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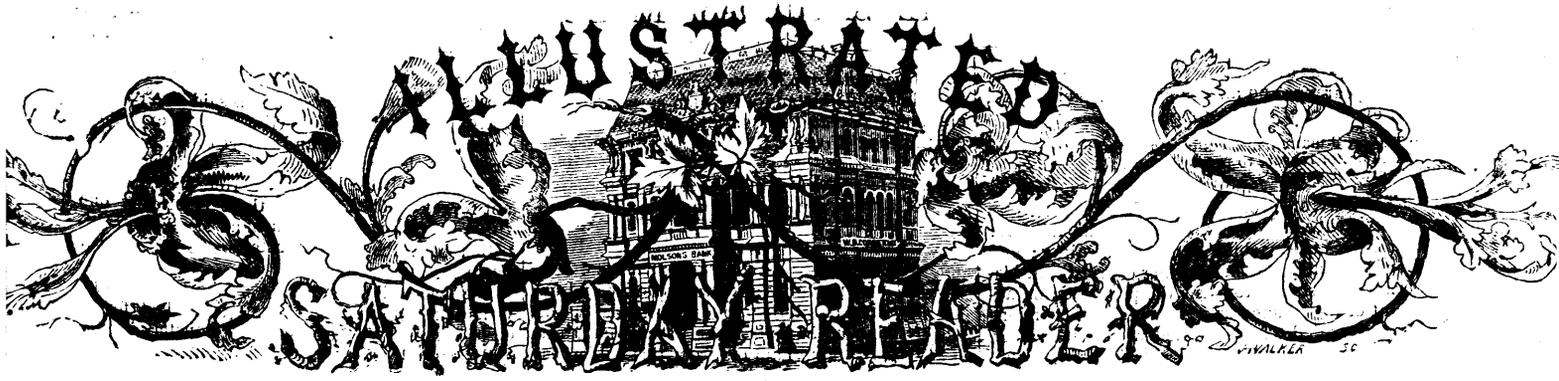
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VOL. III.—No. 56.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

LAWYERS.

"He that fished from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

SO says Shakspeare; but the generality of mankind forget this wise and true remark of the poet's, and think that by taking away the character of their neighbours, they will make their own better: that by blackening others, they will whitewash themselves; that on the destruction of the fair name of others, their own will arise, phoenix-like, adorned with more gorgeous and splendid plumage. Oftentimes it is men of the most spotless and unimpeachable morals and most noble generosity that are thus traduced and defamed: often those classes of men, who have at all times and in all ages occupied the highest positions in civilized countries, have that, which to every honest man is more valuable than life itself, sacrificed and destroyed by the high-priests of envy, hatred and malice.

What an example we have of the truth of these statements, in the way those who devote themselves to the study and practice of the law—the handmaid of justice—are and ever have been assailed on every hand, in every country, by every person, be he poet, philosopher or fool; every one seems to consider it his bounden duty to cast a stone at the fair fame of "the lawyers." From the dull and prosy parson, who divides each sermon into half-a-dozen heads, and dismisses his wearied hearers after well nigh an hour's discourse, delivered in a monotonous, sing-song, whining voice, with "finally," "lastly," "in conclusion," and "one word before we part,"—yet complains of the slowness and wearisomeness of legal proceedings, of the verbosity and tautology of legal documents, of the dryness and stupidity of legal speeches; to the grocer who, while he mixes sand with his sugar, sells pieces of wood for spicy nutmegs, and waters his whiskey, yet proclaims aloud, with indignant gestures and bitter tones, the dishonesty of some paltry, pettifogging attorney, and purse-milking law driver. From the Poet Laureate, who, receiving a sovereign for every single line of his anything but fascinating or enchanting ditty, "What does little Birdie say," grumbles about the enormous fees of the lawyers, and the heavy expenses connected with the administration of justice,—to the criminal standing at the bar, to receive the just reward of his crimes, and who, although the evidence against him is as clear as the noonday sun, abuses his counsel for not getting him acquitted and set at liberty, to repeat his nefarious actions. One and all, forgetful of their own dullness and stupidity, of their own trickery and dishonesty, of their own exorbitant and excessive charges, or hoping that the huge clouds of dust which they raise about their neighbours will hide their own misdeeds—all publish abroad, with stentorian voices, and herculean labor and perseverance, that attorneys and solicitors, advocates

and doctors, barristers and counsel, are a generation of vipers, from whom every honest man should flee. In this tune every one screeches—on this string every one harps.

Let us hear what some of these righteous men who, being without sin themselves, undertake to cast stones at their brethren of the long robe, say.

Congreve says—and this self same man was a writer of plays, which are more noted for the cool systematic immorality, which is the chief ingredient, than for their wit and learning; he studied law for a time in the Middle Temple, but, soon wearying, he forsook the quiet and secluded precincts of the church of the ancient warriors of the cross, for the excitement and gaieties of a life of London dissipation, and then, renegade like, he thus attacks and abuses those who are "the counsellors, secretaries, interpreters, and servants of justice—the lady and queen of all moral virtues"—in one of his vile dramas—"Lawyer! I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopped in your conscience. If so be one had a pump in your bosom, I believe we should discover a foul hold. They say a witch will sail in a sieve, but I believe the devil could not venture aboard your conscience."

Swift describes lawyers as "a society of men bred from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid." Did this severe divine, who was ordered by his master to judge not, ever read the declaration of that great and good man, lawyer and judge, Sir Matthew Hale—"I never used the advantage of my elocution, either to maintain a falsehood, or to abuse credulity into a foolish opinion or persuasion: or to deceive people or cozen them into a thing. I never used my elocution to give credit to an ill cause, to justify that which deserved blame, to justify the wicked or condemn the righteous, to make anything appear more specious or enormous than it deserved." And *ex uno disce omnes*.

Junius says:—"If there be any instance, as some there are undoubtedly, of genius and morality united in a lawyer, they are distinguished by their singularity, and operate as an exception." Burke said, in one of his speeches, "they are lawyers—men full of subtily." An old proverb, to characterize what is heathen, describes it "as cold as charity in the heart of a lawyer." Carey, who wrote a history of England in 1627, tells you, "that if you go to law for a nut, the lawyers will crack it, give each of you half of the shell, and chop the kernel themselves;" and the sketch below, representing two men struggling for the possession of a cow, while a bewigged lawyer is drawing away the milk, is something to the same effect.

Shakspeare makes two of his characters speak thus:—

"Dick.—The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

"Cude.—Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment, being scribbled on, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, it is the beeswax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and was never my own man since."

Lord Macaulay, speaking of the English lawyers, insinuates that one would, "with a wig on his head and a band round his neck, do for a guinea what, without these appendages, he would think it wicked and nefarious to do for an empire; that not merely believing, but knowing a statement to be true, he would do all that can be done by sophistry, by rhetoric, by solemn asseveration, by indignant exclamation, by gesture, by play of features, by terrifying an honest witness, by perplexing another, to cause a jury to think that statement false."

Even the meek and gentle Wordsworth cannot let the profession escape without having a rap at it. His "Poet's Epitaph" contains the following lines—

"A lawyer art thou? draw not nigh;
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face!"

Although it would be comparatively easy to fill a volume with quotations from poets, historians, moralists, philosophers, and divines, marking the unmerited and undeserved scorn, obloquy and reproach which have been poured upon the devoted heads of the members of this profession; but, fortunately, with as little effect as oil poured upon a fire. Still, lest I be wearisome, I will give but one more, and that the concluding stanzas of a newspaper poem recounting a visit paid by his satanic majesty to a court of law. After reciting the wonder and astonishment of that gentleman at the way in which the attorneys argued (by the way, he had never seen a lawyer before), it winds up as follows:—

"Thus they quarreled, contended and argued so long,
'Twas hard to determine which of them was wrong;
And concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:
They've guzzled the court with their villainous cavil;
And I'm free to confess it, they'd guzzle the devil;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them, they'd swindle me out of my throne!"

But are all lawyers, or even the majority of them, such foul sinks of iniquity as the authors of these extracts try to make them appear? Doubtless there are, and have been, black sheep among them, as there are and ever have been among every other class of men; but I would be ashamed of myself if I thought it necessary to attempt to disguise the character which has been so untruthfully attributed to them; I will not for one moment stop to shew their innocence. Have not these remarks been called forth, chiefly because the authors of them have, by "these agents of God in the administration of justice," been prevented at some time or other doing some act which the laws of God or of man forbid, or when they have chanced to have done such an act have been brought to punishment by these "orators, who use the power of their tongue and wit to shame impudence, to protect innocency, to crush oppressors, to succour the afflicted, to advance justice and equity, and to help them to right who suffer wrong?" Junius, when he gave utterance to his bitter remarks, had just been beaten in argument by Sir William Draper, a lawyer; so smarting under his defeat, he sent forth a shower of sarcasms, which, like Lilliputian arrows, teased and annoyed, without inflicting any serious wounds. None knew better than

this self-same Junius how to give a mere sophism the appearance and air of a sound argument; no, not even Belial, whose tongue

"Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason, to perplex and dash Maturest counsels."

The Bard of Avon had doubtless suffered from the existence of lawyers, when he was tried for the crimes of poaching and deer stealing; and Lord Macaulay, the fascinating essayist and historian, was soured towards the profession on account of the ill success with which his exertions were attended when enrolled within its ranks. Besides every single case that is tried in a court of law, be it never so just and upright, renders at least two gentlemen of the long robe obnoxious to one or other of the parties concerned: for if the plaintiff succeeds, then the defendant has it indelibly fixed in his mind that the legal advisers of the plaintiff are hard, cruel and rapacious men, veritable realities of the far-famed firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap; and of his own lawyer he thinks that he cares more for the costs and charges than for the success of his client's cause, and loves his purse better than his interests, and so makes many an unnecessary motion, and takes many superfluous proceedings; while if the plaintiff has the misfortune to lose his case, he entertains exactly the same kind of amiable feelings towards his own and his adversary's counsel as a worsted defendant does. And this is a principal reason for lawyers being so disliked.

Our forefathers were not fools, although we, of this enlightened nineteenth century, think that they were, and imagine that wisdom came into the world with us, and that it will cease when we depart; so we are told that in the reign of the Sixth Henry, "for the endowment of virtue and the abandonment of vice, knights and barons, with other states and noblemen of the realm, placed their children in the inns of court, though they desired not to have them learned in the law, nor to live by the practice thereof." And, verily, from the time when the honorable counsellor of Arimathæa came boldly forward to minister to his Lord, after all his professed and regular attendants had fled away, down to the present time, there have never been wanting numbers in the profession whose practice and precepts would cause the advancement of virtue and the suppression of vice, and who have been justly entitled to the appellation of honest lawyers; "and an honest lawyer," as a quaint old writer says, "is the life-guard of our fortunes; the best collateral security for our estate; a trusty pilot to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention; a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of higher function, that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof. He is one that practices law, so as not to forget the gospel; but always wears a conscience as well as a gown. Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snapper adoes of practice, yet he never useth them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery, for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but, with equal contempt, hates the wolfe's study, and the dog's eloquence, and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoils of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He never studies delays, to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats, nor by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than a whole revolution of Saturn, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon with frights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial of writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the braugle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. In a word, whilst he lives he is the delight of the court, the ornament of the bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocence, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the

bar of heaven by a *habeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, non-suits the devil, obtains a *liberate* from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory." V.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, September 4th.

YOU will probably ask, Mr. Editor, why I am writing this letter so early in the week. Let me tell you, in reply, that to-morrow morning by early train, I am off from this wilderness of bricks and mortar, to the blessed quietness and healthful breezes, of one of the Channel Islands. Much I fear that when there not a trace of the *cacoethes scribendi* will be in my nature, I shall throw myself open to the enjoyment of the hour, oblivious alike of anxious editors and grimy printers' devils. So far as the seagirt Jersey, the cry for "copy" cannot reach, and (blessed change,) I shall hear nothing for a few days, but the scream of the water bird, and the roar of the surf. Congratulate me, sir, that the case is so, and, if I am to remain your correspondent, congratulate yourself also; for, as saith Shakspeare—

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at their heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life."

Fancy yourself in receipt of a weekly communication from one given up to "moody and dull melancholy," not to mention "pale distemperatures," and, fancying this, look kindly upon the short, and perhaps uninteresting epistle now being written. I am not alone in my demand. The poor "subs" of the London press, and the still more unfortunate printers, who seem never to get a holiday, have an anxious time of it just now. Their writers are all away, scattered about any where in our hemisphere, and it is perfectly marvellous, how careless the post office is with their communications. There is Jones of the *Slasher*; he has sent his article every week regularly from the Scottish Highlands where he is, but neither it nor Smith's review of the last new book (Smith is up the Rhine somewhere) has been delivered. Now this is very provoking, especially as we are bound to believe that both Jones and Smith did duly put their contributions in the letter box. It is amazing what a character our post office has in Fleet street, and the strand at this season of the year. Mr. Editor, I hope the Canadian mail is a far more trustworthy institution.

The only piece of court news is that the Prince Christian and his wife (Princess Helena) have returned from their wedding tour. Not the least notice was taken of them by the public save that the Windsor corporation got up an address as in duty bound. The newly married pair have now gone to Balmoral; to which retreat the Queen and her household gave them a warm reception. Here is the paragraph in the *Court Circular* describing the affair.

In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by Lady Churchill, drove through Castleton to meet their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who travelled to Perth by the mail train and then posted over the Spital of Gleshee. On their Royal Highnesses' arrival at Balmoral they were received by the tenantry and servants of her Majesty, who had erected a floral arch close to the bridge, were they presented an address congratulating their Royal Highnesses on their first visit to the Highlands, and giving them a most cordial welcome; after which the carriage proceeded at a foot pace to the Castle, preceded by the Royal pipers, and accompanied by the tenantry and servants.

This is, of course, all very natural and right, but the people of England will persist in looking coldly on the match. Rest assured that nobody here envies Prince Christian's position in this country. By the bye I had nearly forgotten to mention that rumours have been spread, within the last few days, of a contemplated marriage between the King of Greece (brother to the

Princess of Wales,) and the Princess Louisa, Her Majesty's fourth daughter. It is said also that the Queen has requested Mr. Gladstone to extend his tour as far as Greece, and report to her upon the present state and future prospects of that somewhat shaky little kingdom. Her Majesty does not forget, probably, that there is already one Queen of Greece, whose husband has been compelled by force of circumstances to retire from business.

We have all been really anxious about our Canadian fellow subjects during the last forty-eight hours. We laughed at the monster picnic, and pictured to ourselves the "skedaddle" of which I spoke in my last, giving it all the ridiculous accessories possible. But since then our government has been taking steps which place the matter out from among things to be laughed at, and show that there is a possibility of serious work in your country. Thus we have heard of cavalry regiments *en route* for the north being suddenly stopped in their journey, and made to hurry towards the sea, there to embark for Canada. Then we are told of steamers being got ready with all possible dispatch for the conveyance of reinforcements. Naturally enough we infer from this that there is good ground for alarm, but you may rest assured that whatever, may happen, the whole might of the empire will be sent to your support. An excellent letter appeared in the *Telegraph* of this morning signed "An Anglo Canadian," from which I cannot resist sending an extract. The writer says:—

If the Canadians had by any foolish conduct on their own part provoked any invasion, I should not be so urgent in my assertions; but it is patent to every one who will take the trouble to reflect, that the only reasons that Canadians have for fighting are for their hearths and homes, and the warm attachment which they have to the British nation. On the other hand, Britain ought to do the best she can to prevent much future bloodshed, serious damage to her own commerce as well even as having her own honour affected, which must necessarily result from the present state of things if any active measures be not at once adopted. Before I left Canada, on speaking to many of my friends, they seemed to be of opinion that more gunboats were needed, so that the enemy might be prevented from crossing the waters; as you may see from glancing at the map of Canada that there is only a certain portion of land on the north-eastern part of the St. Lawrence which is not separated by water from the United States. I hope that in the present emergency the Government and people of Great Britain will do the best they can to help their fellow subjects, who rejoice in living under "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." They have no desire to live under any other Government, and they consider they have a right to expect such protection as the more powerful nation can afford to the weak; being willing, as they are, if England plays the part of the lion, to play in return the part of the mouse, and by their humble efforts to the best of their ability assist their benefactors.

