying and bustling as they would have done on receipt of some awful summons. The only voice heard was that of the warder, saying in sullen, subdued tones, “No noise; no noise.” A minute or two, and the bustle was all over, and every prisoner standing at “attention” in front of his berth. At one end of the ward there were three or four tubs of water, as many metal basins for washing in, two shaving-boxes, a looking-glass, and three or four razors. Towards these the prisoners filed off by threes and fours; lathered, shaved, washed, dried, all in about three minutes, and then resumed their former position of “attention” in front of their beds. I followed in my turn, and did as others did. This cleansing business was under the individual superintendence of the warder in charge of the ward—a little serjeant belonging to the Rifle Brigade. His tongue went clatter clatter the whole time. In about ten minutes the whole twenty-four or twenty-five men of us were shaved, washed, dressed, and standing again in front of our berths. The bell was again rung. On command, the man next the door marched out; the man next him followed, at four paces distance, and so on, until we were all again formed up in single file down in the shot-shed.

Here we were ready for the commencement of another new day. Small parties of eight or ten each, in charge of warders, were despatched all over the prison and prison-yard on various duties. *The men left sat down to pick oakum.* By this time I was beginning to enter the process, though it was always a hard push with me to complete my task. However, I was fortunate in never getting punished for my oakum as others frequently were.

When it drew near eight o'clock—breakfast-time—we got the commands: “That'll do. Two paces to your front, march. Ranks right and left face” (one rank to the right face, the other to the left). “Quick march, double!” and we had a smart double round the sheds for about ten minutes to warm us. We then formed up. The senior warder numbered his men, and reported to the chief, who answered, “That's right,” and then gave the word, “File off from the right,” which we did as upon the previous evening, always, of course, keeping the respectful four paces distance, marching as quick as quick-march can be, and stuck up like wooden men. When we entered the lobby of the ward building, upon a long table large tin dishes were piled up in rows, one above another, the bottom of each dish covered to the depth of about an inch and a half with oatmeal porridge. Behind the dishes stood a warder with a rod in his hand. As man after man passed him he touched a dish with the end of the rod; the man took up the dish and passed on without the slightest pause in his quick march. Every man, strabour in hand, pushed on to his own berth. Here he found his stool and little table ready for him, and half a pint of milk in his pint measure. This was his breakfast. It soon disappeared, for in a military prison few can complain of loss of appetite. Why the dishes were made so large I could never understand. At a rough guess, I should say they could each hold half a gallon, and there was never more than a pint, or pint and a half in them, either of soup or strabour.

An hour was allowed for breakfast. During this hour we were busy cleaning our leaden buttons, brushing our boots, polishing our tin measures and iron spoons, folding the old great-coats, and otherwise making every thing neat and clean and—I was going to say—comfortable, but that word will scarcely do here. Those who had been blessed with the luxury of a bed during the night, rolled up the bed-ticks, and folded the bed-clothes, with as much care and nicety as if the beds were intended for exhibition. The slightest flaw in the folding up of a bed might deprive a man of his supper. All these things



completed, every prisoner placed his oakum before him on his little table, carefully made up in a ball. I also placed my oakum before me; but it looked very rough when compared with the oakum spheres on the right and left of it. Having still some minutes to spare, I sat picking out coarse strings, opening them, and fixing my bundle as I best could. While thus employed, a warder roared at me, "What's that fellow doing there? This is not the time for picking oakum; this is the breakfast hour." Here I was again breaking the awful prison regulations, and did not know it. Although a man's oakum was not finished he dared not touch it, even if five minutes' work would save him from losing his supper. At the expiration of the breakfast hour the bell rung and every man started to his feet, his bundle of oakum on one hand, his empty porridge-tin in the other. The prisoner next the door, when ordered, led off, the rest following in succession, at the everlasting four paces distance. As each prisoner passed the cook-house door he dropped his porridge-dish. From the cookhouse to the shot-shed was but a step. Near the door of the latter stood the senior warder—who was not at all a bad man in his situation—with scales before him to weigh the oakum in the balance, and woe be to the man who was found wanting. No man was told the weight of his oakum. But there were two weights in the scale, one of which I took to be a pound, the other a half-pound. Every prisoner as he passed placed his bundle on the scale and went on, without pausing. If all right, he was allowed to go on and join the forming-up ranks; if all wrong, he was called back. This was my case. "Here, that man," and the oakum was handed back to me. "Did you ever pick oakum before?" "No." "Well, you'd better learn as soon as you can. If you don't, you have many a day's bread-and-water before you." My oakum was tied up with my name attached and stowed away till the dinner hour. When all were formed up, we "marched round" about fifteen minutes, and then formed up again, Catholics in one shed, and Protestants in the other. Prayers were said every morning in a military prison. Though short, they are not few. Our place (the Protestants' place of worship) was in a ward where forms were arranged for the grey-coated, bare-headed worshippers; a desk fixed for the chaplain, with a smaller one in front of that for the clerk. Half an hour was the time allowed daily for "divine service." The prisoners must sit erect, looking right at the parson. You might search the whole of Christendom and not find a more silent, serious congregation. There is no examination of one another's dresses there, nor "soft eyes looking love to eyes that speak again." Warders were seated at every point, ready and willing to take note of the slightest irregularity. When all were seated, books in hand, the pastor of this little flock entered hurriedly from his room, and dropped on his knees at the desk. He seemed to be in a hurry. He began immediately, and went on, if not with great earnestness, with very considerable rapidity. The earnestness, with which the responses were read by the shaver congregation astonished me a little. There was no order compelling us to read, yet it was very generally done. Perhaps the poor fellows read aloud just for the pleasure of hearing their own voices: a luxury under our severe silent system. Perhaps not. It is just possible that for the time being they were really serious. After prayers we had a sermon. It was short, but could not be called sweet. The subject was the fall of the tower of Siloam. Its treatment was not edifying, and I fear it produced little fruit. Eloquence was evidently not the preacher's forte. He was a short, stout, pursy man, with a bald head. In his eyes there was neither the poet's fine frenzy, nor the divine's holy rapture. Sermon over, he pronounced the blessing and hurried away from his desk with as much precipitation as he entered. The clerk now called my name, along with the names of several other new-comers, and then paraded us in front of the chaplain's sanctum. Our instructions were, "Take off your caps, shut the door behind you, and salute the minister." While we were thus paraded the rest of the congregation

filed off and formed up in the shot-shed. We entered into the reverend presence one at a time. When I found myself before the holy messenger he was seated at a table, on which lay before him the new-comers' "committals." Mine was in his hand. He read from it my regimental number, name and crime. "That's your name?" "Yes, sir." "Your crime is drunkenness?" "Yes, sir." "Will you take the pledge?" "No, sir." Well, I'll see you again the day before you leave this. That'll do." And so began and ended my interview with our spiritual adviser. It was part of his duty to see every prisoner, of Protestant principles, the morning after joining the "order," and again on the morning before quitting it. As a thing of course, the morning before leaving I again went into his presence, when I was asked the same question about taking the "pledge," and returned the same answer. From those who had been repeatedly in the prison I learned that the whole of the chaplain's private spiritual admonitions consisted of, "Will you take the pledge?" The next part of our day's business was morning parade for the chief's inspection. We stood in one long, irregular, single rank, lining both sides of both sheds, back to back, facing outwards. I could hear one man get his supper stopped for not being "properly shaved," another received the same mark of distinction for his boots being not "properly polished," and another ordered to get his "hair cut." But, on the whole, the chief made his morning inspections very quietly. So far as I saw during my term of imprisonment, I should say he is a good man.

Morning parade over, we prepared for shot-drill, the grand part of the punishment. I feel some difficulty in conveying to the uninitiated, in mere words, a clear notion of the manner and severity of this punishment. Along the sheds wooden octagonal shaped blocks, about three inches in depth, were arranged in rows, eight blocks in each row. In the centre of each block there was a small cup, or hollow, in which a thirty-two pound shot can rest. At each end of the sheds there was a row of triple blocks; that is, blocks made with three cups so as to hold three shots. Between each row or rank of blocks and shot there was a distance of five paces. When all were properly formed up and "dressed" the senior warder passed along the front of his men, numbering them off by eights, giving each eight right or left wheel, facing each eight up to a row of blocks. All ranks in position, the word "attention" was given, and every man sprang up, ready for action. All eyes were directed to the far end of the shed. There, some one prisoner, selected by the warder at the end to give the time, had his right hand raised above his head, fingers extended. After a pause the prisoner with the uplifted hand bent slowly over his block, the whole hundred and twenty prisoners bending with him. In this motion the knees and legs must be kept perfectly close and straight, the bend of the body being only from the haunches upward. When low enough, every man lifted his shot, raising it in the hollow of his right hand, supported by the left. Then raising the body slowly, legs and knees still kept close and straight, he faced to the right-about, marched five paces to the next row of blocks, which were now empty. When there, a pause was made while "two" could be counted, then every one bending together slowly over knees still straight and close, the shot was deposited in the empty blocks as gently as if the blocks had been made of glass. There must be no noise in laying down the shot. A shot rattling upon the block may cost a man his supper, or twenty-four hours' bread-and-water,—things not very pleasant to contemplate when a man's rations are already down to the starving point. The pauses and gentle laying of the shot are planned to increase the severity of the punishment. The shot deposited, all rise slowly up, again face about, march five paces back to the blocks they had just emptied, and find them again supplied with shot. Again they bend over, again lift the shot, again face to the right-about, and march five paces back to the blocks which a minute before they had filled, but now find empty, and which they again fill. Three times

this movement is repeated, which leaves the triple-loaded blocks at one end of the shed empty, and the triple row at the other end loaded. A pause is made. A prisoner at the loaded end raises his hand, as the prisoner at the other end had previously done. We follow his signal, bend over with him, and so on, over and over again. No noise was heard, although a hundred and twenty soldiers were marching to and fro at their purgatorial punishment; no voices, except the voices of the warders: "Keep your knees straight, that man of the Royal Artillery, No. 11; no bending of the knees either in lifting or laying the shot." "Keep your heels close, that man of the Rifle Brigade; if I have to speak to you again I'll take down your name." "Carry the shot out from your body, that man of the 30th Regiment, No. 21; the shot must be carried four inches in front of the body, and the elbows square; if you don't know how to do shot-drill we'll try and get you a little extra drill until you learn." "That man of the 25th Regiment, No. 3, is making too much noise laying down his shot; if he gets his supper stopped to-night he'll perhaps lay down the shot easier to-morrow." This was the sort of music we had for our march.

From eleven o'clock a.m., till half-past twelve o'clock noon, was the time fixed for the performance of this humane exercise. When the report of the twelve o'clock gun from St. Helen's Island struck my ear I was always thankful. "Only half-an-hour more," I used to say to myself; and yet it was a long half-hour.

