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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 42.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 23, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY, "THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

THE FENIAN INVASION.

WE believe we may congratulate our readers upon the crisis of the Fenian movement being passed. As we write—early in the week—our soil is free from lawless invaders, except indeed the few stragglers who may be hiding to escape capture by our gallant troops. Neither in the east nor the west has the movement assumed proportions which raise it above the character of a mere thieving raid; and we are at a loss to conceive how leaders and dupes could have been found mad and wicked enough to engage in so thoroughly atrocious an enterprise. However remiss the American authorities may have been before the actual invasion of our soil, we do not see that they have given us any good cause for complaint since. The arrest of the Fenian leaders deprived the movement of the little vitality it possessed, and rendered all thought of a serious invasion hopeless. As to the American press, we have but little for which to thank it. Half-hearted condemnation or undisguised sympathy with the movement has, with some few notable exceptions, marked its tone throughout. However little this may redound to its credit, we can afford to overlook it, for one good has sprung from this unwarrantable Fenian invasion. We have learned to know ourselves better. The alacrity with which our noble volunteers sprung to arms in all parts of the country; the cheerfulness with which they have borne privations, and the gallantry with which they met the foe, have taught us to feel something of our own strength, and to know that we are not degenerate sons of the brave men who fought at Lundy's Lane and Chateaugay. It is true that we have to deplore the loss of valuable lives, offered up freely upon the altar of their country—of men who died as heroes die—but they will not remain unavenged: and where is the Canadian who does not deeply sympathise with the bereaved friends? or the loyal hearted man who does not exclaim, "Peace to the ashes and all honour to the memory of the gallant dead." It is possible that the Government may retain our volunteers in the field for some time to come, and that we may still experience seasons of excitement, but we believe, as we have stated, that the crisis is passed and all real danger at an end. So mote it be.

THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe. Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr. Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.

LETTER VII.

Mrs. Captain Tremorne to Mrs. Barker.

MY DEAR MRS. BARKER,
Dismiss your alarm; I'm sure our poor Jennie will come to no harm! I nurse and amuse her with anxious affection, and Harry bestows unremitting attention; That she'll get safely through, all the Doctors agree, Though fev'rish still, from delirium she's free; Her cough's very bad, and her cold makes her wheezy, But there's now little reason for feeling uneasy.

The newspapers, crammed with misrepresentation, Must have made your heart throb with alarm and vexation,
If you trusted one moment their exaggeration— Tremorne loudly swore, though it proved a vain boast, That he'd silence the *Citizen*, *Times* and the *Post*;
For a blund'ring account in their columns was placed, With comments conceived in the very worst taste: And one horrid fellow declared your poor daughter, "Had gone, like *Ophelia*, to Heaven by water."
No! no! Mrs. Barker, I feel very glad To assure you the matter is not quite so bad! It is really high time the whole truth you should see, And I'll tell it; I'm sure you'll rely upon me.

Heavy rain and chill sleet had poured down over night,
But the morning was clear, and the sun shining bright, Crystallized over with ice blazed each bough, branch and spray,
With a diamond, ruby and emerald display, As each caught and reflected the sun's brilliant ray,
And gracefully waved to and fro in the breeze, Which lightly was stirring the tops of the trees—
You might fancy these beautiful jewels of ice Were the glorious fruit of that rich Paradise, Where Aladdin was sent by his uncle, old scamp, For the genii-compelling, "the Wonderful Lamp."

The river, well drenched, was now frozen and glare, And this was the day for our Carnival there;
So we all of us felt quite rejoiced and elate, As the weather seemed made just on purpose to skate,
The ice was so clear, and the air so serene, That the image of every gay skater was seen—
No clearer reflection the still stream could take Of "the swan floating double on St. Mary's lake."
And each skater awakes, as he circles around, From the musical river a low pensive sound,
Which from shore back to shore grandly circulates round.
Sweet melody *Aëolus* often inspires When he whistles a tune on the Telegraph wires;
But though single-stringed music's deliciously nice, It's no match for the full DIAPASON of ice!
Our pianos and lutes very charming may be, But the out-of-doors music's the music for me!

I didn't skate much; but looked on and enjoyed The various styles which the others employed.
Tremorne's very graceful, he floated around So buoyant and light that he scarce touched the ground—
Lieutenant Mulrooney so twisted and twirled, Such spread-eagles, triangles and circles he whirled,
That he seemed to employ a bold figure of speech, As if Trigonometry wishful to teach!
Major Martinet, heavy, punctilious and still, Treated skating much like a *manœuvre* at drill.

I saw Harry Tourniquet hovering near, With disconsolate look, and of desolate cheer,
And at once I perceived that his dear Jennie Barker Had annoyed the poor boy by her flirting with Sparker—

I really felt vexed; for his skating is fine— He could all on the ice without effort outshine—
And as Jennie admires an elegant skater, His skill in the art might perchance captivate her.

But truce to reflection; 'twas pleasant to view O'er the river the skaters each other pursue,
As hither and thither, like swallows, the flew. Of the ladies your Jennie was fleetest of all,
And fearless as one who'd ne'er met with a fall; And at Sparker she laughed, who is but a poor skater,
Though no man's attempt to excel can be greater— She jeeringly challenged the ensign to race,
Who gallantly struggled to shun a disgrace, But she quickly outstripped him, and laughing looked back,
And so saw not, poor girl, that direct in her track, Was a threatening chasm, a wide gaping crack,
The loose broken ice sank beneath with a crush, As into the water she plunged with a rush!

The Ensign desparingly uttered a yell, For hurrying to save her, he stumbled and fell!
We echoed his shriek, for we all felt afraid That no one could reach her in time to give aid—
When, swifter than eagles pounce down on their prey, Darting rapidly, Harry swept onward his way—
Ah! he too is down! and again the loud cry Of phrenzied despair mounts aloft to the sky—
But no! on the ice he is stretched at full length, He would test too severely, by standing, its strength;
Creeping cautiously forward, her dress he first touched, Then, with strenuous effort, convulsively clutched,
And, slowly retreating, exerting his might, Our poor lifeless Jennie he brought to the light.
For the swiftness, with which she had raced, in a trice Had carried her body quite under the ice;
And had not her saccue on a jagged edge caught, Alas! we should vainly dear Jennie have sought!
But now we all hastened to draw from the water, The inanimate form of your beautiful daughter,
And homeward, with sorrowing caution, we bore her, And were able to consciousness soon restore her,

Her health took a shock from this dreadful disaster, Which asked unremitting attention to master;
For so prostrate she was through delirium and fever That for long we despaired of our pow'r to relieve her—
But Harry watched o'er her by day and by night, As a doctor proclaimed her his patient of right,
Which I had to regret, for 'twas really absurd When in her delirium she utter'd a word,
Which he, of all people, ought not to have heard.

"Dear Harry! forgive me! I've often ill-used you, But dearly I loved, when I most have abused you—
If you'd 'spoken the word' I should ne'er have refused you!
Then she muttered some low incoherent expressions, About heedlessly flitting, and such like confessions;
Till I heartily wished to have sent him away, While he more than ever determined to stay—
For few things my temper more certainly vex Than what lowers the pride so becoming our sex;
Since the men are so ready our worth to depreciate, If, in matters of love we e'er take the initiate.

Harry's looks between sorrow and joy were so queer— For his love he hoped all, for her life he felt fear;
He loudly expressed for past jealousy shame, That his true-hearted girl he could e'er doubt or blame,
And he vowed from suspicion henceforth to remain, And unbounded confidence place in dear Jane—
But on turning his eyes, he was filled with dismay As he saw her in weakness and agony lay,
For he dreaded no skill or attention could save, And the young and the beautiful keep from the grave.

But thank God! this condition of things did not last, For now she is steadily mending and fast;
Her delirious, wild talk has, however, quite shown That she loves him with passion, and loves him alone.
So, dear Mrs. Barker, I think, if you'll let her, She had best stay with me till decidedly better;
And when she comes home, do allow her to marry At once with my clever and dear cousin, Harry;
Until she improves, he will not 'say the word,' And she does not yet know the confession he's heard;
But I'm sure she's tormented the poor boy enough, And now to refuse him would be down right stuff.
He's getting a practice—there's no need to wait— Which I often times think is but tempting one's fate;
And our Regiment Surgeon says, Harry's so smart, And so thoroughly versed in the sanative art,
Knows so well how to physic, to blister and bleed, That he's morally certain at once to succeed;
And his business in town will be better than any— So I trust you'll consent to his marriage with Jennie:
A refusal would render him mad and forlorn, Then do not say nay—

To yours,

FANNIE TREMORNE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Editor pays his respects.

Some letters are missing. He shrewdly suspects Their contents "confidential and private" must be, Since not one of them is he permitted to see:
But that poor Jennie's senses are now quite restored, And that Harry no longer with JAUNDICE is bored,
A just received telegram clearly will show, Which, by Mister Trepan's leave is printed below.

TELEGRAM.

From Benedict Tourniquet to Bachelor Trepan.

DEAR BOB,

Jennie says I can spend my time better, Than in penning to you a dull, long-winded letter—
So, I send you a line of the Laureate's instead; "Merrily rang the bells, and WE ARE WED."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

IT is with very great pleasure we call the attention of our musical readers to the fact that great efforts have been and continue to be made at home towards the foundation of an English Royal Academy of Music. The Society of Arts Committee of Musical Education has for some months past been busily employed in procuring information on the subject; and from the copious evidence taken before it, together with statistics which have been collected concerning the administration of the principal continental conservatories, it is to be hoped that a well digested and practical scheme will be submitted to the authorities for adoption. The desirability of such an institution must be apparent to all. It is true that there already exists a Royal Academy of Music in London, but it is notorious that it is quite inadequate for the purposes for which it was instituted, probably owing to the non-professional element in its constitution. For while all must own the obligation we are under to those gentlemen who founded the institution, obtained for it the Royal Charter, and contributed largely to its funds, yet it would be well if the functions of those gentlemen ceased here, and the administration were left entirely to professional men. In this respect let us hope that the English Royal Academy of Music will have the advantage of its predecessor, and that its chief will be a professional musician.

HOW WE OBTAIN OUR GREAT SINGERS.—If all the paragraphs which are continually appearing in the foreign papers concerning the wonderful tenors, extraordinary sopranos, &c., found by accident, in the most unexpected places, and under the most marvellous circumstances, were true, great singers would be very plentiful, and vocal phenomena, becoming a drug in the market, would grow exceedingly cheap. The last anecdote in the above line is to the following effect. A singer of one of the Vienna theatres arrived, a short time since, at Mayence. He went for a walk. He was suddenly awakened from the brown study in which he was plunged by hearing a magnificent tenor voice. He listened with delight, and, when the voice died away, found by inquiry that the voice belonged to a youthful porter on the railway. After testing the voice several times, the Viennese artist suggested that the porter should accompany him on his travels, and that he (the Viennese artist) would give him (the porter) the instruction necessary to develop his great natural abilities. The young man consents, the railway loses a porter, and the German theatres gain a tenor—according to the foreign press.

TORONTO MONSTER CONCERT.—On the Queen's birthday a large body of singers, numbering nearly 300, accompanied by the band of the 47th Regiment, assembled in the drill shed and under the direction of Mr. John Carter, performed an interesting programme of popular music before an immense audience. The chief pieces performed were the "Red, White, and Blue," "March of the Men of Harlech," "God bless the Prince of Wales," "Rule Britannia," and "The National Anthem." These pieces were sung in unison, 1st verse by the trebles, 2nd by the tenors, 3rd by the basses,—all joining in the last. Too much cannot be said in favour of the good social feeling engendered by these concerts, although the musical Torontonians pride themselves mostly on their recent performances of *Trovatore*—the 1st on May 21st; the 2nd on May 31st. This opera was produced under the able direction of Mr. Carter, who is indefatigable in his exertions to create a musical feeling among the citizens of Toronto; and it is pleasant to notice the discrimination and appreciation displayed by the audiences which, on each occasion, were assembled. The stage or platform had no other appendages than customary at ordinary concerts, excepting curtains at the back, behind which the "Nun's chorus," the "Miserere," and the "Troubadour's song" were sung. It can scarcely be said there was no acting, just enough to make the performance understandable and interesting but not enough to excite criticism or remark.

REVIEWS

CERISE. A tale of the last century. By G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "The Gladiators," "Digby Grand," &c. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

If proof were wanting, this spirited novel is evidence sufficient that Mr. Melville possesses great descriptive powers, an active imagination, and much skill in the delineation of human character. The story opens at the court of *Le Grand Monarque*, Louis the Fourteenth, where the hero, George Hamilton, is introduced as a page to Louis le Grand, but subsequently he becomes a captain of musketeers. Soon after the death of Louis, George is compelled to fly from the French court, and his next appearance is as the captain of a privateer, in which character he achieves some of his most interesting adventures. Finally he abandons the sea to inherit the title and estate of the Hamiltons of Hamilton Hill, and to become a representative of the English country gentleman of the last century.

It is in his delineation of female character that the author, we think, has evinced his greatest skill. The two principal creations are Madame de Montmirail and her daughter, Cerise. The former had been taken from a convent and married to a chivalrous veteran, who could scarcely stand long enough at the altar to complete the marriage ceremony. But Madame made an exemplary wife; even at the court of Louis le Grand the tongue of scandal was never raised against her during her married life; and it seemed that she cared but for three persons in the world—"the chivalrous old veteran who had married her," the lovely little daughter Cerise, born of their union, and the young Abbé Malletort, a distant cousin of her own, as remarkable for shrewdness of intellect as for signal ugliness of face.

Madame de Montmirail grieved very honestly for the death of her husband, but after the prescribed period of seclusion she reappeared at court, still young and very beautiful. That she loved admiration was now apparent, for she accepted it with avidity. "She had the softest eyes, the smoothest skin, the sweetest voice in the bounds of France," but her heart was declared by her admirers to be harder than the diamond which became her so well. She refused more offers of marriage, we are told, than any woman in France. But Madame was not altogether unsusceptible; the independent bearing and handsome face of a certain captain of musketeers had unwittingly conquered where Dukes and Counts had sighed in vain. But this was Madame's secret.

