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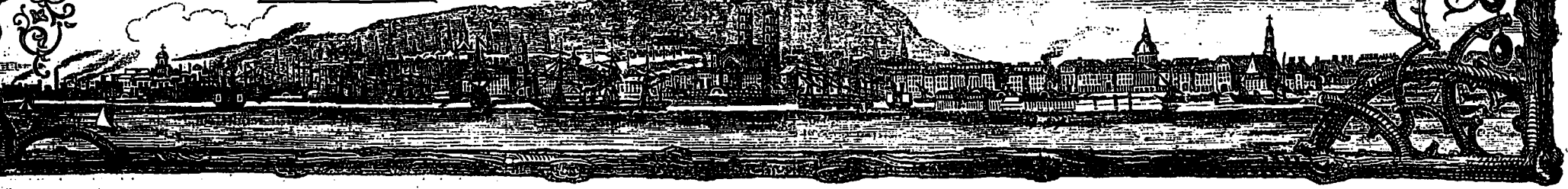
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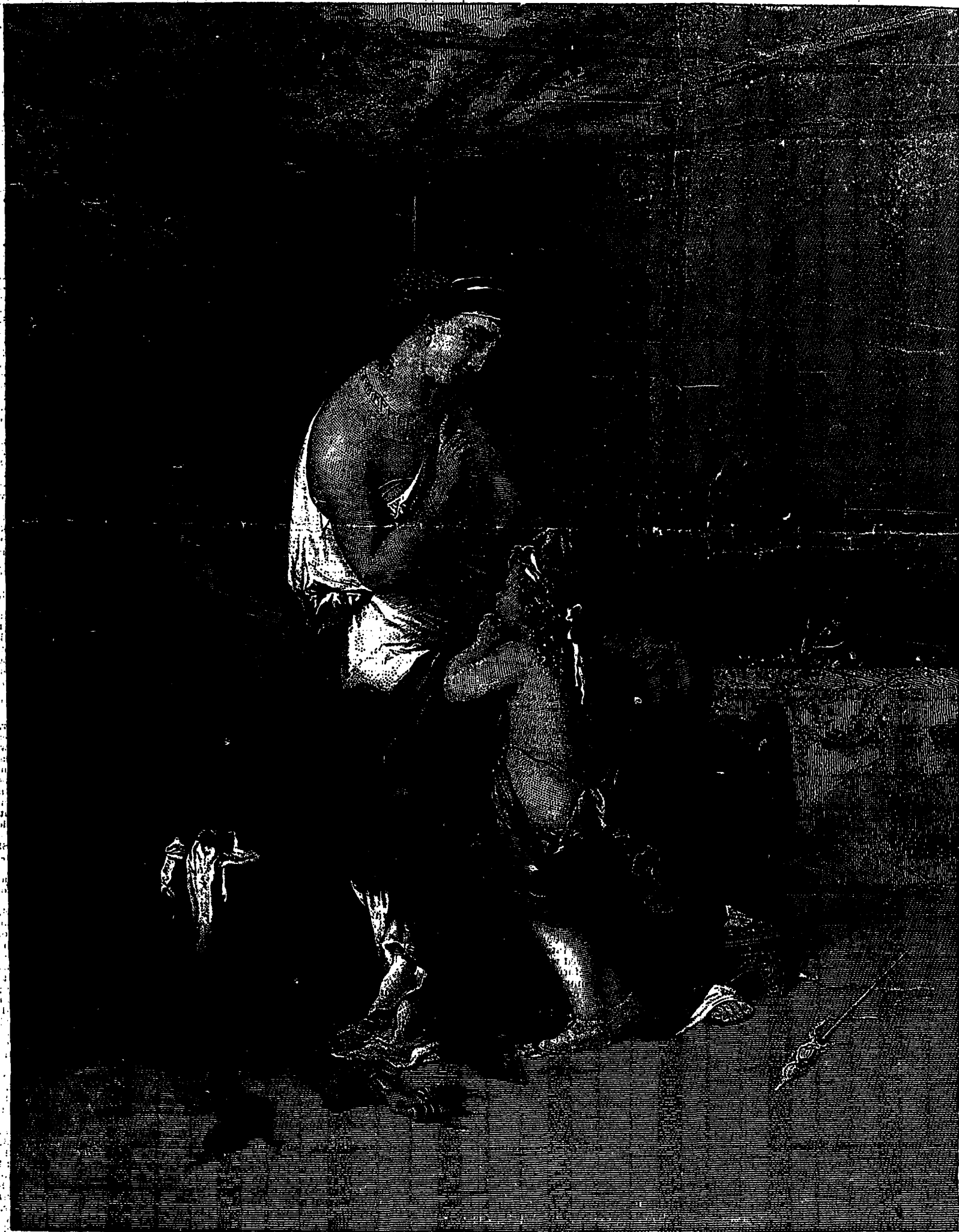
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No. 2.



THE REPROOF.—See page 8.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF OLEANDER."

CHAPTER II.

FIRST-CLASS TO LONDON.

Embossed in waving kindly adieux to the fussy but well-meaning little English governess, Rosamond Dalton did not notice the other occupants of the compartment in which she found herself until the train had left Eatham far behind, and she was being borne rapidly towards the metropolis.

Sir Charles had seated himself at the other opposite corner to her own, and was already staring at her so insolently, that she reddened, and drew down her veil.

"Have I offended?" he drawled. "Beg pardon, I'm sure!"

With one glance of haughty surprise, the young lady averted her face, and bent over the book she held. Outwardly, she was indifferent to his rudeness, but her inexperience made it, in reality, a most painful ordeal. Her heart began to beat fast, her limbs to tremble, and her imagination to conjure up all kinds of inquiries to which she might be subjected in her defenceless position.

"Lovely weather," said the Major; "so warm, and a—i—all that. Are you fond of travelling, my dear?"

Rosamond seemed deaf to the question; only her deepening colour betraying that she heard it.

"What cruel book is it that robs me of the pleasure of hearing you talk?" Major Colbye went on, leaning forward as he spoke, and attempting to take it from her hand.

The insulted girl shrank from him, with an exclamation of alarm that brought Sir Charles to her side, instantly. He had been furiously observing all that passed, and his compassion for her evident terror made him very much inclined to regret the silly plot he had entered into.

Yet he was glad of the opportunity to appear as her champion, and in angry tones—partly real, partly simulated—he commanded Major Colbye to desist from his ungentlemanly conduct.

A few threatening sentences were interchanged. Sir Charles insisted upon conducting the grateful Rosamond to a seat opposite his own, at the other end of the carriage, until the train came to a halt at the next station, where the Major left them, with the avowed intention of seeking more agreeable fellow-passengers.

"I, too, would leave you," said Sir Charles, bowing to his fair companion with profound respect, "for I see that you naturally prefer pri-

vacuity; but how can I guard you from insult except by remaining?"

"You have been very kind," she exclaimed, raising, for a moment, the brown eyes he thought so beautiful. "My brother, who will meet you in town, will thank you better than I can for your generous interference."

"Don't think me impertinent," said the Baronet, gently, "if I express my surprise that any gentleman should permit his sister to travel in a public carriage without protection."

"You must not blame Frank; it is not his fault," was the eager reply. "We are both of us summoned to the South of France by the sudden and dangerous illness of the dearest friend we have; and it is to prevent unnecessary delay that I am hastening to meet my brother in London."

"Then you are about to leave England," the Baronet observed, regretfully: "but you will return ere long, will you not?"

Rosamond Dalton, who felt that in her desire to excite her brother she had already sacrificed too much of her private affairs to this stranger, answered coldly that she did not know; and Sir Charles, taking the hint, changed the conversation to the weather and the country, satisfied if he obtained brief replies to his carefully worded sentences.

Then he reverted to the South of France. Some of his happiest hours had been spent in its sunny nooks, he said. He knew many of the English who had regularly taken up their abode there. The friend of whom she spoke, was he or she merely staying in France for a season, or permanently a resident in that charming country?

"Mr. Robinson has resided abroad for several years," was the rather cold and evasive reply.

With increasing interest, Sir Charles repeated the name: one of the pleasantest acquaintances he had ever made was named Robinson. An elderly gentleman, very tall, though a slight stoop took something from his unusual height; bushy, white whiskers and moustache; keen gray eyes, and a rich, rolling bass voice. Was this description correct? Were they both speaking of the same person?

Miss Dalton coloured, looked embarrassed, and after some hesitation, said she did not know; she had not seen Mr. Robinson yet.

The admission had a very mysterious sound, but without appearing to notice it, he went on to give her an animated description of an amateur performance in which he had taken a part at Paris.

For awhile, Rosamond listened with interest, but then she suddenly interrupted him.

"Excuse me, sir; I know I am but a timid traveller; but I cannot help fancying that there is something amiss. These men at work by the road—look at them, how they are shouting and running!"

Seized with a similar impression, Sir Charles put his head out of the window. One swift glance, and with a strangely sobered expression of countenance he drew back, and throwing his arms around the astonished Rosamond, held her so as to shield her as much as possible from the shock that was impending. A goods train was on the line directly in front of them. The efforts made to shunt it away in time were evidently unavailing. A delay of two or three minutes at the utmost had caused the calamity which no earthly endeavour could now avert. Scarcely had the terrified passengers become cognizant of their danger when the collision took place. A couple of lives were sacrificed, two or three carriages destroyed, and their unfortunate tenants more or less injured.

For a few minutes, Sir Charles Trovillan lost his senses. A blow from one of the pieces of wood, amidst which he had found himself tightly wedged, had stunned him. Rosamond, thanks to his care, had escaped with a few trifling bruises, and was endeavouring, with trembling hands, to staunch the blood that trickled from a cut on his temple.

"This is an adventure with a vengeance!" the Baronet muttered between his teeth, as he began to be aware of what had happened. He had a bewildered semi-consciousness that he had not escaped as well as his companion; but he was not suffering any violent pain at present, and so was capable of appreciating the ministrations of the beautiful girl who was leaning over him. One of his arms still embraced her, and she could not withdraw herself if she would, for the partitions of the carriage had been forced together on either side, and they were helplessly imprisoned between them.

His voice sounded muffled and faint in his own ears as he addressed her.

"I suppose we ought to congratulate ourselves that we are still in the land of the living. Are you much hurt?"

"Not at all; thanks, sir, to you," she replied, in tones of deep feeling. "But your injuries must be severe."

"Must they? I'm not quite sure, just at present, whether I am myself or not. There is nothing the matter with my arms. I could use those if I could free them; but one of my legs is quite numb, and doubled under me so oddly that I suspect it must be badly fractured."

Rosamond winced and grew paler than before. "Oh, this is terrible, and I can do nothing for you—nothing! I will do no more to release us!" she added, as she agitatedly strove to push back the heavy panels that enclosed them.

"Be calm, my dear young lady!" said Sir Charles. "Any attempts that we might make could have no good results; and, judging by the sounds I hear around us, there must be others who need assistance worse than we do. For my part, I am in no hurry to be extricated."

"I understand you," she answered, with a sympathetic shudder. "You think it will increase your sufferings?"

He smiled. "They are too slight at present to cause me much uneasiness. I was thinking how it would separate me from one whom I may never behold

again. Miss Dalton, it will grieve me more than I can express if our acquaintance, so strangely begun, is to end here!"

"My brother," said Rosamond, fluttering and blushing,—"my brother will thank you for the great, very great services you have rendered me. Do you not think we might make ourselves heard, if we called for help?"

"I don't know—I don't care. I would rather hear you give me permission to make the acquaintance of the brother to whom you allude. My name is Tresilian—Sir Charles Tresilian. You may have heard of me."

And then he passed abruptly, and bit his lip; for he remembered that if his name had ever reached the ears of the young girl, it must have been coupled with tales of wild pranks and deeds dishonouring the name he bore.

But now Rosamond was relieved from her embarrassing position. Major Colby, roused, for once in his life, into activity, was taking measures to discover whether his friend still lived. He quickened the movements of the ready helpers with promises of liberal rewards, and they soon removed enough of the debris to enable them to extricate Miss Dalton and the Baronet.

Before this was accomplished, Sir Charles found time to ask, "Shall you resume your journey?"

"Yes, yes; Frank's anxiety will be immense if the tidings of this accident reach London before I arrive."

He sighed pathetically.

"Ay, you will be hastening to the friends you love, while I shall be lying at some miserable village inn, incapable of following you?"

"My regrets, my sympathy will be with you wherever I go," Rosamond faltered.

"Thanks for that kind speech. It will alleviate my sufferings to know that a dear, gentle girl thinks of me sometimes with compassion. Give me some token that you will do so. Quick! They come!"

Her glove—your handkerchief! Ah, can you have the heart to deny me, and at such a moment?"

Rosamond did not answer him, and the next moment she was making confused replies to the questions poured upon her by those who were carefully assisting her from the wrecked carriage. But Sir Charles, with a gratified smile, thrust into his vest the little kid glove he had drawn off her fingers. She would remember him—she could not help it; the brother of whom she spoke so affectionately could not do less than inquire after the safety of the man to whom his sister laid under some heavy obligations; and he added, exultingly, "I shall yet see my bonny English rose again."

But now, tenderly as he was lifted, a groan of agony was forced from his compressed lips; and the gay, dissipated young Baronet had to resign himself to a recumbent position, and a tedious convalescence, during which he heard nothing of the Daltons. Had pretty Rosamond proved herself an ingrate, and forgotten him after all?

CHAPTER III. LEFT TO THEMSELVES.

It was an agitated and affectionate meeting between the brother and sister. Frank Dalton was about three years Rosamond's senior. He had ended his career at college satisfactorily, and for the last six months had held an ensignship in a crack Indian regiment. His father had been one of the bravest of the many heroic officers who laid down their lives in the luckless Indian mutiny, his devoted wife perishing with him. But their children—despatched to England for safety at the first symptoms of disaffection—had been too young to learn their loss very deeply, or to comprehend their destitute condition. This they were not permitted to feel, for an eccentric Anglo-Indian officer, who had been under great obligations to Captain Dalton, returned to his native country just before the death of the latter, and signified his intention of providing for the future of the orphans. Mr. Robinson refused to see them, as he was not fond of children, and he hated to be thanked; but he had the obligation he had voluntarily assumed. Frank was sent to Eton on equal terms with the most liberally allowed of his school-mates; from thence to Oxford, where he decided upon a military career. His eccentric guardian consented to his wishes, presenting him with a charger that excited the envy of every officer in the regiment, and doubling his former allowance, to enable him to compete with his gay and aristocratic companions.

Rosamond was educated with equal liberality at Madame Felippa's, her holidays being spent at some watering-place, whether she went under the care of an elderly lady, whom Mr. Robinson had deputed to act for him, or to her own mother. This old-fashioned benefactor persisted in his refusal to see the young people to whom he acted so liberally. He was growing old, he said, and did not wish to form any fresh attachments. Yet he kept himself acquainted with all that concerned them, and cheerfully acceded when they requested permission to correspond with him. The receipt of one of his letters was an event in Rosamond's life, for they were full of drollery, showed remarks on things in general, and graphic descriptions of the places he visited during his lengthened sojourn on the Continent.

Sometimes he hinted the intention of returning to England, and making the acquaintance of his adopted children; but if he ever really meditated doing this, he had hesitated too long. A violent cold, an inflammation, his medical attendant looked grave; and when Mr. Robinson expressed a wish to see poor Dalton's boy and girl, recommended their being sent for immediately.

It was this hurried summons which had brought Frank and Rosamond to town. A brief visit to Mr. Robinson's solicitor, from whom they were to receive instructions for their journey, and they would hasten to the spot where their benefactor—so said the telegram—was anxiously awaiting their coming.

Mr. Mellis saw the cab from his office window, and bustled out to assist Rosamond in alighting. Frank—more observant than his sister—perceived a degree of additional respect in his salutation, as if the astute solicitor already saw in them the heirs of a large fortune, and, for a few moments, the young man's heart swelled with pride and pleasure. He could not be insensible to the advantages of wealth; and, more, he had been introduced some weeks since to the daughter of the Earl of Mountmorris, and, bewitched by her smiles, longed to be able to offer his hand to the belle whose parents prudently turned a cold shoulder on the young ensign who had nothing but his pay and his prospects.

For a while, these thoughts possessed him; then he flushed with shame at his own selfishness for indulging in them, and was eager to make amends for it by hastening to the bedside of the invalid.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mellis was bent on being hospitable to his guests.

"Miss Dalton looks tired and exhausted," he exclaimed, as he led her into the house. "Richard, tell Mrs. Mellis that Miss Dalton is here, and let dinner be served as soon as possible."

But here Frank interposed.

"Unless Rosamond is in absolute need of rest, you must forgive us for declining your hospitality. I shall be greatly disappointed if we do not reach Flockstone in time for the packet that sails to-night."

"I am quite ready to proceed," his sister began; but Mr. Mellis gently pressed her back into a chair, and looked very grave.

"Be seated, Miss Dalton," he said. "There is no hurry now. In fact, I received another telegram from Mrs. Breen, Mr. Robinson's faithful housekeeper, not ten minutes before your arrival."

"Is he better?"

"Is he worse?" the brother and sister demanded in the same breath.

Mr. Mellis passed a handkerchief across his eyes, and they understood him. He had truly said there was no longer any occasion to hurry onward. The whimsical but warm-hearted man to whom they owed so much, and whose blessing they had been hastening to receive, was no more.

Rosamond, already unnerved by the events of the day, burst into an hysterical flood of tears, and was led away by Mrs. Mellis, who insisted that she should lie down, and endeavour to procure a little sleep. She was not sorry to be alone, though rest, in her excited state, was impossible. With thoughts of her dead friend mingled recollections of the handsome Baronet, and the trying scene they had passed through together. She longed to know if he were much hurt, and resolved that, as soon as she could command herself sufficiently to name him without blushing, she would entreat Frank to go down to the place where the accident occurred, and make particular enquiries concerning him.