Time up, every man, upon the word of command, lifted his shot, fell into single rank, and piled his thirty-two pounder in a corner of the shed. We again marched round about fifteen minutes, formed up, were again numbered, with all which the chief being satisfied, he gave the word "File off" and we filed off exactly in the same manner we did at breakfast-time. Entering the lobby of the prison ward, the long table was again piled with the same large tin dishes as in the morning. The same warder, with divining-rod, stood behind them, touching the dish each man was to lift. As in the morning, the bottoms of the dishes were covered to the depth of about an inch and a half with stirabout. But that we might enjoy a variety at table, the porridge for dinner was made of Indian cornmeal, instead of oatmeal. The man who contrived and arranged our military prison-diet system was as great a genius as he who invented shot-drill. An hour was allowed for dinner; but we supped the Indian meal porridge—or Indian *luck*, as it is called—in about two minutes. For the remainder of the hour the prisoners sat erect upon their stools, and looking steadily to their front. Those who could read might read the Bible or prayer-book; those who could not, might make good resolutions, and build castles in the air. At the expiration of the hour the bell rung, prisoners started to their feet and filed off each with his dinner tin in his hand, clean and empty.

We passed down and into the shot-shed, as at the breakfast hour. Oakum defaulters of the morning again presented their stuff for inspection. The chief himself inspects it this time; if well done it is allowed to pass. But a man must not come too often with his oakum at the dinner hour. Some men never make good oakum-pickers; and the shifts of these men resort to in order to get up to the mark are sometimes pitiable. Near me in the ward was a man named Montgomery, of the 25th Regiment, who one night when the bell rung was far behind with his oakum. What was unpicked he took to bed with him. When all were settled for sleep, he continued picking under his blankets. It was past ten o'clock before he finished. Next day he thought he was all right, but at report-reading time in the evening he found he was all wrong. The warder on watch had reported him. His name was called, and the chief read, "Reported for picking oakum in bed at ten o'clock last night; forty-eight hours' bread-and-water."

Once more into the shot-shed, we marched round about a quarter of an hour; blocks and shot were then laid and manned; and precisely at half-past two o'clock the hand of the signal-

man slowly descended, every prisoner as slowly bent over, lifted his thirty-two pounder, and so the weary shot-drill for the afternoon commenced. At four o'clock the shot-carriers dropped into single file once more, piled their shot in the corner of the shed, and so that part of another day's punishment was over. This just brings me to the point at which I started. At the same hour yesterday, shaven and shorn, and arrayed in the grey habiliments of the order, I joined the Montreal Provost Military Brotherhood.

Days and nights all the year round are in every particular exactly like the day and night just described. The exceptions are so trifling as scarcely to deserve notice. Sunday is one exception. On that day there is neither shot-drill nor oakum-picking. An hour in the forenoon is taken up in hearing the prisoner regulations read, and half-an-hour in the afternoon with divine service. All the rest of the day the prisoners are either marching round or sitting on their three-legged stools. Tuesdays and Thursdays are also exceptions, so far as dinner is concerned. On these days each prisoner gets for dinner eight ounces of bread and a pint of soup with eight ounces of meat boiled in it. These dinners are so immeasurably superior to the Indian porridge, that they are looked forward to and longed for. On Wednesdays and Saturdays every prisoner must wash his feet, or rather dip them; for he has scarcely got his feet into the water when he is saluted by some warder in some such style as this:—"What is that fellow doing there? There's no time for dabbling in the water. You didn't come here to play the gentleman. Some of you seem to think so. Get out of that at once!" These few are the only variations in the merciless routine of military prison life. It is, indeed, a merciless routine. In every command a prisoner obeys, in every action he does, he is made bitterly to feel that he is a prisoner. In sitting, standing, walking, running, eating, drinking, reading, working, in lying down or rising up, sleeping or waking, night or day, at parade or prayers, in sickness or in health,—he is made to feel the cold merciless hand of the law upon him.

When the petty nature of the offences for which this terrible punishment is inflicted is borne in mind, one reason is made palpable why "limited service" men will not re-engage. Royal commissions may sit and re-sit, put on a patch here and a patch there; but if the punishments of the British soldier be not mitigated, and the pensions augmented, the day is not far distant when to recruit the ranks British factories and workshops will have to be decimated by the conscription.

## AN OLD SOLDIER.

"The old war-horse of Wellington, after his master died, passed into peaceful life unnoticed almost from one business to another until he had the ill luck to become a truck-horse for one of the commonest vehicles of London. This series he submitted to patiently, until one day a grand military review was had, which, approaching nearer and nearer with its martial sounds and glittering armor, the memories of former glory were revived, and he astonished his ignorant master by breaking away from his moorings and prancing gracefully up to the head of the procession. Nothing could dissuade him from his purpose or bring him back to duty again save the silence of the martial music and the dispersion of the military cavalcade, when he seemed to forget again, and submissively yielded to his fortune."

I.

His paweth no more in the field,  
Whose glitter the spear and the shield;  
Nor hearth the thunder of war,  
Nor smelleth the battle afar;  
In his eyes is no glory of gloam,  
And his strength is the strength of a dream.

II.

He never turned back from the sword,  
When the pride of the land was his lord,  
Yet his neck is bowed meekly—the brave  
Can be meek, ay, as meek as a slave—  
And he works near the dark of his day,—  
'Twas his pride (he was taught) to obey.

III.

In the glimmering of life his old eyes  
May see visions of glory arise;  
Who knows but within his old heart  
May thousands of memories start  
Of the march and the drum and the life,  
Of the charge and the cry and the strife?

IV.

Who can tell? But, hark! once again  
He hears, as in whispers, the strain  
Of that long-ago, hid in his blood:  
It comes nearer; he paws the mud  
Of the street, and his sinews rejoice,  
And he hears not his slave-master's voice!

V.

Though his form no gay war-trappings deck  
The thunder returns to his neck;  
Ha! ha! he is free, for the sound  
Of the trumpet his soul has unbound;  
He is off; not a pause, till he comes  
To the midst of the din of the drums.

VI.

He has taken his place, as of yore,  
He is marching to battle once more;  
They may mock him as haggard and thin,  
They may laugh at the marks on his skin,  
But nought recks he; the master he bore,  
His name may well cover them o'er.

VII.

The music is hushed; the array  
Of the soldiers has vanished away;  
The old charger, poor fellow! (relate  
No longer) returns to his fate;  
And the light of his eyes has burned low,  
And his paces are feeble and slow.

VIII.

He has heard his last call to parade  
From the trumpet of death, and obeyed;  
And the brave soldier-steed from all harness is freed  
Evermore, and his sleep  
Is so placid and deep,  
He need fear no awakening. Rest to his shade!

IX.

There are men, there are women who toil  
At the mill, or the mart, 'neath the soil,  
Who wearily drudge day by day  
Till the soul of them seems to decay;  
Only seems, for within, after all,  
There's a something that waits for its call.

X.

And if even the call never come  
In this world of the deaf and the dumb,  
When the Great Trumpet music shall fall  
On the ears of the quick and the dead,  
They shall burst from their clay,  
And hasten away  
To their place in that host of us "God is the Head."  
April, 1867. JOHN READE.

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that this imagery is taken from the Book of Job.

## The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MAY 4, 1867.

### BOUND VOLUMES.

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

### MAN AS AN ANIMAL.

It is not our present intention to intermeddle with the development theory of the animal world. Man may be only a superior sort of gorilla, and his naturalistic pedigree traceable, through the gradations of sentient life, back to the oyster and even the jelly-fish, for anything we know or care. The idea is not very flattering to the vaunted dignity of human nature; but it may

safely be left in the hands of Darwin, Owen, Agassiz, and others, better skilled in zoological heraldry than we have any desire to be. It makes very little difference to man whether he derives his origin through the cuttle-fish and paper nautilus or no, so long as naturalists do not attempt to reduce him again to his primeval condition, after the Pythagorean fashion.

Our object, rather, is to show how large a residuum there is of what is gross and animal, after the faculties of heart and understanding have been eliminated. Nay more, that even these faculties themselves are constantly warped and distorted to furnish excuses and suggest moral sanctions for human brutality. "Man's inhumanity to man" is far too extensive a subject for the limits of this article, and it is the less necessary to refer to it, because suffering in man always finds a voice to utter its wrongs, and clamour for redress. With the inferior animals it is not so; they have no articulate expression of their wants and woes. We have often wished it were otherwise; for if Aesop's fables could be realised in actual life, were it only for a month, what an exposure of man's cruelty would be made? We should relish above all things to witness the proceedings of a police court under such circumstances, with the human brute in the dock, and the injured brute in the witness-box.

Imagine Hodge summoned before some city cad, charged by Ghanticleer with bringing him to market bound by the legs to his brother, and keeping them exposed for six or seven hours in the sun without food, or even a drop of water to moisten their gaping bills. How the poor plaintiff would crow over his inhuman fellow-being, when he heard justice assert his galling rights? What a terrible calendar of offences would be laid before the magistrate every morning, if the poor, patient horse, the faithful dog, the ox, the calf, the sheep, or the pig, could tell the story of his wrongs. They would almost require a court-a-piece to hear the complaints of all the injured members of each race.

With the progress of civilization this evil seems to grow in intensity. Everybody is in such haste to be rich, that the brute creation are made to suffer more and more every day in the process. This is especially the case with beasts of burden; more is required of the horses of the present day, their energies are more severely taxed, their hours of rest shorter, and they are more cruelly used, altogether, than ever they were before. Probably in no past age were the lower animals worse treated than they are at present; even among savage and nomadic tribes they have met more consideration than from civilized man. The affection of the Arab for his horse, and the veneration of the ancient Egyptian for the cow, are cases in point. The Indian, according to Pope, expects to share the joys of a future life with the animal creation.

"And thinks, admittance to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

We have no such belief; but while we are endeavouring to alleviate the miseries of our fellow-men, we ought not to overlook "the beasts that perish," if for no other reason than because they do perish.

These observations may appear common-place enough; people have heard them before, but that is no reason why the subject should not be urged again and again. As long as a wrong, instead of ceasing, increases with time, no rebuke of it can be called trite; while the evil continues, and the public mind remains callous regarding it, it is a duty to protest till expostulation produces its effect. The cry of "sentimentalism" is sometimes raised against those who press this subject, and oftentimes the awkward adjective "mawkish" is superadded. Now we never know any movement, grounded in humanity, which did not meet with this objection. Negro emancipation, the reform of prison discipline, and the mitigation of the penal code—they all had to encounter it. If it mean, as we understand it, any appeal from selfish interest and passion to the moral sentiments, those who plead for the brute creation can well afford to be under the reproach.

But then it is said that the lower animals do not possess equal sensibility with man. It is doubtless true that Shakspeare erred when he said—

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang  
As great as when a giant dies."

This is poetry, not science; it is fortunate for the lowest classes of the animal kingdom that they are not so highly organized. But amongst vertebrate animals, as the horse, the ox, and the sheep, the nervous system is substantially the same as that of man. It is true their hides are thicker, but drivers and drovers of cruel disposition take care that this shall not avail them, for they provide their weapons and measure their force accordingly. The argument answers itself, for if men did not think their victims would suffer acutely, they would never belabour an ox with an ashlen club, or dig the rowels of their spurs into the flanks of a horse.