This puts the case of your people in a very strong light; but it was not needed as an incentive to us to do our duty. In all quarters I hear nothing but a determination to regard any attack upon you as an attack upon ourselves and to fight it out accordingly. We, in turn, are not without Fenian alarms. I told you in my last that the rumoured fleet cruising about the Orkneys had disappeared into the Northern Ocean fogs, but one of them has managed to come back again, and now we hear of a suspicious looking vessel in the neighbourhood of classic Iona. Here is part of what the *North British Daily Mail* says about her:

"The movements of the strange vessel were observed at first only by a fishing boat, but afterwards by the whole Island. Her course when first noticed was about N., but on approaching that dangerous shoal of rocks known as the Torran, she lowered nearly all her canvas on deck, and drifted slowly through them in a north-westerly direction. The crew of the fishing smack, which was then close to her, assert that there seemed to be no effort made at steering, and that her escape from destruction on

one of these numerous rocks seemed quite miraculous. She drifted thus to the west of Iona, and when I saw her first she appeared to be lying to about four miles due west from this, surrounded by a perfect labyrinth of shoals and sunk rocks. While in that position she fired one gun. On examining her through a glass she seemed to be a large barque of very handsome appearance, and deeply laden. While I was looking at her, she hoisted her lower sails and bore away southward again, apparently lying as close to the wind as she could. That was the last seen of her here, but on Thursday night firing was again heard in the same direction. Some little alarm, or rather excitement, was felt in the island; for, to say the least of it, the movements of this stranger were very unusual and mysterious. A boat was being manned on purpose to visit her at the time she left. Had this project succeeded, we might have learned something more definite regarding her; but the impression here is that the barque will be heard of again."

Very likely she will be heard of again, manned by such a set of "duffers" as she seems to have on board. Her Majesty's revenue cutter in those regions will probably give a good account of her, if she be anything more substantial than the "Flying Dutchman."

Under the head of "A New Philanthropic Society" the *Morning Star* gives an account of a Franco-Belgian association for the promotion of universal peace. Admirable objects,—but we remember something of the kind before the Orizema war, about the time of our first great exhibition, when every body thought that swords were really about to be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks. Since then wars than which none have ever been more terrible, have desolated both hemispheres, while the smoke of the greatest battle of modern times has hardly yet cleared away. Therefore we look upon this new society as a harmless but valueless ebullition of good feeling. Nevertheless it proposes to hold a Congress at Brussels this year at which, we are told:

"Deputies from committees formed in France, Holland, Spain, Belgium, and Switzerland will attend, and one of the first questions discussed will be that of the formation of an International Tribunal, consisting of representatives of the leading States, for the pacific settlement of the various questions that from time to time arise among European Powers. In view of recent events on the Continent, it may seem too much to hope that the decisions of such a tribunal would be respected, yet it must not be forgotten that the strongest Continental power has already given its assent to the principle of a Congress, and that however feeble might be the first efforts of a tribunal so constituted, its power would necessarily increase with the number of its members, and a nucleus once formed of a few earnest men would gradually attract towards itself all the friends of peace and progress in Europe."

Hoping against hope, let us wish success to the Congress, and a speedy realization of their most sanguine desires.

The cholera is still declining here. *Laus Deo.* I suppose you have a "fire" now and then in Canada, as everywhere else. What do you say then to a little machine which a man can carry single handed, and which extinguishes the most furious blaze as soon as it looks at it. This friend to the insurance offices is named, appropriately enough, L'Extincteur, and here is an account of what L'Extincteur can do:

"The powers of the engine were first tested in extinguishing a fire which was supposed to have burst out on a staircase, a board covered with shavings and having a quantity of tar upon it having been so placed as to represent a flight of stairs. When the flames had spread over the whole of the structure, one of Mr. Casper's assistants, with the engine slung on his back, approached the flames, and turning the hose towards the burning mass, in the course of a very few seconds completely succeeded in putting out the fire. After this, a shed or room constructed entirely of wood, in which was placed several tarred barrels, a quantity of shavings, and splintered wood was set fire to. The

flames were allowed to spread over the whole of the building before any attempt was made to extinguish them. So powerful, however, was the effect of the fluid which was poured upon them from the engine, that in rather less than a minute the fire was completely subdued, about two quarts of the fluid only having been used in the operation. A tank filled with tar, over which several pints of naphtha had been thrown, was next set fire to. After burning furiously for some time the engine was brought into play, and in exactly fifteen seconds the fire was extinguished, a feat which was performed amidst the loud cheers of the assembled people. At the conclusion of these performances Mr. Casper was highly complimented by several gentlemen, and a general feeling of satisfaction was expressed at the result of the experiments."

While hoping that all this is true, we must bear in mind that at this season of the year *canards* are fearfully numerous. Still the science of these days grapples hard with nature in every sphere of her operations, as has been gloriously proved by the news that arrived this morning of the picking up of the Atlantic cable lost last year. There was quite an excitement about town when the report spread, more than was caused by the success of the cable of 1866. And truly the picking up from so enormous a depth of that frail rope is an achievement to be proud of. While on matters of science I may as well note down one or two facts of interest. There is now a boat on one of the lakes in the Parisian Bois de Boulogne which moves without steam, oars, sails, or any other visible means of propulsion. The motive power lies in an application of electricity which sets in action the paddles. The invention, however, is a mere toy and must remain so, since the cost of its working is some thirty times more than that of steam. The other fact is that on the 27th of June last, two men were struck by lightning in France, who, on recovery were found to have imprinted on their backs and thighs exact facsimiles of the leaves and branches of the trees, under which they were standing. The phenomenon is no new one, having been observed on previous occasions, but its recurrence is always an interesting scientific event.

Mr. Editor, it is very late, and the train starts very early. Allow me to close, smile graciously on this brief letter, and say to me benignly "Pax vobiscum."

*Humani est errare,
Divinum condonare.*

'Tis easy to cry "Raca" from within
Cold, passionless morality's strong tower,
To those who struggle fiercely, hour by hour,
'Gainst grim Goliaths of unconquered sin.

'Tis easy, safely far from battle's din,
To wave a sword or raise a banner high
To those who have to fight each inch, or—die;
Who must be wounded, even if they win.

'Tis easy to point clean, weak hands of scorn
When some much-tempted brother falls or flies;
Or some sweet Eve has strayed from Paradise
Into the outer world of briar and thorn.

But from the great, high council of the skies
The Judge reads human hearts with milder eyes,
JOHN BRADY.

The dome of the Invalides is about to be reformed—an operation which has not been performed since the first empire—when Napoleon thought it necessary, in order to distract public attention from the disasters of the Russian campaign. A contractor has undertaken to do the work for eight thousand pounds.

Such is the want of penetrating force of the Prussian needle-gun bullet that a Polish Lancer told one of the correspondents of an English paper that at Königgrätz he had a bundle of cigars in a belt under his tunic, and he found a rifle ball screwed into the middle of them after the action.

* Mat. v. 22.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 21.

CHAPTER XV.—ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Three weeks had passed since the return of Mrs. Winch to Normanford, and John English's polite dismissal from Belair. The young photographer had kept his word, as far as his stay at Normanford was concerned, going about his business here and there in the daytime, but always making his way back to Cliff Cottage at nightfall. The chain, one end of which he had succeeded in grasping, had broken in his hands, and he knew no more than a blind man where to find the missing links. Being of a straightforward, unsuspecting nature, and not prone to think evil of others, the idea of any cunningly-devised scheme of deception, with himself for the victim, and reputable, well-to-do people for its authors, was one that made its way but slowly into his mind. There were times when he was disposed to consider all his suspicions as so many wild chimeras of his own fancy, without any foundation in fact; and it is not improbable that in some such mood he would have quitted Normanford for ever, had there not been another attraction pulling powerfully at his heart-strings, which made him loath to leave the little country-town, and so quench positively, and for ever, his last faint hopes of again seeing her whom he so dearly loved; for, to see her again, by chance as it were, some day when she was walking or riding out; to see her at a distance, and without her knowledge; was the utmost that he could now hope for. He was banished from Belair; her sweet society was lost to him for ever; his very existence was probably forgotten by this time; but day passed after day, and still John English lingered purposelessly in the little town. From this state of indecision, and restless moody communing with his own heart, he was roused after a time by the receipt of a letter from his friend, Frank Mashiter—a hearty, wholesome letter, which acted as a mental tonic, endowing his faded purpose with fresh vitality, and counselling him in a cheerful friendly spirit to subordinate his day dreams to the clear practical duty before him, the duty of doing his utmost to trace the hidden links of the chain which evidently connected him in some mysterious way with the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*.

"Frank's letter is like a shower-bath—bracing, but severe," said John to himself, as he finished reading his friend's epistle. "Here have I been dreaming away one day after another, like the veriest lotus-eater; forgetting everything but that sweet delusion which is at once the pain and the gladness of my life. But nothing in this world is ever won by dreaming, and I'll build castles in the air no more."

"I think I see my way to the next step in this matter," resumed John after some cogitation. "I want certain information, and if any man can give me it, my friend Mr. Edwin can. I'll stroll down to his place this very evening."

Mr. Edwin was, literally and truly, the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, being over ninety years of age. He had been master of the Foundation School for half a century, but had retired, years ago, on a small annuity; and now lived with his sister, a maiden lady of seventy, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. How John English came to know the ex-schoolmaster, was in this wise: He was one morning visited at his lodgings by a little old-fashioned lady with very white hair, and very black eyes, who introduced herself as Miss Edwin, and then went on to say that she had come to ask whether Mr. English would do her the favour of taking a photographic likeness of her brother, who was the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, and confined to his house by an infirmity of the feet. Her brother had one son, who had emigrated to Australia many years ago. Father and son would never meet again in this world, and the portrait was wanted as a souvenir to send to that new home across the sea. She, Miss Edwin,

was quite aware that portrait-taking was not in Mr. English's ordinary line of business; but under the circumstances, he would, perhaps—and the little white-haired old lady put her two hands together, and looked up so entreatingly in his face, that John had no heart to refuse her request. John called on Mr. Edwin the same afternoon, and found him to be a little withered gentleman, very sprightly and cheerful, despite his great age and the ailment which confined him to the house. The portrait was duly taken, as well as one of Miss Edwin; and the two duly despatched to the antipodes; but John's visits to the little cottage did not cease with this; he had grown to like the society of the old gentleman and his sister, a liking which was cordially reciprocated; and he not unfrequently strolled down for an hour after his day's work was over, for the sake of a pleasant chat with the Nestor of the little town.

Mr. Edwin, with his sister by way of supplement or addendum, might be considered as a living chronicle of the sayings and doings of Normanford for the last half-century; and John English could not have found any one more likely to supply him with the information he needed. With the propitiatory offering of a packet of genuine Keenall Brown in his pocket—for Mr. Edwin was a great snuff-taker—the young photographer went down to the cottage on the evening of the day on which he received the letter from his friend at Nice. It was not difficult to bring the conversation round to the required point, for the ex-schoolmaster was always ready and willing to talk about any person or thing that referred in any way to his beloved town.

"Yes," said Mr. Edwin, in reply to a question of John's, as he balanced a pinch of his favourite mixture between finger and thumb—"the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* has certainly been a resident of Normanford for many years.—For how many years? Let me consider. Why, for two-and-twenty years, this past summer. She came to Belair with Lady Spencelaugh—with the present Lady Spencelaugh, that is—who is Sir Philip's second wife, his first lady having died in India, poor creature! a few years after marriage. Martha Winch was a young unmarried woman at that time, and a great favourite with her Ladyship. After a time she married Job Winch, a pudding-headed fellow, who originally was hostler at the very hotel of which he afterwards became landlord. I remember it was currently reported at the time that it was her Ladyship's money which put the newly-married couple into the *Hand and Dagger*; and through all these years, Mrs. Winch has never quite broken off her connection with Belair; she still goes frequently to see Lady Spencelaugh.

"How do you account," said John, "for the existence of so strong a tie between two people so different in social position as Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch?"

"All I can tell you with regard to that is from hearsay, and not from observation," replied the schoolmaster. "Lady Spencelaugh is the daughter of a poor Yorkshire squire. When young, her health was very delicate; and her father, with the view of improving it, sent her to be brought up in the house of a small farmer, one of his tenants, who resided somewhere in that wild stretch of country between Ingleton and Hawes, in the North-west Riding. Mrs. Winch that is now, was the daughter of this farmer; and the two girls, living under the same roof for five or six years, became firmly attached to one another; and not all the chances and changes of after-life have been able to trample out this early liking: the great lady up at Belair has never forgotten the friend of her youth."

"Had not Mrs. Winch a brother, when she first came to Normanford?" asked John.

"To be sure she had," replied the old gentleman; "and a drunken, dissolute, gambling dog he was—a surgeon by profession. He came to Normanford, and began to practise here soon after the arrival of Lady Spencelaugh; but he was too fond of shaking his elbow to do any good either to himself or others; and after lead-

ing a useless, bankrupt-sort-of life for two or three years, he left the country, and has not been heard of in this neighbourhood since."

"Do you remember his name?" said John.

"To be sure. His name was Jeremiah, or Jerry, as he was more commonly called."

"But the surname?" urged John.

"Ah, there I confess I'm at fault," said Mr. Edwin, after a minute or two of silent cogitation. "It was rather an uncommon name, I'm sure; but"—

"Kreefe," broke in Miss Edwin hastily, and then went on silently with her knitting.

"Ah, to be sure," said her brother. "The fellow's name was Jeremiah Kreefe."

"Was he married?" said John.

"Yes. He brought his wife with him when he came here, and took her away when he went."

"Any family?"

"No—none," said Miss Edwin sharply, considering, perhaps, that it was within her province to answer such a question.

"Stay a moment, Janet, my dear," said Mr. Edwin with lifted forefinger. "Have you forgotten what I told you when I came back from Liverpool?"

"No, I have not forgotten," answered Miss Edwin; "but I still hold to the same opinion that I did then, that it was not the child of Dr. Kreefe and his wife whom you saw."

"The child might have been put out to nurse, you know, without any one in this neighbourhood being aware of it," said her brother.

"A most unlikely thing," replied Miss Edwin. "If the child were their own, what necessity existed for any concealment of the fact? Besides, I remember to have heard Mrs. Kreefe say more than once, that she thought her husband would love her more, and be a better man, if there was only a pretty baby-face to entice him home of an evening. No, you may rely upon it, Gustavus, the child whom you saw was not their own."

"Then you incline to the belief," said Mr. Edwin, "that it was the child of some relative or friend whom they were taking over with them for reasons best known to themselves."

"I cannot think otherwise," answered the little lady.

This dialogue was listened to by John English with breathless interest. "I have a particular reason," he said, "for wishing to know all that can now be learned respecting the antecedents of this man. Pray, oblige me by giving me whatever particulars you can recollect of the little incident just spoken of by you."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Edwin; "but there is really nothing worth telling. However—to begin at the beginning—Kreefe and his wife had been about two years at Normanford, when it was given out that they were about to emigrate; and sure enough, a few weeks later, the house was shut up, and we were told that they were gone. The fact of their going did not make much impression on my mind, the acquaintance between us being of the most distant kind; besides which, I was busy just then fitting out my boy Jack, whose mind was firmly bent on going to Australia. About a week or nine days after the departure of the Kreefes from Normanford, I found myself at Liverpool with Jack in tow. Well, sir, I saw my boy safely on board ship, took my last grip of his hand, saw the vessel he was in fairly under-weight, and was walking slowly along among the docks and basins, for I lost my way in going back, but felt just then in too disconsolate a mood to care whether I was wandering, when I saw a cab draw up a few paces before me, from which, much to my surprise, there descended Mr. and Mrs. Kreefe, and a child, a boy, apparently about five years of age. They did not see me, and in the humour in which I then was, I did not care to go forward and make myself known. I waited a few minutes, and saw their luggage hoisted on board, and themselves cross the gangway, and disappear below decks, and then I came away. Janet and I have talked the matter over many times since that day, but I don't recollect that we have ever spoken of it

to any but you; you see it was no business of ours."

John had listened to this narration with the deepest interest. Mr. Edwin spoke again. "I remember," he said, "that Kreefe's death was reported here several years ago, and that Mrs. Winch went into mourning avowedly on his account."

"Was there not something peculiar," said John—"something out of the common way, in the appearance of this Dr. Kreefe?"

"He walked with a limp, one of his legs being shorter than the other," said the ex-schoolmaster.

"And had a slight cast in one eye," added Miss Edwin.

"And a very peculiar, rugose, aquiline nose," continued her brother. "Take him altogether, Jeremiah Kreefe was certainly a singular-looking being; and once known, would not readily be forgotten."

John English walked back to Cliff Cottage that night with many strange new thoughts at work in his mind.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE POSTSCRIPT.

The landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, sitting one afternoon in a thoughtful mood in the bow-window of her little snuggery, which looked across the market-place, saw John English turn the corner of the opposite street, and make as though he were coming to the hotel. The widow's heart beat faster than usual as she drew back into the darkest corner of the room, but still with her eye fixed on the young photographer. He had been in her thoughts at the very moment of coming into view—he had been there indeed of late to the exclusion of almost every other topic. His prolonged stay in Normanford made her anxious and uneasy. Nearly a month had elapsed since his dismissal from Belair, but still he lingered; and, as Mrs. Winch had heard from a reliable source, no hint had yet been received by Mrs. Jakeway as to the probability of his early departure. Why did he not go? And why did he call so often on that gossiping old Mr. Edwin and his sister—people who had known her (Mrs. Winch) ever since her arrival at Normanford? Above all, what and how much of a certain matter did he know? That was the great question; and it was one that troubled Mrs. Winch's peace of mind by day and night. And now he was actually coming to visit her! The widow drew in her breath, and her thin lips compressed themselves tightly, while her eyebrows fell a little lower over the cold wary eyes beneath them. She became intent on her sewing. Suddenly the door opened, and John English stood before her.