Cerise is altogether charming. Her beauty and gentleness had won the heart of George Hamilton, the court page, as they played together as children, and the captain of musketeers did not forget his boyish love. The affection was mutual, but Madame de Montmirail was entirely ignorant of its existence on either side. Good use is made of this position by the author. The same cause which compelled George Hamilton to fly from the French Court led to the banishment of the De Montmirails to an estate they possessed in one of the smaller West Indian islands: and it is there that the captain of the privateer, who is ignorant of their banishment, unexpectedly rejoins them. During one of his cruises George Hamilton had cast anchor in the harbour of the island, where word was brought him that the slaves on a certain estate had risen in insurrection. Obeying the chivalrous instincts of his nature he rushed, at the head of his crew to the rescue. His arrival was opportune: the slaves had burst into the house, and stood confronting Madame de Montmirail and her daughter. It is at this terrible moment, and during the excitement of the unexpected meeting, that Madame learns that Cerise is her successful rival for the affection of the only man who had ever really touched her heart.

We leave the story at this point, as our readers will probably not thank us to reveal more of the plot of a work which many of them will doubtless read for themselves. One word as to the Abbé Malletort. He is described as "a man without religion, without principle, without honour, without even the common sympathies of

humanity," and certainly his career, as sketched by the author, admirably fits the description. We consider this character one of the most skillfully drawn in the work—although one stands aghast at the utter depravity of the man.

Mr. Melville displays, in this stirring book, an intimate acquaintance with the subject on which he writes; and many of his sketches of the manners and customs of a past century are worthy of the author of *Kenilworth*.

HIDDEN DEPTHS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Whatever may be thought of this work, as a literary composition, the reader will hardly fail to respect the aim and earnestness of the writer. We are told that the book is not a work of fiction, in the ordinary acceptation of the term;—for the hidden depths, of which it reveals a glimpse, are not fit for a romance, nor ought they to be opened up to the light of day for purposes of mere amusement. All that is narrated the author declares to be actual truth, although it did not occur precisely as placed before the reader.

A few extracts will best indicate the scope of the work. "Let the pale wasted girl be driven from your door; suffer her not to contaminate with her presence so much as the pavement under your feet; but take my Lord, the betrayer, by the hand, and seat him at your table, heap honours upon him, and give an indulgent smile to his deeds of darkness." So judges the world, but so did not judge Ernestine Courtney, a pure and noble-minded woman, as she bent over the lifeless form of

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death."

"She had come to renew, in presence of that mute witness, the resolution she had taken as she sat for the first few moments motionless, with the record of her brother's guilt lying at her feet. The knowledge of his crime had entered into her soul with an anguish only less bitter to her than the unavailing pity with which she thought of the lost girl, dead by her own hand."

"As she looked on the cold corpse and thought upon these things her heart burned within her, and she felt that life itself were cheaply given, and with life all she might have to sacrifice, in the search on which she was about to enter, if only in that tremendous hour she might bring this one soul, rescued from the enemy and the avenger, to the dear feet of Him whose infinite compassion flowed forth in His very heart's blood for the wandering and the lost."

This search was for a sister of the dead girl, for whose entrance upon the path of shame and infamy, the wretched suicide had been indirectly responsible. Ernestine was eventually successful, but the unfortunate girl was only rescued to die, and its dying added an unexpected ingredient to the cup of bitterness which Courtney was destined to drink. What this was we leave the reader to discover, premising that the story is interesting in itself, and embodies many serious truths upon subjects respecting which the world's code of justice is sadly at fault.

BETSY JANE WARD. (Better-half to Artemus) Hur Book of Goaks. New York: James O'Hane. Montreal: R. Worthington.

We do not know the author of this work, but it is evidently not our old friend Artemus. Betsy Jane has copied his style: there is the same extraordinary orthography, even a much freer use of the figures 2 and 4 for "to" and "fore" but we miss the broad humour and real wit which make all this tolerable in "Artemus Ward His Book" and the other productions of the celebrated showman. As is the case with imitations generally Betsy Jane Ward's Book of Goaks has in our opinion but little to recommend it. It is flat, stale, and unprofitable.

Coquette.—A child playing with fire.
Imagination.—The salt in our daily bread.
Book.—Brain preserved in ink.
Love.—The soul's glow of health.
Woman.—The melody of the human duet

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Chambers's Encyclopædia: vol. viii. From "Puerto Bello," to "Sound." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, L.L.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Geological Sketches. By Louis Agassiz. Jnst Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Poems of Home and Abroad. By Wm. P. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Roebuck. A Novel. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Gilbert Ruge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel by Charles Dickens! Joseph Grimaldi: his Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipman," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
- The Toiler of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Beyminstre: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery, for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By Jacques Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Book of Roses. A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francis Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them. By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape. By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York; Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D. M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. RALFOUR.

Continued from page 229.

"Yes, all," Mr. Austwicke answered, proudly. "Speak freely: I'm not bound to believe all I'm told; but I'll hear it."

Mr. Hope had been placed in a chair at the end of the table, and the two young men stood on either side of him. All three faced Mr. Austwicke, who sat at the other end, while Dr. Griesbach and Allan were at the side.

Mr. Hope drew from his pocket the marriage-lines, and a bundle of letters, proving his connection with the matter as having had charge of the children. The papers were passed to Mr. Austwicke, who examined them in silence. After a few moments he said angrily—

"And you have lived, Mr. Hope, on my land, and your daughter in my house, and never explained this till now! Am I to conclude that you were in league with my sister, sir? Do you know what the word *conspiracy* means?"

Thus adjured, Mr. Hope earnestly related how he came to have the charge of two—as he thought, twin—children, explaining that he never thought them other than he had known them from their infancy in Canada; his struggles to rear them well; his troubles; the appearance of Burke on the scene—which Mr. Austwicke recognised as being at the time of his brother Wilfred's return, and death. Mr. Hope continued his narrative with the flight of the boy, and his daughter Marian being engaged as Gertrude's governess; the sum paid by Burke for Mysie Grant's being placed as articled pupil (a double amount being noted down in Miss Austwicke's papers); then their coming, father and daughter, to live at Austwicke; and their entire ignorance both of any connection of the child or any children with the Austwicke family, or whether the boy was alive, until—

"Until when?" exclaimed Allan, "until last night?"

"What, then, you saw my sister before—before—" said Mr. Austwicke.

"I saw the youth himself," added Mr. Hope, feebly, being much exhausted.

A look of intense defiant enquiry was on the faces of Mr. Austwicke and his son, as the one word "Where?" shaped itself upon their lips.

Just then Dr. Griesbach laid his hand on Mr. Austwicke's arm, and pointing with his other hand to Norman, said in a low voice, which however, was perfectly audible to all present—

"He is here now. There he stands!"

There was a dead pause, in which none spoke or moved. Norman's face, as all eyes perused it, was very calm, but pale to the lips. For a moment he cast down his eyes, but rallying, raised them and looked steadily, yet sadly, towards Mr. Austwicke, who, after a few moments, with natural warmth—for was not his own son Allan there before him, disinherited and ruined?—said—

"Dr. Griesbach do you call yourself my friend, and at the very first blush of this plausible yet strange tale you believe it, and expect me to do so? But the law is not so easily satisfied: for a far less prize than the Austwicke's estates a scheme like this might be organised. Young man you will not win so easily." He addressed the last sentence to Norman, who now spoke, the light coming to his eye, and the colour to his cheek—

"Sir, if it's the Austwicke estates you speak of, I don't want to win them. I come here to displace no one; certainly not those who never sought to injure me, and who have been used to that which, as I never knew the possession of, I cannot miss."

"Then what brings you here?" said Allan Austwicke, in breathless surprise.

"I came to seek one whom I left rashly, if not ungratefully. I came to get Mr. Hope's forgiveness; and in my efforts to find him, I made the discovery you seem to charge on me as a sin. Though why or how being wronged and injured—as it seems I have been, I, and another far more helpless—makes me an offender, I know not. There is one now in this room who can vouch for my life within six weeks of my leaving Mr.

Hope. He—Dr. Griesbach—knows I can work—maintain myself—with God's blessing, make my way; and that I am not without a friend—a kind friend—in his own near kinsman. I don't want the Austwicke acres, if it displaces or injures any one. I should certainly like to bear my father's name; that's not much, but it's something to one who has feared he had no name. I think I'd care not to disgrace my rightful name."

The youth's words had come hurriedly; strong emotion gave a natural grace to his erect attitude and outstretched arm, and stamped the lofty impress of truth upon his features.

"Disgrace it! no," said Mr. Austwicke, his better nature roused, in spite of his prejudices. "You shall bear it for me, come what may."

Allan had left his place as the youth spoke, and drawn near to Norman, his face kindling with enthusiasm. When, at his father's words, all the barriers of reserve were thrown down, he took both Norman's hands in his and shook them heartily, saying bluntly—

"I'm no cheat. You'll not find me the fellow to oust anybody out of his rights. Why, then, you're our Gertrude's brother—that's something to be proud of, I can tell you."

He shook his honest head ruefully as he spoke, for at that moment the loss of a brother's place to True seemed almost as bad as the loss of Austwicke.

"Gertrude's brother!" said Norman in a perplexed tone; "that's to me another marvel. All this morning I have been saying, who is Mysie?"

"Nay, I can unravel that," said Mr. Nugent, "and I'm here for that purpose. When I came from my sister Maynard's yesterday, whither I had gone with Mr. Allan, I found a letter at home waiting me from a brother clergyman. Its contents were so important, that I did not go to Mr. Hope's at once about it, wishing to have some time—that is, a night's consideration—over it."

He paused, for the recollection of the tragedy of the previous night weighed on them all, and would not bear allusion. It was a relief to read the letter.

MY DEAR SIR,—You may not have wholly forgotten me, as I passed a fortnight with you once at our friend Archdeacon Wincanton's. But my object in writing is not so much to recall myself to your recollection, as to state a matter to you which, from the name of your parish, I think concerns the leading family there.

I was called, last week, to a Mrs. Johnston, a widow, who wished, before her death, to tell me something about her late husband, which she thought of importance. His former wife came out to Canada with her brother, a man named Burke, who soon after returned to England. They brought two children with them—twins—a boy and a girl, whose maintenance was paid for by some relatives in India or England; I am not clear which. It transpired, however, in a quarrel between Burke and his sister, that the children were not related—that the girl had been taken from a soldier's widow, named Grant, who died on the voyage. She was coming out on speculation, and had not a friend in the world. The motive for taking the child was not kindness, but to substitute her for the real twin sister of the boy, who had either died or been left in Scotland. My informant was much troubled in her mind when I questioned her closely, for she said her name had once been McNaughton; that her first husband, an elder of the kirk, "and well-doing man," had compelled her to turn her sister, Isabel Grant, out of doors. That she had since learned from Johnston that her sister had really been married to a gentleman named Austwicke, and that the boy brought to Canada was hers; also, that the child had a twin sister. She added that Burke paid the money so irregularly, that Johnston, when his first wife died, was glad to give them into the charge of a Mr. and Mrs. Hope, who took both children, believing them to be twins, to England. The woman told me this at intervals, and expressed repentance for her hardness to her sister, who it seems, became insane, and, she supposed, was dead. She added, nothing had prospered with her. She had been wronged in her widowhood, by her husband's

relatives, out of some property he left. She came to this country, fell in with Johnston, and foolishly married him. I obtained from her a few papers, enclosed, about the child, a baptismal register, which you can verify, and I meant to question her farther, but I was called away a few days, and on my return found she was dead. Knowing you are at Austwicke, and that a family of the name resides there, I trouble you with this, as, from all I hear of the late Mr. Johnson, he was likely enough to have connived at fraud, even for the miserable consideration of a few pounds.

Apologising for troubling you, and with all good wishes, I am,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST ELKINSHAW,

Incumbent of St. Lawrence, New Brunswick.

Mr. Austwicke was the first to break the pause after the letter was read. "Well, then," he said "my sister did no injury, at all events, to this girl. She has had a good education, and is provided with the means of maintaining herself in a respectable station."

"She is a young lady, father," cried Mr. Allan, vehemently, "who would adorn any station."

"She is as good as she is lovely," said Mr. Hope; "and, I doubt not, God's blessing will continue to rest upon her. At all events, while I and Marian live, she'll not want a father or a sister."

"Or a brother, added Norman. He looked round as he spoke, and missed one of the company from the room—Rupert had gone. They were all now preparing to depart, Mr. Austwicke saying to Mr. Hope—

"What I have heard has been too much for me to think over calmly; but be assured I will act justly, as I fully believe you have in this matter. More than justice I cannot promise. This young man has spoken, I will say generously; but he is young—a minor. Neither I nor my son could take advantage of sentiments and feelings that do him honour, but which maturity and the world will change."

"Never, sir, never," said Norman, solemnly, drawing near to Mr. Austwicke.

"I believe it, I fully believe it, from all I know of him," added Dr. Griesbach, placing Norman's hand in that of Mr. Austwicke.

Perhaps there were tears in more eyes than Norman's at that clasp of kinsmanship and recognition. But nothing more was said, and the company separated.

CHAPTER LXIII. CONNECTING LINKS.

"Yet grieve not I that Fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me;
She gave me more—she placed within my breast
A heart with little pleased, with little blest."
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE terrible circumstances of Miss Austwicke's death supplied the neighbours with enough of matter for gossip to engross all their attention, and prevent any suspicion of the family difficulties and disclosures that had accompanied that event. Every one could attest how strangely Miss Austwicke had altered since she was summoned to Captain Wilfred's death-bed, and how her health had manifestly given way, though it was one of her peculiarities to deny it; so there was no difficulty about the verdict. "Insanity" was, in this instance, a true finding, though those who knew what troubles she had heaped up for herself, and bequeathed to others, were aware that she had overthrown her own mental faculties. Alas! in how many ways is it true, "He that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death."

In the faint light of the scarcely-risen sun, amid chilling mists and heavy morning dews, Miss Austwicke, with the utmost privacy, was borne to her grave, and laid beside the brother whose marriage she had concealed, and whose last request she had violated. In the blindness of a mind darkened by pride, while she was condemning his fault she committed a greater; and, while imagining she was upholding the family honour, she was doing her best to affix the stain of indelible disgrace. Truly, the human heart is deceitful above all things, and, most of all, in this, that it deceives none so much as its own possessor.

While the sympathies of all the circle were aroused, and their feelings softened, was the time for young and old to interchange confidences; and it was not long after the meeting recorded in the last chapter, before Mr. Austwicke knew the state of his son Allan's affections as fully as Dr. Griesbach had known Rupert's; and though it is probable he never would have consented to the heir of Austwicke bringing a portionless bride of humble birth to be the future mistress of the Hall, as it was—with the full knowledge of the real position of affairs, and with the lesson on the meanness which family pride will sometimes stoop to, fresh in his mind, he gave his consent to an engagement, conditionally, that Allan and Mysie should prove their affection by waiting two, or it might be three years, and promised to obtain Mrs. Austwicke's sanction.