She was not sorry when her brother came to her bedside, ostensibly to learn how she was, but really to talk over their future.

"It would be hypocritical to express any great grief for the death of a person we have never seen," Frank observed; "yet I feel truly sorry that we were not permitted to testify our grateful sense of his goodness."

"We must try and find out any wishes he may have expressed, and carry them out," said Rosamond; "that is, if it lies in our power."

"It will do so, Mr. Mellis tells me, that with the exception of a few bequests to charitable institutions, Mr. Robinson has willed his wealth to us equally."

Rosamond raised herself to throw her arms round her brother, and kiss him affectionately.

"I am very glad for your sake, Frank," said she.

"And I for yours, my Rose of roses. It would have been a shame to keep that sweet face of yours hidden at Madame Felippa's any longer. We must ask Lady Mountmorris to let you make your debut in society under her wing."

"And why Lady Mountmorris, Frank?" his sister asked curiously.

He reddened a little.

"Oh, because she is an avowed leader of the fashions; and—she is a daughter, the Lady Laura, whom you will like."

"Because my brother likes her, I suppose," she archely remarked. "But we should not speak in this light strain while the excellent man to whom we owe everything lies unburied. Is our journey to Pau set entirely aside? Ought we not to pay the last respect to his remains?"

"Mr. Mellis tells me that Mr. Robinson will be brought to England, and buried at his native place, so we had better stay quietly here, as he proposes."

In this, Rosamond acquiesced; and on the following morning, at the suggestion of Mrs. Mellis, dressmakers and milliners were summoned, to array the fair young heiress in fashionable mourning.

They were interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of Frank, pale and evidently much disturbed.

"Send these people away, Rosamond, and come with me to Mr. Mellis. He has just received letters from Pau that concern us."

There was a look in the young man's face, that made her, half fearfully, begin interrogating him. "What was amiss? Had they been deceived? Did Mr. Robinson still live?"

He shook his head, and led her to where Mr. Mellis, scarcely less agitated than Frank, was turning over the leaves of a legal-looking document, which he pushed from him with an air of disgust and vexation, as the brother and sister entered.

"It's unheard of! He must have fallen under the influence of some designing person. What could Mrs. Breen be thinking about not to warn me what her master was doing? I had managed his affairs for five-and-twenty years, Mr. Dalton, and he never practised any reserve with me. I know to a penny what he had; and now, at the last moment, to call in a strange lawyer, and without giving me a hint of his intentions, why it's—it's monstrous!"

"What does this mean?" asked Rosamond, still bewildered.

Her brother drew her closer to his side.

"It means, dear girl," he answered, in choked accents, "that Mr. Robinson executed a fresh will about a fortnight before his decease in which our names are not mentioned; and we are alone in the world, Rosamond—alone and penniless!"

(To be continued.)

TO THE SNOW.

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We clip the following from the Christmas number of the *Christian Union*; it is said to have been written by a little girl of fourteen, but it shows more depth of feeling and culture than we should expect to find at that early age:—

Ever falling, falling, falling, from the leaden clouds above,
Ever bringing, bringing, bringing, soft white messages of love,
Ever tolling, tolling, tolling, of our Heavenly Father's cure,
Ever whispering, whispering, whispering, that He listens to our prayer.

So this guest, so still and silent, always clad in purist white,
Ever doing deeds of mercy, leaving every footstep bright,
When she sees a little floweret, standing outward in the cold,
Quietly she gives her garment, wrapping it in softest fold.

When she sees poor, barren places, all neglected, bleak and bare,
With the same white robe she covers, giving all the same kind care,
And with such a holy lesson coming to us from the skies,
Will it not be well to ponder—it may say, "Do more likewise!"

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRROCKED IN PORT," &c., &c.
BOOK III.
CHAPTER III.
THE OTHER TELEGRAM.

Sir Geoffrey was walking in the grounds at Wheatcroft, when a fly with Madge and her luggage drove up to the little lodge gates. The old general looked up, and recognising the visitor, walked to the door of the vehicle and courteously assisted her to alight.

"If you are not tired, Mrs. Pickering," said he, "you may as well let the man go on with your luggage to the house while we stroll up there quietly together; it is a beautiful evening, and there are one or two things which I have to say to you."

He spoke to her with doffed hat and holding her hand in his, treating her as he always treated her, as a lady and his equal in rank.

Looking at him with the evening sunlight falling full upon his face, Madge was much struck with the alteration in Sir Geoffrey's appearance. His cheeks, never very full, were now quite hollow; his lips seemed more tightly set and more rigid even than usual, and there was a strange, strained, scared look round his eyes. "I shall be delighted to walk with you," said Madge, "for I am cramped with long railway travelling. Has anything happened, Sir Geoffrey, during my absence?" she asked, suddenly.

"What could have happened?" he replied, turning to her abruptly. "What makes you inquire?"

"Something in your appearance," she said; "a look of care and anxiety mingled with a certain amount of rebellious opposition, which I have never before perceived in you. You are not annoyed at my frankness, I hope?"

"Oh the contrary, I am gratified at the interest you are good enough to take in me; and more than ever impressed with the quickness of your perception."

"Then something has happened?"

"Exactly, something sufficiently disagreeable. I will tell you about it when you have had some refreshment; you must be faint and famished after your long journey."

"I would very much sooner hear it now. I had kept me lunched at Salisbury; besides being kept in suspense as to the cause of your annoyance would quite deprive me of any appetite."

"Well, then, I will tell you, and do my best to make my story as short as possible. You have never asked me any particulars of my early history, Mrs. Pickering, nor have I volunteered them to you; but you know that I have a son—I say you know it, because on two or three occasions when I have expressed myself as to the ingratitude of children, I have seen your eyes fixed upon me with that quiet searching gaze which is peculiar to yourself, and which showed me you guessed I was not speaking on a subject of which I had not had experience. I have a son—"

"Gerald!—I mean George."

"Yes, my dear girl," he answered, in choked accents, "that Mr. Robinson executed a fresh will about a fortnight before his decease in which our names are not mentioned; and we are alone in the world, Rosamond—alone and penniless!"

(To be continued.)

He paused again, and apparently, after some slight internal struggle, he said:

"I do, though if I guess rightly, what you have to say will not be quite consonant with my feelings, not quite agreeable for me to hear. Nevertheless, say what you have to say, and I will listen to you; there is no other person in the world from whom I could take as much."

This last sentence was only half heard by Madge. She was revolving in her mind whether she should confess to Sir Geoffrey her acquaintance with Gerald, and the important part which she had played in the drama of the boy's life. Her first idea was to confess all; but when she recollected the old general's infirmity of temper, she thought that such an admission would lead him to look upon her in the light of a partisan, and thus irrevocably weaken her advocacy.

"I had no right to speak until requested by you to do so," she said, "and as you have rightly defined that I do not hold with your views in the matter I would willingly have held my peace. Bidden to speak, I tell you frankly, Sir Geoffrey, that I think you have been wrong from first to last. Of course the whole affair, the separation from your wife, the disinheriting of your son, all hang upon the one question of whether Mrs. Heriot were innocent or guilty. If you say that you convinced yourself before the fulfilment of your revenge, but your son declares that he has obtained proofs of his mother's innocence. You are honest, Sir Geoffrey, apt to jump at conclusions without due deliberation, impatient of contradiction, and from what I know of your son, or rather I mean of course from what I have heard, and from what I gather from your account of him, he would not, I imagine, be likely to come forward without ample grounds for his assertion."

The general had been pacing slowly by Madge's side during this colloquy, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent thoughtfully forward. As she progressed, his face grew dark and stern, and when she paused, he said:

"You would come forward for the sake of getting into my good graces and reinstating yourself in his position in his house?"

"If he had that object in view, would he not have served his purpose better by pretending that he had discovered the truth of your story, pleading his mistake, and throwing himself on your mercy?"

"He is starved out and forced to capitulate; he is at the end of his resources, and so comes with the best story he can to make terms."

"The length of time that has elapsed between his enforced departure from his home and his attempted return to it, impresses me decidedly in his favour," said Madge. "During the greater portion of this time he has doubtless been occupied in making the research which he says has revealed to him the truth, and as for his having come to the end of his resources, I ask you, Sir Geoffrey, whether it is likely that a young man who has maintained himself, whether honestly or dishonestly, well or ill we know not, but still who has maintained himself for such a length of time, is likely to be at his wit's end in the very flower of his youth?"

"You think then I ought to have listened to him?"

"Unquestionably for your own sake. If he had produced the proofs which he stated himself to possess, the remorse which you must have felt would have been tempered by the thought that you acted in good faith, and by the recovery and reinstatement of your discarded son. If he had not those proofs, or they were insufficient to convince you, you would have had the satisfaction of knowing that you had been right throughout. At present—"

"At present I have only lost my temper, and made a fool of myself. That is, I suppose what you would say," said the general, looking up rather ruefully at his companion. "So I did, raised the whole house, and told Riley to put the boy out. So I did. But what on earth did you go away for Mrs. Pickering? If you had been at home this would not have happened."

"It will not be difficult to remedy it yet, Sir Geoffrey," said Madge, with a quiet smile. "You must write to him, and tell him to come here."

"Write to him?" cried the general. "I have not the least notion where he lives."

"I dare say we can manage to find out," said Madge.

"It is my belief you could manage to do anything you wished," said the general. "However, we will talk this matter over further; and there is another subject of great importance which I want to discuss with you later on. Now let us go into dinner."

The tone of his voice showed that his heart was softened, and Madge was inexpressibly gratified at the idea that she, of whom Gerald had once been so fond, and who, as he thought, had treated him so badly, might become the means of his reinstatement in his father's house, and in his proper position in society.

The subject was not alluded to by either Sir Geoffrey or Madge during the rest of that evening. The short conversation with his housekeeper during their walk in the grounds had afforded the old general sufficient matter for reflection, and he sat buried in thought, dispensing with the reading of the newspaper, which he had missed so much during Madge's absence, and which he had intended to resume on her return. Madge herself was thoroughly tired out, and at a very early hour the little household was at rest.

The next morning brought Mr. Drage, who came up brimming over with news of the church congress, and intending to demolish Sir Geoffrey in certain theological questions over which they were at issue by cunningly devised arguments which had been used in the course of the clerical debate. But finding Mrs. Pickering had returned, and that the general was engaged out of doors in consultation with his gardener, Mr. Drage availed himself of the opportunity to make his way to the housekeeper's room. There he found Madge, and after a few warm greetings on both sides, received from her a full account of her memorable visit to Sandown.

Mr. Drage listened with the deepest interest. Impressed as she was with the gravity of the crime about to be committed, and its probable consequences to herself and the wretched woman who was about to become a participant in it, Madge could scarcely avoid being amused, as she watched the various changes which played over Mr. Drage's face during the recital of the story. That such a crime as bigamy had been contemplated was horrifying to the simple country clergyman, whose experience of law-breaking was derived from occasional attendance at the magistrates' meetings, where poisoning and affiliation cases were the only troubles to the bench. But that a woman could be found who not merely did not shrink from the man who had endeavoured to entrap her into an illegal alliance, but actually announced her intention of fulfilling the contract and defying the world, was entirely beyond Mr. Drage's comprehension.

"And now you have heard all, and are in full possession of each circumstance of the case as it now stands; what do you recommend should be done?" asked Madge.

"I confess," said the rector, with a very blank and perplexed look, "that I am quite unable to advise you. I have never come across so determined a character as Mrs. Vane appears to be, and this woman seems, from what you say, to be a perfect match for him. It is, of course, most horrible to have to sit by and witness an open infraction of the law, but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best to prevent it; even though the warning was not attended to."

"As you say we have done our best, and there it must end. I am heartily sick of the trouble and vexation it has caused me. If there had remained in me one lingering spark of affection for my husband, it would have been extinguished by this last and greatest insult. My pride tells me that I have already proceeded too far in this matter, and that when he hears what I have done, as he will hear, soon or later, he will ascribe my actions to my continued attachment to him, and my unwillingness to see him taken by another woman."

"Your pride may teach you that, but I have been reflecting as you speak," said Mr. Drage, "and my conscience teaches me that we should not suffer this sin to be committed without one further attempt to prevent it. You have seen Mrs. Bendish, and she has refused to listen to you. I will go to London and scorch Mr. Vane; he is a man of the world, and will more readily comprehend the difficulties which beset him, and the danger in which they are liable to result."

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The Reverend Onesiphorus Drage had for some months past told himself that he had conquered his wild absorbing love for Mrs. Pickering, and that he only regarded her as a sister. There are so many of us who on certain subjects are frank and loyal to all others and eminently deceitful to ourselves. When the rector left Mrs. Pickering's presence, he made his way to Sir Geoffrey, whom he found still engaged in company with the gardener. The old general was very pleased to see his clerical friend, shook him warmly by the hand, and promptly declined to enter into any of the questions or arguments brought forward at the church congress which Mr. Drage had eagerly submitted to him; alleging that he had business of more pressing importance, on which the rector's advice was required.

Up and down the carriage sweep in front of the house walked the two gentlemen for more than an hour; the subject of their conversation being the same as that which had occupied the general and Mrs. Pickering on the previous evening, even at greater length than he had spoken to his housekeeper. Sir Geoffrey explained to his friend the story of his earlier life, the separation from his wife, the duel with Mr. Yeldham; the interview with Gerald when he had the boy renounce his name and his position, and the recent interview when he ordered Riley to turn him from the door. If he had any doubt of the feelings with which this narrative would have been received, the behaviour of his companion would have soon settled his mind. Mr. Drage listened attentively to all from the commencement of the story until the end. He never made the slightest verbal interruption, but as Sir Geoffrey proceeded, the rector's head sank upon his breast, and his hands, which had been clasped behind him, at last formed a refuge wherein his agitated face was hidden.

When the story came to an end, there was a long pause, broken by Sir Geoffrey's saying:

"There is not much need to ask your opinion of my conduct in this matter, I see plainly that you are of the same mind as Mrs. Pickering, and consider that I have acted wrongly."

"I do," said Mr. Drage, raising his head, "most wrongly, and unlike a parent, unlike a Christian, unlike a gentleman!"

"Sir," cried the old general, stopping short in his walk, and glaring fiercely at his friend. "I repeat what I said, Sir Geoffrey, Heriot, and defy you to disagree my words. Was it like a gentleman to watch and spy upon the notions of your wife and her partner in the ball-room; was it like a Christian to shoot down this man upon the mere supposition of his guilt?"

"Shoot him down, sir?—he had his chance," cried the general.

"His chance?" echoed the rector, severely. "What chance had a dilettante poet, painter, musician, what not, alounger in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, who probably never had a pistol in his hands in his life? What chance had he against you, a trained man of arms? Was it like a father for you to condemn this lad for keeping the oath which he had sworn to keep at his dying mother's bedside; to burn him from your house when he came with his long-sought proofs of that mother's innocence?"

"You are a hard hitter, sir," said Sir Geoffrey, eyeing him sternly. "You don't spare your adversaries!"

"Not when I think that there is a chance of rousing in them a spirit of remorse, or prompting them to actions of atonement."

"Pardon me one moment," said Sir Geoffrey. "Before we talk of remorse and atonement, I should point out to you that I am not the only one to blame in this question. I am hot tempered, I allow it. Nature and the life I have led settled that for me; but this boy is as hot tempered as I am, and has an eloquent way with him, which is in the highest degree provoking. However, we have talked enough on my family matters for the present. Let us go in and see what Mrs. Pickering has provided for luncheon."

The rector knew his friend's peculiarities too well to attempt to renew the conversation at that time, and silently followed him in to the house.

Before he went away the rector found an opportunity of telling Mrs. Pickering the subject of the conversation he had had with Sir Geoffrey, and spoke earnestly about its unsatisfactory termination.

Mr. Drage imagined from Sir Geoffrey's tone, and from the abrupt manner in which he had brought the discussion to a close, that he was still highly incensed against his son; but Madge was much more sanguine on being able to bring Gerald back to his proper place in his father's heart. She knew that, however harsh and curt the general's manner might be to Mr. Drage, or to any other of his friends, she had a modifying power over him, which duly exercised, never failed to soothe him in his most irrational moments. She did not say this to the rector with whom she simply confided, but she felt tolerably certain that the day would not pass over without the subject being again broached to her by the general.

She was wrong. In the afternoon she received a summons to the library, and found Sir Geoffrey awaiting her.

"I will not trouble you to commence reading just now, Mrs. Pickering," said he, as he saw Madge opening the newspaper which had just arrived from London. "I want to talk to you upon a matter of some importance, not quite in your line perhaps, but one in which your strong common sense cannot fail to apprise me well and usefully. You have heard me mention my friend Irving?"

"Mr. Irving, of Coombe Park?"

"The same; I have told you of my long friendship with him, and of his determination

He paused again, and apparently, after some slight internal struggle, he said:

"I do, though if I guess rightly, what you have to say will not be quite consonant with my feelings, not quite agreeable for me to hear. Nevertheless, say what you have to say, and I will listen to you; there is no other person in the world from whom I could take as much."

This last sentence was only half heard by Madge. She was revolving in her mind whether she should confess to Sir Geoffrey her acquaintance with Gerald, and the important part which she had played in the drama of the boy's life. Her first idea was to confess all; but when she recollected the old general's infirmity of temper, she thought that such an admission would lead him to look upon her in the light of a partisan, and thus irrevocably weaken her advocacy.