There are three kinds of cruelty to animals deserving of notice which we may call respectively common, scientific, and sporting brutality. The brutality of common life, in its grosser forms, we instinctively condemn. When we see a child pulling off the legs or wings of a fly, we have no very high opinion of its disposition. When a man shamefully ill-treats a horse, unless we are afraid of his whip-stock, we reprove him, and so in many other cases. But the cruelty which seems to enjoy impunity is the overworking and half-starving of animals. Look at the meagre and wasted frames of many of the horses we see in the street, and then cast your eye over the terrible loads they have to draw, and think of the length of time they are without rest. Any one who desires to know the ill-treatment endured by the horse should consult the nearest livery-stable keeper. Then with regard to animals used for food; the necessity of the slaughtering is of course evident. As Cowper says—

"If man's convenience, health,  
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs."

But that is no reason why the killing should not be a much less cruel and painful operation than it often is. The way sheep and calves are kept for hours before the shambles, with their four legs tied together, without food or drink, is disgraceful. Nor is this all; the driving to market which precedes it, we have seen conducted in a most brutal and unfeeling manner. Surely humanity ought to blush at such outrages, though the sufferers are only dumb brutes. Thomas Hood describes a scene in London apropos of this subject. After a man had belaboured a flock of sheep till he had well nigh wrought himself into a fever, a spectator interposes and expostulates thus—

"Zounds, my good fellow, it quite makes me, why  
It really—my dear fellow—do just try  
Conciliation."

The result of this humane appeal follows—

"Stringing his nerves like flint,  
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hind,  
At least he seized upon the foremost weaver,  
And hugg'd and fugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop  
Just *noctens colens* thro' the open shop—  
If tails come off he did not care a feather,  
Then, walking to the door and smiling grim,  
He rubbed his forehead and swore together—  
'There, I've conciliated him!'"

Of scientific brutality we have only this to say. It may be necessary for physiological purposes to torture animals; the practice is far too common, and is often resorted to merely from idle curiosity—or worse still, from a morbid love of beholding suffering. The system of vivisection in Europe is simply brutal. How any man can carve the flesh off the head of a living horse, and cut him to pieces, merely to ascertain how far an animal can be dissected without destroying life, passes our comprehension.

With regard to sporting brutality, we have left ourselves with little room to speak. There is a class of mankind who, under the name of manly sports, are guilty of the most outrageous cruelty. They call themselves "the fancy," on the principle, we presume, of *lucus a non lucendo*, because they know that no right-minded man can have any fancy for them. Under the pre-

tence of improving and preserving pure breeds of certain animals, they have managed to institute a number of inhuman and degrading "sports." These sports take their rise in the two essential elements of a "sporting character"—a love of gambling and a pugnacious—that is a thoroughly sensual and animal nature. With prize-fighting proper we have nothing to do here, but merely to remark that it is the climax of the whole sporting system.

We could imagine horse-racing as a mere contest of speed, conducted with propriety, and unobjectionable, but there are so many vili- nities connected with the turf—its gambling, its cheating, and the general ruffianism attendant upon it—that even if the cruel treatment of the horses in a race were wanting, these ought to ensure its condemnation. Then we come to dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and the rest of the brutal list. What, we should like to know, can be urged in their favour? The whole system is essentially cruel, and not its least repulsive feature is the reflex influence it has on those engaged in it, by encouraging quarrels and familiarizing with bloodshed. The man who loves his kind will not neglect his duty to the lower creation, on the other hand, he who is cruel to the brute will seldom care much for his fellows. To conclude, in the words of Solomon, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

ECCE DEUS. Boston. Roberts Brothers. Montreal. R. Worthington.

SOME time ago, a strange book under the somewhat pedantic, but now familiar title of "Ecce Homo," made its appearance in the literary world, a book that has attracted more attention and elicited more comment than most theological works that have recently issued from the press. Speculation was rife as to its authorship, and criticism varied and opposite, as to its character and tendency. By some it was condemned, as the most subtle and dangerous attack on Christianity, that the infidelity of the age had yet ventured. But while by one class of theologians placed without reserve in the "index expurgatorius," by another, it was extolled as the ablest and most independent discussion of the subject of which it professed to treat, namely, the human element in Christ and Christianity, which had yet been given to the world. And these opposite opinions and conflicting judgments did not only emanate from opposite schools of theology, but the thoroughly evangelical school was thus divided in sentiment and judgment. While the public have been anxiously waiting for the promised sequel of that book, which was to explain the true position of the author on leading theological doctrines, on which his orthodoxy was felt to be questionable, we are startled with the appearance of another work of equal merit, from the pen of an anonymous writer, written with the ease and vigour of a master mind, thoroughly at home in the subject of which he treats.

"Ecce Deus" is not a formal reply to "Ecce Homo," but a discussion of the same subject from another and more comprehensive point of view. This fact gives the writer a freedom, which he could not have felt had he undertaken to deal with the defects and fallacies of "Ecce Homo." At the same time, the book will be accepted as an antidote to the rationalistic poison of the former work, and will be read with satisfaction by scores, who have risen from the perusal of "Ecce Homo," charmed with the eloquence of its style and its independence of thought, and yet with a feeling of disappointment and grief, at its dangerous defects, its rash conclusions, and its unguarded statements, generally the result of the too limited premises, from which the author reasons.

The fundamental defect of "Ecce Homo" is the point of view from which the discussion of the subject is started. With the author's starting point, that book is just what we might expect, as the result of an honest and independent investigation of the subject. With his premises, the most hearty Evangelical could have reached

no other conclusions. The writer of "Ecce Deus" has the advantage of accepting and recognizing at the outset, those peculiar conditions, without a reference to which the person and life of Jesus Christ, are an inexplicable riddle. There are three convictions with which he enters on the enquiry, and which are thus expressed by him in the preface of his book:—

First—"That it is not merely difficult, but absolutely impossible, rightly to survey the life and work of Jesus Christ, without distinctly acknowledging the unprecedented conditions under which Jesus Christ became incarnate."

Second—"That these conditions, can alone account for, and are essential to a true interpretation of the entire doctrine and phenomena associated with the name of Jesus Christ."

Third—"That these conditions, and the whole course which they inaugurated (the miraculous conception, the doctrine, the miracle, the death and the resurrection) constitute a unity, which necessitates the conclusion that Jesus Christ is God incarnate."

Here we have the grand defect of "Ecce Homo," and the main advantage of "Ecce Deus." The former overlooks those facts in the birth and life of Christ, asserted in the Scriptures, a recognition of which is indispensable to a correct appreciation of his person and character. The latter takes these facts into account, and as a consequence, we have a more comprehensive enquiry, followed by more satisfactory conclusions. A man's antecedents will often unravel the mysteries of his present character and conduct. Without a reference to these his life is an enigma. And just so, is it in the life of Christ. His character cannot be rightly estimated without a reference to the testimony borne to his person, prior to the time at which "Ecce Homo" begins his biography, when he appeared, "as a young man of promise, popular with those who knew him, and appearing to enjoy the Divine favour."

"The historian introduces a man, under the name of Jesus, who was begotten as no other man ever was begotten. He does not represent the usual conditions of human birth, but stands alone, among all men. The mysteriousness of his origin, even if it be but a supposition, will supply an easily available test of his entire life and teaching; the man who begins as no other man ever begun, must continue as no other man ever continued," "Ecce Deus," p. 14. "Look at Christ simply as 'a young man of promise,' and then regard him as begotten by the Holy Ghost, and the most contrary conclusions are reached. In the one case he will come out of the earth, with all its ignorance and imperfections; in the other, he will descend upon it from heaven, with a divine purpose to reveal and establish," p. 349. These extracts supply the key note, and are a sufficient indication of the tone and direction of the enquiries pursued in this remarkable book.

From what has been said, the reader will expect to find in "Ecce Deus" no uncertain utterance on the doctrine of the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, and a full and well defined utterance on all those leading doctrines, which have always found a prominent place in the creed of Evangelical Christians, and in this expectation he will not be disappointed. On the former of these points a single extract will indicate the author's entire freedom from that theological eclecticism, so fashionable among so called liberal Christians of the present day, an eclecticism which mutilates the word of God in subjecting it to the "Jehoiakim's penknife" of rationalistic criticism. "While this Christian document, (the Bible) is before us, we are not called upon to write a life of Christ, but to interpret a life that is written, or to show cause for rejecting the document," p. 24. What a deserved hit have we here at the host of writers on the life of Christ, who have so manifestly ignored the principle involved, and which should have guided and controlled all their writings on so solemn and important a subject.

The chapters on the Temptation, the doctrine of "eternal punishment," the "Cross of Obeying," and "the relation of the cross to the law," will be read with interest and profit by all earnest

theological students, who cherish a profound reverence for the testimony of the Bible. The book as a whole, will be hailed as one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the ever accumulating stores of theological literature, and will be read (what cannot be said even of all good and valuable books) with equal interest by the scholar and the artisan, by clergy and laity.

## THE STORY OF AN ENGRAVER.

SHERWIN AND HIS CREDITORS.

THE father of John Keyse Sherwin was a hard-working man, living humbly enough at Eastdean, Sussex, earning his subsistence by cutting and shaping wooden bolts for shipbuilders. Up to his seventeenth year, the son, born in 1751, helped the father in his labours. A fine, sturdy, well-grown lad, with abundant self-confidence, young Sherman seems to have acquired, no one knows exactly how, an inclination for art. Shown one day, at the house of a rich employer, a miniature painting of some value, the youth stoutly asserts his conviction that, if provided with proper materials, he can produce a fair imitation of the work before him. Drawing-paper is given him, and a pencil is thrust into a hand that has grown so hard and horny with constant hewing of wood that it scarcely possesses sensitiveness sufficient to grasp and apply the slim little art-implement. The young fellow perseveres, however, and finally produces a tolerable copy of the picture.

Much surprise and interest are enacted by this achievement of the woodcutter's son. In Sherwin's days "the patron" was a part which rich people were rather fond of playing. The fact of having discovered a new artist was in itself a sort of certificate of the discoverer's acumen and taste. If the patronised succeeded, the patron forthwith took high rank as a connoisseur; while on the other hand, if the efforts of the protégé resulted in failure, no great harm accrued to any one: a little money was spent to no purpose; that was all. The mania for patronising was harmless enough, if based upon some vain glory, there was still a fair leaven of kindness about it. In the present case, the patron had lighted upon a really clever fellow. Young Sherwin was well worth all the money and pains spent upon him by his first employer and friend, Mr. William Milford, of the Treasury; and but for some inherent flaw in his moral constitution, would have done his patron and himself unquestionable credit.

The young man was taken from wooden bolt making, sent up to London, and placed under Bartolozzi, an accomplished and very thriving designer and engraver, who formed one of the original members of the Royal Academy on its institution in 1768. Bartolozzi found his pupil apt. He made, indeed, rapid progress, and about 1772 received the Academy gold medals for drawings of "Coriolanus taking leave of his family," and "Venus soliciting Vulcan to make armour for her son." From 1774 to 1780 his name is to be found in the catalogues of the Academy as an exhibitor of various drawings, original and copied, in red and black chalks, after the manner his master had rendered popular. Sherwin had proved himself a vigorous, dashing draughtsman, standing high in his preceptor's good opinion, higher still in his own, and surely gaining the applause of the town.