As to Gertrude, Rupert had found means to obtain an interview with her while his father was engaged in the conference we have recorded. She was shattered in health and spirits, and commonplace words of love, just then would have been out of place, but it was soothing to her to feel that whatever change awaited her, one heart beat in unison with hers; that an honourable family sought her as their choicest treasure; that no bitterness on Mrs. Austwicke's part—and there was some and would have been more, but for dread of what the rightful heir of Austwicke might do—no such bitterness availed in any way to injure her—nay, nor increased the love of Ella Griesbach and the Doctor. Rupert's love could not be increased, neither could the fartherly tenderness of Mr. Austwicke. Whether as niece or daughter, she was his beloved child still; and though her real name of Mabel might never come pleasantly to the lips of any of them, it was not needed; she had the name they all said was characteristic—the dear pet name—Little True.

And Norman, in gaining one sister, did not need to thrust from her place in his heart the sweet companion of his childhood. It was from his lips, on the day of Miss Austwicke's funeral, that Mysie had learned the history of her infancy, and renewed from affection the ties they had so long believed were knit at birth.

If any distance and shyness prevented the expression of kindred affection between Norman and little True, these were feelings destined very soon to pass away; for was not this new-found sister—she whose deep, soft, expressive eyes were so like his own that all observers noted the resemblance, and also that strange similarity of expression so much more striking than mere likeness of feature—this twin sister was to be by marriage the sister of one who, in a timid, far-off way, Norman had thought of and loved as a devotee might love a star—Ella; and that union could not but bring the object of his unuttered homage nearer to himself. Nay, his vague hopes, his wild aspirations, grew to shape themselves into a distinct form—to loom nearer, and to seem tangible; for did not Dr. Griesbach treat him with distinguished regard; and when, after a fortnight's stay at Austwicke, he returned to Woodford, the Professor who had been apprised of all, welcomed him with what was high praise—

"You've acted nobly, Norman. Be thankful for brains; they're better than acres. Aye, and they'll win acres, without dispossessing anybody."

Norman was glad to have this openly-expressed approval of his one resolve, which, though uttered in a moment of impulse, was a settled purpose—a fixed determination. Neither Mr. Hope nor Dr. Griesbach had so definitely agreed with him. They both spoke of his age as incapacitating him from judging and acting in the matter, though, admitting he held to his resolution in his riper years, they deemed it very noble.

Meanwhile there is one personage of our story whom Mr. Austwicke wished to bring to justice—the wretched cheat and miser, Burke. From first to last, this man had been the mainspring of evil to all concerned with him. He had witnessed the marriage of poor Isabel Grant with Wilfred Austwicke. He had lent himself, solely for the purpose of gain, to the nefarious plan of deceiving her into the belief that her marriage was a mere sham. He had been Satan's prime minister

in craftily suggesting to Captain Austwicke what he knew to be false, merely from seeing Mrs. Basil in company with her brother-in-law. He had embittered Mrs. McNaughton, and got the wretched girl Isabel turned out of doors; had pretended to shelter her, and, if he shrank from actual murder, had, by mental torment, destroyed her mind. He made a tool of his wife's sister, Ruth, or Janet, subduing her to his purposes through her passion for and marriage with a man her kindred disapproved. He had seized the opportunity of her neglect of the child in her charge to suggest and aid the substitution of Norman's twin sister. He had permitted his wife and his sister to take the infant Mysie Grant on board ship from the dying mother; and then false to the last, had deceived the Johnstons as to the sum paid for the children. Love of money—the determination to make a profit out of Wilfred Austwicke's secret marriage—had been his sordid motive: a motive, in some low natures, the very strongest that assails debased humanity.

It had been necessary to keep a watch on the Austwicke family; and the fact of Ruth's husband being a deserter, and Burke knowing it, had given him the hold on her which led to his complicity in his schemes. Once only was he in danger of losing his nefarious gains, and that was when Captain Austwicke's health gave way, and he returned a dying man, to do tardy justice to his children. The letter he sent to Burke, a month before embarking for home, had terrified the wretch with dread both of loss and detection—a dread which Captain Austwicke's death, and his sister's subsequent conduct, had turned to triumph.

If Mr. Austwicke could not trace every link in the chain of sequences, he discovered enough to make him resolve to punish this incarnation of greed and craft. For this purpose he had engaged a detective, to be on the watch, and arranged as soon as all the details were clear, to go to London with Norman, who, knowing the lair of the creature, could track him. Mr. Austwicke would have liked to set the police openly on the man, and save himself any contact with him, except in a court of justice; but he resolved to proceed cautiously, to save exposure.

CHAPTER LXIV. THE END WITHOUT THE ENDS.

"They bought the gem of worldly wealth,
And paid their conscience and their health,
While the pedlar cried, 'Come, buy! come, buy!
Oh, the pedlar! the knavish pedlar!
The fiend in pedlar's guise was he,
Selling and buying, cheating and lying:
Maramatha and woe is me!'"

CHARLES MACKAY.

As soon as affairs at Austwicke permitted, on the conclusion of a gloomy day for the season, Norman was on his way back to Woodford. But first he conducted Mr. Austwicke and his son to the court in Church Street, Commercial Road. The house had lost its rank look of teeming life; it was shut up as if stifled in its dirt. They pulled each of the three bell-handles on the doorpost in turn, but the wires seemed cut, and the bells gone. They beat on the panels of the door, and a slipshod girl opposite called to them, that Mrs. Owen was gone, "had cut and run," as the girl phrased it, "a week ago. If the gents wanted her, vy so did the perlesse, and old Screw too, he wanted her vurst of hall."

"We do not want her," said Norman, "but a lodger, Mr. Burke. The girl shook her tumbled head and laughed vaguely. They were about to retreat, baffled, when Allan Austwicke thought he saw a gleam of light through a crevice in the dilapidated door, and they all renewed their knocking. Presently the door was partly opened, and Norman, at a glance, saw that the man they sought was holding it. Norman threw himself so suddenly forward that the door yielded instantly, and all three stood in the passage. The man who was holding a dim, guttering bit of candle, retreated to the stairs, as if at bay.

Allan shut the door—for already, the faces of some idlers of the court were peering in. Then looking round, they had an opportunity of noticing the place and person before them. Both were miserable, but the man intensely so. He had crouched down breathless on the stairs; and now as he panted, his eyes gleamed from under his shaggy brows, like those of a savage animal

about to spring. Mr. Austwicke and the young men saw at once, however, that the glance was not of terror, but desperation, and, it might be—defiance. All were silent, and the first who broke the pause was Burke. In gasps, he said—

“Well. What—do—you—want?”

“I charge you with conspiracy, and obtaining money under false pretences,” said Mr. Austwicke.

“Have ye taken my accomplice, then?”

“Wretch, whom do you mean?”

“Miss Austwicke,” sneered the man, with malice gleaming in every pucker of his shrivelled face. “Miss Honor Austwicke. What, have you come here to browbeat me? Take me where you like, I’ve less to fear than the grand Miss Honor.” He paused for breath and then added, “Would you like to see her letters? They’re ready for any magistrate. She was my employer.” He was interrupted by a cough that was not simulated, which shook every fibre of his frame. It was a ghastly exhibition, and the words he had uttered were miserably true.

Mr. Austwicke had expected a creeping obsequiousness and guilty fear, but this man, amid the torments of a stifling asthma, hurled his defiance at them. Little as Norman could know of human nature, he was so struck with the great change in look and manner that a few days had produced in the man, that he involuntarily came to the conclusion that something unusual must have happened in the interval.

“You are miserably ill, old man,” he said. “Why do you meet those you have injured in this way?”

Something of pity in the tone did what threats could not do—probed to the quick some hidden grief. Burke trembled and uttered a heavy groan. “Miserably ill? I’m ruined—I’m robbed. Do your worst. I care not what you do.”

He flung himself back along the stairs, clenched his hands and rolled over in an agony of pain or despair. An arm shook the door, and Norman, whose hand was on the lock, opened it. A policeman came in, evidently knowing Burke, and, without bestowing more than a passing glance on the gentlemen, said—

“Come, master, don’t take on so. The neighbours complain they’ve had no rest for your yelling all last night. Where’s the use? You can’t stop the ship, it’s sailed, but you can follow it. Be a man.”

But the miserable being only writhed, gasped, and gave panting shrieks between his breath in reply. He appeared to be in a paroxysm, that rendered him insensible to all around him. The policeman soon observed Mr. Austwicke more particularly, and explained, in answer to his inquiries, that Burke asserted that he had been robbed by the woman of the house, who had contrived to delude the old man with a false message of something to his advantage in the country, and, while he was gone, made off with, what the man called, “a pretty swag.” But he added, in a low voice, “They were all much of a muchness. She was an arrant swindler, and so was her husband, Dick Major, who died only last winter, in Pentonville Prison.”

The man intimated in an undertone to Mr. Austwicke, that Burke would not be likely to press the charge in a public court, for very cogent reasons of his own.

So punishment had come, and in the shape of all others the most agonizing to the wretched creature. He had schemed, and lied, and toiled, and starved, for lust of gain—had collected his spoils together, paid his passage in the *Loch na Gar*, which had been delayed in sailing, and lost all at a stroke.

The policeman spoke the truth: his frantic howling had disturbed the neighbours. He had neither ate nor slept since his return, but, after wildly telling the policeman of his loss, had laid on a heartstone in an upper front room, beneath which he had kept his hoard, thinking it unknown. Now that it was rifled, he had torn it up again and again, in a frenzy of despair. When he heard the beating at the door, that evening, he had looked out, knew his visitors, and guessed their errand, but cared now for nothing: his idol was shattered, and he with it.

In the midst of their natural loathing, they could not leave the miserable spectacle without

some attempt at helping him. Mr. Austwicke directed that a doctor should be sent for, some neighbourly poor women came in, and they left the wretched creature to their care.

The sequel to Burke’s history is soon told. He was removed that very night, raving mad, to the parish lunatic ward. He did not either die or recover. In the incurable ward of a great asylum there sits a frightful object drawn together, his arms clasping his knees, on which his chin rests. He notices no one, but, peering suspiciously out of his eyes, overhung by shaggy brows, he pants now and then, in a wheezy voice, the one word, “Robbed!—Robbed!”

CHAPTER LXV. CONCLUSION.

“Life’s ills gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—HOW HAPPY ARE THE GOOD!”
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AMID all the changes that had occurred, there was one heart whose joy was unmixed by any shade of sorrow. This was the good and gentle Marian Hope, now Marian Nugent. She had wished for the restoration of the youth who was as a younger brother to her, and that wish had been realised, and brought a joy neither she nor her father had ventured to calculate on. That Norman had both a noble and kindly nature, they had both believed; but that he would manifest such steady working qualities and studious capabilities as had won Professor Griesbach’s approval, agreeably surprised them; and that he should be capable of a lofty sacrifice, rather than injure others, or call attention to a blot in a family history, was a generosity that elevated him in their esteem more than if he had been the acknowledged heir to a dukedom.

Mysie, too, never had loved Norman half so well, in their somewhat wrangling childhood, when she had thought him him her twin brother, as now that she wept over the discovery that his only kinship was kindness. She and Gertrude were to have been the bridesmaids at Marian’s wedding, but Miss Austwicke’s terrific death, and the revelations that had followed, prevented their being present, and Marian had her secret wish gratified in a most private marriage, her husband’s sisters only being present. Miss Nugent had joined her sister, Mrs. Maynard, at the school, and Mr. Hope had removed on the very day of his daughter’s wedding, to the parsonage, where, on their return from a little wedding-trip of a week, he was first to welcome them home. He had many letters to give them from friends, and one to shew them that had been sent to himself: it was from Professor Griesbach, and contained little more than one paragraph—

SIR,—I find you and I have had between us, the bringing up of a young man likely to do us credit. I think I shall make him a good chemist. You, sir, by God’s blessing, have made him a good man. As to his being heir to any name or estate is very secondary. He will make a name, and, perhaps, even according to fool’s estimate, something to back it. At least, while he is what he is, I mean to back him.

The Professor, who, though not rich, had never lived at the fifth of his income, and possessed a competence, was as good as his word. Though, perhaps, it would have been an excess of generosity which Dr. Griesbach, on his children’s account, might not have approved, if his relative had actually adopted Norman, yet it was, somehow, very soon discovered that such adoption, would do no injury to the Professor’s family. His niece Ella, at all events, would benefit by it, for that oldest of all electric telegraphs, the sympathy of the human heart, soon conveyed the tidings of Norman and Ella’s mutual love to all whom it concerned; and so there was no complaining in that quarter: “No complaining!” that is a very inadequate statement: there was great rejoicing. For once the course of true love did run smooth. The youth who thought more of an honest name than of worldly wealth had the most inestimable of all treasures—a loving, faithful heart—bestowed on him.

Two marriages followed Marian’s, after a longish interval—that of Rupert and little True; and at the end of the prescribed time of probation not a day before Allan also received his blooming Mysie as a bride.

It may be that prudential considerations had weighed with Mr. Austwicke in postponing his son’s union. He wanted, no doubt, to be convinced that Norman Austwicke, in assuming his rightful name, would adhere deliberately in manhood to what he had promised in his minority.

Mrs. Basil Austwicke had been so racked by fears that Norman would not resign his claim, that she had been compelled to leave England for one of the German spas; and though she had compelled herself to write to little True civilly, she had declared herself unequal to seeing her—a loss of patronage by no means irreparable to young Mrs. Rupert Griesbach, who had now so many compensations, that her loving heart was full of joy and gratitude.

It was the sweet summer time when Mysie and Allan were married, and they did not stand alone at the altar: another bride and bridegroom were there, Ella and Norman; and, though in this story, there has, it must be confessed, been a sad lack of millinery, yet lady readers may be assured that little True, who, loving all that was bright and elegant, quite believed the laureate’s words—

“That beauty should go beautifully,”

had devised the wedding dresses. White silk and filmy lace, and wreathes of myrtle and orange blossom, could not add to the stately charms of Mysie, the brunette, or the delicate sweetness of Ella, the blonde, but they embellished them, doubtless.