"Why, Mr. English, what a stranger you are!" said the landlady, dropping her work, and rising with much cordiality of manner. "I thought you had entirely forgotten the old roof that first sheltered you when you came to Normanford," she stopped to smile on him, and then she added: "Will you not take a chair? Pray, be seated."

John English was rather taken aback by this reception, so different from what he had expected; and forgot for a moment or two what he had intended to say. Could it be really true that he had been labouring all this time under some terrible misapprehension—that there was nothing but a mare's nest at the bottom of the business, and that the widow was secretly laughing at him? No, the proofs were too overwhelming; and the woman who stood before him had merely put on that smiling mask to help her in her endeavours to hide the truth.

"We will never mind the old roof just now, if you please, Mrs. Winch," said John gravely, as he closed the door, and advanced into the room. "I have no doubt you are quite as well aware as I am of the nature of the business which has brought me here to-day—better, perhaps."

"No, really," answered the widow, with a little dissentient smile and shake of the head: "you credit me with far more knowledge, Mr. English, than I can claim to possess. Positively, since you put the case on a business footing, I have not the remotest idea as to what has induced you to favour me with a visit this afternoon." She paused for a moment to thread her needle

with steady hand and clear eye. "Stay, though," she added as John was about to speak; "now that I come to think of it, I can perhaps guess the cause of your visit. It is about that ridiculous business of the crossed notes? Annoying to you, I have no doubt; especially after reading by accident my opinion of you as expressed in the note intended for Lady Spence-laugh. How you must have looked when you read it! and the only wonder is, you have not been here about it before. I declare I have had several good laughs to myself when I have thought about it. But I am forgetting that it has not yet been explained to you. No wonder you look mystified. You see, it all arose through a mistake of mine. Your name is not such a very uncommon one; and I mistook you for another Mr. English—a Mr. Ephraim English, a man whom I have never seen; but who, unfortunately, has it in his power seriously to annoy both Lady Spence-laugh and me. As soon as I discovered the mistake, I sent Jerry to your lodgings with a message, asking you to be good enough to look in here the first time you might be passing; but, I suppose, the poor foolish lad omitted to deliver it. Under the circumstances, I hope you will accept my apologies for the annoyance which the mistake has caused you. I can assure you that you do not regret it more heartily than I do myself."

"But you were quite aware from the first, Mrs. Winch," said the young man, "that my name was John English, and nothing else. I am really at a loss to understand how such a mistake could arise."

"So was I, when I came to think coolly of it afterwards," said the widow. "So stupid of me, was it not? But besides the singular coincidence of the surname, there were other circumstances on which I need not enter now, which induced me to think that you were the person I had in my mind when that note was written. But now that the matter has been clearly explained, I hope there is nothing to prevent our being good friends for the future."

John was silent. Was this woman's explanation to be accepted as the truth? To his ear, it had not the fine ring of sterling coin. "We will put aside for the present your explanation of the note, Mrs. Winch, which may or may not be correct," said John in his simple, straightforward way, which had yet nothing of rudeness in it. "There are one or two other circumstances which I wish to lay before you, and which you may, perhaps, be able to explain equally well."

The widow had been steadily sewing all this time; she now paused to bite off the end of her thread, and then looked up at John with a smile. She did not speak, but her eyes said: "Go on" as plainly as words could have done.

"You had a brother," began John; and then he stopped, for the widow, started at his words, and turned on him a quick, terrified glance, which he did not fail to note. But next moment, she was herself again, as cool and collected as before. "You had a brother," resumed John; by name, Jeremiah Kreefe; by profession, a surgeon; who, with his wife, emigrated to America twenty-one years ago."

"Quite true," said the widow; "and who, you might have added, unfortunately died there some seven or eight years since. Proceed, sir, pray."

"Mr. Kreefe walked with a limp, and had a peculiar cast in one of his eyes."

"Admitted," said the widow. "His misfortune, and not his fault, in both cases."

"Mr. Kreefe never had a son, I think?"

"Certainly not, as far as I am aware."

"He was in the habit, I believe, of corresponding with you occasionally after his arrival in America."

"Yes; Jerry and I were always friendly; and I have had many letters from him at different times. But really, Mr. English, these are purely family matters, and I do not see in what way they can possibly concern you."

"I shall come to that presently," said John. "As you were on such intimate terms with your brother, you can doubtless give me some particulars respecting the name, birthplace, and parentage of the child—a boy—whom he took with him from England, and who lived with

him in America for four years. Can you not do this?"

The widow felt her heart cease beating for a moment or two: she seemed to grow pale internally; but her voice, when she spoke, expressed nothing but genuine surprise.

"You astonish me, Mr. English," she said, "more than I can tell. I think you must have been misinformed: but if what you say is true, I assure you that I know nothing whatever of any child taken by my brother and his wife with them to America. Surely you must have been misinformed."

"There is nothing but the simple truth in what I have told you," said John sadly. "I whom you see before you am that unfortunate child. I was taken across the Atlantic in the care of your brother; I lived with him for four years in some little country town; and then—"

"Yes, and then?" said the widow eagerly. "What followed after that does not concern my story at present," said John. "Do you mean, Mrs. Winch," he went on, "to tell me solemnly that you know nothing whatever of such a circumstance?"

"I assert most positively, Mr. English," said the landlady, "that I am in utter and entire ignorance of the transaction you mention. My brother, in this matter, never favoured me with his confidence; and certainly his letters never hinted, even in the most remote manner, at anything of the kind. You have surprised me more than I could express to you in any words."

"When I came here this afternoon," said John, "it was with the conviction that, if you only chose to do so, you could give me some particulars of my birth and parentage—that you could perhaps even tell me my father's name, and reveal to me who I am. But I suppose I must go back as ignorant as I came."

The widow had triumphed, and she could afford to sympathise. "I declare, Mr. English, it is quite a little romance," she said; "hardly to be credited in these sober nineteenth-century days, is it? Sad for you, of course, and I am sure I feel for you sincerely. But the world holds many a good man who has been obliged to do without a father; and I am sure, Mr. English, that you have talent enough to make your own career."

John sat gazing moodily into the fire, but answered never a word.

"My brother, in his letters from Willsburgh"—"Willsburgh!" exclaimed John, starting up; "that is the very name! That is the place where I lived with Jeremiah Kreefe. Do what I would, I never could bring it to mind before.—Thank you, Mrs. Winch, for so valuable a piece of information;" and he took out his pocket-book, and wrote down the name there and then. The widow, in her elation, had incautiously lost a point, and was proportionally mortified thereby.

"And what do you purpose doing next in this matter, Mr. English?" she asked.—"It may be useful to know his next move," she said to herself.

"As soon as my affairs will admit of it," said John, "I shall go to America, and hunt out this Willsburgh; and if I only succeed in finding it (and find it I will), I may be able to pick up some information there which will materially assist me in my search."

"Your search for what?"

"My search for a Name," said John.

To be continued.

IRELAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

SEVENTY and eighty years ago, Ireland was unquestionably much behind England in civilization. Even the virtues of those days partook somewhat of the nature of vices—Irish hospitality was reckless and ruinous, and Irish courage rash and cruel. As in India at the present day, the mountain tribes still retain the feudal manners of the middle ages, so in the times we are going to describe, there existed, away from the Lord Lieutenant's court and its surrounding halo of light, the wild and almost

savage habits of the seventeenth century. Insolent exclusiveness, a wanton and cowardly contempt for the weak and defenceless, a defiant disregard of law, and a ferocious love of fighting, deformed even men of the highest principles and the noblest blood.

What is tolerated in a capital, will always prevail to a greater degree in the provinces. The street-brawls in Dublin seventy-six years ago would not have disgraced London during the Wars of the Roses; and such trade-fights as Pepys describes as the back-sword fights of his day, between the water-men and butchers, or the butchers and weavers, were mere school-boy quarrels to the desperate conflicts of the Dublin factions of seventy-six years ago.

In 1790, a deadly hostility long cherished between the Liberty Boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the butchers of Ormond Market, broke into open war. The battles often lasted two whole days, shops being closed, and all traffic and business suspended in the locality of the fight. The bridges were taken and retaken, and the combatants struggling up to Thomas Street, and down again to the Broadstone, left, as they ebbed and flowed, a wake of maimed and wounded. The butchers used their broad sharp knives with all the dexterity of habit, not to stab, but to *hough*—that is, to lame their adversaries for life by cutting the back tendons of their legs. The Liberty Boys would sometimes playfully retaliate by hanging the butchers they captured by the jaws to the hooks in their own meat-market. In these savage affrays, the students of Trinity College generally fought against the butchers. In a certain battle, when the weavers had been driven back to their dens in the dirty Liberty, the butchers seized some under-graduates, and pitying their youth, and respecting their social rank, hung them on hooks in Ormond Market, each lad by the waistband of his breeches.

These gowmsmen, who were prompt to avenge the wrongs of their order, used to fight, and inflict mortal wounds too, with the heavy iron keys of their rooms, which they slung in the sleeves or tails of their academic gowns. Any bailiff that dared to follow his victim into the College squad, was instantly dragged to the pump. They on one occasion nailed a bailiff by the ears to this pump, at the express direction of one of the fellows, who happened to be passing at the time.

Foremost in reckless eccentricity and violence in those days were the "Bucks," or fighting dandies. Their favourite amusement was to cut off the end of their scabbards, in order that the point of the sword might protrude, so as to be able to prick an adversary without killing him. More than one dilatory barber was, it is said, put to death by the Dublin bucks for not keeping his appointment. In the coffee-houses, they drew on you if you touched their coat, and sometimes almost for looking at them.

In 1784, six Bucks (a lord, two colonels, and three aides-de-camp of the Lord-Lieutenant) were returning home along Ormond Quay, Dublin, flushed with wine after a party at the Attorney-general's, when they suddenly resolved to go to a public-house kept by a man named Flattery, and "sweat" him, that is, make him give up his fire-arms. They first pinked the waiter, then insulted the landlady; and on the landlord knocking one of the fellows down, they drew [their swords. On the landlord arming himself with a gun, and clearing the house, the Bucks led on some soldiers to sack the place, which they would have done, had not some volunteers come to the aid of the sheriff, and quelled the riot. The Bucks, however, being of high rank, the Duke of Rutland did not even order the arrest of the offenders.

An insolent Buck was once trailing his morning-gown (but this story is of an earlier date) at Lucas's, a fashionable coffee-house at Dublin, near the Royal Exchange, when a quiet man, crossing the room for a newspaper, happened to tread on the train of the dandy, who instantly flashed out his sword, and drove the offender to the nearest wall. But as the bully drew back to make a savage and deadly lunge, the quiet man, in the agony of despair, drew a

small ornamental tuck that he wore merely for ornament, sprang on one *side* of the point, and stabbed the "Pinkindie" to the heart. The less ferocious Bucks were extravagantly silly. They perpetrated all the more preposterous of the chivalric absurdities, ignoring altogether the knightly ideal of self-sacrifice and honour. Seeing the beautiful Duchess of Rutland dip her hands into a finger-glass after dinner, Colonel St. Leger seized the glass, and drained its contents. "You will have another treat to-night, Sallenger," laughed the good-natured Duke, "for her Grace washes her feet after supper."

Another Buck earned the sobriquet of "Jerusalem Whaley," by a bet he made to go to the Holy City, play ball against its walls, and return in a given time.

Duelling was another reproach of the tardy civilization of Ireland seventy years ago. Who could refuse to fight, when it was every gentleman's wish to be able to boast that he had shot his man? There could be no good manners while it was considered a sign of courage and spirit to be quarrelsome. Attorney-generals and chief-justices fought duels, and as for barristers, they were always fighting. Grattan shot a Chancellor of the Exchequer; Curran fought an Attorney-general; and as for Lord Norbury, he fought half-a-dozen persons, and, as the phrase ran, "shot up into preferment."

In these pugnacious times, pistols were generally kept at good inns, and the ghastly order used to be, "Pistols for two, breakfast for one."

Sword-fights in the streets of Dublin were by no means uncommon. Such an encounter once took place in St. Stephen's Green between Fighting Fitzgerald and a man-about-town. They sprang at each other like game-cocks; a crowd collected, and a ring was formed. Irishmen appreciate a fight. "For God's sake, part them, or they'll kill one another," cried a philanthropist among the bystanders. "No, no," replied a grave man who stood next him; "for Heaven's sake, let them fight it out, for then one will be run through and the other hung for the murder, so we shall get rid of two pests at the same time."

One of the great duellists in the south of Ireland was a rascal named Hayes, whose nose was remarkable for a huge fleshy wart, at which his adversaries always aimed. A certain man refusing to fight this bully, 'Nosey,' as he was generally called, forbade his son his presence till he brought him the ear of the offender. With true Albanian readiness, the son executed his commission.

Another notorious madman in this way was Pat Power, a fat, drunken, red-faced, powerful scoundrel. When he challenged Bob Briscoe, an old boon-companion of his, he shewed his lingering friendship for him by shooting off only the top of one ear, and half one whisker. This fire-eater was always ready to fight a duel for any friend who required his services. When in England, Pat Power was once or twice insulted in the coffee-houses he frequented. Once when supper was served up to him, he found under the covers nothing but potatoes. Power whispered his servant, and quietly ate the potatoes, much to the scornful delight of the jokers. Just as he had finished, his servant reappeared, with two covered dishes, one of which he placed before his master, and one before the Englishmen. When the covers were removed, a loaded pistol was seen in each dish. Power, cocking his with an angry click, told his adversary to take up the other, saying they were at a nice distance for a close shot; and that if one fell, he would then give satisfaction to the other. The Englishmen instantly fled from the room, and Power then paid the bill, and left the place triumphant.

Bryan Maguire was another stark-staring mad duellist. He was a big, burly, cashiered officer, with a bull neck and elephant shoulders. His 'humour,' as Nym would have said, was to stand on a street-crossing, and to jostle into the heaped-up mud any one who dared attempt to pass him. His domestic habits were equally New Zealandish. He seldom rang the bell for the servant, but fired at it till it sounded. His wife had such confidence in his skill, that she was in the

habit of holding out a lighted candle for Maguire to snuff with a pistol-bullet at so many paces. This infamous bully used to sit for days at his open window. If any one passed whose manners irritated him, he would fling some rubbish at him. When the passer by looked up, Bryan would spit in his face, and offer him a loaded pistol and an invitation to an instant duel.

Abduction was another barbarous custom prevalent in Ireland from the middle ages till late in the last century. As the motive of abduction was nearly always money, the savage practice had not even a tinge of romance or wild chivalry to sanctify it. A popular notion prevailed that it was no abduction if the girl rode on the saddle, and the man behind her. In 1707, an act was passed rendering abduction by force a capital offence. An Abduction Club existed at one time in the south of Ireland. The members drew lots for the heiresses of the country, and the club hired emissaries to ascertain the habits of the family, the houses the young lady was likely to visit, and the best means of carrying her off safely.

The saddest tragedy in connection with this infamous crime occurred in Derry in 1761. A reckless, dissipated young merchant squireen, named M'Naghten, persuaded the daughter of a Mr. Knox of Prehen to plight herself to him. The pretended marriage being set aside in the spiritual court, M'Naghten threatened to lie in wait and murder the judge. The result was, that the rascal was obliged to flee to England, whence, however, he returned to hide himself in the woods at Prehen. Hearing that Mr. Knox was about to take his daughter to Dublin to wean her from the love of such a scoundrel, M'Naghten and three men lay in wait for the carriage, and stopped it. They first shot and disabled a blacksmith who was the husband of Miss Knox's nurse, and her armed guard. The blinds being drawn, M'Naghten discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into the carriage, killing Miss Knox on the spot. A shot was then fired from the carriage, which hit the murderer, who was at the same time wounded by a shot from Mr. Knox's servant, who had hidden himself behind a turf-stack. The country was soon alarmed, and five hundred pounds offered for the culprit. A company of light horse scouring the country, found the wounded wretch hidden in a farmer's hayloft. He made desperate resistance, but was lodged in Lifford jail. At the trial, M'Naghten was brought into court in a blanket, and laid on a table in dock. The murderer was condemned to death, and was hung on the road near Strabane and Derry. M'Naghten appeared on the day of execution clothed in black. Exerting all his remaining strength to throw himself off the ladder, he did so with such impetuosity that the rope broke, and he fell groaning to the ground. The crowd pitying his courage and misfortune, tried to induce him to escape, but the man refused, saying proudly, 'that he would never live to be pointed at as the half-hanged man.' He called to his servant, who was also waiting to be hung, removed the rope from his neck, and placed it on his own. He then collected his energies, mounted the ladder, threw himself off, and died with out a struggle.