"I had no right to speak until requested by you to do so," she said, "and as you have rightly defined that I do not hold with your views in the matter I would willingly have held my peace. Bidden to speak, I tell you frankly, Sir Geoffrey, that I think you have been wrong from first to last. Of course the whole affair, the separation from your wife, the disinheriting of your son, all hang upon the one question of whether Mrs. Heriot were innocent or guilty. If you say that you convinced yourself before the fulfilment of your revenge, but your son declares that he has obtained proofs of his mother's innocence. You are honest, Sir Geoffrey, apt to jump at conclusions without due deliberation, impatient of contradiction, and from what I know of your son, or rather I mean of course from what I have heard, and from what I gather from your account of him, he would not, I imagine, be likely to come forward without ample grounds for his assertion."

The general had been pacing slowly by Madge's side during this colloquy, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent thoughtfully forward. As she progressed, his face grew dark and stern, and when she paused, he said:

"You would come forward for the sake of getting into my good graces and reinstating yourself in his position in his house?"

"If he had that object in view, would he not have served his purpose better by pretending that he had discovered the truth of your story, pleading his mistake, and throwing himself on your mercy?"

"He is starved out and forced to capitulate; he is at the end of his resources, and so comes with the best story he can to make terms."

"The length of time that has elapsed between his enforced departure from his home and his attempted return to it, impresses me decidedly in his favour," said Madge. "During the greater portion of this time he has doubtless been occupied in making the research which he says has revealed to him the truth, and as for his having come to the end of his resources, I ask you, Sir Geoffrey, whether it is likely that a young man who has maintained himself, whether honestly or dishonestly, well or ill we know not, but still who has maintained himself for such a length of time, is likely to be at his wit's end in the very flower of his youth?"

"You think then I ought to have listened to him?"

"Unquestionably for your own sake. If he had produced the proofs which he stated himself to possess, the remorse which you must have felt would have been tempered by the thought that you acted in good faith, and by the recovery and reinstatement of your discarded son. If he had not those proofs, or they were insufficient to convince you, you would have had the satisfaction of knowing that you had been right throughout. At present—"

"At present I have only lost my temper, and made a fool of myself. That is, I suppose what you would say," said the general, looking up rather ruefully at his companion. "So I did, raised the whole house, and told Riley to put the boy out. So I did. But what on earth did you go away for Mrs. Pickering? If you had been at home this would not have happened."

"It will not be difficult to remedy it yet, Sir Geoffrey," said Madge, with a quiet smile. "You must write to him, and tell him to come here."

"Write to him?" cried the general. "I have not the least notion where he lives."

"I dare say we can manage to find out," said Madge.

"It is my belief you could manage to do anything you wished," said the general. "However, we will talk this matter over further; and there is another subject of great importance which I want to discuss with you later on. Now let us go into dinner."

The tone of his voice showed that his heart was softened, and Madge was inexpressibly gratified at the idea that she, of whom Gerald had once been so fond, and who, as he thought, had treated him so badly, might become the means of his reinstatement in his father's house, and in his proper position in society.

The subject was not alluded to by either Sir Geoffrey or Madge during the rest of that evening. The short conversation with his housekeeper during their walk in the grounds had afforded the old general sufficient matter for reflection, and he sat buried in thought, dispensing with the reading of the newspaper, which he had missed so much during Madge's absence, and which he had intended to resume on her return. Madge herself was thoroughly tired out, and at a very early hour the little household was at rest.

The next morning brought Mr. Drage, who came up brimming over with news of the church congress, and intending to demolish Sir Geoffrey in certain theological questions over which they were at issue by cunningly devised arguments which had been used in the course of the clerical debate. But finding Mrs. Pickering had returned, and that the general was engaged out of doors in consultation with his gardener, Mr. Drage availed himself of the opportunity to make his way to the housekeeper's room. There he found Madge, and after a few warm greetings on both sides, received from her a full account of her memorable visit to Sandown.

Mr. Drage listened with the deepest interest. Impressed as she was with the gravity of the crime about to be committed, and its probable consequences to herself and the wretched woman who was about to become a participant in it, Madge could scarcely avoid being amused, as she watched the various changes which played over Mr. Drage's face during the recital of the story. That such a crime as bigamy had been contemplated was horrifying to the simple country clergyman, whose experience of law-breaking was derived from occasional attendance at the magistrates' meetings, where poisoning and affiliation cases were the only troubles to the bench. But that a woman could be found who not merely did not shrink from the man who had endeavoured to entrap her into an illegal alliance, but actually announced her intention of fulfilling the contract and defying the world, was entirely beyond Mr. Drage's comprehension.

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"Mr. Irving, of Coombe Park?"

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A SPIDER'S ENGINEERING.—In 1830, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman hosted to a friend that he could introduce an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stephenson, who had just made himself famous by perfecting the railroad locomotive. In fulfilment of the boast, he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlet-coloured spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest on a sprig of laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from a bush where it was growing. When brought into the house it was placed on the mantelpiece, and secured by placing a glass over it.

In a very short time this wonderful little engineer contrived to accomplish the herculean task of raising the sprig of laurustinus, a weight several hundred times greater than itself, to the level of the top of the glass, and astonishing it there so firmly that after forty years it is still suspended where it was hung by the spider.

In the Bible we read: "The spider layeth hold with her hands, and in king's palaces;" but in this glass prison there was nothing to lay hold of—no pegs, no nails, or beam, on which to fasten its threads. But in a short time the little insect had accomplished his feat.

It is believed that this kind of spider always deposits its nests upon trees, and never upon the ground; and this may account for its wondrous efforts to raise the branch to the upper part of the glass.

It may still be seen, dead and dry, hanging by one of its threads from the top of its prison house, with its little nest upon a leaf of the laurustinus.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

RAILWAY DUST.—Mr. Sidobotham, F.R.A.S., has given an account, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, of a microscopic analysis of dust from a gas-tight railway carriage, and on applying a soft iron dust blown into a railway carriage in which he was travelling near Birmingham. "With two-thirds power in microscope, the dust showed a large proportion of fragments of iron, and on applying a soft iron needle I found that many of them were highly magnetic. They were mostly long, thin, and straight, the largest being about 150 of an inch, and under the power used, had the appearance of fine soft iron nails; then, with a magnet, separated the iron from the other particles. The weight altogether of the dust collected was fifty-seven grains, and the proportion of these particles composed wholly or in part of iron was twenty-nine grains, or more than one-half. The iron thus separated consisted chiefly of fused particles of cross or burned iron, like 'clinkers'; they were all more or less covered with spikes and excrescences, some having long tails, like the old Prince Rupert's drops; there were also many small angular particles like cast iron, having crystalline structure. The other portion of the dust consisted largely of cinders, some very bright angular fragments of glass; a few bits of yellow metal, opaque white and spherical bodies, grains of sand, a few bits of coal, &c. I think it probable that the magnetic strips of iron are laminæ from the rails and ties, and that the white and clear iron particles portions of fused metal, either from the coal or from the furnace bars."

meanwhile, Mr. Mellis was bent on being hospitable to his guests.

"Miss Dalton looks tired and exhausted," he exclaimed, as he led her into the house. "Richard, tell Mrs. Mellis that Miss Dalton is here, and let dinner be served as soon as possible."

But here Frank interposed.

"Unless Rosamond is in absolute need of rest, you must forgive us for declining your hospitality. I shall be greatly disappointed if we do not reach Flockstone in time for the packet that sails to-night."

made long ago, and abided by ever since, to enter into no speculation which I do not approve of. Strange to think that a man of a City position and financial knowledge should choose to be governed in his investments by an old Indian officer, who knows little of money matters, and has never been on the Stock Exchange in his life. However, Irving is a Scotchman, and a great believer in luck; and as the first dabble on which I advised him turned out a lucky hit, he has relied upon me ever since, and has not done badly on the whole."

"Surely that is a mild way of putting it," said Madge. "I think I have heard you say that Mr. Irving is one of the richest men in England?"

"So he is; and that is so well known that the mere advertisement of his name is a mine of wealth to any affair with which he may happen to be connected, such confidence does it inspire. Rich as he is, though, he still likes making the money, still takes a pleasure in adding to his heap, *crevit amor nummi*—what was it we used to say at school? However, that you would not understand, for I suppose you do not know Latin? Irving has been speculating very little lately; indeed, I began to fancy that he had given it up altogether. But of late I have had several letters from him, each increasing in warmth and keenness about a certain mining company called the Terra del Fuegos, in which he is half persuaded to embark."

"The Terra del Fuegos?" repeated Madge.

"That is the name, surely, Mr. Peckering," said the old gentleman, "you should be a shareholder in that promising undertaking?"

"No," said she, "and yet the name seems to be familiar to me. Where can I have heard it?"

"Most probably it has caught your eye when you have been kindly reading over to me the quotation prices on stocks and shares, and being an old name, has remained on your memory. However, Irving, though more predisposed in favour of this concern than anything else which I can remember for many years, has abided by his old practice of referring to me for his final decision. I have read through all the printed documents connected with the undertaking, which in themselves are eminently satisfactory; but I require a little further information on certain points, and wrote so to Irving. He referred my letter to the company, who must consider his cohesion to their undertaking of great importance, as they proposed to send two of their body, the chairman and the general manager, to explain matters to me."

"The general manager?" cried Madge.

"And the chairman," said the general. "I forgot their names, but I have them somewhere in the printed papers. These gentlemen will be down here on Monday, and after that you will course they will stay in the house, and I will ask you to be good enough to make preparations for their reception."

Madge took the first opportunity to escape from the library, and seek the solitude of her own room, while Mr. Geoffrey was probing on the mention of the general manager, and gave her the clue to the train of thought which the name of Terra del Fuegos had started. Philip Vane was the general manager to the Terra del Fuegos. She recollected Mr. Drago having obtained that information from his father's clerk in the City, and the name occurring there to Whentcroft. He must not see her then; she must have a pretext for absconding herself during his stay. How could this visit to Whentcroft have any connection with the telegram which had summoned him from Sandown, and which, as she believed, was original with the copy which Rose had forwarded to her? What connexion could there be between the two events she could not tell, but that there was a link between them she firmly believed.

She took the paper from the pocket of the dress which she had worn while travelling, and spread it out before her. She peered over it for an hour, puzzling her brain in endeavouring to assort and readjust the jumbled mass of letters before her. It was of no use, she would give it up for the present, her head might be clearer another time perhaps. She opened her desk intending to lock the paper away in it, when suddenly she started and uttered a loud cry of joy. From the small leather note-case at the bottom of the desk, one of the few relics of Philip Vane which she possessed, she drew a long strip of paper, headed on one side "Writing," on the other "Reading," and inscribed in the following manner:

A—F
B—R
C—M
D—B

and so on. Under the column headed "Reading," these letters were reversed.

"My memory serves me well," said Madge, with delight, "and I am repaid for having kept this note-case and its contents so long. This is a key to some cipher which Philip must evidently have used at one period of his life. Let us see whether it fits this message. It does. I think the translation will not be difficult."

She turned the slip of paper with the "Reading" side uppermost, and as she commenced deciphering the telegram and arranging it into plain language. After some minutes' hard labour, she read the following as the result:

"You must come up at once. Irving is impatient, and refuses to join until he sees his friends Sir G. H.'s signature to the deed. That signature must be procured at any price. Come up at once."

"That signature must be obtained at any price," repeated Madge, "I don't think it will be obtained, I am sure it will not if I am a match for Philip Vane!"

(To be continued.)

• JACK SHOOTING ON A FOGGY NIGHT.

We elp the following from a very clever little book "Camp Life in the Adirondacks" by the Rev. Mr. Murray of Boston, published some time since by Fields Osgood & Co.:

For nearly two miles we crept through the damp and sultry fog, hearing nothing to interrupt the profound silence save the occasional plunge of a muskrat or the sputter of a frog skimming along the surface of the water. But all of a sudden, when heart and hope were about to fall, some distance ahead of us we heard the well-known sounds, k-splash, k-splash, and knew that a deer, and a large one too, was making for the shore. Here our adventures began. I signalled Martin, by a desperate "hitch" on the thwart, to run the boat at full speed toward the sound. He did. The light shell struck the fog, and when in swift career struck the bank, bow on. Martin was tremendous at the divide, and a little more force would have divided that marsh from side to side; as it was the thin, lath-like bog was buried a third of its length amid the bogs and marsh-grass. With much struggle, and several exasperated but suggestive exclamations from Martin, we extricated the boat from the meadow and shoved out into clear water. We had heard nothing from the deer since he left the river. Thinking that possibly he might

have stopped, after gaining the bank, to look back, as deer often do, I rose slowly in the boat, turned up the jack, and peered anxiously into the fog. The strong reflector bored a lane through the fleecy mass for some fifty feet, perhaps; even at that distance objects mingled grotesquely with the fog. At the extreme end of the opening I detected a bright, diamond-like spark. What was it? I turned the jack up, and I turned it down. I lowered myself until my eyes looked along the line of the grass. I raised myself on tiptoe. Nothing more could be seen. "It may be the eye of a deer, and it may be only a drop of water or a wet leaf," said I to myself. Still I looked gamey. I concluded to launch a bullet at it anyway. Whistling to Martin to steady the boat, I sunk my eye well down into the sights, and, holding for the gleam amid the marsh-grass, fired. The smoke, mingling heavily with the fog, made all murky before me, while the explosion, striking against the mountains on either side, started a dozen red, white sparks, like sparks from a fire. The verberations, so that we could neither see nor hear what was the result of the shot. After waiting in silence a few moments, hoping to hear the deer "kick," without any such happy result, I told Martin I would go ashore to load, and see what it was I had shot at. He paddled forward, and, seizing the tall grass, while he forced the boat in against the bank with his paddle, I clambered up. Being curious to ascertain what had deceived me, I strode off into the marsh some forty feet, and turning up the jack, I beheld a dead deer lay at my feet! "Martin," shouted I, "here the deer is, dead as a tick!"

"The d-I!" exclaimed the guide from the fog.

"What did you say?" again I shouted.

"I said I didn't believe it," returned Martin, soberly.

"Paddle your canoe up here, then, you old scoundrel, and see for yourself," I rejoined, taking the deer by the ear and dragging him to the bank.

"Here he is, and a monster too," Martin did as directed. "Well," exclaimed he, "what a fine gain! form from the curve into which two hours of paddling had cramped him, and straightened himself to his full height, until his eyes rested upon the buck—'well, Mr. Murray, you are the first man I ever saw draw a fibe band in a night like this, standing in the bow of a Saranac boat, at the twinkling of a deer's eye, and no mistake." By the time he had finished, the boat had drifted off into the river,—for the current was quite strong at that point,—and I was alone. I was just fitting a cap to the tube of the re-charged barrel, when I felt a movement at my feet, and, casting my eyes downward, I saw that the deer was in the act of getting up! The ball, as was afterward discovered, had glanced along the front of the buck's hairy creasing the skin. It had touched the buck slightly, and stunned him so that he dropped; but beyond this it had not hurt him in the least. Quick as thought, I put my foot against his shoulder and pushed him over. "Martin," I cried, "this deer isn't dead; he's trying to get up. What shall I do?"

"Not dead!" exclaimed he, shouting from the middle of the river through the dense fog.

"No, he isn't dead; far from it. He is mighty lively, and getting more and more so," I returned, now having my hands full to keep the deer down. "Come out and help me. What shall I do?"

"Get hold of his hind leg; I'll be with you in a minute," was the answer.

I did as directed. I laid old of his left hind leg, just above the fetlocks, and sprang to my feet.

Reader did you ever seize a pig by the hind leg? If so, multiply that pig by ten; for every twich he gives, count six; lurch a pig lantern to your head; fancy yourself standing alone on a swampy marsh in a dark foggy night, with a rifle in your hand, and being twitched about in the bog and in a mad way, until your whole system seems at the point of a separation which shall send you in a thousand infinitesimal parts in all directions, like fragments of an exploding buzz-wheel, and you have my appearance and feelings as I was jerked about that night amid the mire and marsh-grass, as I clung to the leg of that deer. Now, when I listen to anything, I always expect to hold on. This was my determination when put my fingers round that buck's leg. I have a tremendous grip—my father had before me. With his hands at a two-inch auger-hole in the head of a barrel, I have seen him clutch, now with his right, now with his left hand, twenty-two house-rats, as they came dashing out to escape the stick with which I was stirring them up, and dash them dead upon the floor, without getting a single bite; and everybody knows that a rat in full bolt comes out of a barrel like a flash of lightning. I fully expected to maintain the family prestige for grip. I did. I struck to that deer with all my power of arm and will. I felt it to be a sort of personal contest between him and myself. Nevertheless, I was perfectly willing at any time to let go. I had undertaken the job at the request of another, and was ready to surrender it instantly upon demand. I should not have got out of that boat mighty quick if he wanted to take his deer home, for I shouldn't hold on to him much longer. It took me about two minutes to deliver that sentence. It was literally jerked out of me, word by word. Never did I labor under greater embarrassment in expressing myself. In the meanwhile Martin was meeting with difficulty. The bank of the river was steep, and the light cedar shell, with only himself in it, was out of all balance, and hard to manage. It may be that his very strong desire to get on to that meadow where I was holding his deer for him operated to confuse and embarrass his movements. He would propel the boat at full speed toward the bank, then jump for the bow; but his motion forward would release the bow from the mud, and when he reached the bow the boat would be half way across the river again. Now Martin is a man of a great valence. He is not by any means a profane person. He had always shown great respect for the cloth. But everybody will see that his position was a very trying one. Three several times, as he afterward informed me, did he drive that boat into the bank, and three several times, when he got to the bow, that boat was in the middle of the river. At last Martin's patience gave way, and out of the fog came my own ejaculations of disgust, and such strong explosives as are found only in choice old English, and howls of rage and disappointment that none but a guide could utter in like circumstances. But human endurance has a limit. I was fast reaching a condition of mind when family pride and transmitted powers of resolution fall. What did I care for my father's exploit with the rats at the two-inch auger-hole? What did the family grip amount to after all? I was losing sight of the connection such vanities sustained to me. I was undergoing a rapid change in many respects,—of body as well as mind! When I got hold of that deer's leg, I was mentally full of pluck and hope; my hunting coat, of Irish corduroy, was whole and tightly buttoned. Now, mentally, I was demoralized; every button was gone from the coat, and the right sleeve hung disconnected with the body of the garment. The jack had been jerked from my head, and lay a rod off in the marsh grass. I could hold on no longer. I would make one more effort, one more appeal.