Quitting Bartolozzi, he set up for himself, taking an expensive house in St. James's Street. He there commenced a desultory system of designing, painting, and engraving; doing less engraving than anything else, however. It was his most legitimate occupation, but it was laborious, took time, was not very highly remunerated, and he wanted to make money—as much and as quickly as possible. He had patrons in plenty, eager for his graceful, facile drawings, prepared to pay good prices for them; and the man himself became a favourite in society. He was handsome, ready, good-natured; well pleased to array his shapely person in smart regiment, disport himself in the drawing-rooms of the noble and rich, and add his name to the unprofitable list of fashion's votaries.

He had fallen upon "dresy" times. A handsome young Prince of Wales was preaching, by example, that costliness of attire was indispensable among gentlemen; and the woodcutter's son set up decidedly for being a gentleman. A record of his costume on one occasion, when he was engaged to dine at his friend Sir Brook Boothby's, has come down to us. A superfine scarlet jappelled coat, with gilt dollar-sized buttons; a profuse lace frill frothing over the top of his white satin, jasmin-sprigged waistcoat; small-clothes of the glossiest black satin, with Bristol diamond buckles; silk stockings, tinged with Scott's liquid-dye blue, and decorated with Devonshire clocks; long ruffles, falling over hands once so worn with rude labour; extravagant buckles, covering his instep; and his hair piled up high in front, with three rows of side curls, pomatumed and powdered, and tied in a massive club at the back of his head. Be sure that Mr. Sherwin, thus adorned, presented an imposing aspect; while his morning dress was scarcely less striking. Scarlet and nankeen were the colours chiefly favoured for the spring costume of the exquisites of the period. To the taste of a man of fashion, Mr. Sherwin added an artist's discrimination. He was very difficult to please in regard to shades of colour. It is told of him that he had four scarlet coats made for him before his delicate perception in this respect could be altogether satisfied. He would have the right tone of scarlet, or none at all. "Fortunately," observes a critic, personally acquainted with the fastidious gentleman, "he had as many brothers as rejected coats."

And Sherwin was really kind-hearted and generous. There seems to have been no false pride about him. With all his success and prosperity, his airs of fashion and pretentiousness, he was not ashamed of his less fortunate relatives—his wood-cutting father and brothers. He befriended them as long as he was able; tried to lift them up to his own position; brought them up to town, and did what he could to make fine gentlemen of them. His efforts were not attended with much success, however. Possibly the world of fashion found that one member of the Sherwin family was quite as much as it wanted. Besides, by reason of his abilities, the artist had a right to notice and distinction; his relatives were without any such title. They were simple labouring people, much amazed at the luxury and splendour with which they found their kinsman surrounded. A story is told of their dining with the successful artist; when one of the younger lads, without waiting or asking for a spoon, thrust his fingers into a dish of potatoes to help himself. The father of the family, however, was quick to perceive his son's offence against good manners, and corrected him in a loud whisper: "Moos'at grabble yer han' moong the 'tators here!"

At this time Sherwin was making about twelve hundred pounds a year. With industry he might have doubled that sum. But he was incorrigibly idle; was without rule or system. For one day that he worked he would waste three in sauntering about, calling on his friends, and in all sorts of frivolous pursuits. And then the dissipations of the evening were as so many heavy mortgages upon the labour of the morning. His expenditure was profuse. He gave away money liberally in charity, was especially fond of relieving the distressed widows and orphans of clergymen, observing that the children of a poor curate were more to be pitied than those of a London artist—since the latter generally had some qualification by which they could gain a livelihood. All this had been well enough if Mr. Sherwin had been a man of independent fortune, or had even pursued prudently his own profession. But, his plan of life considered, he had, in truth, no money to give away. His charity was only another form of prodigality. He was a gambler, too. Such money as he gained when he would condescend to work was quickly swept from him at the hazard-table. He was soon deeply in debt; his creditors growing more and more impatient and angry every day.

As an artist, his rapidity and cleverness was remarkable. The late Mr. J. T. Smith, who was for some years keeper of the prints in the British

Museum, was in early life a pupil of Sherwin's, and bore testimony to the singular ability of his master. He was ambidexterous. Occupied upon a large engraving, he would often commence a line with his right hand, then, tossing the graver into his left, would meet and finish the line at the other end of the plate with marvellous accuracy. He had great knowledge of the human form, and would sometimes begin a figure at the toe, draw upwards, and complete it at the top of the head in a curiously adroit manner. If he had but worked! Commissions poured in upon him, yet he left them unexecuted. He undertook contracts, yet could seldom be persuaded to execute them. Sometimes when the fit seized him, or when his need of ready money was very urgent, he would apply himself with extraordinary energy, commencing a plate one day, sitting up all night, and producing it finished at breakfast-time the next morning. But this industry was only occasional and accidental. Speedily he relapsed again into slothfulness and self-indulgence.

People of note and fashion at one time thronged Mr. Sherwin's studio. It was his boast, that from five to five-and-twenty of the most beautiful women in London were to be seen every spring morning at his house. For one day he hit upon a notable device, which would probably have made his fortune if he had but given the thing fair play. He had made a drawing of the finding of Moses. No ordinary illustration of a scene from Biblical history, however. Mr. Sherwin did not depend upon merely the intrinsic merits of his design; for Pharaoh's daughter was a portrait of the Princess Royal of England, and grouped round her were all the most distinguished ladies of the English court—the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Duncannon, Lady Jersey, Mrs. Townley Ward, and others—some fifteen in all. Even tiny Moses was said to be a portrait of some baby of distinction, born conveniently at the time. The picture was a great success. Popular taste had been cunningly measured and fitted. This ingenious interweaving of the Bible and the Peerage found a host of admirers. There were some malcontents, of course: ladies whose claims to be ranked among court beauties had been summarily passed over by the painter; for he was rather an invidious task before him who undertakes to decide who are the fifteen most beautiful of English women of quality. He is certain to make hundreds of enemies if he makes fifteen friends; and he cannot rely for certain upon doing even that much, for, as happened in the present instance, jealousies may spring up among the chosen fifteen. Mr. Sherwin was charged by certain of the ladies portrayed in the picture with partiality and favouritism. One beauty had been shown too prominently in the design, greatly to the prejudice of other beauties, who were unfairly restricted to the background. And why so? one lady be displayed so advantageously—in a light so brilliant—while other ladies not less attractive, as they opined, were exhibited in so strangely subdued a way, with ugly shadows marring the lustre of their loveliness? And then why, was indignantly asked, why had the artist arranged the portraits so cruelly? Why was this charming fair one, whose graces were of an irregular pattern—whose nose has an heavenward inclination—who pretends to no strictness of beauty, according to absurd rules laid down in drawing-books—why is she brought into such fatal juxtaposition with this other severe and classical-looking and statuesque lady? To be merely a foil? Much obliged, Mr. Sherwin! The offended belle expressing angry and ironic gratitude, sweeps from the painter's studio, gathering her rustling skirts together that they may not be soiled by the least contact with the canvases and plaster casts, and other art-paraphernalia and rubbish about the place.

The picture was without real artistic value, though undoubtedly pretty and graceful. It was a mere acted charade of the "Finding of Moses," got up impromptu as it were; the ladies being in ball-room attire, with high powdered heads, strung with pearls and surmounted with feathers; their silken dresses trimmed with



laces, and fills, and furbelows; their faces well whitened and rouged, according to the mode of the day. It was more like a plate from a fashion-book than a scene from Scripture history. True, some small attempt at imparting "local colour" and air of truth to the thing was just discernible. There was an affectation of Orientalism about the background—a line of palm-trees and plenty of pyramids and temples, presumed to be Egyptian, their style of architecture being nondescript otherwise; but these only made the foreground figures appear more utterly preposterous. Still, the picture pleased the town. It was something to see in one group portraits of the prettiest women in the country. There was a great demand for copies of the engraving. And yet it was with difficulty the hure-brained artist could be induced to complete the plate, and supply his patrons and subscribers with prints in return for their guineas. The thriftless, slightly fellow seemed to persist in misconceiving his situation, undervaluing his artistic abilities; forgetting that but for these he would still have been peg cutting in the Sussex woods. He would regard himself as a gentleman of independent property, with whom art was simply a pastime—not at all an indispensable means of winning his sustenance. He seemed, indeed, to treat his talent as a sort of obstacle in his path, blamed the world for having made him an artist, and was fond of asserting that, for his own part, he should have preferred the army as a profession.

He was a sort of Twelfth Night King of Art. For a brief span his success seemed to be without limits. His house was daily besieged by beaux and belles of quality. "Horses and grooms," says Miss Hawkins, in her Memoirs, "were cooling before the door; carriages stopped the passage of the street; and the narrow staircase ill-sufficed for the number that waited the cautious descent or the laborious ascent of others." But of course this state of things did not last very long. Mr. Sherwin, by his indolence—and indolence in his situation was a sort of insolence—soon put himself out of fashion. Fortune showered her gifts at his feet, but he was too superb a gentleman to stoop and pick them up; so the goddess, weary of conferring favours that were so ill-appreciated, turned away from him in quest of more reverential votaries. When the footmen of the quality had done with playing fantasias upon his door-knocker, the duns took their turn, and brought less pleasant music out of it.

A troublesome time had the fashionable artist. He had to give all his attention now to the question how his creditors could be evaded. For he preferred evasion to payment. It never seems to have occurred to him that the last was as efficacious a mode of silencing a dun's complaint as keeping out of his way; while it was infinitely preferable to the creditor. But either he had not the money by him at the right moment, or he wanted it for some other purpose—to spend in punch, probably—for he was now devoting himself steadily to the consumption of that deleterious compound. He had become too idle now to work for more than the necessities of the moment—to supply himself with pocket money sufficient for his immediate requirements. His argument was that if he could only postpone payment, he was quite justified in postponing work. The main thing was to avoid, put off, and distance his duns. Curious stories are told of his efforts and exploits in this respect. An old engraver, one Roberts, purblind from incessant poring over copper-plates, after repeated calls, finds at last his mercurial debtor at home, and demands the settlement of his little bill for work done. Sherwin is very civil and obliging, promises to settle forthwith the account against him, then, taking base advantage of his creditor's defective vision, he makes good his escape, leaving Roberts confronting the lay-figure of the studio decked for the occasion with its proprietor's coat and wig. Imagine the indignation of the creditor upon the discovery of the imposture! Upon another occasion the artist, splendidly attired—for he is engaged to dine at Sir Brook Boothby's—is prisoned in his room, prevented from stirring forth by the fact that a

German tailor, a determined creditor who will take no denial, who will listen to no more excuses, has sat down at the chamber door, to starve the debtor into surrender. Time passes; there is no exit from the house but through the studio, and there is posted the inexorable dun, who has already waited five hours, who will wait five more—fifty more, if need be—but he will see his debtor. And Mr. Sherwin bids no money. What is he to do?