An Irish execution was a ghastly sight, an element of reckless buffoonery blending with its cruelty and horrors. When a man was condemned to death, his relatives usually sent him his coffin, as a mark of remembrance and kind feeling. The man on whom the pathetic and fine old song of *Night before Larry* was stretched was composed, was a crippled outcast, named Lambert. He spent the last night of his life playing cards and drinking on his own coffin. Although cowardly, he was ferocious, and had always urged the murder of those whom he helped to rob. On his way to the gibbet, he screamed and fought, and had to be dragged by the cord about his neck to the gallows. The great desire of a condemned man was to get his friends to promise to have the surgeons open his jugular vein, in hopes of recovering him, because a celebrated Dublin murderer had once been resuscitated. The hangman (with execrable taste) was always disguised in a fantastic

manner. He wore a grotesque mask on his face, and on his back an enormous hump, formed by a concealed wooden bowl, on which he received the shower of stones that poured out on him, and rebounded from him the moment the cart drew from under the murderer's feet.

Tom Galvin, the hangman, was a notoriety in his day. Persons used to visit him in his old age to see the rope with which he had hung many of his own nearest relations. The favourite practical joke of this wretch was to suddenly and slyly slip the rope round a visitor's neck, and give it a sudden chuck, so as to nearly strangle him. If a criminal was ever respited the old man would curse and grumble at any one 'taking the bread out of the mouth of a poor old man.' He was always impatient and testy if the criminal on the ladder took up too long a time with his prayers. 'Long life to you,' he used to say; 'make haste wid your prayer; the people is getting tired under the swing swong.'

The most barbarous execution, however, recorded in Ireland was an amateur one, when a lieutenant in the Wicklow militia, a tall, robust man, named Hepenstal, finding no tree to hang a 'Croppie' on, actually killed the rebel by swinging him over his shoulder with a drum-cord.

In 1793, a gang of robbers was captured near Bruff. One of them was a woman named Farrell, who had, it appeared, always been expected to find cord for persons condemned to death by the gang. She had been known to take off her petticoat, and twist the torn strips into a rope, the strength of which she would sit down and complacently test.

Such were some of the barbarisms prevalent among a fine, generous, but reckless people at the end of the last century. Regarding our Irish kinsfolk with affection, let us hope that improved legislation, and the increased demand for labour produced by the incessant drain of emigration, will soon help to remove the last traces of such national errors as we have just described.

THE LITTLE BLUE BOAT.

I was always afraid of the water—always, from a child. Perhaps it was because my grandfather was lost at sea, and the first story I heard that ever made me cry was that of his ship going down within sight of land, and of his body floating to the shore with my grandmother's picture still around his neck.

Afraid of the water, I said, but only of going on it. I loved to sit close by the margin of the broad river, or down upon the sandy sea-shore, and watch the waves sparkling and gleaming in the sunlight. I would stay in such a place for hours, though nothing they could say, could make me willing to join any party of pleasure on the water, where, it seemed to me, my sisters and my tall, broad-shouldered cousins spent the best part of their time.

It was a trial, too, to stay at home, for I was sociable and fond of being with them; and more than once I sat on the shore, looking after the merry boatful, and almost crying to think that I could not muster up courage to go also.

Once I sat thus, thinking myself quite alone—for our own garden ran down to the water's edge, and no strangers had a right to pass that way—when I heard a rustling amongst the bushes; and looking up, I saw a dark-skinned woman, in odd garments, making her way towards me as though she meant to beg.

But when she came close, instead of begging, she put her head on one side, and looked at me in the oddest way out of her big black eyes, and said, in a kind of whine, but with a sweet voice in spite of that: "Will you have your fortune told, pretty lady? Cross my palm with a bit of silver, and you shall know what luck is, and who is the gentleman that's coming to marry you. 'Tisn't often you have such a chance; for I can read the stars, and I'll tell you true, my pretty lady."

Well, I was a wild young thing, and curious, as all girls are about that future time of wooing and wedding we all expect to have; and though

I knew my mother would have called it wicked, and my uncle, who was a churchwarden, would scarcely have owned relationship with one who could listen to such sinful words, and give heed, to them; I couldn't for the life of me shake my head, and tell the woman to go on.

I looked about, to be sure no one was coming from the house; and then I put a shilling in her hand, and held out mine.

"It's soft as silk, and white as milk," said she. "The kind of hand to wear a rich gentleman's wedding-ring."

And then she pored over it as though she really saw something there besides the little lines and wrinkles.

"You'll see your lover before night," said she. "Indeed?" cried I, with a laugh.

"He's coming," she said, nodding. "Look out for him—he's worth looking for. I see joy, and wealth, and a wedding close about you; but there's sorrow beyond." Then she dropped my hand. "No matter," added she; "sorrow comes to every-body: don't look for it. You'll be married within the year—that's enough."

"No," said I; "I want to know the rest. She shook her head.

"Beware of the water, that's all," she replied. "The water may make you a widow yet."

And away she glided, not waiting for a word more; and I hid my face in the grass, and cried like a silly thing as I was for the drowning of a husband whom only the idle words of an old fortune-teller had given me.

I sobbed as if I knew him, for awhile. But I ended by laughing at myself, and soon I was as merry as ever, helping Uncle Joshua in the long front garden to tie up the plants which a last night's shower had beaten down to the earth.

One bunch of pansies I broke off, and put in my hair. It was a bit of vanity I could not help; for in golden hair like mine, no flower that grows looks so well as the purple pansy. I had a wealth of hair; and hard as I tried to smooth it into a great coil behind, it would ripple and curl upon my forehead. Nobody ever told me I was pretty; but I had a cheek like a peach, and a skin like snow, and I knew for myself that I was not ugly. Somehow, I thought more of my looks than I had ever done that afternoon; for though I gave no credit to the gipsy's prophecy, I could not help thinking of that future husband whom she had promised me.

When I was dressed, I went, with a book, back to my old place, to wait for the return of the boat. It was sunset by that time; and the river was all aflame, and the sky purple, and gold, and scarlet.

I think I never saw grass so green as that beneath my feet, nor heard the birds sing sweeter. Soon I heard the plash of oars, and saw the boat I looked for coming back. There was a difference, though. When it left the shore there were five persons in it; my sisters, Kate and Olive, and my cousins, Harry, and Edward, and little Will. Now there were six; another masculine figure, in something of a nautical dress, with an easy grace about it seldom seen, and a face as dark as that of a Spaniard, and as brilliant, occupied the seat beside Kate.

My heart gave a great leap, and the gipsy's prophecy, "You'll see your lover before sundown," rushed into my mind, or rather was awakened, for I had not for a moment quite forgotten it.

They all came ashore, while I stood looking at them, and Cousin Edward, who was never wondrously elegant in his manners, called to the rest: "Here's the coward again. Captain, let me introduce you to the only coward of the Russell family, Miss Kitty. Kitty, this is Captain Marshall."

Then we shook hands. Even then it was not like shaking hands with any other; and somehow, as we walked back to the house, Captain Marshall offered me his arm, and we were friends before we reached the door.

He was an old school friend of Edward's, it seemed, and had but just brought his vessel into port, after a long, stormy voyage; and they had met him (when they made a landing down below) on his way to our house, and had brought him with them in the boat.

"If you are afraid of your placid little river here, Miss Kitty," he said, "I should have been sorry to have had you with me on this voyage of ours. What would you say to standing on a rolling deck, with the waves rolling over it, in such pitchy darkness that you could not see a man within reach of your hand? And that we called pleasant sailing, compared with some we had.

I shuddered from head to foot. "How can any man be a sailor?" I cried.

"I, for one, love it," said he. "I shall never leave it until I marry. After that, the lass I promise to love and cherish shall never lead the life most sailors' wives lead—the life my mother led—fretting her little soul out from morning till night. When I marry, I'll leave the sea, and settle down on shore—not before, though."

He gave me a look that meant something as he spoke, and I felt my cheek flush; but we were at home by that time, and the conversation ended. What sweet old sea-songs he sang to us that evening. I never shall forget them while I live.

Well, the fortune-teller was right in one thing, at least: my lover came that night. Captain Marshall took my heart with him when he went away, and never gave it back again, though he gave me his in its stead.

"Of all things in the world, that Kitty, who would never go upon the water, should fall in love with a sailor, who would take her on voyages half around the world!" cried my sister, teasing me, in our own room that night.

But I made no confessions to them. It was too soon yet.

Before Captain Marshall went on his next voyage, however, he asked me to walk in the woods with him; and down by the little landing where we had first met, told me that he loved me.

"Better than my life, Kitty," he said, "and if you cannot like me a little, I'd as soon go to the bottom this voyage as not. I never thought to care much for any woman as I care for you."

He took my hands, and looked in my eyes, and, though I said nothing, he found out somehow that I *did* like him.

"I'm the happiest fellow in the world," said he.

And I was happy, too; only I made him vow to keep his promise, and go to sea no more after we were wed.

"I shall never want to leave you," he replied; "and I am already rich enough to quit the sea, but I do wish you would take one last voyage with me. Marry me at once, and go with me to the West Indies—a short voyage, and a pleasant one."

But that I couldn't hear of, even if that masculine proposal of "marrying at once" had not been impossible, when there were dresses to make and wedding-feast to prepare. I could not even think calmly of a journey by sea; so I could only promise to be his when he returned.

For the time that followed I knew what sailors' wives feel. I grew thin and pale with perpetual terror. Did a shutter blow to and fro in the wind, or the boughs of the great tree rattle against the roof, I fell to dreaming of wrecks and all their horrors; and it seemed to me that winds never moaned so, and that waves never beat so fiercely against the shore as they did that autumn. But my darling's ship weathered every storm, and he came back to me at last, and we were married; and he left the sea and settled down in a pretty little place some miles from home, but near enough for Kate and Olive to ride over every day or two, and became an amateur farmer—raising wonderful vegetables for our own use, and priding himself on the rare fruit of the orchard.

There was but one drawback to my happiness, and that was the little blue boat—a cunning thing he had made and painted himself, with my name on the side in gilt letters, and with cushioned seats and elegant oars. Whenever I went to the river's side and saw it dancing on the water, my heart sank; and yet Captain Marshall had made the boat for me, and had many a merry jest about asserting his authority,

and compelling me to be rowed up and down the river in it until I was cured of my folly. Sometimes, too, he used to coax me to go with him until I cried to think I did not dare.

It was a standing joke with Kate and Olive, who often made the Captain row them miles up the stream when they came to see us; but into the boat I never went, and never had been when a year was past and a little baby lay upon my arm, a second Kitty Marshall—a girl with my yellow hair, but with her father's splendid dark eyes.

I was very, very happy. I had never been so happy in all my life. When the child was old enough to be carried out into the air, we used to take it with us on our country rambles, and the little thing loved the blue sky and fresh breeze already.

"She will love the sea, too, for she is a sailor's daughter," said Captain Marshall; and I was always dreading the time when he should take our little pet out upon the river in the little blue boat. He never did it, though; and the child grew to be four years old without having once had either row or sail.

Then, when she was a little toddling thing, she used to run to the water's edge, and try as best she could to get into the boat, and once was nearly drowned. Over and over again I said, "I wish the blue boat had never been made. I wish you would burn it, or sell it. I'm sure it will be the death of some one I love yet."

I said this, almost crossly, one morning; and the Captain turned towards me with his kind smile.

"It's selfish of me to keep it, if it vexes you," he said. "I'll break it up to-day, Kitty."

And I, thinking of the child, could not help thanking him joyfully, though I knew he was fond of his boat, and would miss it, too.

"I'll do it when I come home this evening," he said, with a sigh; and though I wished it could be done that morning, I said nothing; only kissed him again, and thanked him; and he went away, kissing his hand to us—the child and me—as we stood in the porch to watch him.

I had my household work to do, and left little Kitty in the porch, after making her promise not to leave it. The child thus far was generally obedient, and I was quite easy about her. Yet I only left her a few minutes at a time. Always when I came back she sat where I had left her, playing with her doll.

At last I took my work, and sat down beside her. The day was warm, and I was weary. Without intending it, I fell asleep. I did not know how long I slept, but when I awoke the child was gone. Her doll lay on the floor, her little picture-book beside it. On a step below was her little round hat; but where was she? I ran into the house calling her, and heard no answer. I ran through the garden—still no little voice replied to my scream of "Kitty! Kitty!"

At last I made my way to the river's bank, straining my eyes to see the little blue boat. There it lay, dancing merrily on the silvery water; but Kitty was not near it. Perhaps she was under those purling ripples! That was the sick fear that smote my heart. Perhaps I had no child!

Then, as I wrung my hands in terror, I heard a faint, far-off cry of "Mamma! mamma!" and following the sound around a curve of the path, I saw my darling!

There was a little rock which stood some distance from the shore, and which, at low tide, reared its brown breast above the water. Then you could reach it by stepping-stones; but at high tide it was quite hidden. The tide was rising now; the stepping-stones were covered, and on the brown rock, up which the water crept so fast, stood Kitty! A little more and her feet would be swept from their hold, and I should see my darling drown before my eyes! This was the end of all my presentiments; this was the awful woe the river was to bring me!

I screamed for help, I knew quite uselessly. No one was near, and there, with the sunlight on her bare head, with its golden curls, with her little arms stretched towards me, and the baby-



Peschiera.

cry, "Mamma, come! mamma, come!" crossing the rising water, stood my darling.

My eyes swept the desolate shore in vain hope of seeing some stranger within reach of my voice, and fell at last upon the little blue boat. An angel could scarcely have been more welcome.

I had seen boating enough to know how oars were handled. All my personal fear was quite gone under the pressure of that greater terror for a dear one.

"Wait, Kitty, I cried, "mamma will come," and I sped to the boat's side, unmoored her, and with unskilled hands, taught by my mother's love alone, sped her towards the rock. It was a very short distance, but more than once I feared that I should not be able to touch the spot I must reach if I would save my darling. No mariner upon the stormiest voyage ever suffered more anxiety than I did in those moments, brief as they were, the water rising higher and higher all the while, and my baby's foothold growing less and less.

The little shoes were wet when I called to her, "Jump into the boat, darling," and saw her fearless spring and felt her arms about my neck.

I rowed the blue boat back to the shore somehow; and when I had it there I could have knelt down and kissed it. If my wish had been accomplished, and that boat had been broken, or burnt, or sold, there would have been nothing now but a little dead child at the bottom of the river, or swept away seaward, instead of those warm, loving arms and beating heart about my neck and against my bosom. If it had not been for the little blue boat, I should have been childless; for, looking over the water, I could see nothing where the rock was an hour before but a troubled ripple.

So, when that night, after he had heard my story, Captain Marshall said, "Shall I destroy the boat now, Kitty?" I clung to his arm.

"No, no, no," I cried; "I love it. It has saved my darling's life. Think what might have been, had we not had our little blue boat—our blessed, beautiful, precious little boat."

So the boat danced on upon the water, and dances there in the sunlight still, and I have no more fear of it. Many and many a sail have I had upon its cushioned seats, with my Captain at the oars, and Kitty by my side; and I have learned to be ashamed of my old terror, and to know that land or sea, or calm, or storm, are all the same, so that heaven holds us in its keeping.

PESCHIERA.

IN a late number of the READER we gave a general description of the celebrated fortresses of the Quadrilateral. We have now the pleasure of presenting our readers with a view of Peschiera. This town is situated at the northern extremity of the Mincio, and contains a population of about 3000. Aside from its fortifications, it possesses few points of interest.

EPITAPH ON A ROSE.

HERE lies the rose which yester-night
With Beauty's hair was braided;
Its stem is gone, its petals bright
Are now all crush'd and faded.

'Twas pluck'd at morn, to please the eye,
To bloom a few short hours,
And then be cast aside to die—
The rose, the queen of flowers.

And thus lies many a noble heart,
Though none have wept or mourn'd it,
Which ne'er had known the spoiler's art,
Had virtue less adorn'd it. C. J. B.

GAS FROM WOOD.

HAVING heard a great deal about the new invention for the generation of Gas from wood, bones, and in fact all vegetable and animal substances, I visited Komoka in company with Mr. Moffat, the gentleman who has been chiefly instrumental in bringing this invention before the public. As I think an account of this important matter may be of interest to your readers, I will give a short sketch of the modus operandi of manufacturing gas by this process.

The working model is located in an outhouse in rear of Mr. Moffat's residence, and consists of a small retort, set in a furnace, where the wood and other materials are subjected to heat, and distribution takes place, the gaseous products pass over by pipes immersed in cold water, where all the liquid products of the wood, &c, are retained, and drawn off, and the noncondensable gas passes on to the gasometer, and is ready for use.