I did. "Martin," said I, "are n't you ever going to get out of that boat?"

The heavy thud of the boat against the bank, an explosive and sputtering noise which sounded very much like the word "damn" spoken from between shut teeth, a splash, a scramble, and then I caught sight of the gaunt form of Martin, paddle in hand and hunting knife between his teeth, loping along toward me, through the tall, rank grass. But, alas! it was too late. The auspicious moment had passed. My fingers one by one loosened their hold, and the deer, gathering all his strength, with a terrible elevation of his hind feet, sent me reeling backward, just as Martin, doubled up into a heap, was about to light upon his back. He missed the buck, but as good luck would have it, even while the buck was in the air,—the deer going up as Martin came down,—the fingers of the guide closed with a full and desperate grip upon his tail. Quick as a flash I recovered myself from the bog, replunged the jack, which fortunately had not been extinguished, upon my head, and stood an interested spectator of the proceedings. Now everybody knows how a wild deer can jump when frightened; and the buck, with Martin fastened to his tail, was thoroughly roused. The first leap straightened the poor fellow out like a lath, but it did not shake him from his hold. If the reader has ever seen a small boy hanging to the tail-board of a wagon, when the horse was at full speed, he can form a faint idea of Martin's appearance as he clung to the tail of the buck. In a moment he was blinded and bewildered by the light, frenzied with fear, the buck, as deer often will, instead of landing off, kept racing up and down, just within the border of light made by the jack, and occasionally making a bolt directly for it. My position was unique. I was the solo spectator of a series of gymnastic evolutions truly original. Small as the audience was, the performers were in earnest. Had there been ten thousand spectators, the actors could not have laid themselves out with greater energy. No applause could have got another inch of jump out of the buck, or another inch of horizon from Martin. Whenever, in some long intervals, his feet did touch the ground, there was only for another and higher aerial plunge. Now and then the buck would take a short stretch into the fog and darkness, only to reappear with the same inevitable attachment of arms and legs streaming behind. The scene was too ludicrous to be endured in silence. The desperate expression of Martin's face, as he was swung round and jerked about, was enough to make a monk explode with laughter while doing penance. I rested my hands on either knee, and laughed until tears rolled down my cheeks.

The moment was all on my side. Martin was almost as near to the buck as the buck, in some extraordinary and desperate leap, touched a grunt out him. Between my proxiimity I exhorted him: "It was my time to exert." "Martin," I shouted, "hang on; that's your deer. I quit all claim to him. Hang on, I say. Save is tall anyhow."

Whether Martin appreciated the advice, whether he exactly saw where "the laugh came to," I can not say and he could not explain. Still I am led to think that it was to him no trifling affair, but a matter which moved him profoundly. At last the knife was jerked from his teeth, as he ceased to be witness of his exertion, or because he had inadvertently loosened his grasp on it. To this as it may, Martin's mouth was at last opened, and out of it were projected some of the most extraordinary expressions I ever heard. His sentences were singularly detached. Even his words were widely separated, but brought out with great emphasis. He averaged about one word to a jump. If another word partially out in mid utterance. The result of his efforts to express himself reached my ears very much in this shape—'Jam—well—yes—the—d—damn—'d—I've—got—you—I'll—hold—on—ill—your—ta—'s—comes—off—'Jump—pp—be—D-D-DAMNED—I've—got—you—u—'.

When the contest would have ended, what would have been the result had it continued, whether the buck or guide would have come off the winner, it is not easy to say. Nor is it necessary to speculate, for the close was speedily reached and in an unlooked-for manner. The deer had led off some dozen jumps out of the circle of light, and I was beginning to think that he had shaken himself loose from his enemy, when all at once he emerged from the fog with Martin still remaining behind him, and made straight for the river. Never did I see a buck of higher or project himself farther in successive leaps. The Saranac was too much put to it to articulate a word; only a series of grunts as he was twitched along, revealed the state of his pent-up feelings. Past me the deer flashed like a feathered shaft, heading directly for the bank. "Hang on, Martin!" I screamed, sobered by the thought that he would save him yet if he could only retain his grip—"hang to him like death!" He did. Never did my admiration go out more strongly toward a man than it did toward Martin, as, red in the face and unable to relieve himself by a single expression, he went tearing along at a frightful rate in full bolt for the river. Not one man in fifty could have kept his single-handed grip, jerked, at the close of such a struggle as the Saranac had passed through, and twitched mercilessly as he now was being through the tall bog-grass and over the uneven ground. But the guide's blood was up, and nothing could loosen his clutch. The buck reached the bank, and gathering himself up for a desperate leap, he flung his body into the air. I saw a pair of widely separated legs swing widely upward, and the red face of Martin, head downward, and reversed, so as to be turned directly toward me, by the summer-sault he was turning, disappeared like a wafting rocket in the fog overhanging the river. Once in the air, he kept his single-handed grip, and I hurried to the edge of the bank. He was now, and half across the river, a desperate struggle was going on. Martin had found his voice, and was using it as if to make up for lost time. In a moment a gurgling sound reached my ears, and I knew that the deer's head was under water; and shortly, in answer to my hail, the guide appeared, dragging the buck behind him. The deer was drowned and quite dead. Drawing my knife across the still warm throat, we bled him well, and, waiting for Martin to rest himself a moment, slid him down into the boat, and stretched him at full length along the bottom. Taking our places at either end, and, lifting our paddles, we turned our faces seaward. Down through the dense, damp fog, cleaving with dripping faces its heavy folds, we passed; glided out of the mist and darkness of the lowland upon the clear waters of the lake, now lively with ripples, and under the brightly shining stars, nor checked our measured stroke until we ran our shell ashore in the glimmer of the fire, by the side of which, rolled in his blanket, with his jacket for his pillow, John was quietly sleeping. At the touch of the boat, on the beach he started up, and the coffee he had made ready to boil at our coming was shortly ready, and, as we drank the warming beverage with laughter which started the ripples from the pines, and woke the loons, we lay on the still water of Beaver Bay. We told John the story of our adventure with a buck up Marion River on a foggy night. And often, as I sit in my study, hot and feverish with toil which wears the brain and wrinkles the face, I

pause, and, throwing down pen and book, fancy myself once more upon that bank, enveloped in fog, with the buck and Martin at his tail, curing before me. Then, with brain relaxed, and eyes which had been hot with the glimmer of the gas on the white sheet, cooled and washed in mirful tears, I turn to pen and book and graver thoughts, refreshed and strengthened. Blessed be recollection, which, while it allows the ill and career of life to fade away, enables us to carry all our pleasures and joys forever with us as we journey along!

POINTS FROM PEKIN.

BY JAMES BROOKS.

How human beings live by the hundred thousand in such a city as this is only to be accounted for by their insensibility to sights and smells; but they don't see and they don't smell. Eyes and noses in China are indeed often as great curses as they are generally big blessings. I should like to dispose with a nose till I get back to America or into Europe, if I could then buy it back again. No sewers, no closets no drains. No way of getting out of a big city the streets and alleys for two centuries, save by the hogs and vultures. The poor are unclean and unwashed, with skins the water seems never to have penetrated, and eyes that are sore—but why pain you to describe? Imagine the worst of everything, in that way, and that worst is all here. Nevertheless, people do live here, and some live magnificently. There are some wealthy mandarins. The interior of some of their palaces exterior-looking dwellings abound in a certain species of luxuries and in a very few comforts. What Pekin is, therefore, one cannot describe. The first of a foreigner can only with great difficulty get into a Chinese house; a stranger is likely to see more than these streets. There are sumptuary laws in Pekin that forbid luxurious indulgence. No mandarin ever can ride in a sedan chair, no matter how many buttons he has on, or what the color is of the fans he carries, but by special permission of the Emperor. The Sedan chair is the Emperor's prerogative. Foreigners attached to legations use it as representative of home modesty, and the "indulgence" is tolerated for necessity, but no Chinaman ventures upon anything beyond a cart, save on one or two great days of life or death—the first of a Chinese procession, and the second a funeral. Luxuries are allowed them. The woman, then, the greatness of her life, rides in a sort of sedan. Hence, now I understand the commotion made on the night of my entering the city in an open sedan, and a lady in it. These sumptuary laws I speak of, pervade, I am told, in all Pekin life, and are especially kept up to keep the people as far as possible removed from the luxuries of the Emperor. They do not exist elsewhere in China, only in this court city, where the Emperor's. The mandarin has his special subtle robe or ermine adornments in winter. As for the women, they seem to be of no account here, save as mothers of children. The Chinaman takes as many women as he can support, the Emperor has them removed by the hundred, but the first wife is a real wife, the only mistress of the establishment, and the others are only her handmaids about the establishment, and they all obey her. The Abraham, Isaac and Jacob mode of life is the life in China yet. They have not advanced in this respect a step beyond the patriarchs. What a field this would be for Mrs. Cady Stanton and the other bright strong-minded ladies, who in America are for reforming the world; for woman is not so well advanced here as to be proud and self-willed with white powder and vermilion, hair long, skewered, and well glued, so that a gale of wind cannot disturb it, the whole standing upon two little props, looking like birds' nests done up in sandal, and here called "feet." Alas! women-fashions are equally foolish everywhere! I bet in Japan, once, the woman's hair was her own, and was beaten in the bet, I would not bet on anything about woman in China, now, from her head to her foot-cloves—from her long nails to the curls of her face. Copper I should have called her color, but I saw so many precious and gem-filled faces that I am not certain now the woman race is not white with red cheeks, or cheeks a little reddened. Above the brows is often painted red, with the eyelids too.—N. Y. Express.

A TRAVELING SIDEWALK.

The imperative demand in large cities for some means of traveling quickly from point to point calls forth some novel designs for securing rapid transit. The most curious that has yet been projected is a plan, already patented, for a moving sidewalk, which shall be in perpetual motion, carrying pedestrians at the rate of ten miles an hour, a speed which they can increase by their whole power of independent locomotion. The inventor is Mr. Albert Spear, whose previous inventions have been many and confined to the manufacture of wine and bitters. The particulars of the plan are briefly these: It is proposed to have a series of pillars along the outer verge of the curbstone, rising to the height of the second story of ordinary buildings. Space between the tops of these pillars and the buildings adjacent is to be a sidewalk, one-half of which is movable and the other half stationary. This is to be reached at every corner by a stairway. On the inner or stationary walk pedestrians can pass back and forth at their leisure, entering the stores and offices which might then occupy the second story of the building, and by means of a revolving platform, be conveyed to the other half of the walk, made of a sort of lattice work and moving on small trucks which are beneath the surface and altogether concealed from view, is propelled at the rate of ten miles an hour by engines beneath the surface of the ground at such intervals as may be necessary to secure the requisite power. The sidewalk is moved by friction rollers, worked upon shafts which pass through the upright pillars, and on one side of the street passes up, and on the other side down, continually night and day. On this moving roadway pedestrians may stand or occupy the numerous chairs and sofas thereon provided, and be conveyed towards their destination at the rate of ten miles an hour, or if so inclined, can walk at full speed in the same direction, thereby adding four or five miles an hour to their rate of progress.

The most ingenious part of the whole contrivance is the device for getting off and on this moving pathway. The pedestrian mounts to the stationary walk, and then if he were to step from this to the moving one he would be instantaneously flung. To prevent such a catastrophe, there is a series of seats ingeniously contrived to move partly on the moving walk. These are stopped by applying a brake, which releases them from the moving platform and allows them to run on their trucks on the stationary one, where they are readily stopped. The passenger takes his seat, the conductor takes his fare, the brake is reversed, and immediately the seat moves on, and the traveler can then leave it without the risk of breaking his neck.

All this is very curious and novel, but how about its practicability? We are told that seven

competent engineers have examined into the plan and pronounce it entirely feasible and far less expensive than any that has been broached for carrying cities rapidly up and down town, or back and forth between distant points. The machinery will work with very little noise, and that will be continuous and therefore scarcely noticeable; there will be no danger of accident, as the contrivance can be put up in any street, long or short, where it may be required. It is said that an attempt will be made very soon to demonstrate the feasibility of this scheme, probably on Chambers street from Pavonia Ferry to Broadway. Whether it proves successful or not, the project is very curious and ingenious and will therefore attract to small degree of attention.—N. Y. World.

WHAT GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN FOND OF.

Who would have imagined that the grave, philosophic Socrates, during his hours of leisure, took pleasure in dancing? Yet it was so. Many other wise men besides Socrates have taken great delight in music. Epaminondas used to take pleasure in singing at village festivals. The cruel Nero divided his time between dancing, at least, he played the harp, for there were not, as yet, flutes in those days. Lather delighted in playing the flute, and thus used to soothe his excited feelings. Frederick II. of Prussia allowed the most violent agonies of mind with the same instrument. An hour's playing generally sufficed to reduce him to perfect tranquillity. Milton delighted in playing the organ, and composed several fine psalm tunes, which were to this day sung in our churches. Beethoven was passionately fond of music, and played the organ; there was scarcely a room in his house without a piano. Gainsborough, the painter, was a capital performer on the violin. Byron's great delight was in flowers; and while in Italy he purchased a fresh bouquet every day. Byron was also fond of animals; in his youth he made a friend of a bear. Goethe rarely passed a day without bringing out from the chimney corner a live snake, which he kept there, and caressed it like a familiar friend. Tiberias, a Roman emperor, also made an intimate companion of a serpent. Augustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail, the loss of which would have as much as if he had lost a battle. Honorius, another Roman emperor, was so grieved at the loss of a hen, named Roma, that he would willingly have given Rome itself to bring it back; but Alric had taken Rome. Louis XI, when ill at Pressis-le-Tours, only found pleasure in an exhibition of dancing pigs, oddly dressed up, which were trained for his special entertainment. Richard was very fond of tame animals, which he constantly had about him. Rembrandt loved nothing so much in the world as his monkey. Henry III was so fondly fond of spaniels that he used to carry a litter of them in a suspended round neck when giving his audiences. Charles I. of England was also excessively fond of spaniels. Frederick the Great was also a great dog-lover. The painter Tizati formed friendships with all sorts of animals, and he filled his house with squirrels, monkeys, Angora cats, dwarf asses, hogs, tortoises, and other ponies. Pelisson, continued in the bustle, made a friend of a spiter, which he tamed. The Marquis de Montespan had the extraordinary idea to amuse himself with mice, when occupying the gilded apartments at Versailles, Curleu, d'Almazan employed a student in playing with an ape; and Cardinal Richelieu was intimate himself with his collection of cats. The poet Alfieri was proud of his horses, and took great delight in feeding and caressing them. Cowper was at no time so happy as when feeding his tame hares. Among the other relaxations of learned and great men may be mentioned Calvin's game of throwing dice along a table, whereas Luther was great in nine-pin. Boltoau was also very fond of the same game.

INTERFERENCE.—Whatever, says the Medical Times and Gazette, a man's proclivities may be in respect to drinking, it is certain that in the presence of his wife and family he would be less likely to indulge in bits of drunkenness than when he was surrounded by his tavern friends, each of whom vied with the others in endeavoring him to excess. But it is doubtful that the great prevalence of intemperance amongst the lower orders is due to the congregation of men at gin-shops and taverns? We think not. This practice, however it is to be commended amongst the better classes, has not, we fear, been greatly on the increase amongst mechanics and artisans. Hence an accession of crime, disease and poverty. In the splendidly furnished but comfortable gin-shop the frequenter indulges to an extent to which, whatever his "home" might be, he would not there resort. The vice rooted on his wife and children, and they retaining it upon him by drinking strong liquors, and making the beer he has made wretched still more miserable. The guardians of one of our most important western metropolitan unions tell us that this kind of intemperance is not only the worst with which they deal, but the most difficult to cope. They have found by long experience that the "paper," who comes to them for either-door relief or for admission into the workhouse, no sooner becomes independent of their assistance than he immediately repairs to his old haunt—the public-house—and returns to his habits of intemperance, which never fail to bring him back a recipient of their relief.

ICE HOUSES.—This being the season for storing ice, we would call attention to what is known as the "Boston plan" for erecting a shop house and storing ice from *Littell's Journal of Ice*, for the benefit of our readers who have had long experience that the "paper," who comes to them for either-door relief or for admission into the workhouse, no sooner becomes independent of their assistance than he immediately repairs to his old haunt—the public-house—and returns to his habits of intemperance, which never fail to bring him back a recipient of their relief.

For one family, make a house twelve feet each way, by setting twelve posts in the ground, three on a side, and four feet high, on the inside, so that the weight of the ice shall not press the house outward; dig out the dirt inside, six inches deep, and lay down twelve inches of sawdust; pack the ice in a pile nine feet each way, filling the space of eighteen inches between the ice and the wall, and making the house or tan bark, with the same thickness on top; make an old fashioned board roof, leaving the space above the ice open for ventilation. Have a small entrance on the north side of the roof.