Presently the siege is raised. Good-natured Lord Fitzwilliam enters, appreciates the situation, produces his pocket-book, and satisfies the tailor's demand. "Here, Mr. Sherwin," says his lordship to the relieved and grateful engraver, "here is a present for you. Your tailor's receipt for making a fine gentleman!" And Mr. Sherwin is free at last to go to his dinner party with what appetite he may.

We have another glimpse of the artist—mad with drink, and up all night, alarming the neighbourhood by firing off pistols out of the window to testify his devotion to his patrons of the house of Cavendish, his joy that an heir had been born to the titles and honours of the dukedom of Devonshire—and then he falls, disappears. Invitations no longer come from Sir Brook Boothby and other grand friends; or, if they come, they don't find Mr. Sherwin at home. As long as he can he keeps his creditors at bay; then takes to flight—hides to escape arrest. He binds himself to work for a publisher who harbours and supports him. But it is too late; he cannot work now if he would. He is greatly changed, his constitution has yielded at last to his repeated and reckless attacks upon it. His sight is dim, and his hand is palsied. He has yielded all claim to be accounted an "exquisite;" the fashions are nothing to him now; he is simply a broken-down, worn out, prematurely old man. His courage has left him, his gay air of confidence has quite gone; he cannot look his misfortunes in the face, he shrinks from, shivers at, and, in his weakness and despair, exaggerates them wildly; they prey upon him, go near to drive him mad. Pursued and tracked to his publisher's house—or is it merely his fears that misled him?—he quits his place of refuge, breaks cover, and flies he hardly knows whither. George Stevens, the editor of Shakespeare, wrote on the 1st October, 1790, to a correspondent at Cambridge: "I am assured that Sherwin the engraver died in extreme poverty at 'The Hog in the Pound,' an alehouse at the corner of Swallow Street; an example of great talents rendered useless by their possessor." Miss Hawkins follows this narrative, and the artist's decease is announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the same year. It is proper to state, however, that Mr. Smith, his pupil, has recorded a less melancholy account of Mr. Sherwin's death, which took place, he says, "at the house of the late Mr. Robert Wilkinson, the printseller in Cornhill, who kindly attended him, afforded him every comfort, and paid respect to his remains, his body having been conveyed to Hampstead and buried in a respectable manner in the churchyard, near the east corner of the front entrance."

He was barely forty when he died. Prints from his engravings are still highly esteemed by collectors. If his talent was not of the very first class, it was still of too valuable a kind to be flung in the kennel—utterly degraded and wasted.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE.

IT has been well said that if we combine Mofatt with Mungo Park, the result would resemble David Livingstone. In him we have seen the zeal of the Christian missionary united with the ardour of the explorer, and for a period of nearly thirty years he has traversed the African continent with his Bible in one hand and his rifle in the other. The great aim of his life has been to open up the interior of Africa to commerce, civilization, and religion, though the difficulties of his mission must have been almost insuperable. In accomplishing the Herculean task which he thus devised, he has made

remarkable additions to our geographical knowledge of the continent; he has discovered vast inland seas, chains of mountains, and a waterfall which dwarfs Niagara. The last expedition which he undertook was one which, if successful, would have been a worthy *coup de grace* to the exploits of such a man. He was deputed by the Royal Geographical Society to solve the great problem of geography—*Nili querere caput*—and thus to settle the acrimonious dispute which occurred between Captain Burton and Captain Speke. In the year 1858, Burton and Speke discovered Lake Tanganyika, which the former declared probably flowed northward, and was thus the real head of the Nile. Speke, on the contrary, maintained that his Victoria Nyanza was the source of that river, and expressed his opinion that the Tanganyika drained towards the south. The altitude of the latter lake he determined to be 1,844 feet; but if this be correct, it is absolutely impossible, judging from the altitudes determined by Sir Samuel Baker, that it can have any connection whatever with the Nile. The altitudes of Burton and Speke were, however, fixed by means of a very imperfect instrument, and no reliance could evidently be placed on their correctness. To decide the dispute it therefore became necessary to send out an expedition to determine the watershed of that part of Central Africa; and it was on this splendid enterprise that Dr. Livingstone was despatched, with earnest hopes for his success. The plan laid out for his expedition was to ascend the Rovuma river, to examine the northern end of his own Lake Nyassa, to explore the country between that and the Tanganyika, and on arriving at the latter lake, to build boats and proceed to its northern end, so as to discover really in what direction its waters flow. If he found the lake drained towards the south, it would be evident that it could have no connection with the Nile; but if he discovered it flowing towards the north, there would then be no doubt of its being the source of that river. But while the most sanguine hopes were entertained that success would crown his labours, we have received the appalling intelligence that the gallant explorer has been added to the number of brave men who have fallen victims to African savagery.

All hope that Dr. Livingstone is yet alive and vigorously exploring the interior is not, however, altogether lost, though the prospect of his ever returning is gloomy in the extreme. The report of his death was brought to Zanzibar in December last by nine Johanna men, who had been employed on the expedition as baggage porters. Their story was plausible enough, though great doubts have since been cast on their veracity. The party is stated to have left the western shore of the Nyassa, and entered a district haunted by the Mazite, a tribe of wandering Zulus. Dr. Livingstone's escort was reduced to twenty by deaths, desertions, and dismissals. As they approached the scene of the asserted tragedy, the Doctor, as usual led the way, his body-guard of a few faithful negroes followed, while his Johanna porters were far in the rear. Suddenly a band of the Mazite appeared, and instantly came on to the attack. Ali Moosa, the chief of the porters, who tells the story, says, that as the Mazite came on with a rush, Dr. Livingstone fired, and killed two of his savage assailants; his boys also fired but did no execution. In the mean time Moosa had nearly come up with them, and concealing himself behind a tree was about to fire, when Dr. Livingstone was struck down by a blow from an axe, which came from behind, and nearly decapitated him. Seeing his leader fall, Moosa did not then betray himself by firing, but fled along the path he had come. His Johanna friends threw down their loads and fled with him into the deeper forest, where they concealed themselves. As night came on, they crept from their hiding-place and sought their baggage, but it was gone. They then stole towards the spot where Dr. Livingstone lay dead. In front of him was the Mazite whom he had killed, while four or five of his faithful boys were scattered about their leader's corpse. A grave was dug, the body was buried, and the Johanna men



made their way back to the coast, whence they were sent on to Zanzibar. These are the chief features of the sad story, which, if true, will create a profound sensation of regret wherever it is read. On the receipt of this mournful intelligence, Dr. Seward, acting consul at Zanzibar, and Dr. Kirk, the vice-consul, who accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi expedition, proceeded to Quilon, a port on the mainland, in order to institute inquiries among the Nyassa traders, whereby the truth might, if possible, be elicited.

The result of these inquiries, and the evidence of travellers both at home and abroad who are acquainted with the Johanna people, afford us these rays of hope to which we still cling. Dr. Seward says that the information he has obtained tends to throw discredit on the entire story. The Nyassa traders express their belief that when Dr. Livingstone was about to enter what was known to be Mazit haunted country, the nine Johanna men deserted him, and invented the story of his murder, to screen themselves from punishment, and to obtain sympathy from the people on the coast. Moosa, who is rather more intelligent than the majority of his race, is well known to some of the members of the Zambesi expedition, to which he and some of his friends were attached. We believe that all who have ever come in contact with these Johanna people unite in describing them as infamous liars, on whose word no reliance whatever can be placed, while Moosa himself who said he saw Dr. Livingstone fall—is described as the "prince of liars." His superior intelligence only assists the lying propensities of his nature to a more cunning application, though he does not always escape detection. It is therefore obvious that we should hesitate before we give up Dr. Livingstone for dead simply on the evidence of these Johanna people. They all agree in stating that the Doctor was killed by a single gush across the neck, and that they buried him; but there are glaring inconsistencies in other parts of their story. It is by no means improbable that on this occasion they may have exhibited a weakness for which they have credit—viz., that of deserting their leader and inventing a story about his death. This story once coined, it is usually repeated around the camp-fires at night until each has learnt it by heart, and thus uniformly is secured in the tale which each may be called upon to tell. If, as they assert, Dr. Livingstone is really dead, why, it is asked did they not bring back some relic which should authenticate the statement? And as they assert that some of the Doctor's faithful negroes also escaped, why have they not found their way to the coast as well as the Johanna people, to confirm the tale? These considerations buoy us with some hope that Dr. Livingstone has not at this time met the tragic end that has before been reported of him, but that he is even now prosecuting his task in the interior, if he be not actually on the Tanganyika. Should he be alive, some months must necessarily elapse before we can hear from him, unless some chance Arab trader should be passing on his way to the coast. Until we have stronger confirmatory evidence of his death, we will not chant the requiem over this brave explorer, whom report has more than once killed before.

We must confess, however, that the probabilities are against our hopes. Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, does not conceal his belief in the story which the Johanna men have told him. There is no man who is more thoroughly acquainted with their peculiar characteristics, or whose sagacity would be less likely to be deceived by any of Moosa's fabrications. He had, moreover, the acquaintance of Moosa on the Zambesi expedition, and would not fail to make due allowance for a certain extravagance of statement. He knew, besides, what a sensation a report of Dr. Livingstone's death would create in England, and would certainly hesitate before he became the medium of its transmission if he was not convinced of its correctness. His subsequent investigations only appear to have confirmed his worst fears, and his opinions are shared by Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. Baines, and other eminent men who are qualified to express

themselves on the subject. The Mazite are a savage tribe who wander about in the part of Africa indicated as the scene of Dr. Livingstone's murder, and make it a practice to slaughter everything that comes in their way, to maintain the terror of their name. The Doctor came, in contact with them on the Shire, and in the fray some of them were killed. This they would not be likely to forget, but would take the first opportunity of getting revenge. Dr. Livingstone was also known to be a strenuous and determined opponent to the slave trade, and had probably excited the hatred and hostility of the tribes engaged in that nefarious traffic. These influences acting on their own savage natures would be quite sufficient to induce the Mazite to attack and murder him wherever they had the chance of doing so. A great deal of nonsense will undoubtedly be written with reference to this unhappy report, and a remark has already appeared in print which ought to be noticed. It has been said that Dr. Livingstone's death by the blow of an axe is highly improbable, since the tribes of Southern Africa do not use axes. This may be true of some of the savages inhabiting the southern portion of the continent, but not of all; and those who are stated to have killed Dr. Livingstone carry a weapon of the kind which would easily kill a man in the manner described.

At present, as we have shown, the chances are against Dr. Livingstone's return, and the rays of hope are very faint. Yet, as Sir Roderick Murchison insists, those rays are not altogether gone, and may possibly brighten into reality. If such should happily be the case, the whole civilized world will rejoice at his safety, but if the brave explorer has really fallen a martyr to African research, there will be few who will deny that of all who have penetrated the wilds of that savage land, it may well be said of Livingstone as Macaulay said of Chatham, "Few have left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

### FLINT JACK.

IT may be questioned whether Hudibras was quite correct in stating,

And sure the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.