It was what the spectators called a beautiful wedding: it was more—the true union of loving hearts and faithful souls that makes real marriage. Bystanders could not know, as they saw the two young men, Allan and Norman Austwicke, at the ceremony, that they were more than cousins; none but the family connexions knew the tie that bound them as something more even than brothers:—they were friends—a rivalry of generosity was the only rivalry that had subsisted between them.

Allan was resolved, when he came into the estate, that he would divide it. Meanwhile he had rejoiced that his father had given little True a larger fortune than the daughters of the Austwicke house, in its palmy days, had ever received.

Norman, as Miss Austwicke had not made a will, was heir-at-law to what was left of the property she had used in bringing shame and misery to herself; but Norman would not have it: he gave it to the hospital of St. Jude, sure that, whatever charitable institutions may be found wanting, hospitals always must do good.

As to any compensation for the Austwicke acres, there could be no more mention of it when Norman, being of age, said, finally—

“I resign my birthright—I do not sell it.”

He made his wedding tour in Scotland, went through some sorrowful scenes; and Ella knew, and communicated to her brother Rupert’s wife, whom alone it concerned, that Norman had put, in a mountain cemetery of the western Highlands, a plain stone over a grave that he had with some care sought out. The grave contained the bones that had been found in the shaft; and it was regarded as a mere freak that the young Englishman should distinguish the spot by a slab, and cause the word “*Reurgam*” to be engraved thereon. “But,” said bystanders, “the rich and the young have their fancies, and, if they can pay for them, why not?”

And now, seeing that our married couples are all still young people, bearing the heat and burden of the day, we cannot conclude our narrative with the old words, “and they lived happy ever after,” for the life of all is chequered; some soft clouds in a summer’s sky soften the brightness: but they began their responsibilities with the principles which alone are likely to ensure happiness. Not one of them, under any temptation, would be likely to make the mistake of attempting to prop up a household by falsehood and concealment. They all knew the truth and practised it—that Christian rectitude and stainless integrity form the only firm basis of Family Honour.

MAJOR HERVEY'S WEDDING; OR THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

"SO the Colonel's daughter has come, and is, they say, stunning."

"Trust you to find out a pretty girl, Vivian," laughed a brother soldier. "Now I've seen her, too, and I don't agree with you; she's too white and lackadaisical for stunning to express. Stunning, as I take it, means a jolly, larky, don't-care sort of girl, who'll dance you down in the *deux temps*, ride you down in the hunting field, and box your ears if you are impertinent."

"That's the sort of girl you cultivate in Yorkshire," said a handsome, light-haired man, whose half-closed eyes and down drooping moustache were quite in character with his languid drawl, and loose lazy motion of his limbs. "When we were quartered in York I was nearly married by one of your stunning girls; and only escaped by running away with a girl from a boarding-school. Fact, I assure you. She and I struck up an acquaintance at a Christian propagation meeting. What the deuce are you fellows laughing at? They have meetings very often in York—a lot of parsons talk, and a lot of old women and boarding-schools come to listen. I went for a lark, and got sold. The girl was lovely. She—By Jove! who's that?" He was sitting by the open window, and past it a party were riding.

"Beatrice Meynell!" said Vivian; the very girl we've been talking of."

"By Jove! repeated the fair man, a crimson tide of colour rushing to his face. The other stared.

"Well, what's up, Carter? Going to have a fit of apoplexy? or struck with love at first sight?"

But Carter did not seem to see the joke. He neither answered nor laughed. The flush passed away again, leaving him pale as a ghost, and rising, he stammered—

"I'm out of sorts; that champagne Croft gave us poisoned me. I'll turn in to the mess and get some brandy. No, no, Topham, stay there. I am all right; only shaky." And waving Mr. Topham back, he walked off, leaving the men he had been talking to looking after him gloomily enough, for in an Indian climate death dogs a man like a shadow; and any unusual signs hoisted by Dame Nature are apt to beget a proportionate amount of apprehension.

"He lives too hard," said Topham. "Poor fellow! No man could last at the pace. He'd much better go in for leave and cut this beastly country, or it'll give him what it's given many a good fellow, six foot of landed property."

"Nonsense! he's as strong as you are. Take a couple of pipes off him, and he'll be as steady as a judge. I don't know what you fellows are going to do; I'll go and leave a card at the Chief's."

The others laughed; and Mr. Topham, putting his arm through Vivian's, said—

"All right; a fair start and no favour. Come along, old boy. She sits her horse like a brick, in spite of her die-away face."

There was a poor gathering that evening at mess. A dinner at the Colonel's thinned their ranks, and Carter was reported to be ailing, some one added, "A touch of fever," which turned out to be the case, for the Doctor being called away, came back in about half an hour, and, with a grave face, announced the Adjutant decidedly ill, and just in a way that might become dangerous, or even worse, at any moment. Carter was a popular man; and a gloom settled down upon those who heard the sad news, two or three going to the door of his quarters with the Doctor and waiting there for another report. This, unhappily, was worse. Delirium had come on; the poor fellow was raving, and death was fighting for his prey.

"Run over and ask the Colonel to come and take charge of his papers, whispered the Doctor to one of the men; he won't last six hours."

The Colonel came and sealed up some letters lying about, placed them in a desk, the key of which he put in his pocket.

"Is there no hope, Doctor?" he asked, looking at Carter, who was lying, muttering incessantly, shuddering, and clutching with his hands.

"I never say that, sir," said Dr. Lewis; "but I'm afraid to hope here."

"Poor young fellow!" and the Colonel laid his hand on the sick man's burning forehead. "A fine, young, soldier-like man, too; only one who knew his work. A more infernal set of bunglers I never came across. Poor lad, poor lad!"

The Colonel took his departure; but in crossing the compound bethought him, that these same bunglers might not know the funeral service; so, stopping a soldier, he sent him for a sergeant on duty, and ordered the men to be told off for funeral parade.

The man hesitated.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Colonel, impatiently. "Don't they know their work?"

"Well, sir, I am afraid—"

"D—your afraid," growled his commanding officer. "Call them out now and parade them, drums and fifes, too. By Jove! I'll teach them to know their duty before I've done with them," and the Colonel walked home and turned in, pretty considerably "riled," as our Yankee friends would say.

Meantime the fever had worn itself out; and the sick man was lying prostrate, exhausted, and with a weak, fluttering pulse, just tottering upon the brink of that bourne from which no traveller returns.

The night was like most nights in the hot season, intensely still, the sulky growl of a Pariah dog now and then only breaking the silence.

The Doctor had taken off his coat, and opened every available aperture to let in air; the punkas were moving steadily, but noiselessly, and Carter lay stretched on his back, his face pallid and drawn, his eyes closed, and no sound of life issuing from his parched lips.

Suddenly, shrill and inexpressibly sad, the notes of the funeral march rang out on the still air, rising, falling, note by note, in solemn measure.

For a while no change came over Carter's face, no symptom that the sound had reached his ears; and, after watching for a few seconds, the Doctor drew back, fully impressed with the conviction that death was there at last, and he was turning away, when a bright idea struck him. If he could only excite the sinking pulse, and induce Nature to exert herself, she might yet have a tussle with Death, so, going up to the bed, he said, cheerily,—

"D'ye hear the music, Carter, old boy?"

Carter's eyes opened, but with such a weak, perplexed looked in them that the Doctor, thinking delirium was returning, half regretted his experiment; still he was in for it, and went boldly on.

"It's your funeral they're parading for, Dick; sure, if you don't make an effort, they'll bury you in spite of me. The Colonel was here just now, and took leave of you. Indeed now, you must rouse up and turn the tables on the old fool; he's given us cheek enough since he joined."

The expression on the sick man's face changed, a faint smile quivered across his lips, followed by a look of inexpressible relief.

"I thought it was all over," he whispered almost inaudibly; "but we'll cheat them yet."

And sure enough he did.

"What hour did the Adjutant go off?" asked the Colonel, in a subdued voice, as Vivian sauntered in to early tea.

"He began to mend at midnight, sir, and was sitting up walking into cold chicken and sherry, when I left him ten minutes since. It's not often a man can say he's listened to his own funeral parade."

Then there was plenty of laughing, and the Colonel was the only one who did not relish the joke, and heartily glad was he when Carter applied for leave to England, sending up his requisition with a strong recommendation; for he hoped that by thus getting rid of the principal actor, he might banish the story from men's mouths.

Carter never showed his face out of his quarters until he got into his palanquin, to be conveyed away "on furlough."

"You've left us without a sight of the Beauty," sighed Vivian, who, according to his wont, had been going through the various phrases of love fever, and had just then reached its zenith. "She's perfect, and quite interested in you!"

"The devil she is!" gasped Carter. "Bearer, go on. Good-bye, old fellows, God bless you all. You won't catch me among the jungles and jompans again in a hurry. Hurrah for old England! may we all meet there soon."

"Good-bye, good luck to you! and three cheers for old England, God bless her!" cried several voices. So with kind words, ringing cheers, and no small amount of envy, Dick Carter turned his face away from Meerut, devoutly hoping he might never hear more of his life there than was pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

There was a dinner party at the Resident Magistrate's that night, and of course the Colonel and his daughter were there, the latter the centre of attraction. Vivian, who had, according to his own mind, been making some progress with the pale, quiet beauty, was thrown into despair; a brother of the Judge's wife, a certain Major Hervey, had just returned to India after a long leave, and had taken Meerut on his way to the headquarters of his regiment. Hervey was one of those modern Crichtons one meets with now and then, perfect, or as nearly perfect as human nature can be, in everything he undertook. A hero in the service, irresistible, so gossipy, affirmed, in the drawing-room, a dead shot in the jungle, well read and accomplished, good-looking and rich. What would you have more? With all these things one might conclude Hervey's a happy lot, but there is no life without its alloy. Hervey had been touched in the most vulnerable point, he had married, but the marriage had been unfortunate, and after three years' separation, he had gone home just in time to stand by the unhappy woman's death-bed, and forgive her the wrong she done him; one child only she left, and this boy he had brought out to India, to share his sister's nursery.

When Beatrice Meynell reached the station, Mrs. Masters at once settled that she was the very wife for her brother, and never rested until she had secured the girl's friendship, interesting her as much as possible in her brother, by telling, with all a sister's prejudice, the sad story of his marriage.

Indian society is much more of a family sort than English, and the most private affairs soon leak out; so it was well known in the station that Beatrice was booked for Major Hervey. Much speculation was afloat; and when they met in the Judge's drawing-room, many eyes watched them with no small amount of envy.

"Do you like India, Miss Meynell?" asked Hervey, when, the introduction having been made, he took a vacant chair by her side.

"Not yet," was the answer, and the sad eyes rose to meet his, with a world of feeling lying hid in their brown depths, feeling totally separate and unconnected with the words that were spoken almost mechanically. Eyes that were full of unshed tears, and hid themselves away under their long thick veil of lashes, as if afraid lest they might betray some secret. They had a strange effect upon Hervey as he looked back into them, and he scarcely heard the commonplace answer the lips gave to his commonplace question. "Not yet, but I may do so. It is so different, and I led such a quiet, lonely life in England."

"Do you ride?"

"Oh, yes! it is the only thing I care for," and there came a faint flush over her face. "But I do not think riding along what you call the Mall worth mounting for."

"You like going across the country, perhaps?"

The major looked at the slender wrists and wondered what power they could exercise over a bride; as he looked he was conscious that a deep crimson rushed over the girl's face, and that her eyes fixed themselves on him with an expression of intense fear. He was interested

and perplexed, he scarcely knew whether agreeably or not, and in the middle of his agitation she asked,—

"Are you fond of hunting, Major Hervey?"

"Very; it is one of the many hardships of soldiering out here, that we have no such glorious sport."

"Have you ever hunted in Yorkshire?"

"No; I do not know Yorkshire at all. Gloucester is my country, and the Duke's hounds saw my training. But if you don't like the Mall, why don't you ride early, and have a gallop into the country?"

"So I do, when papa will go."

And the Colonel, coming up at this juncture, said,—

"I wish you'd do duty for me, Hervey; riding at her pace don't suit my old bones."

"I shall be delighted, if Miss Meynell will accept my escort."

Beatrice bowed. Vivian, who was looking on, swore she blushed, and went off to the other end of the room to offer Captain Batchelor ten to two that Hervey married Beatrice in a month. By which it will be seen that Mr. Vivian's matrimonial hopes being on the decline, he was willing to make a compromise with his heart, and if he could not win a wife, at least win something.

The dinner-party of the whole was a success. Beatrice had talked more than usual, and Hervey had scarcely left her side all the evening, so that there was some excuse for Mrs. Masters' triumph. When she and her brother were alone, she asked,—

"How do you like Beatrice, Charley?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" she exclaimed. "Why you flirted with her all night. You surely can tell me if you like her?"

"She is a very peculiar girl," he answered, dreamily.

"Surely you think her pretty?"

"Oh! yes, more; beautiful, I think; what is her story?"

"Story!" laughed Mrs. Masters, "story, 'sir, God bless you, I've none to tell'; what story can a girl of eighteen, never out of a school-room, have? What strange fancies you men take!"

"Maybe," replied Hervey, dryly; "but that does not alter the case. Miss Meynell has a story, and a painful one, too."

"How absurd you are, Charley! Now here have I been moving heaven and earth to bring you and Beatrice together; and directly you meet you take it into your head that she has done something dreadful."

"I did not say so, Mary."

"Well, then, suffered something?"

"Not that, either; you see you think with me, for you've hit upon the very idea that came into my head when I looked into those marvellous eyes of hers—you've given form to my very thoughts. Don't be vexed, dear; I am puzzled by her. I like her; and what's more, I'll either fall madly in love with her, or else I'll— But never mind, now; good-night; don't tell your good man what I've said—two heads are enough. I'll know in forty-eight hours which way the stream will run, and if I say I am going, you'll know how I feel. If I stay, I'll trust to you to help me."

With which arrangement Mrs. Masters was fain to be content. In two days her brother came to her,—

"Mary, will you put me up for a month?"

"Of course I will. Oh! I am so glad; I've hardly dared to move, in case I bothered you, or came in your way. And so it's all right, and Beatrice will have you?"

Hervey smiled. "I've not asked her yet; but I'll have her if I can get her."

"Story and all?" said Mrs. Masters, mischievously. A dark frown, followed by a look of pain, came over Hervey's face.

"Don't say that again, Mary; or hint at such a thing. I was a fool to say it to you; a fool to let such absurd suspicions enter my head; and I'd be worse than a fool if I suffered any such childish fancy to come between me and such an angel as she is."