If the ice house can be located on the north side of a hill, and a small stream of water introduced slowly through the roof, on a very cold day, so as to melt the water between the ice and the wall, the whole mass will freeze solid; or a pile of snow could be made into solid ice, and would last from one winter to another."

DISMISSIVE MECHANISM.—Mr. D. A. A. Buck, jeweler of Worcester, Mass., has built the smallest engine in the world. It is made of gold and silver, and fastened together with screws the size of which is one-eighth of an inch in size. The engine, boiler, governor and pumps stand in a space seven-tenths of an inch square, and are five-hundredths of an inch high. Perhaps a better idea of its smallness will be conveyed by saying that the whole affair may be completely covered with a common tailor's thimble. The engine alone weighs but fifteen grains, and yet every part is completely made to be soon by a microscope examination; and it may be set in motion by filling the boiler with water and applying heat, being supplied with all valves, etc., to be found upon an ordinary upright engine. To attempt an estimate of its power would seem like rather an absurdity than a guess, a span of well-fleshed fleas would furnish more force if they were properly harnessed and shod. The little thing would tug away several minutes if encouraged by a drop of water heated by the application of a burnt finger.—Harvard Post.

The following comparison of the losses by great fires, will be of interest to many:—Chicago, 1871, \$200,000,000; London, 1666, \$55,000,000; New York, 1835, \$23,000,000; Portland, 1856, \$10,000,000; Pittsburgh, 1845, \$10,000,000; New York, 1845, \$6,000,000; San Francisco, 1851, \$5,500,000; Charleston, 1842, \$3,000,000; St. Louis, 1848, \$3,000,000; Albany, 1808, \$2,000,000.

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The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
 Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1872.

No. 2.

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In answer to constant inquiries we would again state that every number of our paper is stereotyped and we can therefore furnish back numbers from the commencement of any story at any time. A quantity of the numbers with the early portions of POOR MISS FINCH and CASTAWAY are on hand and can be forwarded at very short notice.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

Few of us understand and appreciate properly the full truth of the saying of Solomon "as the twig is bent so will the tree incline," and are too apt to pay but little attention to the early training of children, and so in after years we are grieved and shocked to find that we have unconsciously bent the twig the wrong way; and the children on whom we had depended to be the joy and comfort of our declining years, have "turned out bad" and are bringing us nothing but sorrow and trouble where we had expected peace and happiness. Many parents think that if they dress their children well, feed them plentifully, keep them clean, give them good advice when asked for it, teach them their prayers, send them to school and Sunday school and occasionally give them a good sound thrashing, they have done their whole duty and may rest with the calm consciousness that if the child follows the ways of Satan rather than the path of righteousness, it has no one to blame but itself.

How often do we hear the parent of a bad child wonder where he could have learned his wickedness and say "I am sure I did my duty to him." But are you quite sure that you did do your duty, and do it properly? Are you sure you taught the child in the right way, by example as well as precept? You may have pointed out to your child the good path, but are you quite sure you were not treading the evil path yourself, and so inculcating a stronger lesson by your example than you could ever teach by your precepts?

The value of example on the minds of the young cannot be too highly estimated; there is a good story told of a little girl who asked her father for some of his beer at dinner; he thought, no doubt, that he had done his duty when he refused, and told her "it was not good for little girls;" "Yes, papa," answered the little one, "but if a little is not good for a little girl, how can a great deal be good for a big man?" Parents often inculcate a bad lesson on children in a manner which few ever think of; the child is taught to say its prayers—only too often in a way which would make it almost preferable that the child did not say them—and it is taught, at Sunday school probably, if not at home, to repeat its catechism, and in that it learns that it is its duty to its neighbour, "To submit myself to all governments, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters," and the parent congratulates itself on having

done its duty. But how does the parent teach the child by example to submit itself to its "teachers, spiritual pastors and masters?" Does the parent take care to implant the lesson by doing itself what he teaches the child by precept to do? In many instances we fear not.

We do not propose to enter into the subject of submission to spiritual pastors any more than to say that in this, more than in anything else the child will follow the example of the parent more than all the precepts in the world; if the parent treats the spiritual pastor with becoming respect and submits humbly to him, the child will naturally do the same; but where the parent is lax in his religious duties, or speaks slightly or irreverently of the spiritual pastor, it will be hard to make the child submit itself to its spiritual pastor. In the matter of religious training there is a quaint old Scotch proverb which says "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy," and it is very true if the mother is a good one. But it is on the matter of teachers that parents are most apt to mislead the children by their example, and it is of this that we chiefly desire to treat.

The position of a school teacher is one of the most arduous, responsible and unremunerative which any person can be called on to fill; and one of the most thankless; if the child turns out well, most of the credit is taken—sometimes very justly—by the parents; if the reverse, all the blame is thrown—often most unjustly—on the school teacher. Now parents frequently operate very materially against the usefulness of the teacher by the bad example which is set the children in their manner of treating the teacher. It is absolutely necessary that the child, in order to "submit" itself to its teacher in such a way that the training of the teacher may tend to good, should respect and be, if possible, taught to love its teacher; and not prompted by bad example to hold the teacher in light esteem and regard him or her somewhat in the light of a tyrannical despot who would utterly exterminate the child were it not for the kind and timely interference of papa and mamma.

"The better far,
 To rule by love than fear."

and parents should endeavor by every means to promote and foster a feeling of love and friendship between the teacher and the pupil. In only too many cases, however, we constantly see the parent coming between the teacher and the child; if the child is corrected the chances are very great that the parent will take part against the teacher, frequently with very little regard to the real merits of the case. Of course, we do not say that teachers are always in the right, children always in the wrong; in many instances the reverse is the case; but in most instances the teacher is right. By this habit parents gradually implant a feeling of fear and dislike in the mind of the child towards the teacher; going to school is looked on as a sort of punishment in itself, and the idea slowly but surely presents itself to the child that the teacher is a hard task-master whom it is a pleasure to annoy, and a credit to disobey and disregard as long as you don't get found out.

In social matters too, parents are apt to inculcate a feeling of disrespect towards the teacher by not showing proper respect themselves. Teachers are as a class very poorly paid, and cannot afford to live in anything like the style of their less intellectual, but richer neighbours; the old coat and dress is frequently very old and shabby before a new one can be obtained; and the old hat or bonnet is often dreadfully out of fashion and well worn before a new one can be bought; parents will unfortunately, often let fall slighting or sneering remarks before the children on these and other minor points, and the child naturally learns to disrespect the one for whom his parents show but slight esteem. How seldom too do we find the teacher regards us as an equal and friend and admitted as a welcome and honored guest at the houses of the parents whose children are under their care! The teacher is frequently looked on as sort of upper servant who is employed by the public at large, and who should be treated with little more consideration and respect than the common laborer, but scarcely with as much as the cook—if the cook happens to be a particularly good one. Is it likely the child will learn to respect or love his teacher whom the parents treat with marked discourtesy?

The subject of training or educating the young is one of vital importance to the Province of Quebec and to the whole Dominion of Canada; and we believe nothing would tend more to popularize and advance our educational interests than an improved and better social feeling between the teacher and the parents of the children. We hope to see the day when parents and teachers will work together hand and heart, body and soul, for the one great purpose, the proper training of the young; when the teacher will be the esteemed friend and companion of the children's parents and so learn to be the intimate friend, confidant and adviser of the child, as well as his instructor and preceptor.

A VERY wicked Connecticut man, being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon the feeling friend sent for an insurance agent.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—The war cloud which has arisen between the United States and Spain on account of the alleged firing into the S. S. Florida by a Spanish war vessel will probably end in smoke; but meanwhile the United States are making a grand blunder, and putting one or two ironclads into commission.—Several members of the Chicago Corporation have been indicted under true bills of the Grand Jury for mismanagement in connection with the "Stevens" battery, which has been nearly ten years in course of construction, and is now completed as far as can be done in its present position, and will be ready for use in a few days; some of the wise ones say that it will be of no use when it is launched, and that the two or three millions of dollars spent on it will have been wasted.—The report started as to the death of the late Hon. N. P. F. is untrue; the late Hon. Crittenden is in jail at San Francisco, turns out to be untrue; she is alive and well, and says she "was not born to be hung."—Several new iron mines of great richness are reported to have been lately discovered in the N. W. portion of Idaho, near the town of Brigham Young will not allow reporters to be in the Grand Central Hotel, New York, on 5th inst., in the most dastardly manner, by Edward S. Stokes. This Stokes was the paragon of Mrs. Lawlor, better known as Josephine Mansfield, a woman with whom Fisk had been very intimate for some time; lately she quarrelled with Fisk, and formed an acquaintance with Stokes. Mansfield and Stokes endeavored to blackmail Fisk by bringing a libel suit against him, threatening to publish some of his private affairs, referred to the Erie Railroad and "Ring" swindles. This suit afforded fun for the reporters for some time, and was finally dismissed on Saturday; at the same time a true bill for perjury and military desertion was laid against Grand Jury against Mansfield and Stokes. Stokes went to the Grand Central Hotel, about four o'clock, and waited about the hall and upper passage ways until half past four, when Fisk arrived, and proceeded up the stairs and fired three shots from a revolver at him; one had effect in the shoulder and one in the abdomen; Fisk died about 11 o'clock Sunday morning. He was conscious most of the time, and made a deposition against Stokes, who was arrested and committed for trial.—More of the victims of the Chicago riot are being daily found among the ruins. Chicago opened a new theatre, capable of seating 1200 persons, on Christmas eve. It has been built since the chief of Police McGehee was shot in Fort Wayne, Ind. by Dr. N. T. Harker. The cause was a fair one, eighteen, blue eyes, beautiful golden hair and a fine figure.—Rothschild and other English capitalists have offered to negotiate the loan of \$10,000,000 for the United States, which will probably be accepted.—A civil war on a small scale has been waged in New Orleans between the black and white portions of the State Legislature, and the police and military had to be called in at one time. They are now quiet, and meet in separate halls.—Tremendous snow storms have prevailed in Utah. The snow has been from fifty to sixty feet deep, and has killed many of the sheep, and the inhabitants barely escaping with their lives.—A Cincinnati lately married the divorced wife of his own son.—On the day before New Year's Day a woman named Ochs, 25 years of age, decent and white girl named Ochs, 10 years old, beyond the city limits, and there committed a gross outrage on her and attempted to kill her. The girl escaped serious injury, but the woman was arrested. On 2nd inst. the popular feeling was so strong against Howard that an attempt was made to force the jail to Lynch him. The 5th Regiment N. G. S. N. Y. was called out, and Company E fired on the rioters, killing John Eiler and Henry Melow, and seriously wounding Elias Swanton, Louis Kemp and John Nolan. Howard was quietly taken to the Court Room and held "in custody" of the 3rd. The Court being fortunately sitting, and having confessed his guilt, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, and was secretly conveyed away that night before the crowd could get at him.

CANADA.—Notice is given in the *Canada Gazette* that application will be made at the next session for an act to incorporate the Intercolonial Railway of Canada for the construction of a railway from a point on the Atlantic coast, near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and proceed westward to Fort Garry and Vancouver's Island, with branch lines to Lake of the Woods and Pembina.—Twenty-three vessels with a total tonnage of 1000 were wrecked in the Bay of St. John, N.B., last year.—Angus Nicholson of Toronto will shortly leave for the Highlands of Scotland as special Emigration Agent.—The Kingston Post and Courier has a spell of electioneering.—The trade societies of Halifax are agitating the establishment of a Mechanics' Hall and Institute.—Mrs. Countess of Turn's Bay, N.S., counted away a quartette of three boys and one girl on New Year's Day.—Notice is given in the *Canada Gazette* of application to next Parliament for a bill to incorporate the "Northwest Submarine Cable and Telegraph Company" to run a line of wires between Georgian Bay or Lake Huron to Fort Garry.—The ice-bridge formed at Quebec on 7th inst.

ENGLAND.—The health of the Prince of Wales continues to improve steadily.—A tremendous thunder storm visited the south on 6th inst. Nearly all the windows were broken by hailstones, and the British Sovereignty has been formally declared over the diamond fields of South Africa lately annexed.—The ex-Empress Napoleon said to some of his callers at St. Cloud on New Year's Day that she gave President Thiers less than six months to occupy his present office.—It is reported that the International have bought large quantities of the arms captured by the Prussians from the French during the late war.—A large demonstration in favour of Home Rule for Ireland was made in Liverpool on 3rd inst. It was very enthusiastic, but quite orderly.—Eight hundred people died of small-pox last year in England.—The Queen has written a letter expressing her grateful thanks to the people for the universal sympathy shown during the illness of the Prince of Wales.—The Duke of Devonshire has expressed for her and the Princess of Wales during their severe trial. It finishes with thanks and gratitude to Divine Providence for the morales accorded to them in the Prince's recovery.—Joseph Smith, the late President of the Mormons, died at Birmingham on 6th inst.—The London City and County Councils of the Marquis of Waterford were lately sold for £234,262. A large portion was bought by tenants.—The Colosseum in Rome is to be turned into a complete set of baths of all kinds. The surplus space of the plot of grounds in which it stands is to be laid out as a winter garden, and the block of buildings facing it is to be used as a market, and converted into a Club Chambers.—The supporters of Sir Charles Dilke are preparing a grand demonstration in his honour, which is to take place before the assembly of the mob in Dublin on 15th inst.—A mob in London has broken up the names of the "Prince of Wales."

FRANCE.—The Committee of the Assembly on the Military service propose five years of active service, and a like term on the army reserve.—Outrages on the German soldiers by the peasants continue to be reported.—Victor Hugo is a candidate for the Assembly; he has accepted a platform which embraces abolition of capital punishment, raising the state of general amnesty, the disposition of the seat of government to Paris.—It is announced that the Duke d'Aumale intends making, at an early day, a political tour through central and western departments of France.—The execution of the murderers of General Leconte and Thomas will soon take place.—A very exciting scene took place in the Assembly on 8th inst. when politicians were read praying for the restoration of the monarchy. Some of the petitions wanted Count de Chambord, and others Count de Paris, for King.

IRELAND.—Despatches from Vassar report that the workmen of Solingrux and Vassin have struck work for higher wages and reduction of the hours of labour. There has been much turbulence and disorder since the strike commenced. Gen. d'Armes have been stoned, and some of them seriously injured. The civil and military authorities are making all possible arrangements to prevent the strike from spreading to other parts of the country. Similar labor troubles are imminent at Charleroy, and as a precautionary measure, companies of cavalry will be despatched thither forthwith.

SPAIN.—Memorial funerals services in honor of General Prim were held in Madrid on 5th inst.—The Cortes will meet on 22nd inst.—It is expected that peace will soon be permanently established between Spain and the South American Republics.

ITALY.—A grand banquet was given by Cyrus W. Field in Rome on New Year's night. Representatives of 21 nations representing 600 millions of people were present. It was proposed to hold a grand telegraphic conference at St. Petersburg in 1876.—King Victor Emmanuel sent a special ambassador to the Pope on New Year's Day to tender his congratulations, but he was politely received by Cardinal Antonelli, who said the Pope was indisposed and unable to receive visits.

PRussia.—Advices from Ispahan show that the famine in Persia continues, and the sufferings of the population are undiminished. There entire districts of the country have been depopulated, and the distress is everywhere visible.

THE Shah of Persia is very unpopular. On a recent return from a hunting expedition thousands of people, covered with dust and ashes, received him. The soldiers are in a state of rebellion.—A subscription has been commenced for the erection of a monument to General Van Molke in his birth place.—The Emperor has ordered the trial of the hostages who have been seized in the French cities since the change of power, as if they had been the perpetrators.—In Constantinople the new Tram-way Company has begun the laying of the rails for the exclusive use of women.

Fiji Islands.—A party of fifty men, kidnapped from the Salomon Islands by the Fiji planters, have been killed and their bodies chopped in pieces. Two men belonging to the bark *Sambra* have been killed by the Salomon Islanders whilst attempting to steal laborers from their villages.

ALGERIA.—It is reported that the French troops have won brilliant successes over the rebels in Oran. Two rebel chieftains and 150 horsemen were killed.

Russia.—The Russian steamship *Albatros*, on the Caspian Sea, foundered in a terrible gale on 20th ult. All on board—officers, crew, and passengers—were drowned. The steamship had 1000 rubles in treasure on board, which is a total loss.

Mexico.—Juaros, backed by the United States, seems to be gaining ground against the insurgents. He is now approaching San Fernando de Annunzio, the stronghold of the rebels, and if he succeeds in capturing it, the cause of the insurgents may be considered as hopeless.—One thousand American troops have been sent to the Rio Grande by the U. S. Government, and orders to pass into Mexico to support Juarez, if required. A large body of the military will take place immediately, and will be followed by an attack upon San Louis Potosi.

(For the *Hearthstone*.)

THE PILBURY PORTFOLIO.