Undoubtedly being well cheated is a pleasant sensation, so long as it lasts; but Providence has gifted us with only a limited allowance of gullibility. When that is exhausted, cheats, adieu! Yet they are never afraid to begin again after a check that would make honest men timid and shamefaced to all futurity. Cheating is long though life is short. We therefore conclude that

The pleasure sure is not so great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.

Such, probably, is the opinion of a hero whose exploits have been recently made known to fame. How he has chuckled at having taken in the very elect of antiquaries!—at finding that a Roman urn (calcined bones, earth, and all) which a canny sceptic had refused to accept for five shillings was afterwards bought up for three pounds—at having included on his list of dupes the curator of the British Museum!

Some doubt has been expressed as to the native place of this real personage—for the reader will please to understand that Flint-Jack is no imaginary creation, but a simple and substantial fact. Edward Simpson, alias John Wilson, alias Sunko Billy, alias Flint Jack, the Prince of Counterfeiters, is spoken of and written about, throughout all England, as an indigenous phenomenon given to the world by Sleights, Whitby, in cunning Yorkshire. But is there any evidence, besides his own, that as is a native of that parish or its neighbourhood? His accent is not Yorkshire, and, twenty years ago, he was called Cockney Bill. A like cloud hangs over some of his places of residence. He once appeared before the Scarborough magistrates, but escaped imprisonment on the plea of being a geologist and well known to Mr. John Leckonby, his letters to whom were always signed "John Wilson," and were generally

written from Burlington, where there resided a veritable John Wilson, an honest dealer in fossils.

Counterfeits and counterfeit antiques have been known to the world in every age. Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., has exposed the manufacture of all kinds of antiquities, in a lecture before the Royal Institution. The same subject has been followed up by Mr. Samuel Sharp. A tendency to dishonesty, for the sake of gain, has been the characteristic of every age; and the modern example of whom we are writing is no unworthy representative of his class—with the distinctive difference that the rogues of old forged moneys almost wholly, while Flint Jack (though he has not shrunk from the fabrication of old coins) has mainly devoted his time and talents to the formation and vending of spurious manuscripts, gems, pottery, bronzes, ornaments, seals, rings, &c.—with special attention to monastic seals, Roman and Saxon fibulae, the so-called "coal money," stone hatchets and hammers, flint arrows and spears, bronze celts, jet buttons and armlets, and, most remarkable of all, fossils, and those so admirably executed that there are few scientific men who have not been constrained, at some time or other, to confess themselves "done" by that arrant rogue, Flint Jack.

Edward Simpson was born in 1815, of humble parents, his father being a sailor. In his youth he appears to have been tame and manageable, like many other wild animals, whose real nature does not show itself until they have attained their adult stage. At the age of fourteen, he entered the service of Dr. Young, the late historian of Whitby, an ardent geologist. Edward, his constant attendant in fossil-hunting expeditions, acquired thus in five years the rudiments of geology, more particularly of the Yorkshire coast. He left Dr. Young to serve Dr. Ripley, also of Whitby, with whom he remained six years; but his second master's death threw Edward out of employment, and from that time to this he has lived loose from all trammels.

From this time he began to acquire his various aliases. We hear no more of Edward Simpson. The active and more than ordinarily intelligent young fellow, who has hitherto borne that name, becomes Fossil Willy on the Yorkshire coast; Bones, at Whitby; Shirtless in the Eastern Counties; the Old Antiquarian, in Wilts and Dorset; and Flint Jack, universally.

After the death of Dr. Ripley, Fossil Willy took to a roving life, for some months rambling about the neighbourhood of Whitby, gathering specimens, for which he found a ready sale amongst the local dealers. In 1841 he began to extend his walks to Scarborough, and there got to know two gentlemen with whom he had dealings in fossils. After including Filey and Bridlington in his exploring expeditions, he became very "handy" in cleaning fossils, in which he took as much interest as in their discovery. He was, consequently, tolerably well off in the world, and made tramping a really profitable pursuit; for he never wasted money on any conveyance, unless when he had a river or the sea to cross.

In 1843, his taste for geology was suddenly perverted by his returning to Whitby, and there being shown the first British barbed arrow-head he had ever seen. The Tempter, in some plausible human shape, inquired if he could imitate it. He said he would try. The spark had been applied to the train of gunpowder; and from that time his life of roguery began. He was henceforth Flint Jack to the backbone. But the flint arrow-head was Jack's ruin. The fine workmanship which all genuine arrows show, and the beautiful regularity of their form, sorely puzzled him. He made many a failure in his endeavour to copy the original. At last a mercer accidentally showed him how to chip flint, and also revealed the proper tools. Jack, however, has never yet succeeded in discovering the mode of surface-chipping; that, he says, is a barbarous art which has died with the flint-using people, the Britons. He has exhausted his ingenuity, and tried every form of tool to effect this object, without success. Hence, his forgeries of flint are now easy of detection.

Jack was musing one morning on the weakness of connoisseurs and the means by which the Britons had chipped their flints, when, heedlessly taking out the hasp of a gate which was hanging loosely in its fastenings, he struck a blow, without any purpose, with the curved part of the iron on a piece of flint. To his great astonishment, off flew a fine flake; so Jack, in delight, tried again. The second blow was even more fortunate than the first—the long wished-for secret was discovered! By practice he acquired the knack of striking off "any sort of flakes he needed. He afterwards declared, with pride, that he could at that time make, and sell, fifty flint arrow-heads per day. Thenceforth dates that extraordinary supply, to collectors and museums, of forged flint weapons—the causes of many a warm discussion of great annoyance, and of much mirth. The ring or curve of the gate-hasp did it all.

For heavy work, Jack has supplemented this with a small round-faced hammer of soft iron (not steel); and for light work, about the points and bars of arrows, the pressure of a common bradawl is all he requires. In place of the round-faced hammer, a water-worn pebble of any hard stone picked up on the beach is sometimes used—is, in fact, more effective for striking off flakes of flint, and is only not used generally on account of its weight. Jack's pockets were often too heavily laden to add the weight of a boulder-hammer to the raw material which they already contained—the flint nodules out of which he manufactured stone hammers, hatchets, hand-celts, pounders, and adzes, to his heart's content.

There now came over him a strong desire to study antiquities in general; and, by visiting museums, and obtaining access to private collections, he quickly familiarised himself with the forms and materials of urns, beads, fibulae, seals, &c.; and to the fabrication of all kinds of antiques he boldly set to work. The line of life upon which Jack was now entering necessitated the strictest secrecy: to have had a confederate or confidant would have risked the ruin of all his plans. He was obliged to deny himself the consolations of friendship and the sweets of love. He spent long years without a companion; unknown, except to those whom he invariably duped at their first acquaintance; avoiding all contact with "travellers" of less ability, for Jack is a man of ability; and, as a wanderer and an outcast, he is promising to end his days.

Accordingly, at the beginning of 1844, we find Jack at Bridlington, fairly astart in imposture. In this locality, genuine British flints are obtainable in the fields in surprising quantities, and these Jack would sometimes pick up—they were useful in leavening with a grain of truth a whole bushful of impudent falsehoods—but he chiefly dealt in spurious flints of his own working. Here he got introduced to a resident antiquary, for whom—if his own statement be reliable—he made a collection, six hundred in number, and of course all warranted genuine, if need be. At this period, so active was he in prosecuting his trade, that he ordinarily walked thirty or forty miles a day, vending his wares and collecting materials. In the Wold country, garden rockworks are even yet enriched by specimen of ancient stone implements—all the handiwork of clever Flint Jack.

The year 1844 was waning, when Jack conceived the bright idea of adding to his trade the manufacture of British and Roman urns. His first pottery was made on the Bridlington clay. This was an ancient British urn, which he sold as genuine, asserting it to have been found somewhere in the neighbourhood. For a time, the urn-making business proved the best. But this new branch of trade necessitated even still more secrecy and still greater knavery. Jack betook himself to the cliffs, where he set up an ancient pottery of his own. Here, after modelling the urns, he placed them beneath the shelter of an overhanging ledge of rock, out of the reach of rain, but free to the winds, until dry. Then came the bakings. These were only required to be rude and partly effective, the roots, grass, and brambles afforded the "fire-holding, and

with them he completed the manufacture of his antiquities.

Jack, however, finding the clay cliff of Bridlington Bay much too open and exposed, repaired to the thickly wooded and solitary region about Stainton Dale, between Whitby and Scarborough; where he built himself a hut near Raven's Hall, and used to spend a week at the time there engaged in the making of urns and stone implements. After a general "baking-day," he would set off, either to Whitby or Scarborough, to dispose of his "collections"—all of which he solemnly declared had been found in (and taken by stealth from) tumuli (pronounced by him *toomoolo*) on the moors; his great field of discovery being the wild wastes between Kirby-Moorside and Stokesley, where he declares a man might pass a month without meeting another human being. Delightful solitude! He was monarch of all he surveyed; and the fear of detection was reduced to a minimum—and the general knowledge of antiquities of the British period was then but small. The urns were all sold, without incurring the least suspicion. "Now" (1866), he says, "they would be detected at once" being not only too thick in the walls, but altogether of wrong material, ornament, shape, and burning. "I often laugh," says Jack, "at the recollection of the things I used to sell in those days." The force of boastful and swaggering roguery can scarcely go much further than this. Which of the two enjoyed the greater pleasure—Jack Flint, the cheat, or his clients, the cheated.

At Pickering, Jack got acquainted with Mr. Kendall (a gentleman much occupied with archaeological matters), who showed him a collection of flints purchased as genuine. Of course they were of Jack's make. On being asked for his opinion, in a moment of weakness he frankly declared that he knew where they came from. He even set to work to show the method of manufacture, initiating his patron into the mysteries of forming "barbs," "hand-celts," and "hammers." Jack states, in apology and explanation of his erring for an instant into the ways of honest men, that Mr. Kendall's kindness overcame him, and that he resolved, for once, to speak the truth. He did it, and had no occasion for regret. He exposed the forgery, and retained a friend to whom he could look for a trifle when "hard up."

At Malton he found out the only antiquary in the place, and immediately set to work to deceive him. But he also found there a rival (a barber) in the fabrication of ancient urns. Therefore, as the hatchet was least understood, he sold the antiquary one, formed out of a piece of iron-stone, without the fraud being at the time detected. This hatchet was alleged to have been found at Snainton, where Jack said he had stopped to help some people who were taking up potatoes in a field near the church. While digging there he had found the relic, and had refused to sell it to the landlord of the inn, preferring to dispose of it at Malton. This, if true, was a bad speculation, for he sold it for a shilling only. The hatchet was a very clever forgery indeed. In order to come at its real history, inquiries were subsequently made at Snainton; and it was found that, near the church, there was no tillage land at all. Hence suspicions of the implement's genuineness. It is now in the collection of Doctor Rooke, of Scarborough, and would deceive the majority of antiquaries at the present day.