I cannot fully explain the process, but from what I saw I felt convinced the discovery is of immense importance, as the residuum more than pays all expenses, and thus the gas costs actually nothing; and Mr. Moffat assured me he can work the invention on a large scale, with equally profitable results. His little model keeps his house in a perfect blaze of light—the works are so simple and economical that the smallest village or hamlet can afford to have its gas works. Those interested in the development of Canadian resources would do well to acquaint themselves with the merits of this invention. J. T. W.

CARBONIC acid has been found to be an excellent remedy for whooping cough. The acid is placed in saucers in the sick-room.



The poor old farmer was seized by the nose, and gagged by a dab of lather.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 45.)

CHAPTER XIII.—THE WRECKER'S TREASURE HOUSE.

In feeling that nothing human could save him, Daniel Sterne was not mistaken.

The mouth of the cave was no longer visible without or within.

What manner of man, then, however miraculously informed of his danger, however devoted to him, would seek to enter his terrible prison, when the very door was thus hidden. Were Arkdale himself, now to come and stand outside, he could do nothing.

Nothing human could come to save him, yet Daniel Sterne did not perish.

The same spirit that has saved men, and led them out from the valley of the shadow of death since the world began, and given them new life when nothing else could save them, that same spirit, whose name is hope, appeared to Daniel Sterne, even at the very moment when the waters passed over his head, and inspired him to make one convulsive effort, and that effort saved him.

His hand, while sweeping the slimy wall an arm's length to the right, struck against some projection, which his fingers instantly clutched at. It was a sort of little ledge no wider than the tips of his fingers could cling to.

By this means he drew himself up, head and shoulders above the water. Then his feet seemed to be drawn away; in another instant he must have been torn from the wall; but struggling, as only a dying man can struggle, he struck one foot against the sharp point of a rock close beneath him. This enabled him to rise still higher.

Steadying himself by pressing his foot firmly against the rock, and by clinging with one hand to the ledge, he felt with the other hand an arm's length higher up the wall.

Above him the wall was smooth, but, leaning towards the right, his fingers touched another ledge or cut in the wall. On this he seized with both hands, and set his foot in the ledge he had before held by.

He was now quite above the water.

Again he felt up and towards the right with the same progressive hand.

There was another cut. He set his fingers in it and his foot in the second ledge with a wild thrill of joy, for it now seemed to him these places were occurring with a sort of regularity.

But the next time he felt along the wall in vain. The third cut or ledge was evidently the last.

There was a pause, and his head grew dizzy, his fingers numbed. The ledge his hands held to was slimy, and he felt his fingers slipping; and the ledge his foot was set in was slimy, and he felt his foot slipping.

The waters beneath him roared as if in triumph. Each instant he expected the fall, the plunge, the end of all.

His left hand went feeling about the wall, while his right held by the ledge. While straining to reach higher to grasp something cold that he had touched, and which he fancied felt like a link of chain, he leaned too heavily on his right hand. It slipped away, and he fell back like a stone.

Daniel Sterne endured all the anguish of that fall, the plunge into the surging waters, and the certainty of death, before he became aware that he had brought down with him in his left hand the thing he had touched when he had left his hold on the wall.

It was a chain. He passed it from hand to hand in the effort or hope to climb, with a rapi-

dity that made his palms burn. Tossing hither and thither in the black, watery darkness, he grasped and passed it through his hands, dreading he should find its end.

But no; it began to grow tight. Still passing it from hand to hand, he rose above the water—his body swung against the wall. He found first one of the ledges, then another, and then the third and last.

Then he gripped the chain with his knees and feet as well as with his hands. His head was faint and giddy; his clothes were heavy with wet. It was well the chain soon came to an end now—that he felt the cold, projecting stone to which it was fastened as soon as he did. He stretched his exhausted arm round the stone, drew himself up, and had the ineffable joy of finding himself on solid ground. In total darkness still, but on firm, sandy ground, on which he could stretch his limbs and breathe without fear of instant death. Oh, the thankfulness of that moment! The flow of grateful, passionate prayer and praise!

The rest and relief soon gave him strength to think and courage to venture some way along the ground upon his hands and knees in search of what that chain and those steps in the wall must have been intended to lead to.

Sometimes he would pause and touch his eyes, and ask himself if the darkness could only be in them—if his blindness had again returned.

But strange sharp-twisted things that grazed him as he crept along made him fancy he must be passing through an excavation under the roots of trees, in which case the darkness was natural enough.

Soon to his great joy, he saw light. It was not so much the fact that light was there, as the fact that he could see it, which caused him such deep thankfulness.

With tears in his eyes he crawled on towards the light, that showed him to be in a sort of

earth passage, with roots hanging above him and sandy earth beneath him.

The passage went curving to the right, and, in a few moments, Daniel Sterne saw before him the most extraordinary scene he had ever beheld in his life.

The narrow passage had suddenly broadened into a spacious chamber, and right facing him he saw the source of the light. It was a long wide opening in the cliffs; and through it, looking glorious in the morning sun, Daniel Sterne saw the foe which had been so frightful in the dark cave—the beautiful, the merciless sea!

There it lay, about fifty feet beneath him, reflecting a blue sky, and looking as lovely, as innocent, as if it knew nothing but peace and happiness, and had seen upon its shores no evil.

Yet between it and Daniel Sterne appeared innumerable evidences of long years of violence, theft, and murder.

For that chamber, with its rocky walls, its window high as the eagle's nest, and its roof of rocky earth and jutting tree-roots, was the wrecker's treasure-house.

Never had Daniel Sterne seen such a motley and extraordinary collection.

He saw in one place heaps of clothes of all kinds, from the brocaded satin sacque to the common sailor's jacket. He saw heaps of small spirit barrels, and half-open chests of plate. A small bag lay open near him. Seeing something glitter, he mechanically put his hand inside. He drew it out—started and stared as if doubting his senses.

He held a handful of his own jewels. He felt at his waist. Yes, the belt was gone!

In the same bag was the gold casket containing the toy-ship!

In the centre of the room he saw a heap of silks and laces from his bales, and in another corner among some old sticks and umbrellas stood his staff.

He sat down on a chair utterly confounded.

There was no great wonder in the fact of the wrecker having taken possession of his goods—the wonder was how had he got them up here?

Plainly the cave below, the chain and the steps in the wall were not the only means of ascending to this place.

There must be an opening besides that long passage leading down into the cave, and besides that looking down into the sea.

Looking round the walls he saw in one corner, low on the ground, a thin line of sunlight. He got up and went close to it.

He found, to his intense delight, that the light came under a piece of wood about two and a half feet high! He put his fingers under it, and by a pretty strong effort, lifted it up like a curtain.

He felt the breeze through it, and saw a bit of green hill, and his first impulse was to escape without an instant's delay.

Another thought, however, made him turn back snatch up his precious staff, put his jewels and casket into his pockets, pick up a small dagger from amongst some rusty weapons in a corner, and take a draught of brandy from a flask that lay upon the floor.

Then with a step that was almost gorgeous, he returned to the opening and lifted the prickly curtain.

He paused, and became cold as stone.

He had encountered the red-browed eyes of Hugh, who sat there tranquilly smoking his pipe, and watching the door of his treasury.

O Humphrey Arkdale, what art thou doing? Thou should'st now be at Harwich, where a wretched woman everywhere inquires for thee in behalf of thy unhappy correspondent, Daniel Sterne! Do'st thou mean to come?

CHAPTER XIV.—HOW THE BARGAIN PROGRESSED.

While Joan Merryweather sat quite overpowered by the courage and suddenness of her new friend, the door opened.

Farmer Bristow and his sons had returned.

The sight of Joan in her sheet, with her hair about her, and of the handsome young man holding her hand, caused them considerable astonishment. The six clayey feet, three bristling chairs,

and three shouldered pitchforks, all made a pause at the door, and looked very terrible.

Joan lost her calmness entirely. Arkdale, never behindhand at seeing and grasping at any incident likely to advance his own business, pressed Joan's hand assuringly, and went to meet the farmer with a modest and respectful, but courageous demeanour.

"I ask pardon, farmer," said he, "for being here without your leave, but I have been waiting to see you. Joan and myself have decided we will no longer keep our courtship a secret from you. We want only your consent for the banns to be put up next Sunday to make us both happy. I am a barber by trade; I have a small, I should, perhaps, say a very small but flourishing business at Bolton, in Lancashire. When you came in I was showing my sweetheart the new town fashions of dressing the hair.

The old farmer lowered his pitchfork and glared at his guest, looking neither pleased nor satisfied with his eloquent introduction of himself.

"Barber!" growled he, surveying Arkdale's graceful form and rather sarcastic eyes, scowlingly, "Thee's no barber! it's more loike 'ees one o' they varsity whippersnappers. At any rate I'll ha' none o' thee. Get out! D'ye hear? Don't they understand English at thy varsity? Get out!"

"Sir," answered Arkdale, with perfect good humour, "since the only drawback to our better acquaintance appears to be a doubt on your part as to the truth of what I have said respecting my trade, allow me to remind you you can prove that to your entire satisfaction in the space of a few minutes. You have a week's beard on your chin; would you like a shave? Do, 'tis mighty refreshing!"

The farmer, who, during Arkdale's speech, had dropt the pitchfork and seated himself on the bench, was too much amazed by the young man's question to utter a word. His consternation was increased by the sight of the razors and soap-balls, which were produced as if by magic from Arkdale's pockets, and by the cool easy grace with which his guest possessed himself of some water from the pot over the fire.

"My character," said Arkdale, while preparing his lather, "I think I may flatter myself, stands as high as most men's for honesty, industry, and perseverance. Allow me!"

And the poor old farmer was seized by the nose, and gagged by a dab of lather, before he could speak or move to help himself.

The two sons stood with mouths agape, staring from one to the other.

Arkdale lathered away coolly, and went on recommending himself to Joan's guardian.

"I never," said he, "allow a good chance to slip through my fingers for want of a little enterprise. I have some valuable trade secrets; I hope one day to be a rich man. At all events Joan shall not want. She, too, is industrious. I think we are admirably suited to each other."

The farmer, unable to move a hair's-breadth for fear of his razor, fixed his round eyes on him with a look of stolid wonder and wrath.

No shaving brushes were used in those days, and it was a custom of the barbers to vie with each other in the dexterity with which they flung the lather from their fingers to a distance. Arkdale performed this feat with remarkable grace.

A look of admiration began to blend itself with the blank amazement in the eyes of the spectators.

The face shaved, and the farmer's rough locks reduced to order by the reading comb, and sprinkled with sweet water, Arkdale took up the farmer's old hat, and, according to the rules of his trade, presented it to him with a deep bow, and the words—

"Your humble servant, sir!"

The interest of the bystanders was now centered in the farmer himself.

John and Luke Bristow were especially curious to see how their father would reply to the strange attack that had been made upon him.

Left to himself, the farmer looked not unlike an old crow who had been caught in a child's trap and set free again, and who begins to perceive its freedom by slow degrees, and to lift its crushed feathers. He moved first one shoulder,

then the other, then swelled, then grunted, fixed his eyes vindictively on Arkdale, rose, drew his hand across his smooth chin, and paused.

Arkdale had taken his hat, and, modestly turning his back on the supper table, had seated himself on a bag of oats close to the open door.

"By the mass, farmer!" cried he, as the farmer stood glowering at him, "'tis well worth a journey from the north to see such land as this. That's something like wheat yonder, that is; and a turnip field here is a turnip field. Now, that one running up from the water's edge to this lane is a sight for sore eyes. Belongs to a neighbour of your's, they tell me."

"Then they toll'ee a dormed lie, moy foynne younker," growled the farmer. "'Tis no mon's aloyve but moyne."

"Sure, now!" said Arkdale. "Well, 'tis a pretty field. And those are rare fine grunners yonder. You Cambridgeshire farmers ought to come and give us northerners a lesson or two. Joan, lass, bear in mind I am intruding. As soon as thou'rt at liberty I'll wish thee good bye."

At this appeal the farmer turned his eyes slowly from Arkdale to Joan, who was dishing up the hissing bacon and eggs. After looking at her flushed face for some time, he went to his chair at the table, again stroked his chin, and said to Arkdale gruffly.

"Well, younker, if 'ee thinks so woll o' the bacon, uds better stay and taste 'un."

"Nay, farmer!" answered he, "I never intended to intrude. 'Twas but to see you about Joan. I'll wish you a good evening!"

The farmer broke out with a hoarse laugh.

"Why, dorm me lad," cried he, thumping the table, "can'ee arst for a sweetheart and pull a mon boye the noyse as soon as look at 'un, and woll'ee turn shame faced o'er a bit o' vittles? Clap thee down, there's no great harm i' thee, thee knows a good turnip field when thee sees un. Come, clap thee down; I arst thy pardon for callin' thee a varsity chap, if 'tis that sticks i' thy gizzard."

Arkdale smiled and approached the table, glancing rather anxiously at Joan as he did so.

He could plainly see she was not too well pleased at her consent having been thus boldly taken for granted, and began to fear he had shaved the farmer gratis in more respects than one.

The two young men hung up their pitchforks, seated themselves on a bench at the table, and grinned at one another till the farmer filled their plates.

Joan waited on them in sullen silence, then retired to her own cold supper in the corner. The farmer, however, called her back, made her sit on the same bench with Arkdale, and piled up her plate with a lavish hand.

Arkdale made many attempts to get up a conversation. Chatted about the fair and the harvest, but was soon compelled to hold his tongue, for neither farmer Bristow nor his sons had any idea of eating and talking at the same time.

If he ventured a remark to one of the sons, the youth addressed would stand his knife and fork on end, stare at him for some seconds, and bawl out—

"Eh?"

And when Arkdale had repeated his observation, the young man would gaze on him, as if wondering what on earth there was in such a remark important enough to warrant a suspension of the business of eating, and then bend over his plate again with a grunt.

Joan sat quite silent, and, whether Arkdale sighed or touched her sleeve, would not give him a single look.

They had sat in this way for nearly an hour, when the farmer, having taken off the edge of his appetite, began to regard Joan and her wooer with a grim satisfaction.

"So thee's got a sweetheart, Joan," said he, in his blindest tones, which were gruff enough to make Arkdale start again.

Joan flushed, and bent over her plate, pretending to be very busy, but all the time never lifting her fork to her mouth.

"Woll," exclaimed the farmer, "whoy don'ttee eat? I see nought about the chap to set thee again thy supper. He's as loike me, when a

younger, as two peas in a pod; and sharp in's trade. Dorm me, I thought 'twas Bedlam brok loose. Haw, haw! But that worn't bad to take a mon by the noyse whol he had his say. If his temper's as easy as his razor and his tongue, he'll be no match for thee, Joan, when thee's in thy tantrums."

Arkdale laughed, and bent down to look in Joan's face.

Joan was crying.

The farmer saw it, and growled—

"Dorm the women! their none happy without their pulling a con—trary way. Whoy, Joan, if I'd said to'ee "Thee shon't have this younker, dorm me, if thee shall," thee'd be round his neck in ro toime; but I loikes the lad, and gives him his ballyful, and says to'ee thee shall have a fitch, and a hom, and yon stringin o'onions, and a pair o'table-clouts and sheets o' thy own mother's spinnin', thee sets an' pipes thy eye and picks thy food like a cow sick o' the measles. Thee that can polish thy platter with ere a one!"

The sons roused a little and stared as they heard this mention of Joan's dowry.

Joan herself did not appear much elated. She sat quiet during the rest of the meal, and wore a sad and sullen air, which the farmer marked with increasing displeasure.

When she rose and Arkdale with her, the bench got upset. Then the farmer broke out.

"What!" snarled he, "in thy tantrums again! Aint that enough for 'ee? Did thee think I ought to give thee more?"

Joan turned round on him with wet and flashing eye.

"Luke Bristow," said she, in a high-pitched, bitter voice; "when you used to labour for your day's wage in my father's fields, you were always kind to me, and now, when you are master of all, you are kind to me—most kind—in giving me these things. I never thought of your giving me aught. The linen I'd go down on my knees to thank you for, because her hands made it; but never blame me, Luke Bristow! never blame me for not laughing and being glad and blithe to think I may go out of this place where I was born—where I love every stone I tread on; to think I may go, and not a soul care where I go, or who I go with!"

Her face fell in her hands, and she sobbed.

"Nay," she said, still more bitterly, "the first that asks may have, be he bad or good. The first roving jackanapes that comes by has but to whistle, and 'tis "Run, Joan, and be glad o' thy luck!" What matters it neighbours know naught of him? he is good enough for Joan. Who is not?"

"Mistress Merryweather," said Arkdale, hotly, "when I spoke to you we were on equal footing one with another—I knew no more of you than you of me."