OR,
 THOUGHTS UPON MEN AND THINGS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.
 BY REV. H. F. DARNELL.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

My friend, the late Paul Pilbury, Esq., gentleman and scholar, was one for whose powers of observation and sound judgment I had long entertained the utmost respect. Living as he did a somewhat studious and retired life, he yet, up to the time of his decease at the advanced period of sixty-five years of age, continued to manifest a lively and unimpaired interest in the world in which he moved and its various concerns, as an Englishman, he loved and was loyal to his country, ever confessing himself a sincere admirer of her constitution and the elements of national greatness shrouded in the large heart of her people. At the same time he could not blind himself to the blemishes observable in her administration, or the faults and failings of his countrymen; as well as to the many social anomalies in the midst of which his lot was cast. He had never been able to acquire that Chinese habit of thought which seems inherent in certain Englishmen, and which is based upon the axiom, "as my country is the nation, so my country is right," with Great Britain in wisdom and civilization, whilst all but beyond its limits is ignorance and barbarism." Hence from those insular prejudices which have marked so many even of our contemporary thinkers and writers, and so impeded or nullified their judgments, he was happily free; nor with those who regarded everything foreign as if distorted or obscured by the sea mist which enshrouds the white cliffs of their own land, had he any sympathy. Gifted with a quick perception and keen penetration, few things escaped his notice. Those that attracted his observation he was in the habit of quietly scanning over, and then forming his own opinion upon them without passion or prejudice. The social and political aspect of his country ever engaged his thoughtful attention. He could touch upon the one with a playfulness oftentimes far more effective than the most bitter denunciations, or a stilted censoriousness; he could discourse upon the other with soberness and wisdom. Possessed of lively instincts and warm feelings, he was as capable of discerning and appreciating the true and noble, as he was of detecting the false and injurious. He loved virtue for its own sake, and not for the sake of decency and respectability with which it invested the wearer; nor could the hand of fashion, or of Royalty itself, impress a stamp upon vice which would make it pass with him as current coin. He looked at things as they really were, and spoke of men as he found them; yet were even his severest judgments tempered by that charity which sees in every man a brother.

Endowed with intellectual gifts of no mean order, and naturally inclined to the serious and the sedate, men of learning and thoughtfulness were pleased to regard him as a friend; whilst the happy geniality of his disposition never failed to render him the cheerful companion of the young. Himself a man of refined and cultivated tastes, he could appreciate the fact that true refinement was not a matter merely of external position or circumstance, and could detect at once, and as by instinct, the gentleman or the lady as well in tweed or calico as when habited in bronchite or velvet. In his eyes the value of the gem consisted not in the costly character of its setting, but in the purity of his water.

In the matter of morals he was neither puritanical in his notions, nor unduly censorious in his judgments; yet was he ever the unfailing advocate of virtue, leading himself all the times that pure and unperjured life which he regarded as essential to the character of a gentleman, as it was, inseparable from that of a Christian.

Such was my friend Pilbury. Those of my readers who may have conceived a desire to become better acquainted with him may do so by perusing the papers prefaced by these few introductory paragraphs. Probably for the purpose of giving shape and coherence to his thoughts respecting the different subjects which attracted his personal observation or were engrossing general consideration, it seems to have been his practice to write down from time to time the conclusions at which he had arrived, as well as the various processes by which he had arrived to them. These writings were discovered in the shape of a series of papers, in a small leather portfolio which had been bequeathed to me, together with sundry books and other literary valuables, as a memorial of our long and intimate friendship. As I humbly conceive them to be of some practical worth, I have ventured to send a selection from among them to the press; bespeaking for them that kind and impartial consideration which my friend himself was ever willing to extend to the productions of others. I simply offer them as the views and opinions of an honest and genial man, who always kept his eyes open, looked things fairly in the face, and "wore no spectacles."

H. F. D.
 P.S.—I had some thoughts as to the propriety of styling these valuable and interesting papers "*Pilbury's Remains*," but my friend had frequently expressed a decided antipathy to the title. He considered it had an earthly savour, and that it suggested a certain dryness in the subject matter. His own experience, he further observed, had too often taught him the correctness of the idea suggested. In this matter it is only right that his wish should be my law. I am content that it should be so.

THE SKATER QUEEN.

BY KATHAN D. URBEN.

I lane the wondering skaters make,
The charmed eye, enraptured swins,
As, bird-like, o'er the frozen lake,
Upon the rushing wind she skims.
Her winded feet seem scarce to press
The icy floor they spurn as snow;
A thousand hearts unite to bless
Her perfect beauty, health, and grace.

Free fluttering in the frosty wind,
Her orange robe of azure gleams,
And, like a golden cloud, behind,
Her loosened hair in splendor streams.
Kisses of health have tinged her cheek,
Fairer than honey bee's or sign,
And dimples play at hide-and-seek
From rosy cheeks to rosy lips.

Now, like a swan, with stately curves
She moves, as though to her were given
The invisible motive power that serves
The cloud which sails the deeps of heaven;
And then, with quickening linking feet,
Away, away she springs and flies,
As when, elocitrified, the blast
On wings of tempest scours the skies.

Oh! leave the ball-room's heated airs,
The mincing dance, the gaudy glow,
And come where Winter's Princess dars
The poetry of moon on snow;
For truer lounge never yet
Was paid to petted belle, I ween,
Than that which on the ice is met
For her, our beautiful Skater Queen.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XLII.

A HARD TIME FOR MADAME PRATOLUNGO.

COULD I to have been prepared for the calamity which had now fallen on my sisters and myself? If I had looked my own experience of my poor father fairly in the face, would it not have been plain to me that the habits of a life were not likely to be altered at the end of a life? Surely—if I had exerted my intelligence—I might have foreseen that the longer his reformation lasted, the nearer he was to a relapse, and the more obviously probable it became that he would fail to fulfil the hopeful expectations which I had cherished of his conduct in the future? I grant it all. But where are the pattern people who can exert their intelligence—when their intelligence points to one conclusion, and their interests to another? Ah, my dear ladies and gentlemen, there is such a fine strong foundation of stupidity at the bottom of our common humanity—if we only knew it!

I could feel no hesitation—as soon as I had recovered myself—about what it was my duty to do. My duty was to leave Dimchurch in time to catch the last mail-train from London to the Continent, at eight o'clock that night. And leave Lucilla?

Yes! not even Lucilla's interests—dearly as I loved her; alarmed as I felt about her—were as sacred as the interests which called me to my father's bedside. I had some hours to spare before it would be necessary for me to leave her. All I could do was to employ those hours in taking the strictest precautions I could think of to protect her in my absence. I could not be long parted from her. One way or the other, the miserable doubt whether my father would live or die, would, at his age, soon be over.

I sent for her to see me in my room, and showed her my letter.

She was honestly grieved when she read it. For a moment—when she spoke her few words of sympathy—the painful constraint in her manner towards me passed away. It returned again, when I announced my intention of starting for France that day, and expressed the regret I felt at being obliged to defer our visit to Ramsgate for the present. She not only answered restrainedly (forming, as I fancied, some thought at the moment in her own mind)—she left me, with a common-place excuse. "You must have much to think of in this sad affliction: I won't intrude on you any longer. If you want me, you know where to find me." With no more than those words, she walked out of the room.

I never remember, at any other time, such a sense of helplessness and confusion as came over me when she had closed the door. I set to work to pack up the few things I wanted for the journey; feeling instinctively that if I did not occupy myself in doing something, I should break down altogether. Accustomed, in all the other emergencies of my life, to decide rapidly, I was not even clear enough in my mind to see the facts as they were. As to resolving on anything, I was about as capable of doing that as the baby in Mrs. Finch's arms.

The effort of packing aided me to mull a little—but did no more towards restoring me to my customary tone of mind.

I sat down helplessly, when I had done; feeling the serious necessity of clearing matters up between Lucilla and myself, before I went away, and still as ignorant as ever how to do it. To my own indescribable disgust, I actually felt tears beginning to find their way into my eyes! I had just enough of Pratolungo's widow left in me to feel heartily ashamed of myself. Past vicissitudes and dangers, in the days of my republican life with my husband, had made me a sturdy walker—with a gipsy relish (like my little Jicks) for the open air. I snatched up my hat, and went out, to see what exercise would do for me.

I tried the garden. No! the garden was (for some inscrutable reason) not big enough. I had still some hours to spare. I tried the hills next.

Turning towards the left, and passing the church, I heard through the open windows the boom-boom of Reverend Finch's voice, catechising the village children. Thank Heaven, he was out of my way, at any rate! I mounted the hills, hurrying on as fast as I could. The air and the movement cleared my mind. After more than an hour of hard walking, I returned to the rectory, feeling like my old self again.

Perhaps, there were some drops of irresolution still left in me. Or, perhaps, there was some enervating influence in my affliction, which made me feel more sensitively than ever the change in the relations between Lucilla and myself. Having, by this time, resolved to come to a plain explanation, before

I left her unprotected at the rectory, I shrank, even yet, from confronting a possible repulse; by speaking to her personally. Taking a leaf out of poor Oscar's book, I wrote what I wanted to say to her in a note.

I rang the bell—once, twice. Nobody answered it.

I went to the kitchen. Zillah was not there. I knocked at the door of her bedroom. There was no answer; the bedroom was empty when I looked in. Awkward as it would be, I found myself obliged, either to give my note to Lucilla with my own hand, or to decide on speaking to her, after all.

I could not prevail on myself to speak to her. So I went to her room with my note, and knocked at the door.

Here again there was no reply. I knocked once more—with the same result. I looked in. There was no one in the room. On the little table at the foot of the bed, there lay a letter addressed to me. The writing was in Zillah's hand. But Lucilla had written her name in the corner, in the usual way, to show that she had dictated the letter to her nurse. A load was lifted off my heart as I took it up. The same idea (I concluded) had occurred to her which had occurred to me. She too had shrunk from the embarrassment of a personal explanation. She too had written—and was keeping off the way until her letter had spoken for her, and had united us again as friends before I left the house.

good. If not, I should be obliged to inquire in the village and seek him at the cottages of his parishioners. His magnificent voice relieved me from all anxiety on this head. The boom-boom which I had last heard in the church, I now heard again in the study.

I entered the room, Mr. Finch was on his knees, highly excited; haranguing Mrs. Finch and the baby, encoined as usual in a corner. My appearance on the scene diverted his flow of language for the moment, so that it all poured itself out on my unhappy self. If you recollect that the rector and Lucilla's aunt had been, from time immemorial, on the worst of terms—you will be prepared for what is coming. If you have forgotten this, look back at my sixth chapter and refresh your memory.

"The very person I was going to send for!" said the Pope of Dimchurch. "Don't excite Mrs. Finch! Don't speak to Mrs. Finch! You shall hear why directly. Address yourself exclusively to Mrs. Be calm, Madame Pratolungo! You don't know what has happened, I am here to tell you."

I ventured to stop him; mentioning that Lucilla's letter had informed me of his daughter's sudden departure for her aunt's house. Mr. Finch waved away my answer with his hand, as something too infinitely unimportant to be worthy of a moment's notice.

"Yes! yes! yes!" he said. "You have a superficial acquaintance with the facts. But you are far from being aware of what my daughter's sudden removal of herself from my roof really means. Now don't be frightened, Madame Pratolungo! and don't excite Mrs. Finch! (How are you, my dear? how is the child? Both well. Thanks to an overruling Providence, both well.) Now, Madame Pratolungo, attend to this. My daughter's flight—I say flight advisedly: it is nothing less—my daughter's flight from my house means (I entreat you to be calm)—means, ANOTHER BLOW dealt at me by the family of my first wife. Dealt at me," repeated Mr. Finch; heaving himself with the recollection of his old feud with the Batchfords—"Dealt at me by Miss Batchford, by Lucilla's aunt, Madame Pratolungo, through my offending second wife, and my innocent child.—Are you sure you are well, my dear? are you sure the infant is well? Thank Providence!—Concentrate your attention, Madame Pratolungo! Your attention is wandering. Prompted by Miss Batchford, my daughter has left my roof. Ramsgate is a mere excuse. But how has she left it? Not only without first seeing me—I am Nobody—but without showing the slightest sympathy for Mrs. Finch's maternal situation. Attired in her travelling costume, my daughter precipitately entered (or to use my wife's graphic expression, 'bounced into') the nursery, while Mrs. Finch was administering maternal sustenance to the infant. Under circumstances which might have touched the heart of a bandit or a savage, my unnatural daughter (rue me, Mrs. Finch); we will have a little Shakespeare to-night; I will read King Lear, my unnatural daughter announced without one word of preparation that a domestic affliction would prevent you from accompanying her to Ramsgate.—Grieved, dear Madame Pratolungo, to hear of it. Cast your burden on Providence. Hear up, Mrs. Finch; bear up.—Having startled my wife with this harrowing news, my daughter next shocked her by declaring that she was going to leave her father's roof without waiting to bid her father good-bye. The catching of a train, my wife observed, was no doubt at Miss Batchford's instigation) of more importance than the parental embrace and the pastoral blessing. Leaving a message of apology for me, my heartless child (I use Mrs. Finch's graphic language again—you have fair, very fair powers of expression, Mrs. Finch)—my heartless child 'bounced out' of the nursery to catch her train; having, for all she knew, or cared, administered a shock to my wife which might have soured the fountain of maternal sustenance at its source. There is where the Blow falls, Madame Pratolungo! How do I know that acid disturbance is not being communicated at this moment, instead of wholesome nourishment, between mother and child? I shall prepare you an alkaline draught, Mrs. Finch, to be taken after meals. Don't speak; don't move! Give me your pulse. I hold Miss Batchford accountable, Madame Pratolungo, for whatever happens—my daughter is a mere instrument in the hands of my first wife's family. Give me your pulse, Mrs. Finch. I don't like your pulse. Come up-stairs directly. A recumbent position, and another warm bath—under Providence, Madame Pratolungo—may parry the Blow. Would you kindly open the door, and pick up Mrs. Finch's handkerchief? Never mind the novel—the handkerchief!"

I seized my first opportunity of speaking again while Mr. Finch was conducting his wife (with his arm round her waist) to the door—putting the question which I had been waiting to ask, in this cautious form:—

"Do you propose to communicate, sir, either with your daughter or with Miss Batchford, while Lucilla is away from the rectory? My object in venturing to ask—"

Before I could state my object, Mr. Finch turned round (turning Mrs. Finch with him) and surveyed me from head to foot with a look of indignant astonishment.

"Is it possible you can see this double Wreck," said Mr. Finch, indicating his wife and child, "and suppose that I would communicate or sanction communication of any sort, with the persons who are responsible for it?—My dear! Can you account for Madame Pratolungo's extraordinary question? Am I to understand (do you understand) that Madame Pratolungo is insulting me?"

It was useless to try to explain myself. It was useless for Mrs. Finch (who had made several abortive efforts to put in a word or two, on her own part) to attempt to pacify her husband. All the poor dumpy lady could do was to beg me to write to her from foreign parts. "I'm sorry you're in trouble; and I should really be glad to hear from you." Mrs. Finch had barely time to say those kind words, before the rector, in a voice of thunder, desired me to look at "that double Wreck, and respect it if I did not respect him"; and with that walked himself, his wife, and his baby out of the room.

Having gained the object which had brought me into the study, I made no attempt to detain him. The little sense the man possessed at the best of times, was completely upset by the shock which Lucilla's abrupt departure had inflicted on his high opinion of his own importance. That he would end in being reconciled to his daughter—before her next subscription to the household expenses fell due—was a matter of downright certainty. But, until that time came, I felt equally sure that he would vindicate his outraged dignity by declining to hold any communication, in person or in writing, with Ramsgate. During the short term of my absence from England, Miss Batchford would be left as ignorant of her niece's perilous position between the twin brothers, as Lucilla herself. To know this was to have gained the information that I wanted. Nothing was left but to set my brains to work at once, and act on it.

On the spur of the moment, I could see but one way. If Grossé pronounced Lucilla's recovery to be complete, before I returned from abroad, the best thing I could do would be to place Miss Batchford in a position to reveal the truth, in my place—without running any risk of a premature discovery. In other words, without letting the old lady into the secret, before the time arrived at which it could be safely divulged.

The apparently intricate difficulty was easily overcome, by writing two letters (before I went away), instead of one.

The first letter I addressed to Lucilla. Without any reference to her behaviour to me, I stated, in the fullest detail and with all needful delicacy, her position between Oscar and Nugent; and referred her for proof of the truth of my assertions to her relatives at the rectory. "I leave it entirely to your discretion" (I added) "to write me an answer or not. Put the warning which I now give you to the proof; and if you wonder why it has been so long delayed apply to Herr Grossé on whom the whole responsibility rests." There I ended; being resolved, after the wrong that Lucilla had inflicted on me, to leave my justification to facts. I confess I was too deeply wounded by her conduct—though I did lay all the blame of it on Nugent—to care to say a word in my own defence.

The letter sealed, I wrote next to Lucilla's aunt.

It was not an easy matter to address Miss Batchford. The contempt with which she regarded Mr. Finch's opinions in politics and religion, was more than matched by the strong aversion which she felt for my republican opinions. I have already mentioned, far back in these pages, that a dispute on politics between the Tory old lady and myself ended in a quarrel between us which closed the doors of her house on me from that time forth. Knowing this, I ventured on writing to her nevertheless, because I also knew Miss Batchford to be (apart from her furious prejudices) a gentlewoman in the best sense of the word; devotedly attached to her niece, and quite as capable, when that devotion was appealed to, of doing justice to me (apart from my furious prejudices) as I was of doing justice to her. Writing in a tone of unaffected respect, and appealing to her forbearance to encourage mine, I requested her to hand my letter to Lucilla on the day when the surgeon reported that all further necessity for his attendance had ceased. In the interval before this happened, I entreated Miss Batchford, in her niece's interests, to consider my letter as a strictly private communication; adding, that my sufficient reason for venturing to make this condition would be found in my letter to Lucilla—which I authorized her aunt to read as soon as the time had arrived for opening it.

By this means I had, as I firmly believed, taken the only possible way of preventing Nugent Dubourg from doing any serious mischief in my absence.

Whatever his uncontrolled infatuation for Lucilla might lead him to do next, he could proceed to no serious extremities until Grossé pronounced her recovery to be complete. On the day when Grossé did that, she could receive my letter, and would discover for herself the abominable deception which had been practised

on her. As to attempting to find Nugent, no idea of doing this entered my mind. Whoever he might be, at home or abroad, it would be equally useless to appeal to his honor, or again, it would be degrading myself to speak to him or to trust him. To expose him to Lucilla the moment it became possible was the one thing to be done.