On another visit, Jack played a still bolder game, and succeeded. In Pickering he found an old tea-tray, and out of this "valuable" he set to work to fashion a piece of ancient armour. His first idea was a shield, but the "boss" bothering him with an insuperable difficulty, it was abandoned for a Roman breastplate (pectorale), which was constructed forthwith. This was a remarkably successful effort. Jack made it to fit himself, adapting it neatly to his own arms and neck, with holes for thong-lacings over the shoulders and round the waist. After finishing it, he walked into Malton, wearing the "armour" under his coat. On arrival he had an "ancient" piece of armour for sale, found near the encampments at Cawthorne; and a

purchaser was again found, whose suspicions had not yet been excited. The "relic" is now at Scarborough.

About this time Jack heard of the discovery of a Roman milestone. The idea was new. He therefore set to work to make one, taking care to render the inscription as puzzling as possible. The stone he found on the roadside near Bridlington. The mock milestone was duly produced and sold, and, according to Jack's statement, is now in the British Museum.

Of this milestone story we have another version. The locality of Bridlington is named as that where Jack found the flat slab, and, after his rough lettering, grinding, and chipping, he buried the stone in a field for subsequent discovery and disinterment, which farce was solemnly carried out. First of all, a lad wheeled the exhumed stone in a barrow to Bridlington; but as the bait did not get taken quite so quickly as Jack desired, he set off with his treasure-trove to Scarborough, where the Bridlington antiquaries were represented as wanting judgment, thereby losing a prize. One of Jack's patrons in the medical profession is alleged to have given five pounds for the stone, and that it is not now in the British Museum, as Jack fancies it is, but that the buyer presented it to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The milestone trick is regarded as one of Jack's most famous exploits.

During this same period of his career, he undertook the manufacture of seals, inscribed stones, &c. Of the latter, he professed to have found one in the stream of the Pickering marshes. In passing the railway gate-house there, he went to the stream to drink, and in so doing, noticed a dark stone at the bottom of the beck. This he took out, and found it had letters on it: "IMP CONSTAN EBUR" round the Christian symbol. Jack being then but little known, no suspicion of a forgery was entertained. In course of time, this stone was submitted to Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, and other antiquaries, but no conclusion could be arrived at, its form suggesting most, if anything, the ornate top of the shaft of a banner. But the ability of the Romans in working metal made it unlikely that they should use so rude a stone ornament for such a purpose, so that theory was obliged to be rejected. The article still remained a puzzle; it is now considered a curiosity. Its parentage was afterwards discovered; having been duly traced to Flint Jack's hands.

There is a tide in the affairs of men. Jack's tide was turned, appropriately, by too much liquor. In 1846, a change came over him. He continued to be the same arrant rogue; but, in addition, he began to indulge in the dangerous delights of intemperance. "In this year," he says, "I took to drinking; the worst job yet. Till then, I was always possessed of five pounds. I have since been in utter poverty, and frequently in great misery and want."

Jack seemed to have been "led away" at Scarborough. If he was, it only served him right; for he did not, at that place, reform his practice of leading other people wrong. While there, he got introduced to the manager of one of the banks, but he says he could not "do" him; for he bought no flints, and only cared for fossils. Jack had not yet set about forging fossils, as he afterwards found it expedient to do. While at Scarborough, however, he made and disposed of a "flint comb." This article was a puzzle to most people, and the purchaser submitted it to Mr. Bateman, who could not find any use for it, except that it might have been the instrument by which tattooing of the body was effected.

At the end of that year, Flint Jack visited Hull, where, being short of money—he had been "always short of money since he took to drinking"—he went to the Mechanic's Institute, and sold them a large stone celt (trap), represented to have been found on the Yorkshire wolds. The imposture was not detected. But Hull proved a barren place; and, not being able to find out any antiquaries or geologists, Jack crossed the Humber, and walked to Lincoln. Here he called upon the curator of the museum,

and sold him a few flints and fossils, the flints being forgeries. As this was the only sale he was able to effect, he set off for Newark, and there found out the only geologist in the place, who was making a collection of fossils. Jack remained there a week, collecting and making fossils and working flints, his patron supposing that all, both fossils and flints, were genuine.

The fossil-forging business was being pushed on now; it was so much more convenient to make a fossil than to look for it. Jack answered curious inquirers by stating that the flints were all picked up on the high lands in the county, and he was always careful to particularize the neighbourhood of camps, entrenchments, &c., the positions of which he learned by reading local histories; and he invariably visited the sites in person. As for the fossils, he, knowing the different strata, found them where the open quarries were, and, if not findable, they were always makable. Rarely therefore, if ever, was he at a loss.

And so he went on and on, sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of rascality, sometimes, in his wanderings, reaching places where there were no antiquaries to take in, sometimes stumbling upon collectors whose names he has forgotten now, having probably good reasons of his own for remembering to forget them. At Cambridge the chalk and green sand enabled him to lead a jolly life. Through the curator of the Geological Museum and an optician, who dealt in fossils and antiquities, he managed to drive a roaring trade. His sides shook with laughter while relating the tricks he played upon a learned professor there. In the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, he made an acquaintance of an "archæological parson easy to do." At the remembrance of his visits to this "easy" divine, Jack indulged in immoderate mirth, pronouncing him, however, to be "of a good sort, and a right liberal fellow." He had got to that degree of insolence in which, while despising his dupes, he could dole out to them a sort of contemptuously compassionate praise. The clergyman showed his antiquities freely, and gave an unlimited order to collect specimens of Roman or British implements. Jack immediately set to work with a will, and soon produced a valuable assortment, delighting his patrons with forms quite unique—the invention of his own fertile brain. The Yarmouth gains soon melted in the beer-pot, and then Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, with empty pockets.

At Colchester he fell in with a travelling Jew, who collected paintings, china, furniture, or any other antique article for the London dealers. Jack said this man was no blockhead; but Jack cheated him nevertheless. Jack's antiquities delighted the son of Israel, who never suspected their origin, and who was incautious enough to mention the markets in London where he could dispose of them. This was precisely what Jack wanted, for to London he had resolved to go. He took in his Hebrew customer deeply, making him many things. The Jew at length became aware of their spurious nature, but was far from cutting the acquaintance in consequence; on the contrary, he subsequently bought his productions regularly.

In London he got introduced to Mr. Tennant, of the Strand—a step which turned out to be the beginning of the end. On him he called to dispose, at first, of fossils only, but afterwards sold flints and other antiquities. On being asked, later on, "Did you take them in at the British Museum?" Jack replied, "Why, of course I did!" And again, "They buy lots of my things, and good things they are, too."

For twelve months Jack honoured London with his presence, manufacturing, chiefly flints, all the while, and obtaining his supplies of raw material by taking boat to the chalk at Woolwich. At length the dealers (and the museums too) becoming overcharged with flints, Jack feared their very plentifulness might arouse suspicion. He therefore resolved upon a return to Yorkshire, but cunningly took a different route, directing his "walks" through Bedford and Northampton, where he found three ready dupes. "Here," says Jack, "I did best of any."

For all, he made large collections of flints, "spicing" them sometimes with a few genuine fossils. At Nottingham he found two antiquaries, and duped both. There, by way of "a rest from the cares and anxieties of business," he took a "holiday," to visit the battle-ground of Wallyby Field (Charles I. and Cromwell).

At York he became known to the then curator of the museum, and regretted greatly he had no flints to "do" him with. All his stock-in-trade had been left at Nottingham, and the intermediate country had yielded no flint. The curator furnished him with money to go to Bridlington and collect fossils and shells, which he did, and supplied to the York Museum. He remained on the coast about twelve months, attending wholly to fossils, and appearing to have a final chance of lapsing at last into an honest life.

An unfortunate walk to North Shields one day brought him to the beach, where he found flint among the shingle. The temptation was irresistible. Jack set to work on the spot to make forged celts. With a spurious collection he went to Durham, and there resumed his former trade, selling a few as genuine (with a plausible history attached) to private individuals who "took an interest in antiquities."

After another replenish on the Yorkshire coast, Jack conceived the idea of visiting Ireland, thinking that his English beats would well bear "rest." He accordingly started on his Irish walk, heavily laden with antiquities for the sons of Erin. He says he *did well*—saw all the best things in the north of the island, traversing it entirely on foot, highly delighted with the scenery. Sometimes he collected fossils, sometimes he made a few flints. He had much rather manufacture them than pick up genuine ones for sale; "gathering them was such a trouble." From Dublin he returned, via Liverpool, to York, aiming for the coast, in search of flint. Although he "did well in Ireland, improvident habits soon exhausted his cash, and he reached his store of wealth, the coast, in a state of utter indigence.

After a twelve months' sober fit, he fell a "longing to see other parts of England." At Boatesford, in the Vale of Belvoir, he found a great open quarry of lias, yielding numerous fossils. This was a grand prize; and he stopped here some time, working the quarry to a large extent. The first basketful he got there he sent to a clergyman of Peterborough—a sort of recognition of past kindness, which Jack was not backward in according, and perhaps the only redeeming trait in his character. But he soon atoned for this virtuous weakness. At St. Alban's he found a good customer, to whom he sold spurious flint-knives, arrow-heads, and "drills." The cleverest trick was providing an ancient silver coin to order, out of the handle of a German silver teaspoon.

At Devizes (where he sold both fossils and forged flints to the museum), Jack was deemed so remarkable a being that he was solicited to sit for his first portrait. His cartes accordingly were freely sold as photographs of "The Old Antiquarian."

At the close of 1859, Jack returned to London, and was at once charged by Mr. Tennant with the manufacture of both stone and flint implements; but that gentleman promised to introduce Jack at the meetings of Geological and Archæological Societies, if he would expose the method of manufacturing flints. Jack consented. He prepared some rough implements, and had everything ready for astonishing the natives at an evening meeting, to which he was taken in a cab (a wonderful event in his life) by Mr. Tennant. Here, on the platform, he finished the rough flints, and fashioned them into his best shapes for arrows, &c., and also exhibited his mode of obtaining flakes from blocks of flint, and finally showed genuine and spurious flints in contrast.

Mr. Tennant lectured that evening on Jack's roguery, and the members were surprised how easily and simply the weapons were made. They could not help laughing at one another, on recollecting the way in which they had been duped. They asked Jack how he discovered the method himself; which he explained, showing his im-

plements, of which the memorable gate-hasp near Whitby had been the parent.

In 1861, Jack found the news of his forgeries spread throughout the land. All collectors began to fancy their treasured flints were spurious. He found his occupation as a deceiver almost gone; but still kept wandering about, continuing to manufacture flints and call upon old acquaintances, whom he generally found forging, and as ready to purchase "dooplicates" as they were while supposing them genuine. The rest of Jack's life is soon told. In 1863 he again visited Wilts, where (at Salisbury) he was introduced upon the platform of a learned society, and again photographed.