"Well, there is equal footing no longer," answered Joan, shortly. "You have heard nothing about me but what is bad, and I have seen in you—well, 'tis no matter."

She walked past him, and sat down by her wheel.

"Thot's dormed sort o' courtin!" observed the farmer; "but don't thee moind her lad. Thee had better boide here to-night; thee's welcome, if 'ee can loy o' the loft there w' Jack an' Luke. Thee can ha' some fresh hoy, but thee must help thyself."

That was certainly necessary, for the two youths had no sooner finished their supper, than they divested themselves of their smock frocks and boots, and giving Arkdale a sleepy nod, mounted the ladder that led to a loft with one side all open to the room, and in a few moments began to snore, though it was but just half-past eight of the evening.

Arkdale soon perceived that the farmer was only waiting up in politeness to him, a fact of which Bristow took care to remind him occasionally by a tremendous yawn.

For a long time Arkdale took no notice of his host's warnings, which continued to increase in length and loudness.

He felt irresolute and ruffled in temper.

Joan took the shaking old grandmother upstairs, and, coming down again, placed a

rushlight on her chair beside her spinning-wheel, and went busily to work.

"Woll, muster barber," said the farmer at last, "Joan's got to make up for her day's gaddin', but thee and me 'ud better get to bed. I'll see thee up the ladder 'fore I go, by thy leave."

That was all very well, Arkdale thought, but the question was, should he decline being seen up the ladder? Had he not better retreat while there was, yet time?

Joan was not an angel, that was pretty evident. Had he not been a little too bold in this day's business?

Hadn't he better hurry off to Harwich, forget this day's work, and try to find Daniel Sterne, who might be now looking for him?

The farmer rose, and so did Arkdale.

The farmer waited. Arkdale picked up his stick, and walked to the middle of the room.

Then he paused. On one side of him was the ladder—on the other was the door, showing a fair night and a harvest moon. Which should he choose?

He advanced to the ladder.

"Mistress Merryweather, I wish you good night," said he, and said it rather coolly, for he had not yet forgotten the "whistling jackanapes."

Joan nodded stiffly.

Arkdale would now have mounted the ladder, but Farmer Bristow stood at the foot of it, barring his way, and staring at him with a peculiar look in his small, round eyes.

Arkdale returned his look inquiringly.

"Woll," said the farmer, menacingly.

"Sir?" said Arkdale.

"I don't understand thy new fangled courtin'," observed Bristow, in a low voice; "but I toll' ee this motch, young mon—I'll have no donderin' w' Joan, no dormed willin' and wontin'. If she's thy sweetheart, as thee say she is, why don't'ee go and give her a kiss?"

Arkdale paused a minute, then went over to Joan's corner. He laid one hand on her wheel, and the other on the back of her chair.

Joan looked up, and she saw he no more intended to give her a kiss than she intended to receive one.

"Mistress Merryweather," said he, in a voice too low for the farmer to hear, "I am going back to the fair betimes in the morning. If I am up before the others, will you speak with me?"

Joan bowed her head gravely.

Arkdale would then have left her, but that he knew farmer Bristow was watching him, and had seen he had not yet obeyed his instructions. It was an awkward position for him, and Joan knew it was. She glanced up at him a little maliciously, and then as their eyes met they both smiled, and Joan shook her head in a charming manner that said plainly, "Nay my friend, not till we know each other better."

"Good night then Joan, God bless thee," said Joan's sweetheart of half-a-day, and to satisfy the farmer he stooped down, and gave the little hand on the wheel a sounding kiss.

"Woll that's dormed honest courtship, and thee's welcome to stay as long as thee loikes," said Bristow, shaking Arkdale's hand at the foot of the ladder.

The farmer not only saw his guest up the ladder, but took the ladder away as soon as Arkdale reached the loft. Then, bidding Joan "a mind and not set the place a fire," he went upstairs.

Arkdale was a sound sleeper, accustomed to snatch his rest when and where he could, but that night a very trivial and monotonous noise kept him awake. It was the sound of Joan's wheel.

When he first perceived it he smiled, and thought it pleasant company in that strange place. He should but sleep the sweeter for hearing it.

It was not long, however, before he began to put his fingers in his ears, and mutter with a wry face:

"By the mass, Joan, 'tis no lullabye! I'd as leave thy task was done."

But there was, no escaping the steady hum-

drum sound, or if he did escape it for a minute by half smothering himself in the hay, he could not resist lifting up his head to listen again—to exclaim to himself each time—"At it still, by the mass!"

The old church he had seen as they came by the ferry struck the night hours—nine, ten, eleven—and still Joan's wheel droned on, and still Joan's wooer listened, and was restless.

"Good lord," thought he, at the last striking of the clock, "how many hours of thy life dost a spin away like this for, poor Joan, and all for that paltry little wage o' thine."

He drew himself to the edge of the loft, and from it's darkness looked across to the pale light of Joan's rush candle.

She sat there spinning as for dear life. The faint light touched her hair and white neckerchief. Her thin and deft hands moved swiftly.

Great moths came and dashed themselves against her hair, as if taking that for the centre of the untimely light. Great shadows crept to her feet, or leaped to her from walls, and made her cower in her chair, and gaze at them with her blue eyes full of vague alarm.

If a bit of rotten wood were knocked down by the rats, or the breeze knocked the boughs of ripe apples against the window, her lips parted and her eyes stared widely with fright, but her hands toiled on.

It was evident to Arkdale she was too well used to the night hours, and the terrors they presented to her ignorant and superstitious mind, to stop her labour on account of them. Her very heart might stand still for fright sooner than her wheel.

While watching her Arkdale fell asleep, and dreamt that he was defending her against ghosts, collegians, and Merry Andrews, till one of the youths, his sleeping companions, dealt him a smart blow in the back, and growled—

"Dorm the Luke, keep thy fists to theself woll 'ee?"

CHAPTER XV.—THE BARGAIN CONCLUDED, AND HANDSEL TAKEN.

When Arkdale woke in the morning it was broad daylight. The ladder was back in it's old place, and the young men were gone.

On coming down he found the kitchen deserted. A back door stood open, and Arkdale saw a draw-well in the garden. He went to it, refreshed himself by a wash, and dried his face on some linen laid over the rosemary bushes to bleach.

Then he began to look about for Joan. He went back to the kitchen and found the old woman, and inquired about Joan, and heard she was round at the back helping one Margary with the churning.

He found the churn at last under an elder tree. Joan stood near it resting, and Margary was taking her turn at the churning, and repeating some words over and over again. On approaching near Arkdale heard the words, which were these:—

"Come butter, come!
Come butter, come!
Peter's at the garden gate,
Waiting for a buttered cake,
Come butter, come!"

"Why lassies!" exclaimed Arkdale, laughing, "what jargon do you call that?"

"Jargon," answered Joan, tossing her head, "'tis a charm to bring the butter, and no jargon. A woman out of Staffordshire told it my grandmother, and I have never known it fail. 'Tis certain to bring the butter if you do but keep on saying it till it comes. Is it not, Margary?"

Margary assented, and went on repeating the charm with great energy.

Joan, in answer to an enquiring and pleading look from Arkdale, drew down her long, tight sleeves, and accompanied him thoughtfully into the garden.

That weedy, neglected little wilderness showed signs of having had more refined and order-loving owners once upon a time. But now the pigs had the run of it, and were shaking the flowers from the rose trees in order to enjoy the luxury of scratching themselves against the thorns.

The cocks and hens spent most of the day here, and kept up a perpetual cackle of happiness over the wealth of seeds and roots, and insects.

"When did you finish your spinning last night?" asked Arkdale, moving the trailing branches out of Joan's way with his stick.

"Before midnight," answered she.

"'Twas time thou didst give over, Joan."

"And why?"

"Because thou hadst managed to spin my heart out of me, pretty one."

"Come now," said Joan, tremulously, and standing still and plucking a leaf to pieces. "I liked you yesterday for your honest and plain speaking. The same kind will suit me best to-day."

"It suits me, too, Joan," answered Arkdale, "though I felt honest enough when I spoke just now. However, I will be honest still, if it pleases you, and tell you I am longing with all my heart to have from you the dear word I was so bold as to make sure of yesterday in speaking to the farmer. All I have seen of you, Joan Merryweather, makes more strong my wish to have you to be my best friend and my help through life, and to be the mother of my little child."

"Your child!" repeated Joan.

"Did I not tell you of my boy?" asked Arkdale, in surprise. "Did I not tell you yesterday I was a widower?"

"Nay, that you did not of a surety," said Joan with some sharpness.

"I had no need to keep it from you, Joan. My poor wife has left me the finest boy you ever saw. I fancy I see thee with him on thy knee."

Joan looked thoughtful.

"'Tis haphazard work," said she, "to be second wife to any man."

"Why?" asked Arkdale. "Sure, Joan, for a man to have a blessing and lose it, and suffer for its loss, is the way to make him cherish it dearly if 'tis given him again."

"But is it not the way with all of us," said Joan, "to consider that which has gone before better than that which we have at the present?"

"As for that," answered Arkdale, quietly, "my wife is an angel in heaven, and I run down her worth for no woman living."

Joan was silent for some time.

Soon she looked up, and said simply—

"I have heard my mother tell that no man could really love a second time."

"Thy mother spoke of men who had never seen thee, Joan," said Arkdale, close to her ear as the path narrowed. "But now for the plain-speaking sweetheart which you like so well. I have given thee enough; 'tis now my turn. Joan, wilt thee be my wife!"

He stood still at her side.

Joan's fingers dropped the leaf they had been fretting. She stood trembling a little, and musing deeply, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

It was a greater crisis in her life than Arkdale guessed. He thought she was weighing her chances of happiness in going with him in the balance with her present lonely and toilsome safety.

But Joan had decided all that in her own quick, busy brain on the previous night. It was not doubt that agitated her now, but rather the certainty that there really stood before her the husband decreed to her by heaven, for she and Margary had settled over the churn that morning that Arkdale was indeed the man.

They were positive they recognised the same features in his face that a fortune-teller had shown them at the bottom of a certain pool, and Margary was confident that Arkdale's figure was the very double to that she had seen following her friend one Michaelmas Eve, when Joan had tried the spell of throwing hemp-seed over her left shoulder.

So Joan stood trembling, and glancing with eyes full of subdued awe at the surroundings of this long-expected moment.

The blue sky, the position of the snowy morning clouds, the colour of the russet apples over Arkdale's head, remained fixed in her memory in connection with that moment all her life.

There were times in after years when the very

crowding of the cocks at early morning made her writhe upon her bed and gnash her teeth at memory whose poisoned sweetness had entered even so homely a sound as that: times, too, when a mellow, hazy morning, with dew hanging about it late as the dew hung about it this September morning, made her sad and suspicious of the day's issues.

But now all these things seemed but auguries of change, love, and happiness, of waking from dull sleep to delicious life.

"Joan," said Arkdale, believing her to be struggling with her doubt, "if you trust me, by God's grace I will cherish you and make you a happy woman."

He spoke earnestly, though the moment had not such solemnity for him as it had for Joan. He looked on the affair as an important stroke of business, the pleasantness of which was rapidly increasing upon him.

There was half a smile on his face as he bent down to her with extended hands and said—

"Come, sweetheart, yea or nay?"

Joan put her hands in his and looked up, and the tears and passion on her face surprised Arkdale, and filled him with a strange and joyful emotion.

"Then I hold mine own," he said, taking Joan to his heart.

And Joan looked up and smiled, and Arkdale kissed her in great wonder and happiness at the love he saw in her eyes.

"Sweetheart," said he, "folks should not think of trouble and woe only when they say, 'Who knoweth what to-morrow may bring forth?' for this time yesterday I had not even dreamt of thee."

During breakfast farmer Bristow proposed that Joan should take advantage of an opportunity offered by one of his waggons going to the Cambridge market on the following day, to pay a visit with Arkdale to an old grand-aunt of Joan's who lived in that town.

"'Tis what I should have liked of all things," said Arkdale; "but I am obliged to set out early to-morrow morning for Harwich, where I have some particular business."

"Well, never turn thy back on business, lad, but I am a fool to teach a scholar his A B C," said the farmer, with a grin.

So the next morning, when the roads were soft after the night's storm, Humphrey Arkdale set out for Harwich to meet his correspondent, Daniel Sterne.

CHAPTER XVI.—HAND TO HAND.

DANIEL STERNE knelt at the opening of the wreckers' cave, holding up the thick screen of bramble-bushes, and looking into the savage blood-shot eyes of Hugh.

His first resolution was to start back and barricade the door with all the heaviest things he could find in the cave. But as if the wrecker saw this thought in his face, he sprang forwards with a fierce imprecation, and before the soldier could extricate himself from the dense brambles, had seized him by the throat.

Weak as he was from want of food, from almost superhuman exertions, and long apprehension of death, the prospect of a hand-to-hand fight, even with a herculean giant like the wrecker, was less horrifying to the soldier than the idea of perishing helplessly in the cave had been.

He seized the little dagger, with its elaborate rusty handle of foreign workmanship, from his breast, and cut the hand of the wrecker so vigorously with its point, that he was obliged to let go.

Pressing his advantage at the dagger point, he got free from the brambles, and stood erect, confronting the foe, upon whom he rushed with a violence that Hugh was hardly prepared for.

Hugh's knife lay on the ground at a distance, and the wrecker had therefore, for the moment, nothing but his terrible long, blood-stained hands, with nails like the claws of birds, to parry the first desperate thrusts of his prisoner's dagger.

But he was vigorous, alert and moved to extraordinary exertions by the unexpectedness of his

danger, and he succeeded for some time in baffling every stroke.

At last, the dagger struck him in the right shoulder. The pain, and the sight of his own blood again streaming forth, made him bound on his adversary like a madman, caring nothing for himself, but only to destroy his adversary.

Daniel Sterne was flung to the ground with a violence and ferocity that deprived him of all the little strength that had outlived the demands upon it, during the last two or three terrible hours. He still, however, grasped his dagger as in a vice and struck feebly at the monster who tried to drag him along in his arms to where the knife lay.

He had nearly reached it, and his victim had sent one last wild glance of despair on the fair green hill, the blue sea and sky; and then had turned his eyes again on what he felt would be the last sight they would look upon—that glaring knife which the wrecker's hideous hand sought for gropingly, while gazing on his victim, when suddenly a strong sullen voice shouted—

"Hollo! Fair-play there, masters, in the king's name!"

The wrecker paused, with his knee on the chest of his victim, and turned his face more horribly in his fear than in its murderous rage, to where the voice came from.

Daniel Sterne, without looking to the right or to the left, cried feebly—

"Help! for God's sake, help! I am being murdered!"

"All right!" shouted the voice cheerily, and in another instant a tall, strong-looking young fellow came bounding up the side of the hill.

The wrecker got up, left his late foe, seized his knife; and stood facing the new-comer, who stared at him and his prostrate companion in the greatest amazement. As his eye met the eye of Daniel Sterne, the latter raised himself on his elbow, pointed at Hugh, and gasped.

"Beware, wrecker, murderer, help!" Then he fell back, and lay watching with dizzy brain and swimming eyes while Hugh and the stranger confronted each other.

The wrecker grasping his knife stared at the stranger, and the stranger still stared at him with profound astonishment.

"What do you want?" hissed Hugh, getting nearer to him.

The young man backed a step or two, looking uneasily at the knife.

"What do you want?" repeated the wrecker, with an affected calmness that made him only the more dangerous.

"What do I want?" said he. "Nay, my friend, I want nothing, and if I don't mistake it it seems to me you have been giving this gentleman here more than he wants. By your good leave I'll help him down to the village."

A likely project for Hugh, who knew then his treasury would be broken up, and himself, most probably, strung up in chains as a pirate.

Daniel Sterne saw the stranger endeavour to pass the wrecker, saw the wrecker stay him, saw the knife snatched by a cold and subtle stroke from his hand, and flung over the cliff.

Again the two men stood looking at each other, and pausing. By and by the stranger shouted to Daniel Sterne to pass the wrecker.

"Am I to understand, sir, that this—this—shall I say sea-faring gentleman?—has been using you ill?"

"He has robbed me, and nearly murdered me, answered Daniel Sterne faintly, "I have but now got out of a den of his yonder, under the brambles, which is filled with plunder."

The stranger had not to endure very long the embarrassment which this announcement, made by the "sea-faring gentleman" himself, caused him. As soon as the words passed Daniel Sterne's lips, Hugh made a spring upon the young man, with his right fingers hooked ready to seize his throat.

Sudden as he was, the stranger was too quick for him. He leapt aside, and ran without knowing it so near the edge of the precipice, that the soldier watching him was almost paralysed with fear, and scarcely able to get out the words—

"Take care! The edge!"

It was too late. Hugh saw his chance, snatch-

ed the dagger from the weak hand of the soldier, and went towards the stranger with a run.