But, in spite of Major Hervey's assertions, he

did think of his first impression; and, in very dread lest he should be tempted to give way in any greater degree to what he told himself was a cruel unwarrantable prejudice, he strenuously avoided any reference to her life in England.

In spite of the approval of the Colonel and Beatrice's aunt, the Major's wooing made but slow progress. Beatrice was inexplicable. Every now and then she would brighten up, and Hervey for a brief hour or two would think himself in the ante-chamber of Paradise itself; then a change would come, and she would shrink back, as if afraid of trusting herself or her happiness. Again and again she refused to marry him, and again and again, growing desperate, he begged her to tell him her reason, until, worn out by his passion and the expostulations of her father and aunt, she at length consented to become his wife.

Anxious to rouse Beatrice, Hervey had exerted himself to make the wedding a gala day for the station; he had consulted her in all his arrangements and plans, and only seemed to live to give her pleasure and homage; but still there was the old, sad, frightened look, and sometimes, even, he fancied it grew more intense; so that, bright and joyous as the wedding day was to others, many wondering looks were cast upon the pale, mournful bride—looks which could not escape Hervey's notice, and roused a feeling almost approaching to anger against her he had won, in spite of herself.

The mail came in as the wedding party were assembled at breakfast; and, bringing three or four letters to Beatrice, her aunt laughingly advised her to read them before leaving, as she had no right to call herself "miss" when she started life as a married woman. But Beatrice thrust them into her pocket, saying she would read them on the journey, which, having to be accomplished by palanquin, was necessarily a lonely one.

And in about two hours, the preparations for the journey being complete, Beatrice was placed in her palanquin. Hervey got into his and they started for a bungalow about seven miles away.

Evening is but a short period in India; night follows day at a rapid pace; and almost immediately after a gorgeous sunset, darkness fell upon the face of the earth, and the flaring torches, carried by the bearers, were all that lit the road.

Inside Beatrice's palanquin was an oil lamp; and by the light of this she took out her letters. The first was from a school friend, and she put that aside; the second was like unto it, and this, too, might wait; the third lay with its seal up; she turned it over, and a sudden spasm contracted her hand. "Oh! my God! too late!"

For a long long time she lay there, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the well-known writing, though the poor wild eyes saw nothing there, but were looking away into the past, and on into the sinful, terrible future. She had fought against this; she had found it hourly, until, led on by weakness and despair, she had striven against conscience. In its turn conscience had ceased to speak, and she had almost forgotten what it meant, until the superscription on the back of the letter woke it up.

At last she broke the seal. There was a long letter inside, and she read it slowly through, pausing now and then to repeat a passage, as if the meaning would not enter in her brain clearly enough. At last it was all read, and a strange change had come over the girl's face. There was no fear, no doubt, no uncertainty there now; only a hard, desperate, set expression, and a feverish sparkle in the full eyes.

"There is not a minute to lose," she said, as if speaking to herself; and stopping the bearers, she called the head man to her. He came forward and listened with immovable features, as in a low, eager voice she urged something; long and earnestly she spoke, but there came no sign until she dragged forward a dressing-case, and pulling out a handful of glittering jewels, thrust them forward. The man's eyes gleamed.

"It is dangerous," he said; "but I will obey."

Then he spoke to the other man, and the palanquin proceeded about half a mile. Here they stopped again, and the man pointed out a hut.

"I can conceal you there for a day or two, but as I dare not go back to Meerut, you must take me with you. I will see you safe to Calcutta; the Sahib will know how to reward such service."

CHAPTER III.

When Hervey's palanquin stopped at the bungalow, he looked in vain for the lights of that containing his bride. The plain was covered by jungle, so perhaps they were only hidden, and for some little time no feeling of apprehension entered his mind; having waited nearly half an hour, and still no sign appearing, he grew anxious, and, ordering his men to accompany him, went back. Presently a native came up, his turban off, his clothes torn and stained with blood; falling upon his knees, he howled out a horrible story how they had been set upon by robbers, who had slain the good bearer while attempting to defend the lady, and how, after much fighting and rivers of blood, he (the wretched speaker) only escaped to tell the tale.

Half madened with horror, Hervey dashed back. The palanquin lay at the roadside, completely sacked—the very lining ripped up in search of hidden treasure, and with the marks of bloody fingers everywhere.

There was nothing to be done but to hasten back to cantonments with the tale, the horror and mystery of which paralysed the little place. The country was diligently searched; several natives were taken up on suspicion, but nothing transpired: no traces of the bodies of either the head bearer or Beatrice could be discovered, and a shocking whisper got abroad that they must have been eaten by tigers, the jungle being just then full of these animals. As long as even the vainest hope remained of any clue being discovered to elucidate the mystery, or bring the perpetrators to justice, Major Hervey seemed nerved for any amount of suffering or work; but when several months had gone by, when the country had been thoroughly searched, and the enormous rewards offered for tidings of the crime remained unclaimed, hope deserted him. He had a long interview with Beatrice's father, and then left India for ever, taking home with him his boy.

When Hervey was gone, the sad story gradually ceased to be spoken of, save now and then as one of those tragedies that cast a blight upon the face of society, and attach a horrible interest to some locality or family.

Hervey did not stay in England. There was no rest for one such as he, and for nearly ten years he wandered the face of the earth—lion shooting in Africa, seal spearing among the Esquimaux, and buffalo hunting on the wide prairies of America; and then, when ten years had risen up between him and his lost love, he came back to civilisation a wiser and far more earnest, if not a better man.

It was summer time when he reached London. The season was at its height, and, to a man long used to roughing it with half-clothed savages, the world of London had an almost magical effect.

He went down to Eton and saw his boy; then came back to town, and took lodgings for a month, not to look up any of his old friends, but to look on at the whirl and pageantry of life.

Ten years make a wonderful change in the face of society, and thin the ranks of old friends. Faces we have loved are missing; faces we knew so well are changed; age has stamped some, care others, and sin or sorrow has beaten out the fair bright hopes and beauty from many an one we last saw standing eager upon the threshold of life.

Some few faces Hervey recognised as he took his favourite stand up the rails along "the Row," and it was while leaning over these one day that his fate came to him. A lady rode past, and as she passed she turned. Her full face was towards him for a moment; then a mist came before his eyes, a cold tremor paralysed his limbs.

It was his lost wife. He knew her at once. Death made no obstacle, years no difference, mystery none! His very being recognised her, and nature itself stood amazed.

For a time all power of thought seemed lost. He held on to the rail with a blind sort of instinct, and kept his face turned the way she had gone with a vague thought that she would return. And thus he stood, until a hand touched his shoulder, and a man, who had been standing by him, said—

"You are ill, sir. Let me get you a cab."

Hervey started, and made a faint effort to bring his mind back to its usual power.

"Thank you," he stammered, "I am not—yes, I believe I am ill. If you will be so kind," he began fumbling in his pocket for a card. "I have had a strange adventure. The dead has come to life I—but I am wandering. Don't mind me."

Without any remark, the man who had offered his assistance took Hervey's arm, and leading him to the nearest gate, hailed a cab.

"My card," said Hervey, getting hold of his pocket-book, but unable to open it, with fingers trembling as his were. The stranger (or Samaritan, for Le was one, surely) opened it, and taking a card, gave it to the cabman.

"I'll go with you," he said, jumping in after Hervey, "I owe you as much"; and then was silent. Hervey, sitting bolt upright, with a white set face, and with every nerve trembling.

"I will come to-morrow and see how you are," said his companion, as they stopped at the door of the lodging. "Here is my card."

On the card Hervey read, with a vague notion of having seen the name somewhere before—

"Colonel Richard Carter."

Next day Colonel Carter kept his promise and called. Hervey was better. He had reasoned, and almost induced himself to believe that the supposed recognition of the preceding day was the effect of one of those marvellous likenesses one sometimes sees, combined with a nervous and diseased imagination.

"I have long wished to see you, Major Hervey," were the first words Colonel Carter said, "and for a purpose; you will hardly thank me; for I have a story to tell you—my own story. You must not think me mad before you hear what I have to say. Providence threw me in your way yesterday, and neither you nor I can avoid such a power. My story is this:—Years ago, when I was quartered in York, I managed to make the acquaintance of a girl who was at a boarding-school there. We were very much in love with each other, and kept up a correspondence. At Christmas she went to spend the holidays with some friends. I followed her down, and met her in the hunting-field. We arranged everything there, and as soon as she got back to school she eloped with me." Hervey had started forward as he spoke of the hunting-field and Yorkshire; and then, dropping his face upon his clasped arms, he leaned upon the table, making no further sign while the strange story was being told.

"We were married at a village church, and went to London; the mistress of the boarding-school traced us, and insisted upon Beatrice going back with her, offering anything if we would consent to the separation only for a time, in order that she might not be blamed by my wife's father, or bring such scandal and ruin upon her school. I was a selfish conceited fool; I had spent all the money I could get on the trip to London, and began to think I had made a mess of it. The woman had great powers of persuasion, and her own interest was at work: she told me privately the marriage was not legal; I believed her, and suffered her to take Beatrice away, knowing that she meant to tell her the same story.

"I rejoined my regiment, and told myself that I was a lucky fellow to escape from such a mess so easily, and that Beatrice would forget all about me, or only think me too great a blackguard to care for. I went to India, and was at M— when Meynell's daughter came out; strange as you may think it, the coincidence of name had never struck me, and it was only on seeing her ride past the mess-room one morning, that I knew who she was.

"I was still a coward, and while debating what to do, a lucky attack of fever decided my course. I started for England, without seeing

her again, or being seen by her, and, as she did not know me by my real name, there was no danger of her recognising me in any way but by sight. I got down to Calcutta, but all the way down my conscience was at work; what with that and the journey, I was down in fever again directly I arrived. So the steamer had to sail without me, and I lay there tossing and raving for a fortnight, all the powers of evil fighting against the wild longing that had come over me, to go back to Beatrice, and behave like an honest man, for I knew by this time that our marriage was legal enough in the sight of the Almighty. The first thing I heard when I got on my legs, was that you were to marry her; and then driven to my wits' ends to save her and myself, I wrote, claiming her as my wife, bidding her come down to me, and risk anything rather than marry you. That letter reached her the day of her marriage; she read it in the palanquin, and taking the head bearer into her confidence, threw herself on his mercy to save her. They have lively imaginations, these fellows, and, touched by her bribes, he planned the story of the robbers, the fight, and the carrying away of the bodies, and while the country round was being searched, brought her down to Calcutta, disguised as a native woman."

"And I saw her yesterday in the Park," groaned Hervey, without lifting his head.

"Yes, I was standing by at the time." I have wished year after year to meet you; many a time I've determined to write to you, but then I did not know whether the thought that she was really dead might not be a happier one than the reality. Beatrice thought so. I will not press you now, Major Hervey, but, if you wish it, I cannot tell you how glad I shall be to see you again, or give you any explanation you wish; but when you think of all this misery we've brought upon you, will you try and remember one thing, that,—blackguard as I was when I married her—as I was when I fled from her and denied her,—as I was when I let her bear her secret alone,—I was not bad enough to let her become your wife; and I tell you before God, that since the day she came down to me at Calcutta, I have been an altered man; that, saving the one great sorrow of the misery she had worked for you (her father died long ago), we have been happy."

Hervey lifted up his face.

"Will she see me, do you think?"

In an instant Colonel Carter's hand was on the other's shoulder.

"See you, Hervey! God bless you for a good fellow. See you? Yes, any day, if you'll see her."

Hervey nodded and held out his hand, and, taking the hint, Colonel Carter gasped it hard in his, and left him.

A month or two afterwards a group of men were standing in the window of "the Rag."

"There goes Hervey, as irresistible as ever," said one. "If I was Carter, I'd look sharper after such a pretty wife."

"No, you wouldn't," said Major Topham. "You don't know the story; it is a regular romance. I wish some literary fellow would make it into a book. It only came out this summer, and made us all stare, I can tell you, for we thought she was dead—murdered by robbers and eaten up by tigers. Yes, don't laugh; come along to the smoking-room, and I'll tell you the story.

As he told me the story, so I now tell it my readers.

THE ROMANCE OF GOTHAM.

NEW who have heard of the "Wise Men of Gotham" have any idea where the place is, or how the saying originated. The mind reverts to the old days of Jewish history, for the name has a Hebrew sound. It happened in the early spring—when the yellow primroses and the modest violets began to deck the hedgerows, and the birds gaily chirruped and twittered in their new-found connubial bliss—that I was driving through quiet country lanes, bound to the town of Nottingham. As we passed through a village I asked its name of my charioteer, a hale old

farmer, born long before the days when steam became such a mighty power, almost such a one as Tennyson has depicted in those exquisite verses so full of humour and of pathos. The old man told me it was Gotham, and from him I heard the following account of the strange exploits of the "Wise Men of Gotham," which gave rise to a saying now applied to those who, while appearing but fools, are crafty in their own wisdom.

Sad times were they for "Merrie England" when Richard of the Lion-heart started off to the Crusades, taking with him gallant knights and stout yeomen. Far better would it have been had they stayed at home and attended to their own affairs. So, doubtless, thought the fair Dame Storis, as she sat in her old castle at Gotham, and watched the decay creeping over its walls. Sadder still was it when the rumour came that Richard was a prisoner in the hands of a foreign tyrant; while of the gallant Storis, who accompanied his liege lord, no news at all arrived. The usurper John held gay court at Nottingham Castle, then a strong and impregnable fortress, whose site is now occupied by a ruin testifying to the turbulent spirits which have held riot in that busy town. As he cast his eye over the country lying round, he thought what a nice, quiet retreat Gotham Castle would furnish, if it could only be reached; for the road thence was almost impassable. So he issued a decree, ordering the instant repair of that ancient castle, and calling upon the men of Gotham to mend their ways, but they were loyal subjects, unwilling to recognise any authority in a usurper. No notice was taken of the mandate. One day he started off from Nottingham, attended by a large retinue of armed men, and wended his way to Gotham. As he neared the town, he met a party of farmers rolling some cheeses down the steep hill. John halted, and asked the reason. He was told that, as the roads were so bad, in order to save the carriage, they had started their cheeses to market, and intended to follow and sell them. He next arrived at a pond, where some rustics were immersed, vainly endeavouring to drown an eel. Near the pond he found some men very busily employed in fencing round a bush, that they might confine a cuckoo, which was wont to sing there its monotonous chant. On his arrival at the town, his astonishment was great at seeing some of the inhabitants hoisting their cattle up to the roofs of the houses, that they might graze on the moss and grass sprouting from the thatch. Every one seemed engaged in some foolish and unaccountable vagary. Some were trying to catch and bottle the smoke; others were whistling to raise a breeze, that the miller might the sooner grind corn lately gleaned from the fields. John was strangely puzzled, and knew not what to think; so he gave orders to march. The usurper pronounced the Gothamites a set of fools incapable of executing any rational undertaking; but the old men, as they assembled to talk over the day's work, congratulated themselves on having overreached the tyrant and saved themselves heavy expenses; while they pronounced the dictum, which remains to the present day—"That more fools passed through Gotham than ever lived in it." The gallant crusader, returning from the holy wars, repaired his old castle, made a good high road, founded a hostelry, called the "Cuckoo Bush Inn," and became the ancestor of a long line of descendants.