As a proof of Jack's skill as a craftsman, one long-suffering collector (who, after being repeatedly done, still submitted to be done again) possesses a stone hatchet, which is so remarkably like a genuine one, that, its history being lost, he is unable to determine whether it is of Jack's manufacture or that of the ancient Britons.

For the above biographical details we are indebted to the Malton Messenger, whose proprietor, the sturdy impostor had imposed on. It is therefore a study from the life, and not a fancy portrait, as the extravagance of its features might cause it to be supposed. Flint Jack's present position is miserable; and it would be strange if it were otherwise. Among antiquaries he can generally raise a trifle for pressing needs—a proof of their placable disposition; but, when possessed of a little cash, he drinks without ceasing, until it is gone.

It has lately become the rule of archæologists to hang in their sanctum a portrait of Jack framed in his own flints, and the fashion has given him a better demand for his wares. Not long since he started on a trip through Westmoreland and Cumberland, heavily laden. He was hard up at starting, and had to part with a first-rate "dooplicate" of a hammer-head for one shilling, declaring he had not made one for the last six years, and that was worth at least five shillings. "Genuine ones," said Jack, "are not to be obtained; and the discussions of the learned, at all the Institutions, are over hammers and celts of my make!"

He is still anxious to learn, and is much in want of a pattern of the so-called "tool-stone." Which of our readers will gratify his laudable wish? By inadvertence, a gentleman mentioned one, which is in the possession of the proprietor of the Malton Messenger, and Jack went to Malton to inspect it. Being refused, he became highly indignant, and vowed "never to call at Malton again."

On hearing of a likely customer, he will beat about the bush to find out what tack to sail upon. "Will he know me? Will he suspect me? Has he heard of me?" are his queries. If all seems plain-sailing, Jack is yet competent to pass off his flints as genuine; if known beforehand, he at once offers them as "dooplicates," relying on the skill shown in their formation for reward. If asked if he has been at — lately, where he played off a particular dodge, Jack will reply, "This over soon yet; he won't bear doing again for some time!"

But what a waste of ability! What might not this man have done for science had he only taken the same pains in assisting as he did in leading it astray! What advantages he might have ensured for himself; what intellectual gratification he might have procured for others! As it is, his antiquarian lore, his accurate topographical knowledge, are wasted on the occupants of the trampers' lodging-house or the beer-house kitchen. But, in truth, the absence of all moral feeling, the insensibility to shame, the unconsciousness which he displayed of the existence of such a thing as personal honour, make one suspect that he is scarcely responsible for his actions. A grain of gratitude seems to be the only pure morsel in the composition of this perverted character.

Mr. Sidney Howard Guy, formerly managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, is said to be preparing a life of Horace Greeley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters addressed for the Editor should be addressed "Editor of Saturday Reader, Drawer 691," and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

CREDIT FONCER.—The peculiarity of this method of borrowing money on the security of landed estate, is, that the repayment of the loan is by an annuity terminable at a certain date; the date and the amount of annuity being so calculated, that when the last payment is made, the loan and the interest on it will be extinguished. The companies established by the French government are prohibited from advancing more than one half of the value of the property pledged or hypothecated.

S. R. P. A.—Justice Beniet, of Derby, is said to have given the society the name of Quakers in 1650, because Fox, the founder, admonished him and those present with him to tremble at the word of the Lord.

MORICE GRAMMIE.—Number 59 was the first number of the READER issued by the present publisher.

SUBSCRIBER.—We stated a few weeks since that the right bank of a river is that which is on the right hand when your back is turned to the source of the river.

VALID.—The term, "Old Cogers" is derived from that of a tavern in Blackfriars, London, where a club of men, politicians and thinkers, collected and discussed the affairs of the State. The name "Cogger" comes from the Latin word "Cogito," and the club was established in 1756.

A. H.—We are unable to answer your question.

MARA.—The word "Reverend" occurs only once in the Bible, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th psalm.

PRINCE ALBERT.—"Corn" meant primarily, any small round body like a seed. This general meaning is still seen in its application to confections on the feet. In its specific sense it denotes in any country that grain which furnishes the prevalent bread-stuff of the people. Thus in England, corn means wheat; in Scotland it means oats; and in the United States, maize.

X. Y.—Not emphatically.

VIOLET, and T. S. B.—Respectfully declined.

PASTIMES.

REBUS.

Complete I am a word that signifies a despicable thing; Remove my head, I then present a bird that cannot sing; Again behead me and transpose, I represent a river that through Russia flows, Beheaded and transposed, I next declare A woman's name; again transposed a prayer. Once more beheaded I explain An obscure river found in Spain.

PUZZLE. Ufmn nf opu jo npsvsgvm ovncfst, Mjgft evn bo fnqz esfn. Gjs wif tpmjft cf ubu tmvncfst. Boo uijolt bnf opu xibu uifz tth.

GAUDE.

ANAGRAMS.

MODERN AUTHORS.

1 G. Lisle, he's cranky. 2 Just roll him, Nat. 3. Briber not wrong? 4. H. Scylla at Rome. 5. Harry old Ben or Hugh. 6. Rare Joe's, dull dog? G. LISLE

CHARADES.

- 1—My first should try my last to gain, I would amply him repay; To dwell in my whole in realms of love And never-ending day. T. J. BOSTOCK.
2—My first, I'm sure you will agree Belongs alike to you and me. My last attends poor mortals here, And my whole has cost me oft a tear.
3— I am composed of 10 letters. My 3, 6, 8, 9 is often difficult to obtain. My 1, 6, 7, 3, 8, 9, 10 is a country of Europe. My 5, 6, 3, 10 is preferred by many before honour. My 3, 2, 8, 10 is a metal. My 5, 4, 9 has been the source of much misery. My whole is an island in the German Ocean.

AGROSTIC.

- A country in Europe.
One of the United States.
One of the planets.
The goddess of wisdom.
One of the sciences.
The prince of painters.
A German astronomer, born 1571.

The initials read downwards will reveal the name of a prominent statesman of the old world.

ARITHMOREM.

- 54 and Jane—A weapon.
2101 " a on a—An Indian gun
751 " O! roe—An amphibious animal.
1 " rose—A tree.
100 " bee—A young lady.
201 " pest—An unbeliever.
500 " ran—An odorous shrub.
551 " near—An island in Europe.
1500 " you not err—A book of the Pentateuch.
2052 " a pea hut—A nuptial song.
600 " roar—A German coin.

The initials will name a celebrated mechanic.

ANSWERS TO AGROSTIC, &c. No. 85.

Double Acrostic.—Victoria, Balmoral.

Square Words.—1. TEACH. 2. SHIP. ELCHO. HOSE. ACTOR. ISLE. CHOPS. PEER. HORSE.

Riddle.—Because it is the capital of Canada. Decapitations.—1 Sapling, puling, plain, nail, ail. 2. Hydra, yard, dray, ray, Ayr, ay. 3. Hannah, anna, Ann, an, a.

Charades.—1 Rien, n'est, beau, que, le, vrai. 2 Westmoreland. 3 Gunpowder.

Problem.—No answer having been received we leave the question for another week.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double Acrostic.—Bericus, H. H. V. Polly, Niagara, Violet. Square Words.—Polly, Editor, Niagara, Bericus, H. H. V. Argus, Violet. Riddle.—Bericus, Polly, Niagara, Ottawa, Argus.

Decapitations.—Polly, H. H. V., Bericus, Argus, Camp, Geo. B. Ottawa.

Charades.—All, H. H. V., Argus, Geo. B. Niagara, 2nd and 3rd Polly, John Wilson, Ottawa, 2nd Bericus, A. H. 3rd A. R. B.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue: Laurentia, John Wilson, Argo.

CHESS.

We notice with pleasure that the Mitchell, (C. W.) Mitocote has commenced the publication of a Chess Column which will be under the able management of Mr. T. P. Bull of Seaford, C. W., a gentleman who is in every respect well qualified for the undertaking. The column has our best wishes for its success.

Mr. Fraser has succeeded better with Herr Steinitz in a match on even terms than when receiving Pawn and Move.

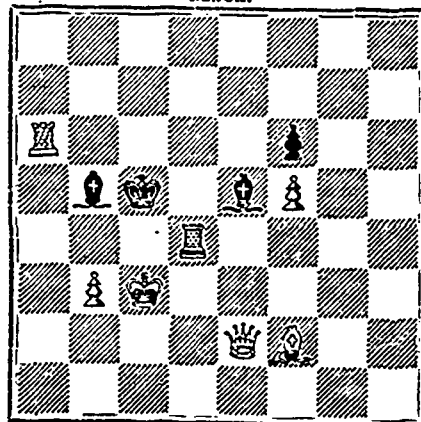
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. MARCHE, NEW YORK.—We are waiting patiently for the fulfilment of your promise.

F. P. BULL, SEAFORD, C. W.—Will endeavour to comply with your wishes.

GEO. E. CARPENTER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—Your letter was duly received. The enclosures were indeed welcome.

PROBLEM, No. 66. BY MEDICO, WATERVILLE, C.E. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 64.

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

The following lively little skirmish was played by Mr. J. Robey and Herr Steinitz. It is one of five games contested by these gentlemen, the result of which gave four to Herr S. and one to his opponent—

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

And White mates in four moves.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why is the letter S like experience?—Because it makes age sage.

Why is the early grass like a penknife?—Because the Spring brings out the blades.

An American, being asked why he chewed tobacco, replied, "To keep a nasty taste out of my mouth."

An Irish sailor once visited a city, where, he said, they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet tin.

A traveller who was detained an hour by some mischance, shortened his stay by "making a 'minute' of it."

An estate agent informs the public that he has "a beautiful cottage for sale, containing ten rooms and eight-acres of land!"

YOUNG PAPERS.—Bank notes.

HEROIC EXPLOIT.—A man conquering himself.

LOGICAL EXERCISE FOR LADIES.—Jumping to conclusions.

THREE DEGREES.—Somebody heard a candid brewer lately divide his beer into three classes—strong table, common table, and lamentable.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A delighted hearer observed of a very brilliant talker, that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job—there is an inclined plane to relieve you."—"Ab," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am!"

"Pa, have dogs got wings?"—"No, child—don't you know better than that?"—"Why, pa, this paper says a big dog flew at a man and bit him."

"Do you think me guilty of falsehood?" asked Mr. Knott of a gentleman he was addressing. "Sir," said the gentleman, "I must render a verdict of Knott guilty."

A tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foot for a motto. "There is one from 'Hamlet,'" said the wit "that will match you to a button hole, 'List! oh list!'"

WHAT NEXT.—An advertisement which lately appeared in the Times is a unique specimen of the requirements of "servantgallam." Two young women want a situation "in a gentleman or tradesman's family, in any capacity in which they might be useful. One is 17 years and the other 15;" but "no ritualistic family need apply!"

A SHARP-SIGHTED IRISHMAN.—An Irish bricklayer was one day brought to a hospital, severely injured by a fall from a house-top. The medical man in attendance asked the sufferer at what time the accident occurred. "Two o'clock, yer honour," was the reply. On being asked how he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered, "Because I saw the people at dinner through a window as I was coming down."