Daniel Sterne rose on his elbow, and watched with sickening anxiety. He saw the two men meet—saw them close, in spite of the dagger—saw them sway from side to side in a death grapple—then sea, sky, cliffs, and men seemed for an instant to turn all to mist.

When the mist cleared, one man stood there instead of two.

Which of them was it?

While he asked himself that question, hardly daring to try to look more steadily at the approaching form, a voice said—

"By the mass! he was a tough customer. Well, he's gone, and I'm in for it nicely!"

Daniel Sterne lifted up his head at the sound of the cheery voice, and looked round him with a sigh of intense relief. He did, then, live! Was for the moment safe!

Slowly and with difficulty he rose to his feet, held up his hand, and murmured—

"You have saved my life!"

"Well," said the stranger, "the seafaring gentleman gave me no choice but to do the handsome thing at once. I beg your pardon, but you look at me as if you knew me."

"I do—I must know you. Yes, assuredly I have seen you before. Why, it cannot be—and yet surely—surely—though I did not think so at first—it is Humphrey Arkdale!"

"Aha! Daniel Sterne at last!" exclaimed Arkdale, looking pleased to have discovered his correspondent, yet puzzled at the recognition of himself—since he remembered nothing of the other.

"Why I've been asking for you all over Harwich," said Arkdale; "and it was very odd, but I found somebody had been asking for me—that could not be Daniel Sterne, for it was a woman."

Daniel Sterne repressed a shudder as he said—

"I believe none but that poor wretch and his wife, to whom I mentioned your name, knew of my landing."

"His wife!" repeated Arkdale. "Is she a sickly looking but rather comely woman, with black eyes? Had she a sailor's hat on, and large boots? Was her lip cut?"

"Yes, you have seen her!"

"I met her down below on the beach—was, in fact, seeking her—she seemed half crazy. I believe she suspected the seafaring gentleman was up to his tricks here on the hill. At first, when I mentioned your name, she gripped my sleeve, and said—'If you are the friend he mentioned, save him!' Then she swore she knew nought of you, but I took her first hint, and so found you on the cliff."

"And saved me!" said Daniel Sterne, fervently pressing the outstretched hand. "But I see you do not recollect me."

"By the mass, no. And yet I begin to think I have seen you before, somewhere."

"Wait. Come in here," said Daniel Sterne, and to Arkdale's immense astonishment, he showed the secret of the entrance to the cave, and led the way into the wrecker's treasury, their hands terribly scratched with the brambles.

After a brief enjoyment of Arkdale's boundless wonder at the extraordinary sight around him, Daniel Sterne showed him his bales, and then, sitting down upon them, took from his pocket the casket, opened it, and revealed to Arkdale the model of the ship.

"Do you remember that?" he asked, putting the casket and its contents into Arkdale's hands.

"That!" cried he. "Why, 'tis the ship I made for Stephen!"

"Who is Stephen?" asked Daniel Sterne, a little slyly.

"A young gentleman who stayed at my father's many years ago. His mother and her babe were with us too, but the young gentleman was taken ill, and was left with us for some time after the lady had gone. It was then I made this ship while he used to read to me. But how in the world did it come here?"

"You would scarcely remember Stephen now if you saw him?"

"Yes, I should, though!" said Arkdale positively; "I liked him too well to forget his face in a hurry."

"Are you sure?"

A sudden light broke on Arkdale's face. Again he held out his hand.

"Yes, I should! I do know him now I look again and more carefully. I didn't suspect you—how could I?—Mister Daniel Sterne!" And Arkdale laughed.

They shook hands with the warmth of old friends. Arkdale put his hand in his pocket and drew forth an old coverless, dog-eared book, with its loose pages ready at a moment's slip to tumble out, and into confusion.

"Do you remember this?" he asked.

"What is it?" said Daniel Sterne.

"The Century of Inventions," by that wonderfully-inventive genius, the old Marquis of Worcester."

"I gave it to you!"

"Aye, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments too. My customers dream over the tables while I dream over the inventions. I've a notion of trying a bit by—in the marquis' way. These two books my neighbours call my bible and prayer-book. I learnt to read from them when you had gone by spelling over my favourite passages. But—you—you are looking faint!"

And then, for the next hour or two, Daniel Sterne was well cared for. Arkdale refused to hear one word of the horrors he had gone through till he had had both food and sleep. Biscuits he happened to have in his pocket. And capital port wine was obtained by breaking the necks of some of the wrecker's bottles.

After an hour's refreshing sleep, they set to work. Daniel Sterne's goods were carefully got together and repacked to go to the custom-house at Harwich. Arkdale, who took them away in a cart, came speedily back, called in the revenue officer to take possession of the cave, and then a few minutes later they were comfortably seated in the best inn of the neighbouring village; not however, before they had been a good deal startled by the attitude of the revenue officer, who insisted on it they were smugglers in league, and exposing their comrades in vengeance while carrying off part of the booty!

But the story told by the soldier—that he had taken ship at Amsterdam in a vessel bound for Sunderland, which had promised to put him down at Harwich for Stourbridge Fair, but had got past Harwich before they were able to do so on account of the storm, and then, when he clamoured, had agreed to put him ashore from a boat where they then were, about a couple of miles or so from the port, but refused to go back—this story, followed by the exhibiting of the invoices, and the story of Hugh's villainy, strengthened by the confessions wrung from his miserable, half frantic wife, convinced them at last, and then they resigned, with pretty good grace, the hope they had had of a splendid haul.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES.

MORNING CALLS.

WHEN a lady calling on a friend finds that she is at home, it is not usual to send in a card; but, if the door be answered by a new servant, or the lady's name is a difficult one to pronounce, it frequently saves a mistake to give a card. The call should be made between three and five o'clock, and should be limited to about twenty minutes, or half-an-hour at the very outside. Indeed, when a lady perceives that there are many visitors besides herself, and that the room is becoming filled with those who have arrived since herself, she may with much considerate politeness abridge her call according to circumstances. But the departure should never be effected in the middle of an interesting conversation; the opportune moment may be seized when other visitors are announced, and the lady of the house has already risen to receive them. Then, by advancing to take leave, the lady-visitor prevents the lady of the house from having to rise again from her chair to receive her adieu.

It is not consistent with etiquette to take a pet

dog into a house when making a call, nor a very young child. When a lady has a lady-friend staying with her, she may take her to make calls, and the lady of the house is bound to receive the latter with precisely the same amount of politeness or friendliness which she displays towards the former.

Three or four days after a lady has been at a dinner or evening party, she should call at the house where she was entertained. It is not quite correct for the mistress of the house to express a hope "that you enjoyed yourself the other night," because such a remark cannot elicit anything save a compliment; and compliments should never in any case be fished for. If, however, such an observation be made, the visitress will be careful to return an assurance "that she never spent so delightful an evening." It would be very improper to state that "she did not enjoy herself because she had a headache," or to mention any drawback to her comfort on the occasion.

A lady should never criticise the guests whom she met at the party in acknowledgment of which the call is made; and should any leading question be put to her on such a subject,—as, for instance, "What did you think of Mr., or Mrs., or Miss Hamilton?" the answer should be made in a manner that can give no offence, and that will admit of the words being repeated without incurring the risk of creating for the lady enemies of those persons so commented upon.

A lady, when calling, should never take the chair which the mistress of the house is accustomed to occupy, even though she be absent at the moment.

The custom of commencing a conversation with an observation upon the weather is so usual amongst English people, that it seems almost an anti-national sentiment to recommend a deviation from the course. It is, nevertheless, advisable to tax the imagination for some more original mode of breaking the "conversational ice."

At a morning call, a lady must not leave her muff or parasol in the hall, but carry them into the drawing-room or parlour to which she may be shown: but an umbrella must be left in the hall.

A lady must not take off her gloves. Nor must she rise from her chair, and proceed to examine any picture, ornament, needlework, or book in the room, unless invited to do so by the mistress of the house. Nor must she look listlessly about her, or consult her watch during a lapse in the conversation. Indeed, a well-bred person will never allow any such lapse to occur; for the moment she perceives the conversation to be drooping, she will adroitly turn the discourse upon a new topic.

It is not usual to offer refreshments to visitors making a morning call; but should such offer be made, it is quite consistent with good taste to decline it.

When calling at a house, if the inmates be not at home, the lady leaves her card. Should the inmates really be at home, and she catch a glimpse of them at the window or through a blind, she must not seem to be aware of the fact before the servant; nor allude to it when she next meets the persons themselves. She need not feel offended at their having been denied to her, as domestic avocations frequently necessitate the answer, "Not at home."

A lady calling at a house where there are grown-up daughters, or where lady-visitors with whom she is acquainted, are staying, should leave two cards. A mother and her daughters calling upon ladies, may leave only one card. Should there be ladies staying as visitors at the house where they call, they may either leave two cards, or turn down the corner of one card.

A lady should never send cards by her servant, unless it be to answer inquiries made at her house during the illness of herself or of one of the inmates.

If a lady calls at the house where the mistress has her married sons or daughters staying with her, she should leave two cards with the names of the married couple written in pencil upon one of them.

A lady should not call upon a gentleman.

When a lady calls upon a married couple, the visit is to the wife.

When about to leave home for some considerable time, it is usual to pay a round of visits, and write the letters P. P. C. (*pour prendre congé*, "to take leave") in the corner. But if about to leave the town or neighbourhood altogether, the initials P. D. A. (*pour dire adieu*, "to say farewell") must be used.

When calling on a friend to condole with her on a bereavement by death, it is not necessary to have a mourning card in readiness to leave in case there should be no admission, unless the lady herself who is making the call is also in mourning. But good taste would prevent the lady from going to pay the visit in a very gay dress: indeed, she should assume for the occasion the quietest toilette possible, and wear very little jewellery. On being announced, a few well-chosen words of sympathy may be used; but the topic, being a painful one, should not be pushed to any length.

When a lady has given one of those very large "at home" parties at which all her visiting acquaintances have been present, it is not necessary for ladies when calling to go in: it is quite sufficient to leave a card at the door and say to the servant, "Give my best compliments to your mistress, and I hope she is quite well."

Married ladies and widows may receive visits from gentlemen, as may also single ladies of a certain age; but in all these cases great care should be taken to admit only those gentlemen who are of excellent reputation. Where there is only one daughter in a family, and she is young and unmarried, it is not proper for her to receive gentlemen-visitors during the mother's absence or illness; but if there be two or three sisters, they may collectively occupy their mother's place to the extent of receiving those gentlemen who are most intimate with the family. But in this case, care should be taken by the sisters never to leave one alone in the drawing-room, but to remain together until the visitor has taken his departure.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, the Luther of the English School of Painting, was born at Plympton in Devonshire, England, July 16th, 1723. His first attempts at Art were done from drawings by his sisters; and such prints as chance threw in his way. His favourite author was Jacob Catt, in whose "Book of Emblems" he found much to suit his taste. Afterwards he met with the "Jesuits' Perspective," the perusal of which resulted in a drawing of his father's School at Plympton, which quite astonished the old gentleman, who wrote upon the back of it: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." Young Reynolds next came across Richardson's "Treatise on the art of Painting," which decided his fate to be that of an artist. His father after some misgivings as to "whether it would pay," placed him on St. Luke's day, 1741, under Hudson, an indifferent artist, though he had enjoyed the chief patronage of the metropolis, as the best portrait painter since Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was not long with Hudson, before he excited his jealousy; and for a very trifling occurrence his master dismissed him. Reynolds then returned to Devonshire, where he saw the productions of William Gandy of Exeter, which made a deeper impression on him than all Hudson's teaching.

In May, 1749, he was enabled to gratify his darling wish of visiting Italy, through the liberality of the Mount Edgumbe family, going out in the squadron under Commodore Keppel.

What he relates of the impression made upon him by the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, is a lesson to would-be critics. He could not at first discern their great beauties. "But," says he, "my not relishing these works, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles. I felt my ignorance and stood abashed." He had not, however, been in Rome long, before he began to

appreciate these great masters' productions; and everything afforded him pleasure and instruction. "When arrived in that garden of the world, that great temple of the arts, his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such a manner as might be expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated with unwearied attention and ardent zeal the various beauties which marked the style of different schools and different ages. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence, and by his well-directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter."

The chief work Reynolds produced while in the "Eternal City," was a parody on Raphael's "School of Athens," into which he introduced the portraits of a number of English students then at Rome. Among these was one John Astley, of whom Reynolds used to say that he would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note. There is an amusing anecdote told of this artist which it may not be out of place to give here. It was a usual custom with the English painters while at Rome to make little excursions together into the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was remarkably hot, the whole company threw off their coats, with the exception of Astley. This seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take off his also. The mystery was at once explained; for the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own paintings, and displayed a foaming waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of the spectators, and his own discomfiture.

Having remained in Italy for some time, Reynolds returned to England in October, 1752, and after recruiting his health in Devonshire, visited London, and hired a house in Great Newport street.

The bold free style which he adopted was altogether different from that of his contemporaries, and hence, he soon found himself assailed by professional ignorance and prejudice. His old master, Hudson, paid him a visit, about this time, and perceiving no traces of his own manner exclaimed with an oath, "Reynolds, you do not paint as well as when you left England." Sir Joshua describes in the following words the practice of the portrait painters up to this time: "They have got a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings. And, if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace book containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second, but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves." The practice of Reynolds was the very opposite of this, and hence the variety and felicity of the attitudes of his portraits.

In 1764, he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, whose friendship he enjoyed till the close of the sage's life.

Reynolds soon vanquished all his professional enemies, his glory being only partially eclipsed by Romney and Gainsborough. In place of five guineas, which before had been his price for a head, he asked fifty, and two hundred for a full length. He had six sitters a day, and was in the receipt of a yearly income of £6000. Upon the establishment of the Royal Academy, he was elected president, and received the honour of Knighthood. Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D; he was elected a member of the Florentine Academy. He was also a member of the Royal, Antiquarian, and

* Northcote.

Dilettanti Societies; and his native town, Plympton, voted him its freedom; and he was for some time Mayor. After he was elected, he painted a very fine portrait of himself and presented it to the corporation. He wrote, when he sent it to his friend Sir W. Elford, to put it in a good light. Sir W. did as he was desired, and, in addition to a good light, placed it by the side of what he deemed a bad picture, in order to set it off. In his reply to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said that he had complied with his request, and had placed it near an inferior portrait, in order that Sir Joshua's excellence might have still more effect. Reynolds greatly obliged to his worthy friend, wrote him an answer stating that the portrait he so much despised was painted by himself, Reynolds, in early life.

Sir Joshua's house was the frequent resort of some of the cleverest men of the day. "His table" says Allan Cunningham "was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poets and poetry; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honorable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honor which their society shed upon him; but it stopt not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment. It has, indeed, been said that he was uncivil to Johnson, and that once on seeing him in his study he turned his back on him and walked out; but to offer such an insult was as little in the nature of the courtly painter, as to forgive it was in that of the haughty author. Reynolds seems to have loved the company of literary men more than that of artists; he had little to learn in his profession, and he naturally sought the society of those who had knowledge to impart. They have rewarded him with their approbation; he who has been praised by Burke and who was loved by Johnson, has little chance of being forgotten."

Reynolds delivered, during the time that he occupied the Presidential chair, fifteen lectures in the Royal Academy. They were published and very well received by the public. The Empress of Russia after reading them, presented Sir Joshua with a gold snuff box, adorned with her profile in *bas relief*, set in diamonds; and containing what was infinitely more valuable, namely a slip of paper, on which were written with her Imperial Majesty's own hand, the following words:—"Pour le chevalier Reynolds en temoignage du contentement que j'ai ressentie à la lecture de ses excellens discours sur la peinture."

He last appeared as a lecturer in the Academy on Dec. 10, 1790. During the delivery, a great crash was heard, and the company, fearing that the building was about to fall, rushed towards the door, Sir Joshua, however, sat silent and unmoved in his chair. The floor, which had only sunk a little, was soon supported, the company resumed their seats, and the President recommenced his discourse with the utmost composure. He afterwards remarked that, if the floor had fallen, the whole company would have been killed, and the arts in England thrown back two hundred years.

He concluded his discourse with these words. Speaking of Michael Angelo he said:—"I feel a self congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man, and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place—might be the

name of Michael Angelo." As he left the chair, Edmund Burke went up to him and said:—

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood
fix'd to hear."

Montreal, 1866.

ARTIST.

THE BATTLE OF REICHENBERG.