A SECOND-CLASS VALET.—The Jockey Club has suspended a jockey named Grimshaw from public riding for a month, for refusing to ride Lord Hasting's horse at Warwick. The following conversation which is reported to have taken place between Admiral Rous and the offending jockey, affords an amusing glance into the inner life of the small men who ride the great horses of the day: "What did you do with the horse when you dismounted from him?" "I gave him to my valet." "To Lord Hasting's valet you mean?" "No I don't. I mean my own valet." And the *Morning Post* explains that Grimshaw's valet receives £100 a year wages and his travelling expenses.

GLORIOUS DEATH, OR VICTORY.

Canadian Brothers! clouds are gathering
Thick and dark, our country round;
Fierce and deadly strife is threatening,
War's portentous signs abound.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

On our border there is trouble,
There is care on many a brow;
Now, Canada's sons, assemble—
Bravest hearts are needed now.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

In our midst are foes and traitors;
Danger lurks on every side;
But with trust in God to bless us,
We will meet whate'er betide.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

In our homes fond hearts are beating—
Shall they not in safety dwell?
All around bright eyes are beaming—
Oh! who would not guard them well?

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

To arms! to arms! our country's welfare
Trembling in the balance lies,
With our best beloved treasures,
And our priceless liberties.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

To her sons a nation's looking—
Let her foes your valour know;
Onward, ever onward, pressing,
Sons of freedom, onward go.

Brothers! let our war cry be—
"Glorious death, or victory."

When war's rude alarms shall cease,
And Jesus reigns in every heart;
When the nations dwell in peace,
And sorrow, sin, and death depart—
May our bravest warriors be
Shouting "life and victory."

GEORGE ADAMS.

Belleville, Canada West, June 4, 1866.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.

Continued from page 225.

"In our arid deserts"—murmured he—"I have seen the wounded lion crawling on the sand, leaving the track of his blood along his path—until he reached a fountain of pure cold water; and ever as he crawled, his panting sides, his drooping mane and his hoarse groanings denoted his near approach to death. But as soon as the pure cold water touched his lips, he rose—shook his mane—lashed his sides—and roared like a conqueror. Maiden, I am of the desert, like the lion. The remedies of Europe are not made for me; give me some pure cold water."

Ingeburge listened to him, overcome by a bizarre interest that she could not define. She threw the cordial out of the cup and filled it with pure water.

Mahmoud, like the wounded lion, seemed to recover himself all at once; he raised his energetic head, and a proud light seemed to illumine his dark eye.

"Thank you, young girl," said he, in a voice which made Ingeburge tremble as though she had heard the voice of another man.

He gave her back the empty cup, and shifted the lamp in such a manner that the light should not fall too directly on his features.

He was about to enter upon a contest and was trying to secure every advantage.

"Thou art kind, and succored me, young girl—the All-powerful always rewards mercy and goodness. For a glass of water, the sacred poets tell us that the Prophet gave the rich dates of Aroen to Sidda, wife of Moses. I am Jean Cadour, the image-cutter, to whom even princes speak with respect. The high priests of Paris will pay for my stone statue by its weight in gold. If thou wilt accept it, young girl, I will share with thee the price of my statue."

Ingeburge made no reply—not that she was offended by the words of the sick man—but because that name, Jean Cadour, awakened in her a vague fear that she could not explain.

She had a confused recollection that that name had been pronounced by her sister, Eve, in the

long tale she had related to her, and in which so many different names occurred.

The memory of Ingeburge wandered over the details of Eve's story, but she could call to mind no particular incident connected with the name of Jean Cadour.

"Hast thou no desire to be rich?" asked Mahmoud, whose eyes were endeavouring to pierce the queen's veil.

The queen was but a woman after all—and had a woman's curiosity; adventures which begin like a romance always take the daughters of Eve on their weak side: the queen was curious to know more, and replied—"Oh! yes, my brother, I should indeed like to be very rich."

Mahmoud thought to himself he had asked too much, when he asked messire Amaury for one hour.

"Riches," resumed he, softening his voice as much as he could, "are like the brilliant varnish that painters spread upon their canvass, to heighten the effect of their colors. Riches give the decoration, which embellishes even beauty!"

"With riches, my brother, one may heal wounds and soften the sufferings of the sick."

Mahmoud was about to continue his illustrations of the theme he had chosen—but he stopped suddenly—and there seemed to be some shade of respect in his hesitation.

Respect for the simple and pure young girl—who had sanctified, by one word, the expression of her simple desires.

Still Mahmoud had as yet no suspicion of the success of his attack. Poor human nature is sometimes carried away by good as well as by bad sentiments—it is only a question of knowing how to put on the bait and how to present it *apropos*.

"There are so many suffering around us, are there not my daughter?" continued the Syrian, shifting his battery, "misery is so cruel in this great Paris. God he praised, my gifts would not be bestowed on vain and foolish prodigalities. Instead of decorating thy beautiful brow with jewels and pearls—thou wouldst decorate thy soul with good deeds."

The queen's mind was still seeking to discover what it was that her sister Eve had told her about Jean Cadour—who seemed so good and was yet so ignorant of all Christian things; at the same time she listened to him attentively, to see if she could catch a word to assist her memory.

"Didst thou think, then, my brother," asked she with simplicity, "to find in this holy place women delivered over to worldly vanities?"

They had laid Mahmoud already dressed upon the bed—finding that the conversation was not tending toward his desired object, and that the young maiden's replies thwarted his diplomacy too easily—he felt that it was necessary, without further delay, to produce more efficacious arguments—he therefore drew from the breast of his surcoat a long silk purse marvellously embroidered, and full of gold. In spite of the pious words of his young nurse he expected to surprise her into some expression of coveting this magnificent purse—but Ingeburge was too deep in her own reflections, and the purse seemed to make no impression upon her. Mahmoud thought he had gained one point, for he believed that his pretty companion was dissimulating—and in a game of this kind he who expects to cheat has lost beforehand.

"I have heard say," said he, proceeding with more confidence "that the first wife of Phillip Augustus is confined in this convent; have they not deceived me, my young girl?"

"They have not deceived thee, my brother," replied Ingeburge, redoubling her attention.

"Perhaps you know her?"

"I do know her."

"And perhaps you love her?"

"I love her," said Ingeburge, trembling and hesitating.

The queen's voice trembled, because her memory had suddenly given to the name of Jean Cadour a terrible signification, and she felt herself threatened with some fearful danger.

She recoiled as though the purse with which the Syrian was playing had been a poisoned poignard.

"You have another name?" she stammered suddenly.

"Yes," replied Jean Cadour, without exhibiting any emotion.

The queen's knees bent under her. "Oh Lord, my God!" she inwardly prayed, "if this is to be my last hour have pity on me and receive my sinful soul into your mercy!" for she had at once recalled the name of Mahmoud-el-Reis, who had come to France to kill the queen.

In her confusion she had attributed to Mahmoud the design of Amaury. But, alas! it was not the thought of death which most cruelly tortured her.

By a strange chance Mahmoud at this moment said to her—

"I will give thee this purse, young girl—and this purse contains a fortune—if thou wilt assist me to speak to the queen."

Hot tears filled the eyes of the poor young wife, and the dreadful pain which wrung her heart might be traced in these few words.

"And you were admitted here in the name of the king."

She knew well that she was an obstacle, and she concluded that the king had at last determined to put that obstacle out of his way. At this moment of supreme distress, all that Eve had told her seemed now unravelled. This man was the executioner sent by the king, charged to accomplish a mysterious execution, which no one should be able to reveal.

She was the more confirmed in this idea because she adored the king; and the sufferings that she endured from not being loved again disposed her to see in everything new proofs of his hatred. We believe that which we fear much more readily than that which we hope.

Mahmoud had no idea of what was passing in the mind of his nurse, prevented as he was from reading her impressions on her features, he could therefore only judge at random; and as almost always happens to the sportsman, in such cases, he missed his mark.

"Yes," replied he, expecting to advance his business at one stroke, "I am here by the king's orders."

"And was it the king who gave you that purse?"

"It was the king."

The voice of Angel died away upon her lips. She, however, managed to get out—"To tempt some one to betray the queen into your hands?"

She waited for that reply as for her final sentence. Jean Cadour replied—

"You have guessed it."

The queen uttered a feeble cry and fell like one dead.

Mahmoud-el-Reis was kneeling over the queen, contemplating her, as though plunged into a sort of ecstacy. He raised her veil. The light of the lamp struck full on the noble features of Ingeburge, whose marvellous beauty had the paleness of death.

An exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the Syrian, he passed his hands over his eyes as though to assure himself that he was not under the influence of an ecstatic dream.

"Dilah!" murmured he, in that melodious and tender voice in which he always pronounced that idolized name. "Dilah! it is her dear and supple figure! the divine sweetness of her features—the same pride on her brow—the sadness of her lips. Dilah—such as the pale sun of these climes would have made her—with the azure of the sky in her eyes, and the tints of gold in her hair!"

He bent slowly and placed a respectful kiss upon the icy forehead of the queen.

"Dilah! that kiss to thee," said the Syrian, "I will love this woman, for she is thy soul's sister!"

CHAPTER III.

Under the narrow window, which gave light and air to the cell, where Mahmoud-el-Reis was alone with the queen of France, the immense garden of the abbey began to come out of the darkness—the rays of the moon pierced through the leafless branches of the trees, vaguely designing the contours of massive and fabulous monsters on the parterres.

The garden was deserted and silent. But beyond the garden, though one could not say where, there was doubtless a great emotion; for the weak echoes of confused and distant clamours penetrated even into the cell.

Sometimes the noise was extinguished, as though the breeze of the night had wafted them away on its course—sometimes they suddenly swelled like the murmuring on the shore, or like that other murmur raised by agitated crowds of men.

Mahmoud-el-Reis paid no attention to it—the queen remained in her swoon.

Mahmoud, with body bent, and hands joined, kept his eyes fixed in contemplation of her.

At the first movement of the queen, and before she had completely resumed her senses, the Syrian uttered a cry of joy, and a ray of enthusiastic pleasure illuminated his face.

He had placed his pillow under the queen's head, and he now placed his arm under the pillow and gently raised it.

The queen opened her eyes, and cast around her that stupefied look always given by people returning to animation after a fit of fainting.

"I have been dreaming," said she, in a weak, and slow voice; "where art thou, then, my sister Eve?"

"Her voice also," murmured the Syrian, whose eyelids were wet with tears.

That man, with a heart harder than adamant, could weep at the sole remembrance of a woman.

Ingeburge, trembling, looked at him, and put her hands over her eyes, with a gesture of profound horror.

"Oh!" said she, "it is the assassin. My God! then I have not been dreaming!"

Mahmoud continued on his knees.

"Since thou lovest the queen so much," young girl, said he, still softening the musical and touching accents of his voice, "the queen shall be protected. Do not tremble thus—a sight of thee alone has made me thy slave—neither blush, young girl, for the sentiment I feel for thee is not that of love."

Ingeburge's fears were not diminished. The Syrian smiled.

"What fearest thou from me?" resumed the Syrian, "hast thou not been lying there in my hands and defenceless...."

There are some arguments which strike us so just and forcible, that the mind, ever so alarmed, perceives them, and submits at once to their influence.

"It is true," thought the queen.

And besides the voice of the stranger was so changed, and had an accent of such respectful and fraternal tenderness! The queen was but a girl, and perhaps the most unsophisticated of all young girls. She demanded nothing but to believe and to be reassured.

"What, then, has the queen done to you," she stammered, timidly, and half raising her eyes towards the Syrian, "that thou shouldst have charged thyself with executing the cruel orders of the king?"

"I have deceived thee, young girl," replied Mahmoud, without hesitation; "and now that I have seen thy face I would rather die myself than deceive thee again. It was not by the orders of the king that I desired to kill the queen."

Ingeburge crossed her hands upon her bosom and raised her beautiful eyes towards heaven, full of tears; from the bottom of her soul she thanked God for the greatest joy she had ever experienced in her life.

Was it a sovereign balm that Mahmoud had now applied to the wound he had so recently given her!

[We regret to be compelled to give so short an instalment of this story in the present issue.]—Ed. S. R.

(To be Continued.)

Language.—The Brain's livery-servant.

Shop.—The saddle on which Capital rides Labour.

Sun.—The busy, jolly foreman of our workshop, who works from morning till night, and laughs and drinks all the time he is working.

NO MAN'S LAND.

Continued from page 237.

The forest has long been a favourite haunt of gypsies, and the pale blue smoke of their encampments is often seen among its grassy glades. Up one of these went Leverton in search, not for the first time, of the old gypsy grandam of the tribe, who was held in fear and awe by the whole neighbourhood. The tents, with their complement of carts and horses, were pitched in an open space where weird old pollard-oaks, covered with the long grey lichen which waves like hair in the wind, fringed a gravel bank which shut out the wind; a little stream ran below. An iron pot, slung on crossed sticks, hung over a small fire; the old woman, with a red handkerchief tied over her grizzled elf-locks, that protruded from under it, sat and stirred. There was a pleasant savour of savoury meat, which was probably not the case with the stew of the witches whom she resembled; but she looked like a Fate as she lifted up her filmy black eyes on him. "Well, mother, here I am again," said he.

"And what do ye want with me, Ralph Leverton? No good I'll be bound; ye won't get that, with yer years, I'm thinking."

"Nobody can't say as it's bad this time. I want to be married." She looked at him with her piercing eyes, but said nothing. "She'd marry me, I believe, now, but that she's tied herself to that poor crettur Maurice Lovel, and he's dead; I know he's dead," he repeated, vehemently.