I was ready with my letters, one enclosed in the other when good Mr. (toothridge) (with whom I had arranged previously) called to drive me to Brighton in his light cart. The chance which he had for hire had been already used to make the same journey by Lucilla and the nurse, and had not yet been returned to the inn. I reached my train before the hour of starting, and arrived in London with a sufficient margin of time to spare.

Resolved to make sure that no possible mischance could occur, I drove to Miss Batchford's house, and saw the cabman give my letter into the servant's hands.

It was a bitter moment when I found myself pulling down my veil, in the fear that Lucilla might be at the window and see me! Nobody was visible but the man who answered the door. If pen, ink, and paper had been within my reach at the moment, I think I should have written to her on my own account, after all! As it was, I could only forgive her the injury she had done me. From the bottom of my heart, I forgive her, and longed for the blessed time which should unite us again. In the meanwhile having done everything that I could to guard and help her, I was now free to give to Oscar all the thoughts that I could spare from my poor misguided father.

Being bound for the Continent, I determined (though the chances were a hundred to one against me) to do all that I could, in my painful position, to discover the place of Oscar's retreat. The weary hours of suspense at my father's bedside would be lightened to me, if I could feel that the search for the lost man was being carried on at my instigation, and that from day to day there was a bare possibility of my hearing of him, if there was no more.

The office of the lawyer whom I had consulted during my previous visit to London, lay in my way to the terminus. I drove there next, and was fortunate enough to find him still at business.

No tidings had yet been heard of Oscar. The lawyer, however, proved to be useful by giving me a letter of introduction to a person at Ramsgate, accustomed to conduct difficult confidential inquiries, and having agents whom he could employ in all the great cities of Europe. A man of Oscar's startling personal appearance would be surely more or less easy to trace, if the right machinery to do it could only be set at work. My savings would suffice for this purpose to a certain extent—and to that extent I resolved that they should be used when I reached my journey's end.

It was a troubled sea on the channel passage that night. I remained on deck; accepting any inconvenience rather than descend into the atmosphere of the cabin. As I looked out to sea on one side and on the other, the dark sea of tossing waters seemed to be the fit and dreary type of the dark prospect that was before me. On the trackless path that we were ploughing, a faint misty moonlight shed its doubtful ray. Like the doubtful light of hope, faintly flickering on my mind when I thought of the coming time.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE STORY OF LUCILLA: TOLD BY HERSELF.

In my description of what Lucilla said and did, on the occasion when the surgeon was teaching her to see her sight, it will be remembered that she is represented as having been particularly anxious to be allowed to try how she could write.

The motive at the bottom of this was the motive which is always at the bottom of a woman's conduct when she loves. Her one ambition is to present herself to advantage, even in the most trifling matters, before the man on whom her heart is fixed. Lucilla's one ambition with Oscar, was this and no more.

Conscious that her handwriting—thus far, painfully and incompletely guided by her sense of touch—must present itself in sadly unfavourable contrast to the handwriting of other women who could see, she persisted in petitioning Grossé to permit her to learn to "write with her eyes instead of her finger," until she fairly worried out the worthy German's power of resistance. The rapid improvement in her sight, after her removal to the seaside, justified him (as I was afterwards informed) in letting her have her way. Little by little, using her eyes for a longer and longer time on each succeeding day, she mastered the serious difficulty of teaching herself to write by sight instead of by touch. Beginning with lines in copy-books, she got on to writing easy words on dictation. From that again, she advanced to writing notes to keep a journal—this last, at the suggestion of her aunt, who had lived in the days before penny postage, when people kept journals, and wrote long letters—in short when people had time to think of themselves, and more wannarall still, to write about # too.

Lucilla's Journal at Ramsgate lies before me as I trace this line.

I had planned at first to make use of it, so as to continue the course of my narrative without a check; still writing in my own person—as I have written thus far; and as I propose to write again, at the time when I reappear on the scene.

But on thinking over it once more, and after reading the Journal again, it strikes me as the wiser proceeding to let Lucilla tell the story of her life at Ramsgate, herself: adding notes of my own occasionally, where they appear to be required. Variety, freshness, and reality—I believe I shall secure them all three by following this plan. Why is History in general (I know there are brilliant exceptions to the rule) such dull reading? Because it is the narrative of events, written at second hand. Now I will be anything else you please except dull. You may say I have been dull already? As I am an honest woman, I don't agree with you. There are some people who bring dull minds to their reading—and then blame the writer for it. I say no more.

Consider it as arranged, then. During my absence on the Continent, Lucilla shall tell the story of events at Ramsgate. (And I will sprinkle a few notes over it, here and there; signed P.)



"IS IT POSSIBLE YOU CAN SEE THIS DOUBLE WRECK?" SAID MR. FINCH.

With these pleasant anticipations, I opened the letter. Judge what I felt when I found what it really contained.

"DEAR MADAME PRATOLUNGO.—You will agree with me, that it is very important, after what Herr Grossé has said about the recovery of my sight, that my visit to Ramsgate should not be delayed. As you are unable, through the circumstances which I sincerely regret, to accompany me to the seaside, I have determined to go to London to my aunt, Miss Batchford, and to ask her to be my companion instead of you. I have had experience enough of her sincere affection for me to be quite sure that she will gladly take the charge of me off your hands. As no time is to be lost, I start for London without waiting for your return from your walk to wish you good-bye. You so thoroughly understand the necessity of dispensing with formal farewells, in cases of emergency, that I am sure you will not feel offended at my taking leave of you in this way. With best wishes for your father's recovery, believe me,

"Yours very truly," LUCILLA.

"P.S.—You need be under no apprehension about me. Zillah goes with me as far as London; and I shall communicate with Herr Grossé when I arrive at my aunt's house."

But for one sentence in it, I should assuredly have answered this cruel letter by instantly resigning my situation as Lucilla's companion. The sentence to which I refer, contained the words which cast in my teeth the excuses that I had made for Oscar's absence. The sarcastic reference to my recent connection with a case of emergency, and to my experience of the necessity of dispensing with formal farewells, removed my last lingering doubts of Nugent's treachery. I now felt, not suspicion only, but positive conviction that he had communicated with her in his brother's name, and that he had contrived (by some means at which it was impossible for me to guess) so to work on Lucilla's mind—so to excite that indwelling distrust which her blindness had rooted in her character—as to destroy her confidence in me for the time being.

Arriving at this conclusion I could still feel compassionately and generously towards Lucilla. Far from blaming my poor deluded sister-friend for her cruel departure and her yet crueler letter, I laid the whole fault on the shoulders of Nugent. Full as my mind was of my own troubles, I could still think of the danger which threatened Lucilla, and of the wrong that Oscar had suffered. I could still feel the old glow of my resolution to bring them together again, and still remember (and determined to pay) the debt I owed to Nugent Dubourg.

In the turn things had taken, and with the short time still at my disposal, what was I to do next? Assuming that Miss Batchford would accompany her niece to Ramsgate, how could I put the necessary obstacle in Nugent's way, if he attempted to communicate with Lucilla at the seaside, in my absence?

It was impossible for me to decide this, unless I first knew whether Miss Batchford, as a member of the family, was to be confidentially informed of the sad position in which Oscar and Lucilla now stood towards each other.

The person to consult in this difficulty was the rector. As head of the household, and in my absence, the responsibility evidently rested with Reverend Finch.

I went round at once to the other side of the house. If Mr. Finch had returned to the rectory, after the catechising was over, well and

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL.

East Cliff, Ramsgate, August 28th.—A fortnight to day since my aunt and I arrived at this place. I sent Zillah back to the rectory from London. Her rheumatic infirmities trouble her tenfold, poor old soul, in the moist air of the sea side.

How has my writing got on for the last week? I am becoming a little better satisfied with it. I use my pen more easily; my hand is less like the hand of a backward child than it was. I shall be able to write as well as other ladies do when I am Oscar's wife.

[Note.—She is easily satisfied, poor dear. Her improved handwriting is sadly crooked. Some of the letters embrace each other at close quarters like dear friends; and some start asunder like bitter enemies. This is not to reflect on Lucilla—but to excuse myself, if I make any mistakes in transcribing the Journal. Now let her go on.—P.]

Oscar's wife! When shall I be Oscar's wife? I have not so much as seen him yet. Something—I am afraid a difficulty with his brother—still keeps him on the Continent. The tone in which he writes continues to have a certain reserve in it which disquiets and puzzles me. Am I quite as happy as I expected to be when I recovered my sight? No!

It is not Oscar's fault, if I am out of spirits every now and then. It is my own fault. I have offended my father; and I sometimes fear I have not acted justly towards Madame Pratlungo. These things vex me.

It seems to be my fate to be always misunderstood. My sudden flight from the rectory meant no disrespect to my father. I left as I did, because I was quite incapable of facing the woman whom I had once dearly loved—thinking of her as I think now. It is so unendurable to feel that your confidence is lost in a person whom you once trusted without limit, and to go on meeting that person every hour in the day with a smooth face, as if nothing had happened! The impulse to escape more meetings (when I discovered that she had left the house for a walk) was irresistible. I should do it again, if I was in the same position again. I have hinted at this in writing to my father; telling him that something unpleasant had happened between Madame Pratlungo and me, and that I went away so suddenly, on that account alone. No use! He has not answered my letter. I have written since to my step-mother. Mrs. Finch's reply has informed me of the unjust manner in which he speaks of my aunt. Without the slightest reason for it, he is even more deeply offended with Miss Barchford than he is with me!

Sad as this estrangement is, there is one consolation—so far as I am concerned,—it will not last. My father and I are sure, sooner or later, to come to an understanding together. When I return to the rectory, I shall make my peace with him, and we shall get on again as smoothly as ever.

But how will it end between Madame Pratlungo and me? She has not answered the letter I wrote to her. (I begin to wish I had never written it, or at least some of it—the latter part, I mean.) I have heard absolutely nothing of her since she has been abroad. I don't know when she will return—or if she will ever return, to live at Dimchurch again. Oh, what would I not give to have this dreadful mystery cleared up! to know whether I ought to fall down on my knees before her and beg her pardon? or whether I ought to count among the saddest days of my life the day which brought that woman to live with me as companion and friend?

Have I acted rashly? or have I acted wisely? There is the question which always comes to me and torments me, when I wake in the night. Let me look again (for the fiftieth time at least) at Oscar's letter.

[Note.—I copy the letter. Other eyes than hers ought to see it in this place. It is Nugent, of course, who here writes in Oscar's character, and in Oscar's name. You will observe that his good resolutions, when he left me, held out as far as Paris—and then gave way as follows.—P.]

"MY OWN DEAREST,—I have reached Paris, and have found my first opportunity of writing to you since I left Brownlow. Madame Pratlungo has no doubt told you that a sudden messenger has come to my brother. I have not yet reached the place at which I am to meet him. Before I meet him, let me tell you what the necessity which has parted us really is. Madame Pratlungo no longer possesses my confidence. When you read road on a little farther, she will no longer possess yours.

"Alas, my love, I must amuse you, shock you, grieve you—I know you will do so, and I know I shall! Let me write it in the fewest words. I have made a terrible discovery. Lucilla! you have trusted Madame Pratlungo as your friend. Trust her no longer. She is your enemy, and mine. I suspected her some time since. My worst suspicions have been confirmed.

"Long ere this, I ought to have told you, what I tell you now, that I shrink from distressing you. I have not done so, because I know that it is only when I am away from you—when I fear the consequences if you are not warned of your danger—that I can summon the courage to tear off the mask from that woman's false face, and show her to you as she really is. It is impossible for me to enter into details in the space of a letter; I reserve all particulars until we meet again, and until I produce what you have a right to ask for—proof that I am speaking the truth.

"In the meanwhile, I beg you to look back into your own thoughts, to recal your own words, on the day when Madame Pratlungo offended you in the rectory garden. On that occasion, the truth escaped the Frenchwoman's lips—and she knew it! Do you remember what you said, after she had followed you to Brownlow? A man, after she had declared that you would fall in love with my brother if you had met him first—and after Nugent (at her instigation no doubt) had taken advantage of your blindness to make you believe that you were speaking to me. When you were standing under the insult, and when you had found out the trick, what did you say?

"You said these—or nearly these—words: 'About ten in the morning he was informed that Lord Shandon and his daughter were desirous of seeing him. In the drawing room he found them, both dressed for a journey. Lady Coleraine, pale and rigid, started up to meet him.' 'We are going, my lord,' she said stiffly. 'We wish to take our leave of you.' 'What!' cried the marquis, 'going! and you will not—?'"

The girl stopped him with a gesture, and drawing from her bosom her husband's letter, she handed it to him;

"Be kind enough to read that, my love. At a glance, Lord Scarborough took in the contents of the letter. So great was his astonishment that he should justly matter."

excuse I have made to Madame Pratlungo will prevent her from interfering between us. That was my object in making it.

"Keep me correctly informed of your movements, and of hers. I enclose an address to which you can write, with the certainty that your letters will be forwarded.

"On my side, I promise to write constantly. Once more, don't trust a living creature about you with the secret which this letter reveals! Expect me back at the earliest possible moment, to free you with a husband's authority—from the woman who has so cruelly deceived us.—Yours with the truest affection, the fondest love,

"OSCAR."

[Note.—It is quite needless for me to dwell here on the devilish cunning—I can use no other phrase—which inspired this abominable letter. Look back to the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters, and you will see how skillfully what I said in a moment of foolish irritation, and what Lucilla said when she too had lost her temper, is turned to account to poison her mind against me. We are made innocently to supply our enemy with the foundation on which he builds his plot. For the rest, the letter explains itself. Nugent still persists in personating his brother. He guesses easily at the excuse I should make to Lucilla for his absence; and he gets over the difficulty of appearing to have confided his errand to a woman whom he distrusts, by declaring that he felt it necessary to deceive me as to what the nature of that errand really was. As the Journal proceeds, you will see how dexterously he works the machinery which his letter has set in motion. All I need add here, in the way of explanation, is—that the delay in his arrival at Ramsgate of which Lucilla complains, was caused by nothing but his own hesitation. His sense of honour—as I know, from discoveries made at a later time—was not entirely lost yet. The lower he sank, the harder his better nature struggled to raise him. Nothing, positively nothing, but his own remorse had kept him at Paris (it is not needless to say that he never stirred father, and never discovered the place of his brother's retreat), after Lucilla had informed him by letter, that I had gone abroad, and that she was at Ramsgate with her aunt. I have done: let Lucilla go on again.—P.]

I have read Oscar's letter once more. He is the soul of honour; he is incapable of deceiving me. I remember saying what he tells me I said, and thinking it too—for the moment only—when I was beside myself with rage. Still—may it not be possible that appearances have misled Oscar? Oh, Madame Pratlungo! I had such a high opinion of you, I loved you so dearly—can you have been unworthy of the admiration and affection that I once felt for you?

I quite agree with Oscar that his brother is not to blame. It is sad and shocking that Mr. Nugent Dubourg should have allowed himself to fall in love with me. But I cannot help pitying him. Poor disgraced man, I hope he will get a good wife! How he must have suffered!

It is impossible to endure, any longer, my present state of suspense. Oscar must, and shall, satisfy me about Madame Pratlungo—with his own lips. I shall write to him by this post, and insist on his coming to Ramsgate.

August 29th.—I wrote to him yesterday, to the address in Paris. My letter will be delivered to-morrow. Where is he? when will he get it?

[Note.—That innocent letter did its fatal mischief. It ended the struggle against himself which had kept Nugent Dubourg in Paris. On the morning when he received it, he started for England. Here is the entry in Lucilla's journal.—P.]

August 31st.—A telegram for me at breakfast-time. I am too happy to keep my hand steady—I am writing horribly. It doesn't matter: nothing matters but my telegram. (Oh, what a noble creature the man was who invented telegrams!) Oscar is on his way to Ramsgate!

(To be continued.)

FAMILY FEUDS:

A SEQUEL TO WILL HE TELL?

Translated and Adapted from the French of Emile Gaboriau.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

The twenty-four hours spent by Lady Coleraine in bewailing his cruel position were passed by the Marquis of Scarborough in pacing his room, grumbling and cursing at the treatment he had received from his son and from Lord Shandon. Towards night an attendant brought him a letter, and looking at the address he at once recognized Lord Coleraine's handwriting. In ferish haste he opened it and read:—

"My Lord, I cannot return to St. Killan's, but it is of the utmost importance that I should see you. I trust that you will approve of my intentions, when once you understand my motives.

"Come to Coleraine as soon as possible. I am waiting for you.

"COLERAINE."

And he listened to the suggestions of his impatience, Lord Scarborough would have started at once. But he was too well-bred to leave his guests alone at the Abbey, even though one of them was his bitter enemy, Both Lord Shandon and Lady Coleraine had retired, so he was compelled to pass another night in doubt and uncertainty.

About ten in the morning he was informed that Lord Shandon and his daughter were desirous of seeing him. In the drawing room he found them, both dressed for a journey. Lady Coleraine, pale and rigid, started up to meet him.

"We are going, my lord," she said stiffly. "We wish to take our leave of you."

"What!" cried the marquis, "going! and you will not—?" The girl stopped him with a gesture, and drawing from her bosom her husband's letter, she handed it to him;

kind of him to have thought of the reasons that drove him to take this inexplicable step, before, instead of after, the wedding. But, however, what is done, is done. Tell Coleraine that I forgive him for having shattered my life, for having made me the miserable woman that I am. I forgive him too his last insult of alluding to my fortune. I hope that he will be happy. Come, father. Farewell, my lord, we shall never see each other again. Farewell!"