NOT much more than a hundred years ago, Prussia and Austria were engaged in a deadly war, as they were but recently. The causes of that war were very similar to those of the struggle which has cast such a stain of blood over the records of this summer; and some of the minor episodes exhibit curious coincidences. On the one hand, we find Prussia, strong in its compactness and nationality, pursuing a course of ambition and aggrandisement; on the other hand, we see Austria, jealous of and alarmed at the expanding power of her rival, vainly opposing to her advance the mere material strength of a great military organisation which had not the still mightier force of an united people at its back. The Third Silesian or Seven Years' War, commencing in 1756 and ending in 1763, was the inevitable result of a state of things which had been developing itself ever since Prussia became a kingdom and a Power of magnitude and importance, at the commencement of the century. Frederick the Great had himself already engaged in two successful wars with Austria, and had wrested Silesia from the House of Hapsburg. Bad blood existed between the two leading German Powers, and the peace from 1746 to 1756 was little better than an armed truce. Austria, chafing under her defeats, watched for any opportunity which might present itself for recovering her lost territory and retrieving her damaged honour; Prussia also prepared herself for emergencies, augmented her resources, and disciplined her armies. The old empire and the new kingdom thus stood jealously fronting each other for a considerable time, until Prussia, with her greater energy, took the initiative, as she did a few weeks ago. Frederick the Great, though he had been actively getting ready for war himself, chose to fasten a quarrel on Austria on the score of her armaments. He demanded explanations and getting none that he considered satisfactory, bore down at once on Saxony (which was in alliance with the empire), and struck blow upon blow, much as his successor has just done under the guidance of Bismarck. This was in 1756, and in the following year he advanced from Saxony into Bohemia, which then, as now was the scene of desperate fighting. There was much talk then of Federal Execution against Prussia, as there was in May and June of this year; but the Federal armies of 1757, like those of 1866, very speedily evaporated into space. The same energy which we have so recently seen with something of admiration and more of astonishment, was exhibited, a hundred and odd years ago, by Frederick and his generals; and Austria, though she subsequently recovered herself, was for a while paralysed by the audacity of her enemy's proceedings. The battle to which in this paper we desire to call the reader's attention, was the first fought on entering Bohemia, though it was not the last nor the most important. Towards the end of April, the Prussians poured into that part of the Austrian dominions in three columns: one under the command of Frederick himself, another under that of the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern, and the third headed by Marshal Schwerin. It was the second of these columns which first crossed swords with the Imperial troops; and the affair took place near the little town of Reichenberg, on the 21st of April, 1757.

The Austrian general, Count Königseck, having determined to offer the invader battle, posted himself, at the head of twenty thousand men, in a position which, according to military critics, was one of the best an army could occupy. At his back he had a line of woody hills; to his right, the river Neisse; to his left a hollow which could be readily defended. In

this hollow he stationed the greater part of his army, planted batteries and felled trees. At half-past six on the morning of the 21st of April, the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern crossed a marshy brook on which he had encamped the previous night, assaulted the left wing of Königseck, which, as we have seen, was strongly posted in a hollow with artificial defences, and soon reduced the Austrians to extremities. The Prussian dragoons and grenadiers cleared the entrenchments and wood, and entirely routed the Austrian cavalry. At the same time, the redoubts covering Reichenberg, on the left flank of the Prussians, were captured by General Lestewitz, and, after a brief but furious hand-to-hand combat, the Austrians were driven back. Königseck, however, would not readily confess himself beaten, but made two attempts to rally, both of which ended in discomfiture. Finally, he was obliged to make a precipitous retreat, leaving on the field about a thousand dead and wounded, and in the enemy's hands some five hundred prisoners, together with guns and standards. At the close of the action (which terminated at eleven A.M.), the Prussians had seven officers and a hundred and fifty men wounded. The far greater loss of the Austrians is extraordinary, considering that their infantry fought behind entrenchments, all of which the Prussians had to carry. There was no needlegun in those days to account for the discrepancy, and one can only explain it on the supposition that the greater impetus of the Prussians carried them unscathed through dangers before which the more stolid Austrians fell. Königseck, moreover, seems to have been disheartened by the non-arrival of a detachment under General Macguire, an Irish subordinate of his. On the other hand, the Prussian commander was obliged to detach eight thousand of his army to watch Macguire, and keep him off; which they did so effectively that the Irishman has been made the subject of much satirical comment, reflecting on his ability, or his courage, or both. Whatever the cause, however, the Austrians were as completely beaten as they were again and again in the late war, and the Prince of Bevern was enabled to effect a junction with the third column of the invading army under Marshal Schwerin, who rapidly made himself master of the circle of Buntzlau, and joined the forces under Frederick. The battle of Reichenberg, though not a great fight in itself, was thus instrumental in preparing the way for Frederick's brilliant triumph at Prague, on the 6th of May.

Comparing the battle of Reichenberg with the recent battles fought on nearly the same ground and between the same Powers, we find some points of similarity which are worth noting. The Prussians of to-day have exhibited the same vigorous initiative as that by which their forefathers achieved so many successes under the leadership of the Great Frederick and his lieutenants. The Austrians of to-day are, as were the Austrians of 1757—courageous, devoted, not deficient in good generalship, according to the set rules of war, yet constantly liable to be scattered by the superior dash and animation of their Northern foes. In the eighteenth century, as in the nineteenth, the Austrian cavalry was among the best in the world; but it appears to have done nothing of importance at Reichenberg, while at Sadowa it was hardly employed at all, though ready to hand. Dr. Russell, in his picturesque and vivid account of the latter engagement, furnished by him to the *Times* newspaper as its Special Correspondent, says that even at the last the day would probably have been saved to the Austrians, had they brought their cavalry into action; but, as we have seen, the cavalry of 1757 was rolled up and dissipated by the fury of the Prussian charge, and so might that of 1866 have been.

Of dissimilarities, over and above the different magnitude of the battles, there are of course many. The modern development of artillery, and the greater range and power of the needlegun, have revolutionised the art of war; and we now probably kill ten men where formerly we killed but one—sad triumph of a civilisation which has not yet learnt how to supplant organised murder by reasonable discussion. One

difference, however, between the Seven Years' War and that of the present summer, may or may not in the end prove to the greater credit of our era. The former struggle left the European system at its close exactly what it had found it at the commencement; the modern war may lead to changes of which it is impossible as yet to foretell the limits, or estimate the worth.

PASTIMES.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. No hut brat = A Scottish Physician.
 2. I ruin all soap = A writer of the fourteenth century.
 3. Lo! hoeing grub = A mountain iq the N. W. of England.
 4. Lost in gin = A Village in Canada.
 5. Pup is sly = A Grecian Architect.
 6. Only mint G. = A seaport in the South of England.
 7. Sam U mix in = A Roman Emperor.
 8. Must 5 run E? = The God of Spring.
 9. Robert is as a clock = The scene of the captivity of one of the English Kings.
 10. Shave me = A battlefield in the time of Henry III.
 11. Sell him love = A Village in Canada West.
- The initials transposed will reveal the name of an Italian writer. R. T. E.

PUZZLE.

To be

a a a a a a a a a a
t C r i o f U I S e s
standing
is the mark of a mean

REBUS.

The first in depravity.
The foremost in anarchy,
The first in all villainy,
The foremost in infamy,
The first in dishonesty.

Now just scan these aright,
And to notice they'll bring
The name of a ruler
Over Israel—a King.

CHARADES.

1. My first part is a useful thing, which an impression makes;
My next, transposed, a liquid forms, which a drunkard often takes;
My third the little busy bee, who works for many hours,
Doth use to garner up its store, obtained from various flowers;
My whole is used when a letter we write,
To keep the contents from other folks' sight.
2. My first denotes change, which often takes place
In thoughts and opinions, and perhaps brings disgrace;
It will sometimes occur in private affairs,
Dismissing or causing rejoicing or cares.
And strange though it seem, yet still it is true,
On roads and in rivers it comes into view;
By the sea, should you linger twelve hours together,
Behold it you may, notwithstanding foul weather.
Occasions arise when you feel it as well,
If one should draw near, strange tidings to tell;
Some merit it claims, for so they record
That my first, when 'tis good, deserves a reward.
In clear, crystal streams my second glides by,
Or gleams in the sunshine, when borne up on high;
My whole on the road holds unlimited sway.
The traveller arresting while going on his way.
3. For my first I am puzzled; but come let us see;
Oh, I have it—just so—it imports a grandee—
A grandee not of British production; 'tis true;
But what signifies that? quite as well it may do.
Then for knowledge and truth, ye may pore day by day
In vain, if my second not opens the way,
Should my picturesque whole now incline you to crave it,
Just think of a Vicar of Bray, and you have it.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA, &c. No. 52.

Geographical Enigma—Lutterworth.—1. Lincoln. 2. Ullswater. 3. Toulouse. 4. Tours. 5. Eisleben. 6. Rotterdam. 7. Wittenberg. 8. Oudenarde. 9. Riga. 10. Trent. 11. Helvetra.

Riddles.—1. Epigram. 2. Anagram. Transpositions.—1. Bryer. 2. Grobe. 3. Hoffman.

Charades.—1. Earwig. 2. Baboon. 3. Watch thy tongue, out of it are the issues of life.

Square Words.—M I L L S
I D E A
L E E K
L A K E

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. R.; M. B. HAMILTON, C. W.—The second solution to your Problem occurred by misplacing a Bishop, which the corrected position explains. Problem No. 37, as already stated, is unsound; it can be solved in the way you suggest by playing 1. Q to Q B 5. 2. B to R 5, 3. B to Kt 6 Mate. Will write shortly.

T. B. BULL, SEAFORTH, C. W.—Glad to see you have not forgotten old friends. Will examine and report on the Problem.

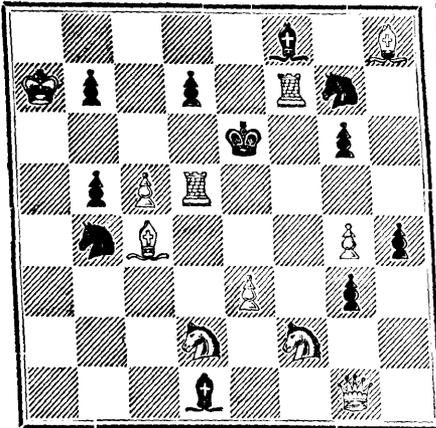
Geo. E. CARPENTER, Tarrytown, N. Y.—Thanks for the "slight trace" you have left of your visit. Please "repeat the dose" as often as agreeable. We regret we had not the pleasure of seeing you while in Montreal.

O. A. BROWNSON, JR., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—The enclosures in yours of the 3rd. were safely to hand. Thanks.

PROBLEM No. 43.

BY FRA DUE, OF NEW YORK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 41.

WHITE.

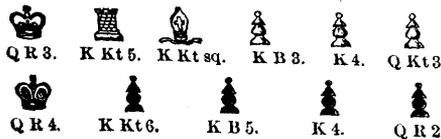
BLACK.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. B to Q Kt 4. | Kt to Q 4 or (a.) |
| 2. Q to K B 5. | Any move. |
| 3. Q to Kt Mates. | |
| (a) 1. _____ | B to Q 4. |
| 2. Q to K 6. | Any move, |
| 3. Q or Kt Mates. | |

ENIGMA No. 18.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

A "capital little stratagem" from *The Field*.



White to play and Mate in five moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 16.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------|
| 1. R to R 7. | } P moves. |
| 2. K to K 4. | |
| 3. B to R 6. | |
| 4. R to K 7. Mate. | |

MISCELLANEA.

One of the attractions of the Paris Universal Exhibition of next year will be a prize of 10,000 francs for the best singer in the world.

—An English railway company has had to pay £34,000 on account of an accident to an excursion train.

—**PORK AND POULTICES.**—A gentleman who keeps pigs, near the London Hospital, has been summoned as a nuisance. It turns out that the pork is very fine, piggy having fed chiefly on the poultices from the London Hospital.

—"Cholera cigar" is the last notion of the tobacconists of London. The cigars are "prepared with opium;" and, as opium-eaters never

suffer from cholera, smokers of the cigars will be exempt from the epidemic, at least, so say the traders.

ORIGIN OF THE RED SHIRT.—"I may be permitted," Mr. Sala says, "to point out the very simple origin of a garment which has now become historical—the red shirt. It is simply the habitual upper vestment of the American merchant sailor. Any Liverpoolian will tell you that fifteen years ago a sure distinction might be drawn between the British tars and the Yankee "salts" in the port of Liverpool, from the first wearing blue and the last scarlet flannel shirts or frocks. When Garibaldi first took command of a merchantman in Baltimore, he probably expended a couple of dollars in the purchase of a red shirt, and finding it comfortable, has stuck to it ever since."

STRANGE BEQUEST.—A curious bequest of an eccentric man has lately been obeyed at St. Ives. Mr. John Knill, first an attorney, then steward at St. Ives for the Duke of Buckingham, next collector of Customs at that place, and, finally, a bencher of Gray's Inn, who built the pyramidal monument which overlooks St. Ives, left a sum of money, the interest of which was to be given quinquennially to ten young maidens, who were to dance round the monument. In the centre is a hollow, destined for Mr. Knill's remains, but he was buried in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. The trustees recently found ten danseuses, ten years old, witnessed the dance, and paid the girls ten shillings each for their adherence to Mr. Knill's peculiar wish.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

It is said that a chemist has extracted from coal a substance chemically undistinguishable from sugar. He has named it "phenoze."

TO MEND IRON POTS.—Mix finely sifted lime with some white of eggs till a thin kind of paste is formed; then add some iron filings. Apply this to the fracture, and the vessel will be found to be nearly as sound as ever.

ETCHING ON GLASS.—Etching on glass is performed by laying on the glass a ground of bees-wax, and drawing the design thereon with the needle, as in etching upon copper. Sulphuric acid is then poured on, and fluor spar sprinkled on it. After four or five hours it is taken off, and the work cleaned with oil of turpentine.

FIRST USE OF COAL.—The Belgians claim to have been the first to discover the uses of coal; and this discovery, they say, was made by one Huihos, a blacksmith, of the village of Plenevaux, near Liege, in the year 1049, from whose name they derive the word "houille." Coal was first used as fuel in London in the latter part of the 13th century; but the smoke was considered so injurious to the public health that Parliament petitioned King Edward I. to prohibit its burning, as an intolerable nuisance. He complied, and issued his proclamation against it. The most severe measures were then employed to abolish its use—fines, imprisonment, and the destruction of furnaces and workshops where it was used.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—Some experiments have been recently made by Mr. Skaife in taking photographs by artificial light instantaneously. A plate, carefully prepared, is put into a camera; the sitter, in a partially dark room, engages in conversation with any one, so as to secure a natural play of expression; a little powder on the pan of a lamp of peculiar construction is set off in a puff, like the flash of a charge of gunpowder, and thus an instantaneous picture is taken. The powder is composed of certain parts of pulverised magnesium and chlorate of potash, and is set on fire by being heated by a spirit lamp under the pan, which has a hole in it, and the light is brought into contact with the dry powder when the pan is slightly shaken by means of a wire. The pan having a reflector at the back, the light is thrown full on the sitter, and the negative is said to be obtained in about the fiftieth part of a second.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music. "Wa'al," said the old woman, "I rahly don't know: won't you just take the candle and see?"

He who makes his living as an engraver dines off a copper-plate.

Short calls are the best, as the fly said when he lit on a hot stove.

Sir John Irwin was a favourite with George III, who once observed to him—"They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine."—"Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your majesty, have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

Break a woman's heart, and she will smile and forgive you. Break a joke upon her face, and she declares war—war to the scissors.

The recent marriage of a Mr. Day with a Miss Field presents this singular anomaly, that although he *gained the field*, she *won the day*.

DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

We know a man so clever with his lathe that he can even turn a deaf ear.—*Punch*.

A young man on kissing a girl "down South" asked how it was that she was so sweet? "Oh," she replied, in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter."

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD.—The room for improvement.

HINTS TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies—Encourage spiders.

When a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she sighs for.

"A City Clerk" wishes to know what profit is made on the transaction, when Parliament is prorogued "by Commission."

WHAT prevents the running river running away?—Why, it's *tide up*.

THE KORAN has the following passage:—"Mahomet, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven so large that his eyes were seventy days' journey apart." What an awful "bridge" he must have had to his nose.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

WHAT is the difference between a ship that barely escapes wrecking on a headland, and a weather-glass?—The one weathers the point, and the other points the weather.

A LAND speculator in America, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland county, says it is so clear and so deep, that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A FIRE-EATING Irishman challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist being very lame, requested that he might have a prop. "Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?"—"With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next." The joke settled the quarrel.

A THIEF was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up an area, and hit him with his staff. Several notes were found upon him.

"**ARE** these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-dealer, with whom he was negotiating for "a gift for his fair."—"Yes, sir," said the bird-dealer, confidently, "I raised them ere birds from canary seed."

"**TOM**," said a wag to a hanger-on at a roadside house, "tell me the greatest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll give you a glass of ale."—"Me!" said Tom, "I never told a lie."—"Landlord, draw the ale," said the other.

AMENDED QUOTATIONS.—By a baker. Familiar in their mouths as household bread. By a per-ruquier. Sweet auburn! loveliest tresses of the plain.