"And that's what you want me to incense her wi'," answered the woman, with a sort of savage laugh, and raising herself up with a long stick; "you as makes yer bed on better men's graves. Not bad! However," she added, for it is pleasant to indulge your sharp tongue and your love of gain at once, "pay for yer merchandise, and get gone wi' yer."

A few days after, Rachel had gone on one of her rare expeditions to the little market-town. Her grandfather was ailing, and she was late in setting out; the long June twilight of a close, hot day had set in as she took a short cut across the forest, and she sat down wearily by a sort of ford where the gravel had been washed away from the roots of the fantastic old beech-trees, and bathed her hands and face in the little stream, which made a pleasant ripple among the stones. Presently she heard the dull tread of a horse on the sward in the still evening, and she drew back among the holly-bushes, for it was a lonely place, and she did not want to be seen. A man on a bare-backed horse passed close beside her, and was turning his head over his shoulder, as if to see whether he were followed.

He was so near that, though the light was fast fading, she recognised him as a loose sort of fellow who belonged to the parish, but had no regular work, and made his bread as he could. What was he doing with farmer Baker's horse? which she knew also, because Leverton had been discussing it with her father. Both horse and man, however, disappeared quickly over the hill, and Rachel went on. She made her way back to the road as fast as she could, for she did not like the encounter. As she came, however, to the turn which led up to her grandfather's, the old hag who was always called Queen of the Gypsies, barred the way. She was standing in an open glade, under an arch of green boughs, with her scarlet cloak and a staff in her hand. There is a curious love of stage effect in the race; they are born actors. There seems to be no absolute truth in words for them; they are only used relatively to produce an impression on you.

She began—"I have a word to speak to you, Rachel Russell." Rachel had been brought up in a righteous horror of gypsies, however, and she hurried on, a good deal frightened, and refusing to listen.

"And you're the more fool for your pains, girl; for none but I could tell of the one who is gone, and where he is."

"If ye ha' any news o' Maurice," said the poor girl, trembling, "tell me, in God's name."

"Ah, now you want my news, when you haven't the manners to be civil to them old enough to be your grandmother. Pay me for my tale, then."

"I haven't got no money; and them's my father's things," said poor Rachel, wringing her hands.

"Then give me that shawl off o' your shoulders," said the old woman, fiercely.

Rachel pulled it off and held it out piteously to her.

"I saw a dark place among the holes of the earth, and there were great wheels and fiery furnaces; and as I looked, the young man was struck down by the fierce heat, and torn asunder by the whirl; and there he lay dead."

Poor Rachel walked away, stunned, without a word. She hardly noticed a young man with a peaked hat and a peacock's feather in it, who came up in front of her when he saw the interview was over.

The old hag looked slowly after her. "I've settled her," she muttered, "with a pain in her heart and salt tears in her eyes."

"Why do you hate her, mother?"

"The old clerk has turned us out of the church lane, and done us grief scores o' times," answered she; "and I love to hurt them as hurt us."

That evening, as Leverton was sitting with the old clerk, Rachel rushed breathlessly in. "Why, what's come to yer?" said her grandfather; "and what's come o' yer shawl?" "It were the old gypsy wife as said she had news o' Maurice, and I gived it her for to tell me; and she burst into an hysterical flood of tears as she wrung her hands passionately. Leverton swore a deep oath as he rose angrily at the 'rascally old randy quean.' He had robbed Rachel of what was more precious to her than many shawls, and yet he was furious at the old woman for thus exacting a double fee for her lie. His rage, like David's was all reserved for the minor offender.

The old clerk grew more infirm. Rachel was the most patient and attentive of nurses, but whenever Leverton was away for a day or two he kept up a whining complaint against her of how 'ill voke behaved to him.' A grievance with some people is the dearest thing they possess, and they regard you with infinite ill-will if you rob them of their property by explaining it away.

The following Sunday Silas got down with great difficulty to the church. An assistant had been appointed, but that great dignitary, a clerk, cannot be removed; he held to his rights, and whenever he was able he hobbled down and read the responses, together with the *remplaçant*, which did not improve the service. When he and Rachel arrived in the churchyard, they found the parliament or talking-place of the village in great agitation about the stealing of farmer Baker's horse. The gypsy encampment was so near, that it was all laid to the door of Geordy Stanley, horsebreaker and horsedealer, grandson of the old queen. The gypsies had so much the best of it in ordinary life, that the whole community seized greedily on any opening for retaliation.

"But I saw Will Snell riding away on the horse, that evening," said Rachel, simply.

She immediately found herself the centre of interest, to her great dismay; she had to tell her story over and over again; they crowded round her. "But could ye say for certain sure it were Will?" said the clerk, sternly.

Rachel was thankful when the bell carried off her tormentors.

The following week, however, poor Geordy was safely lodged in the country gaol. The horse had been found at a great fair, farther down in the west, at which Geordy was present, and though the link between the two was still wanting, 'society' considered him guilty without more ado. A day or two after, a tall gypsy, with a sullen look on her handsome face, appeared suddenly at the door of the clerk's cottage, having carefully watched him go out. Rachel was leaning against the chimney, gazing sadly into the fire, and she shrank back as she saw the red cloak.

"You've no call to fear me, Rachel Russell."

said the woman, 'It's I as come to you for help. I hear ye say you saw that fellow Snell riding off on the horse that they've lay at my poor boy's door. He's as innocent of it as a babe unborn. Ye saw him yersell that night along wi' my mother at the tents, arter ye met Snell. Will ye come up and swear so at the 'sazes?'

Rachel shuddered: it was terrible to her timid nature to think of standing up before 'Grandfa Judge' and the court.

Rachel, said the woman, striding up to her, and catching hold of her arm, 'do ye know what it is I ask? It's a hanging matter to steal a horse; hearken to me: I'll swear by anything you please he didn't do it. You know you saw him yersell arter the horse were gone. Will ye let him be killed afore my eyes? What's all that praying and singing for, if ye let the innocent suffer and the rascals go free?' she added solemnly, standing over the chair where Rachel had sunk in her agitation. It was against all her class prejudices; the gypsies were feared and hated by every one round her; they were considered beyond the pale, outcast, an accursed race, and she knew she should encounter her grandfather's wrath if she actively helped them, as well as the, to her, terrible ordeal of the trial.

'If you'd a mother,' the woman went on, the great veins swelling in her throat with her efforts to conceal her agitation, 'you wouldn't serve a mother so.'

'I can swear I seed un after Will Snell rode off. I'll bear true witness for you: God Almighty help us a, said the poor girl with a gasping sob and a white face.

'Is it God or the other as is the bad un?' said the woman drearily, as she seized her hands with a passionate expression of gratitude, and disappeared in the noiseless way she came in.

At last the rheumatics grew so bad that old Silas took to his bed, and sore work, Rachel had in the nursing, till at last her friend Mrs. Ten-boy (so called to distinguish her from others of the name) interfered—'You see, chile, ye can't mind un alone any longer; he'd be much better wi' an old nuss. He'd just apotter and abother wi' she, and she'd up and answer he, and that 'ud stir un and please unlike; while he goes on a-hammering and agirding at you, and ye won't answer, and it ben't no satisfaction to a man as had allus had his own way, and likes some un as'll stand up to un. I doubt Sally Skene would come for her vittles and a shilling.'

Mrs. Page was quite right; and when that lady was established in the house, and never gave him anything without argufying, and held her own as obstinately as Silas himself, he was twice as happy as with the gentle, patient Rachel, obedient to all his whims.

At last he drew near his end, and the old rector came up to see the last of his ancient co-partner, as the clerk considered himself. When he chose, Silas had the *belles manières* of the old school—a manner self-respecting and respectful, which is fast dying out in these days, when each class is trying to appear something above it; and their uneasy familiarity shows the little faith they have in their assertion.

Silas was not a good specimen of his class. His life was by no means that of a true gentleman; but security of position is one element of manners. As clerk he felt himself a truly great man, and his reception of the rector was perfect. He was pleased with the attention (the rector was not given to visiting his people—it was in the old days); he was not grateful; he knew that it was his due, he liked to have the reading and prayers all proper. He considered that he had done his duty, and was no wise anxious about his state; and nothing could be more curious, contrasted with his usual humours, than the dignified farewell he took of his ancient chief, and his dying hospitalities.

His end arrived a few days after. 'He's been right down fractious to be sure,' said the old nurse. 'I weren't able to do nothing as was right, he were that uncommon queer, but he's as quiet as a lamb to-night, for I've ataken away the feathers pilla; he'll die quiet enough now.'

Mrs. Ten-boy made an earnest but vain effort in favour of his soul. She would have brought

in her good little husband, a Methodist preacher, but Silas was furious.

'Now, don't ye go afussing, and abuzzing any longer. It ain't a mossel o' good. It stann's to reason as I, as have been parish-clerk a matter o' forty year, and could cipher and write my name alongside the parson's, must aknow a mort more than any Methodie about my soul and my salvation, and all them things; and I ain't agoing to be worried o' that fashion. My soul—I know all about my soul,' he muttered, angrily; and the familiar word stirring the old association. 'Awake, my soul,' he sang in a quavering voice, 'and with the sun—Let us sing to the praise and glory;' then, as uneasy sensations wandered over his dying limbs, 'There's fuzzen in the bed, tie up thae bavin's; and so the old recollections mingling in death, the old heathen passed away; and let us hope his was a true prophecy, and that his soul did awake in that other morning—it had been mostly asleep here.

'It were very queer,' moralised good Mrs. Page, 'how I couldn't get him for to listen; I likes to be alarmed.'

Have ye told the bees? she continued; and she went out to perform that important ceremony. If it is neglected they either resent the discourtesy by flying away, or take it to heart so much that they all die. Why they require this attention, while the horse, cow and pig, to whom it is so much more important, are left to find it out for themselves, is not known, 'so 'tis.'

It is a merciful dispensation that we never see the faults of our own belongings in the clear light which we dispense to those of other people. The clerk died in the odour of sanctity, as far as Rachel was concerned, and she missed him very much. 'I've got nobody to scold me now,' she said pitifully to Mrs. Page.

She was now a good deal thrown upon Leverton, to whom her grandfather had entrusted all his affairs. He never put himself forward, yet he was always ready to help her, and poor Rachel felt herself obliged to be grateful, and obliged to depend upon him. She felt as if a net were gradually closing round her, for his feeling for her was so real and deep that her gentle nature could not find it in her heart to express her dislike to him; and his spirits rose as he thought he was making way with her.

The day for the trial came on. Leverton had his own reasons for not going near 'the law,' and Mrs. Page volunteered to accompany Rachel, in a small cart, on her weary pilgrimage. 'Don't ye get set down as a witness for Geordy,' was Leverton's last recommendation as he helped her in.

She felt almost as if she were going to execution herself as the tall spire broke on her sight. Mrs. Page was chattering all the way as she went, and greatly enjoying the unaccustomed 'ploy.'

'What a sight o' housen,' said she; 'where can a' voke come from?'

'Here's the gypsy's witness,' was whispered as they made their way through the crowded court.

She listened without hearing till her turn came, when she uttered the few sentences required of her, and held to her story with gentle firmness through all the badgering and baiting of the opposing counsel. But the evidence was too strong against poor Geordy, and he was found guilty and left for execution. The passionate grief and anger among the gypsies was frightful to witness. As Rachel came out of court her arm was seized by the poor mother, who nearly wrung it off. 'You've done what yer could. Ye sha'n be the better for it; 'tain't for nothing you harm or help the tribe,' she said, savagely.

Sadly and wearily the two women turned home again; and hardly a word was said till they reached Summerhurst, and Rachel returned to her desolate home, where the old nurse kept house for her.

A few nights after, as she slept a disturbed sleep, she was wakened by a wild cry, weird and shrill, on the still air, and she sprang to the window. There was nothing to be seen, but the wonderful beauty of the early morning: the dead stillness of the world just before a summer's dawn is very striking; not a breath, not a leaf, not an insect stirring—all that world of life in the deadeast of sleep, just before the waking. Then

the gradual growth of the light—the twilight of expectation—so different from that of night. She turned away from the casement, when suddenly came the old signal, the handful of gravel against the window, and a voice called 'Rachel.' She could hardly believe her ears or her eyes.

'Let me in, Rachel, it's me in flesh and blood,' said he.

'What's yon?' said old Sally, as she heard Rachel preparing to go down. 'An he's halloaing and squealing in that way he's no come back a Christian man.'

'And ye're not married to Leverton?' said he, seizing her in his arms.

'And how could ye ever think it?' she answered, reproachfully; 'and wherever ha' ye abeen all this long, long while?'

'Working in the black country, as they ca' it, digging iron and coal in Wales, hoping for to come back wi' money to satisfy thy grandfather. Then I had a sore accident as used up all my gains, and I heard from the gypsies that thou wast a married to Leverton, and I didn't care what I did.'

'And no one for to nurse thee! How wast thou hurted?' said she.

'A poor little chap were smote by the mill-wheel, and I dragged un out, and were hit myself. Howsoever, the day before yesterday there came a fellow as atelled me (and swore it too) that the gypsy queen sent me word to come home directly, that thou werst na married, and there was peril near.'

'And she were no that far wrong,' said Rachel, with her gentle smile; 'it's been a sore time, Maurice.'

'And it were all Leverton's doing, I know,' muttered he.

'What were that dreadful noise, Maurice,' said she, 'we heard a while back?'

'Twere the gipsy queen as they were wailing,' said he; 'they telled me she were heart-broke when her grandson were found guilty. She set such store by him.'

(The poor fellow years after was discovered to have been innocent, and his execution was one of the last under the fierce old law.)

Not many days after their marriage Rachel was standing at the door one evening looking out for Maurice, when, to her utter amazement, Leverton came slowly up the steep sandy path.

'You!' said she, in blank dismay.

'Ye need not be 'fraid o' me,' he said. 'I'm away altogether. I thought I'd just see thee and bid thee good-bye. Thou couldst have amade a man o' me, Rachel; but that's gone now, and I'm but come that thou shouldst say a good word to me to end wi', and gie me a drink o' milk as in the old days. Tell Maurice he's got what must amake it easy to forgive.' He stood moodily gazing out on the distant blue line of sea over the woodland, which gives such peculiar charm to that country.

'I shall go to sea again, in a merchant vessel,' he said, and added, dreamily, 'I think 'twould amake my mind cleaner to tell same un, Rachel.'

'Oh, don't,' said she.