And taking her father's arm she was moving away when Lord Scarborough threw himself before the door, barricading the way.

"You must not go like this," he cried. "I will not allow it. At least wait until I have seen Coleraine. It may be he is not so guilty as you think—"

"Enough of this, my lord," interrupted Lord Shandon petulantly. "Enough of this. Of what use would any explanation be. There are certain insults for which no reparation can atone. May your conscience pardon you as I pardon you. Farewell!"

And Lord Shandon and his daughter swept away, leaving Lord Scarborough standing petrified with amazement.

"What could Lord Shandon mean? Did he think that he could dupe the Marquis of Scarborough? Had he heard the first words uttered by that nobleman, on recovering from his stupefaction, he would have been speedily undeceived.

"What the deuce does the man mean with this farce? He forgives me, does he? Then he must be playing a very deep game, indeed."

For a moment he was disturbed at the thought, but he quickly brightened up again.

"Coleraine is the man," he cried. "If he cannot checkmate him I do not know who can. Yes, I must see him at once."

So great was his impatience that after ordering his phaeton, he hurried into the yard, and himself assisted in harnessing the horses. Then climbing in he drove off at a break-neck pace that astonished the old coachman.

On arriving at Lord Coleraine's quarters he burst into the Earl's room, and without introduction he broke out:

"You must be mad, my lord. By heavens! that is the only explanation of your conduct that I can give."

Lord Coleraine had expected something of this kind, and was quite prepared. Coolly puffing at his cigar, he answered:

"Pardon me, my lord. I never felt better in my life. But before proceeding any farther, allow me to put to you one question: Was it you who sent the soldiers to interrupt the meeting arranged between myself and young Somerville?"

"I?"

"Thank you, my lord. I thought not. Then it is another piece of villainy for which we are indebted to Lord Shandon?"

Lord Scarborough said nothing. The treachery of his late guest and ally astounded him. Lord Coleraine continued:

"It is the second time that that man has attempted to bring dishonour on our family. To prove my sincerity and the truth of what I stated, I was forced to break off all relations with his daughter. I did so, nor do I regret having done so, for, for that matter, I only married her to please you; because a man must marry some time or other, and all women, with the exception of one who can never be mine, are the same to me—hardly the kind of consolation Lord Scarborough had bargained for.

"That may be all very fine," he broke in; "but none the less have you destroyed all our chances of political advancement."

"Indeed," returned Lord Coleraine, and a keen smile played about his lips, "it seems to me that, on the contrary, I have advanced them. Now don't make a mistake. All that affair of the Young Ireland rising—mean the trial of the rioters, the executions and imprisonments—was horrible, and you ought to be only too glad to get a chance of ridding yourself of all responsibility therein. With a little management you can throw all the odium of the severe measures taken upon the Marquis of Shandon, keeping for yourself, in the meantime, all the prestige of suppressing the rebellion."

Lord Scarborough began to understand, "By Heavens! Coleraine," he cried, "you have hit it. I am not so much afraid of Shandon now."

"No," returned Lord Coleraine, positively. "It is not so much him that I fear as his daughter—my wife!"

CHAPTER V. IN POSSESSION.

All those who have lived in the country know with what marvellous rapidity a story is circulated, even among those who are in no way concerned therein. As a means for the dissemination of news the electric telegraph cannot venture to compete with the tongues of the village gossips, which, once set a-wagging, never stop until the subject is thoroughly exhausted, and a new nine-day's wonder arises to claim their attention. It is no wonder then that in a small place like Portenagh the story of the case at St. Killan's was, before four hours had passed, the theme of conversation in every tap-room and shebeen in the neighbourhood. The very same evening news of the affair reached the Byrnes, only three hours after Frederick, John Mosley and Sullivan had left the house, promising to seek a safe place at once. Mrs. Somerville, Annie and Father Mahoney were sitting in the kitchen of the farm, each occupied with their own sad reflections, when the eldest of Byrnes' sons entered. Together with one or two of the neighbours he had gone, after supper, to get a look at the goings-on at the Abbey, and he now returned and related the whole story to Father Mahoney. At first the good priest was perfectly bewildered, but his astonishment soon gave place to apprehension. He understood but too well how his friends' safety was imperilled by the turn affairs had taken.

"It is perfectly incomprehensible to me," he said at last, after a long silence, "that Frederick should have ventured on such a piece of madness, and that so soon after I had warned him. Mr. Somerville's worst enemy could not have done more to injure him than his own nephew has done. 'Put at all events, let us wait and see what may bring forth.'"

The next day they received news of the meeting at the Beach, the ambush, the escape of the fugitives, and, lastly, the departure of Lord Shandon and his daughter from the Abbey. The last story of intelligence rather reassured the priest, and as day after day passed without any new developments his fears gradually vanished. Far from provoking new severities, it seemed as if Frederick's imprudence had had the effect of calming the anger of the authorities at Coleraine. No new persecutions were entered upon, the search after fugitive insurgents relaxed, and altogether it appeared as if the Young Ireland affair had been completely forgotten.

Later on they received intelligence from Frederick and Sullivan, who had sought safety on the northern coast of France, at St. Malo. The whereabouts of John Mosley was not known, but as his name did not appear on any of the proscription lists, his friends felt little anxiety on his behalf.

A few days later it became known that Lord Shandon had fallen seriously ill, and that his daughter never left his bed. And about the same time Lord Scarborough returned from London, where, the newspapers stated, he had received an additional ribbon, and had been voted the thanks of the House of Commons, for the energy and ability displayed by him in quelling the seditious uprising of the Young Ireland rebels at Coleraine. A week afterwards those of the insurgents who still remained in prison were set at liberty.

This now act of clemency was immediately set down by Father Mahoney to the rupture between Lord Scarborough and Lord Shandon. It was shared by the whole neighbourhood. Unlike Mr. White, mentioned in the first volume, they trusted appearances, and thus arrived at this conclusion. As a consequence, Lord Scarborough rose wonderfully in everybody's estimation, while Lord Shandon fell proportionately.

Annie was the only one who suspected the truth. It seemed to her that she recognized in the new aspect of affairs the hand of Lord Coleraine, of that subtle nature which delighted in intrigue and unexpected surprises. Some secret, unaccountable presentiment told her that it was he who, having shaken off his habitual apathy, was directing the course of events, by availing himself of his influence over his father. Further she could not help feeling—why she knew not—that it was for her sake that Lord Coleraine was playing this unaccustomed part.

What did he, the careless egotist, care for those humble conspirators whom he had restored to life and liberty? His object in protecting them could merely be to acquire the right of protecting her and those she loved. He had saved them merely to prepare the way for reversing the iniquitous sentence of the court-martial, and to save Mr. Somerville and Frederick. And feeling all this, firmly believing this theory that had established itself unbidden in her mind, her aversion for Lord Coleraine insensibly decreased. What heroism he had displayed, this man whose eyes she had rejected! She could not shut her eyes to the greatness of soul evinced by him, when, sooner than be suspected of cowardice, he had revealed a secret affecting the political fortunes of his house. Yet that was all. At the thought of him her heart beat not one whit the faster; and with all his heroism, all his magnanimity, she could not bring herself to feel the slightest pride, not even the slightest interest in him.

No, she was plunged in such an abyss of black despair, that she had but little care for any but herself. The poor girl was indeed sadly changed. Two months after her arrival at the Byrnes' farm, no one would have recognised in her the beautiful girl who had always attracted the admiration of those who saw her. Day by day she seemed to waste away. Her cheeks sunk more and more, the dark circles round her eyes grew larger and larger, and her increasing paleness marked her as one already under the hand of Death. She no longer walked with the graceful sprightly step that had been habitual with her, but painfully dragged herself along, as if every motion cost her agony. Often she would remain for whole days crouched in a chair in the chimney-corner, her lips contracted in pain, her eyes starting into vacancy, and large tears slowly rolling down her cheeks.

One day, Father Mahoney asked her if she was in pain.

"No, Father," she replied.

"Why not confide your secret to me, my child? Am I not your friend? Of what are you afraid?"

Sadly she shook her head, and returned: "I have no secret."

Faithful in the promise made to her husband, she refused to acknowledge her condition, although the sad secret was killing her. With what dread she looked forward to the time when she would no longer be able to keep it from the world. And that time was not far off. Already Father Mahoney had once or twice let fall on her a look that told her that one at least suspected her. This increased her already insupportable weight of sorrow. More than once the thought had occurred to her to flee, and shelter herself somewhere from the eyes of her fellow-beings until she could safely return into the world without having the fear of incurring a stain on her honour. Willingly would she have done so, but whether could she, a poor helpless girl, bethake herself alone.

At last, at once occurred which proved to be her salvation. For some time past, money had been very scarce at the farm. The fugitives had been unable to obtain any from their usual sources of supply, for fear of making known their whereabouts. Hitherto they had been entirely dependent on the Byrnes, and now the poor farmer's modest exchequer had given out. In this dilemma Annie bethought herself of Corcoran's legacy. The gold hidden under the bedroom hearstone would prove very acceptable just now. She at once broached the subject to the priest.

"I could go by night, father," she said, "make my way into the house, get the money and bring it back. It would not take more than an hour."

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN'S AMBUR.—A very eccentric and famous man died in a hotel in the St. Giles quarter, in London, the other day. Thirty years ago he was one of the most celebrated men in England. He was a very good man, and like Feebler in the play, "and the Queen." He became so infatuated after the then young and fascinating royal lady that he climbed down the chimney of the St. James Palace a number of times, but escaped when chased, alas on one occasion. This was taken as being about the time the Queen's apartments and shut up in Tottill Street Prison. As soon as his time was up he tried repeatedly again to see the Queen, and the police took the matter in hand. He was arrested, taken to Gravesend, embarked on board the Diamond and sent to Australia. He lived for many years at Sydney, but was allowed to return to England about five years ago, always desperately ensnared of the Queen. His remaining years were spent in miserable poverty. A fortnight since a rumor was one day started that Queen Victoria was dead. He heard it just as he was retiring to rest, uttered a groan and died instantly.

In Denmark an arrangement is made by which children may attend school one part of the day and work the other part. A school-house—in Copenhagen, for example—is furnished for a thousand children; one section is held in the morning, a thousand attending; in the afternoon a second thousand children attend—both schools being under the same general management.

A FIREWAGON came lay down in a fly-wheel recently, early in the morning, and was discovered all the time he had been three hours, a dog then detected her and gave the alarm. When the engine was stopped the cat was rescued uninjured, after making sixty revolutions a minute for three hours.

A Chicago boot-block recently appeared in Detroit and bought a nine-hundred-dollar lot for which he paid in fractional currency, mostly of the denomination of ten cents, and which he took three hours to count. He is only eleven years old, and says he made this money in boot-blacking in three years.

Trussia is far behind the times—at least behind American times. An uneducated lady who made a speech at Hiale in favour of woman's rights was sentenced the next morning by a police judge to two days' imprisonment on bread and water for advocating female rights.

Australian naturalists are speculating as to the cause of an extraordinary large migration of quails into their country, this year. These birds have been more numerous about Melbourne than ever before known.

VENUS OF THE NEEDLE.

BY WILLIAM ALLENHAM.

O Maryanne, you pretty girl, Intent on alky labour, Of sempstresses the pink and pearl, Excuse a peeping neighbour!

Those eyes, for ever drooping, give The long brown lashes rarely; But violets in the shadows live, For once unveil them fairly.

Just that not lent that founce enough Of looks so long and earnest? Lo, here's more "penetrable stuff," To which then never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, dainty and sped! How slender, and how nimble! Oh, might I wind their skeins of thread, Or but pick up their thimble!

How blest the youth whom love shall bring, And happy stars embolden, To change the dome into a riser, The silver into golden!

Who'll steal some morning to her side To take her finger's measure, While Maryanne pretends to chide, And blanches deep with pleasure!

Who'll watch her sew her wedding-gown, Well conscious that it is his; Who'll clean a lace, with a frown, With those so ready scissors?

Who'll taste these ripenings of the south, The fragrant and delicious! Don't put the pins into yo' mouth, O Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it were my trust To teach her how shocking that is; I wish I had her needle, To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe, Across a street so narrow; A thread of silk to string his bow, A needle for his arrow!

LIQUID TRICKERY.

BY J. EDWARD RITCHIE.

As a rule, I presume, originally a man drank because he was thirsty. People pretend occasionally to live without any sustenance whatever, but I am inclined to think that if they had no solid food they were supplied with nourishment in a liquid form. Life may be thus sustained a long time. If anything, then, drink is of more actual necessity than food itself. At any rate, drink is as essential as food. London must have its liquor well as its beef and bread. I fear few people in our time really drink because they are thirsty, but because they like to drink. What a man can take in this way is really wonderful. I have known gay and gallant toppers who have lived to a ripe old age, but they have been seasoned vessels—endowed by nature with great grit in that way—and could tell sad tales of boon companions hurried to a premature grave. In this world of ours there are many reasons for drinking—because you're sad, because you are merry; because you have gained a fortune, because you have lost one; because you are hot, because you are cold; because you are successful lover, because you have wooed in vain. The young 'uns are so ready to find an excuse for the glass are much to be pitied. As to the old, one can understand how under the stimulus of the wine cup there may come back to them something of the ardour of youth, something of the brightness of a hope long dead.

Even the sternest teetotaler cannot regard with aversion a slight indulgence in wine under such circumstances. Is life so joyous that we must rudely sacrifice all its illusions? Who shall say it is a sin if a couple of old fogies crack a bottle between them, rather than sit silent and sallow by the deserted hearth, in the home whence many a year since love, and hope, and youth, and beauty had fled? A mere wine-bibber is a sot. Miniver van Dunk would be an asceticism in our time—equally so would be Miniver van Horn—who, according to Sir John Sinclair, drank in the space of twenty-three years 36,868 bottles, 69 pipes, of port, his usual allowance being four bottles of port a day. Gentlemen nowadays don't join the ladies after dinner unsteady in gait, flushed in the face, and utterly unable to speak of a "truly rural recreation." Soberly, the artist, tells us how once upon a time he chanced to stay at a house in which Pitt and Dundas had stopped on their way to Dover. "Those gentlemen drank seven bottles," said the waiter, "last night." Only fancy Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Low thus carousing at a wayside inn.

May I venture to lift up the curtain and reveal the iniquities of the liquor trade in London? I had much rather not. It is unpleasant to be robbed of the illusions of one's youth. Who does abhor a candid friend? Is my pretty Rose the lost lovely because on her cheek there is just a suspicion of pearl-powder; because she has been supplied by the dentist with one of those snowy teeth I admire so when she smiles; because amidst her silken tresses there may be one to which she can lay only a pecuniary claim? Still I do not shrink from my duty. I may observe that it is fearfully and wonderfully made.

"Water, said the ancients, is the oldest of the elements; I begin with that. One of the first things that the City fathers did, was to ensure for London a fair share of the refreshing beverage. Ages back, Clerkes-well, Clements-bell, and Holy-well were in request amongst those who did not live on the banks of the Thames; but the ever-pressureing wants of the community made themselves felt, and sixteen conduits had to be provided, through which pure water was conveyed from Paddington, Amapston, Highbury, and other rural villages. In time the springs from which the conduits were supplied were exhausted, and there was a danger of water, a terrible calamity in a city full of rough sheds and timber habitations. To bring water from a distance was a problem successfully solved, two hundred years, by Sir Hugh Myddelton. Seven water companies now supply London annually with 170,000 metric tons of water, more or less pure.

Undoubtedly the staple drink of London is beer. Beer-drinking nations carry all before them. Look at the Germans, for instance, what wonders did they not perform while at war with France? and who ever yet saw a German beggar by selling beer in the streets. I can remember when Messrs. Coops and Inn were clerks in a brewery. There are many yet living who have not forgotten when Mr. Huggins, who died a year or two since, was a pot-boy. In England and Wales, out of 89,125 licensed to brew, London contained no more than 149, but they consumed

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE REPROOF.

Within the last very few years a field of subjects, new in modern annals of painting, has been taken possession of by several artists both here and abroad. We allude to the representation of Greek and Roman scenes, both historical and domestic; and a most agreeable variety of subjects of this class present in companionship with others depicting incidents of far later times, or of our own life.

Two Belgian artists have, among foreigners, especially distinguished themselves by works of this kind, Alma Tadema and Joseph Coomans; "The Reproof," which we now engrave is by the latter artist. A young Greek boy, who may possibly grow up to be a Leonidas, a Miltiades, a Pausanias, or, it may be, a Pindar or a Thucydides, has been guilty of some misconduct—perhaps broken his mother's distaff, which lies on the ground—and the lady calls the delinquent to her side to read him a lecture; but the "reproof" is given with true maternal gentleness, the smile on her face almost contradicting her words, while the little fellow looks upward to his mother as if half ashamed of himself, yet assured of pardon. The group, with its surroundings, has somewhat of a statuesque character, yet it is unconstrained and perfectly natural; while the *negligé* arrangement of the masses of of drapery gives great richness to the composition, and affords the artist opportunity for brilliant colour.

The administration of parental justice takes place on the vine-covered terrace of the villa overlooking the sea; perhaps, on one of the "glorious isles of Greece," which to this day are the delight of travellers.

POWER OF SPEAKING RESTORED.

NEWARK, ONTARIO, D. C., March 20, 1870.

MR. FELLOWS:—

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JONAS FOTHERLINGILL.

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5	70	A WILLIAMS Double Thread Sewing Machine, (GROVER & BAKER STITCH) silver plated, blackwalnut table and cover. Price, \$35.00	A Lady's Watch, open face, 18 carat Gold, enamelled cover, set with diamonds. Price, \$35.00
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GEO. E. DESBARATS,

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