'Tain't anything so bad,' he answered. 'It's true I strove to get Maurice out o' my way for poaching; but he were too fleet and wary, and I were forced to seek summat else. One day I chat'ced on some voke I knew, as were part of a pressgang, and I promised to help un to take off Maurice.'

'And ye call that not so bad?' said Rachel, angrily.

'Ye young lass, as has never been tempted, what dost thou know? I set a snare wi' a hare in it, right in his path in the beech grove, and we watched. I could na think he'd 'scape four pair of legs, but they come out afore he'd got cold o' the trap, and I tripped over a snag. The others didn't know the wood, and he were off like a deer.'

'Aye, Maurice were always the fastest foot in these parts,' said Rachel, with pride.

'Then they began to abuse me, when it were their own stupid fault,' said he, forgetting to whom he was speaking; 'and one on un broke out violent that if they didn't ha' one, they'd ha' the other; and he seized my arms. My blood were up, and I got at my hunting-knife, and

swore I'd ha' the life of the first as touched me. They all closed in, and I hit out at the highest. He fell back in his blood, Rachel, a'most w'out a groan. I were just stunned. I'd scarce had time to feel angry even, and they did their worst w' me, and took me away bound, saying they'd gi'e me up for a murderer and I wouldn't walk w' um, and put me aboard a king's ship. They didn't care how they got men then in war-time. I'd no heart to write home, thinking o' nights o' that horrid pool, when they should afind the body. I must be going. Good-bye, dearie; shake hands—you'll wish me well, Rachel?"

"God bless ye and keep ye straight, Ralph, said she, tearfully. 'You've made a poor hand o' life—you'll do better naw?' she went on, laying her hand on his arm, anxiously."

He looked wistfully into her eyes, but at that moment Maurice's whistle was heard, and he was off like a shot.

"You's a bad un," said Maurice, moodily, as he caught sight of his retreating enemy.

"Poor fellow," said Rachel, "after all he haven't adone as much hurt, so we've acome together at last. 'Twere like silver tried in the fire, were our love, dearie. Please God, past troubles is like the dead leaves as falls off of a tree and nourishes it again; and she turned his face towards her, and held it till the cloud cleared away; and he smiled fondly at her as she told Ralph's story.

"Well thou wert worth serving long years for, like Jacob," he said at last, as he took her in his arms; "but I'm thankful I shan't never see un again, or I should do un a mischief yet!"

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I HAD just come back from India with my family, after living there for several years; and my first occupation, after discussing my first breakfast in town, was to run carefully through the *Times* supplement, and pick out whatever advertisements had reference to country residences for sale or occupation. The advertisement which took my fancy more than any other, was one relating to a house named "Gledhills," situate in one of the Midland shires, and in the heart of a good hunting country. Next day, I ran down by train to have a look at the place. I found it to be a roomy redbrick mansion, dating from the reign of the second George, and built after the mean and formal style of a period remarkable for its poverty of invention in other things besides architecture. It was, however, tolerably spacious within doors, and in excellent repair; moreover, as it stood within a small demesne of its own, and had a capital walled garden, with good stables and other offices, I thought that it would suit me very well for a few years to come; and I decided to inquire more fully respecting the terms of occupation, for the house was only to be let on lease, not sold. By the ancient man-servant who shewed me over the place, I was referred to a certain Mr. Lomond, an inhabitant of the neighbouring town, whom I naturally set down in my own mind as the agent for a non-resident landlord.

The town was only a mile and a half away, and to every man, woman, and child in it, the name of Mr. Lomond seemed familiar. I was directed to a pretty little cottage in the outskirts, half-covered with honeysuckle and clematis; and just as I was about to knock at the door, Mr. Lomond himself came up, equipped with rod and basket, and having the hearty sunburnt look of a genuine fisherman. "No common house-agent this, but a thorough gentleman," I said to myself.

After a few words of introduction, I stated the business that had brought me so far from home. "I hope you find the old place to your liking?" said Mr. Lomond. "Of course," he went on to say, "many of my country friends deprecate the letting of Gledhills at all, and urge upon me the propriety of living there myself. But what would you have? My income, thanks to the roguery of a person who shall be nameless, is far too limited to allow of my keeping up the old place as it was kept up by my father and grandfather, and by a dozen Lomonds before them. I could neither

afford to visit nor to receive company, as the Lomonds of Gledhills have been used to do; and being a bachelor, and a poor man withal, it seems to me a more sensible plan to make a home for myself in this little cottage, which is my own property, and trusting to my gun and rod for sport and exercise, leave some one with a longer purse than mine to enjoy the grandeur of the big house, and pay for the privilege in the shape of a welcome addition to my income."

I told him frankly, that from what I had seen of the house, I thought it would suit me very well; and then we entered upon the question of terms, which I found to be sufficiently reasonable; accordingly, I expressed my desire to have the preliminary arrangements concluded as quickly as possible, in order that I might be enabled to remove my family, and take possession of the house at an early date.

"You are not a bachelor, then, like myself?" said Mr. Lomond, with an inquiring smile.

"I have been a Benedict these dozen years," I replied; "and as my wife's health is somewhat delicate, and as the air of London does not suit her, I am anxious to get her down into the country as soon as possible."

Mr. Lomond did not answer for a moment or two, but drummed absently on the table with his fingers, and was evidently revolving some knotty point in his own mind. "Before this matter is finally settled between us," he said at last, "there is one little favour that I must ask you to do for me: a very slight favour indeed."

"You have but to name it, Mr. Lomond," said I.

"Don't go back home till to-morrow," he said earnestly. "Sleep to-night at Gledhills. Dobson and his wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that you are in now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

"But my family will expect me home this evening," I said; "besides which, I cannot see in what way my sleeping a single night at Gledhills can affect my determination to become its tenant."

"You can telegraph to your family that you will not be home till to-morrow," said Mr. Lomond; "and as for the other point of your objection, all I can say is, that I have my reasons for wishing you to do as I ask you: my desire is based on no mere whim, and to-morrow I will tell you what those reasons are."

After some further conversation, I agreed to accede to Mr. Lomond's wish, which had an element of singularity about it that interested me in spite of myself. It was accordingly arranged that he should at once send off a special messenger to have dinner and a bed got ready for me at Gledhills, while I rambled about the town for an hour, and visited the ruins of the old abbey. Ten o'clock the following morning was named for our next meeting.

The autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue towards the old mansion. The same old man whom I had seen before answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Lomond had sent word that I was about to dine and sleep at Gledhills, and that everything was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold, the great door closed behind me with a dull, heavy crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my ancient guide, whom age and rheumatism had bent almost double, I crossed the desolate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding-doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suite of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my service. How chill and cheerless everything looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glamour of sunshine rested no longer on the place, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home; and already, in my secret mind, I half repented my facile eagerness in being so willing to accept without further

experience this worm-eaten old mansion, tenanted, doubtless, by the ghosts of a hundred dead-and-gone folks, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The two rooms set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style; but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant, three years before, they had been furnished and set aside, ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who either by their own wish, or that of Mr. Lomond, might decide to pass a night at Gledhills, and that three or four would-be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Lomond's stipulation than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Lomond's claret, and being possessed in some measure by the demon of unrest, I took my cigar, and strolled along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the moonbeams were now playing a ghostly game of hide-and-seek. It was uncarpeted, and destitute of furniture, and its oaken floor creaked and groaned beneath my tread, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted, was a small balcony, below which stretched a velvety expanse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a stump of sombre firs. I have said that the room was destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of its more prosperous days, in the shape of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantelpiece, as it had hung for half a century or more. When I became aware of this fact, I fetched one of the candles out of my sitting-room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue towards the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive but for a vague, repellent something—a hint of something tiger-like and cruel lurking under the surface of that artificial smile, which the artist had caught with rare fidelity, and had fixed on the canvas for ever. It must have been something in the better traits of the countenance that taught me to see a likeness to my pleasant piscatorial friend, Mr. Lomond; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhills.

The fatigues of the day, and the solitude to which I was condemned, drove me to bed at an early hour; but there was something about the novelty of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out my light, and I remember hearing some clock strike twelve, while I was still desperately wide awake; but that is the last thing I do remember; and I suppose that I must have slid off to sleep a few minutes later, while still in the act of asseverating to myself that to sleep there was for me an impossibility. Whether I had slept for hours or for minutes only, when I woke up in the weird land of dreams, is a point on which I can offer no opinion. I awoke to that consciousness which is possessed by dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life; but throughout the strange wild drama that followed, I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousness of a spectator, without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my own dream; I was merely the witness of certain imaginary occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and which I was powerless to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing-room at Gledhills—I recognised it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fireplace. The walls, painted of a delicate sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Aubusson carpet covered the floor; and in the

huge fireplace, a wood-fire that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, between the quaintly-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Mandarin jar, with an open-work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the bruised sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a harp; books richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in lustres over the mantel-piece.

Seated at a little fancy table, was a girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently preoccupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in sedate folds, utterly guiltless of all modern modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact; but underlying this charm of regular features, there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by an instinct, to the portrait over the fire-place. She had loosened the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of blue velvet. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a locket, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would put a few quick stitches into her embroidery, and then pause, with the needle in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a dreamy absent mood, out of which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as restlessly as before.

That something for which she was so impatiently waiting came at last—a low, clear, peculiar whistle, heard by me so distinctly through the midst of my dream, and remembered so well when I awoke, that I could afterwards reproduce it exactly. The young lady started to her feet the moment the signal fell on her ear. Her eyes flashed with a newer radiance; her soft lips pouted into a smile; while from her bosom upward a lovely flush spread swiftly, as though Eros had touched her that instant with his torch, and already the celestial flames were coursing through her veins. A brief minute she stood thus, like a lovely statue of Expectancy; then she hurried to one of the windows, and drawing aside the long chintz curtain, she placed a lighted candle close to the window as an answering signal. Then, having withdrawn the candle, and replaced the curtain, so that the window from the outside would seem quite dark again, she left the room, to return presently with a ladder of thin rope, to which were affixed two hooks of steel. Her next proceeding was to lock the three doors which opened into the drawing-room, and having thus secured herself from intrusion, she passed out of sight, behind one of the curtains; and then I heard the faint sound of a window being cautiously lifted, and I knew, as well as though the whole scene was visible to me, that she was fixing the rope-ladder to the balcony by means of his hooks, and that presently her lover would be with her.

And so it fell out. A little while, and the curtain was lifted; the lady came back into the room; and following close upon her steps came a tall stranger, dark and handsome, like a true hero of romance.

"My darling Lenore!"

"My dearest Varrel!"

He took her in his arms, and stooped, and kissed her fondly; and then he drew her to the light, and gazed down into her eyes, in which nothing but love for him was then visible, and then he stooped again and kissed her not less tenderly than before. His roquelaure and hat had fallen to the ground, and he now stood revealed, a man of fashion of the period. As before stated, he was eminently good-looking, with languishing black eyes, and a pensive smile, such as one usually endows Romeo with in

imagination. He wore his hair without parting of any kind, in a profusion of short, black, glossy curls, in which there was no trace of the elaboration of art, and he was clean-shaven, except for a short whisker that terminated half-way down his cheek. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, swallow-tailed, short in the waist, and high-collared. His waistcoat was bright yellow as to colour, crossed with a small black stripe; a huge seal depended from the fob of his black small-clothes; and the Hessian boots in which his lower extremities were encased, were polished to a marvellous degree of brilliancy. His cravat, white and unstarched, and tied with a large bow, was made of fine soft muslin; and the frilled bosom of his shirt had been carefully crimped by conscientious feminine fingers. In this frill he wore a small cluster of brilliants; while a large signet-ring, a genuine antique, decorated the first finger of his right hand.

Such was the appearance of Sir Derwent Varrel; and absurd as a costume like his would now seem on the classic flags of Bond Street or St. James's, it yet became the baronet admirably, while he in return lent it a grace and distinction which made it seem the only attire proper for a gentleman.

"Why did you not come last night?" said Lenore. "Hour after hour, I waited for you in vain."

"Twas not my fault, dearest, that I did not; of that rest well assured," answered Varrel. "Business that brooked not delay kept me from your side. I was hugely chagrined."

"That weary, weary business!" sighed Lenore, "Tis ever men's excuse. But now that you are here, I will not be melancholy. Ah, that I could be for ever by your side!"

She nestled her head shyly on his bosom. He stroked her chestnut hair softly with his white hand, and looked down on her with a crafty and sinister smile—such a smile as might light up the face of a fowler when he sees the fluttering innocent which he has been doing his best to entice, begin to turn longingly towards the snare.

"Little simpleton!" he replied, pulling her ear. "You speak as if what you long for were impossible of attainment; whereas one word from you would make it a blissful certainty, and render two loving hearts happy for ever."

"I cannot, Varrel—I cannot say that word. Ah, why does my father dislike you so much?"

"My faith! how should I know? But dislike is not the word, little one. You should ask, why does he hate me so intensely? There are those who gladly calumniate me, and for such he has ever a ready ear; for I am unfortunate enough to have many enemies, and doubtless twice as many faults."

"No, no, I will not hear such language," exclaimed Lenore. "In time my father will relent, and then—"

"Never, girl!" said Varrel fiercely. "Colonel Lomond is not made of melting stuff. His hatred of me he will carry with him to the grave. Never look for change in him.—Sweet one," he added, changing his tone in a moment to one of low-breathing imploring tenderness—"sweet one as I have told thee before, both thy fate and mine are dependent on a single word from those rosy lips. Be mine, in spite of every one! I am rich, and can supply thy every want. We will go abroad; and in some lovely Italian valley, or fair isle of the eastern seas, we will forget our bygone troubles, and watch the happy days glide softly past, while rounding our lives to that perfect love which alone can bring back Eden to this weary earth. O Lenore, dearest and best-loved, flee with me at once and for ever!"

She was standing by the little table, smiling, trembling, and yet with tears half starting from her lids, while he, kneeling on one knee, was covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"O Varrel, you try me almost beyond my strength," she murmured. "But I cannot, I dare not do as you wish. You know not my father as well as I do. He would seek me out and kill me—and you too, and you too, Derwent! wherever we might be. His vengeance would be terrible and pitiless."

"Timid little puss!" he said, half scornfully,

as he rose and encircled her waist with his arm. "Am I not competent to protect thee against the world? Fear nothing. For this house of bondage, for this stagnation of heart and soul, I will give thee life, and light, and love. Thou shalt exchange this—"

"Hush! exclaimed Lenore suddenly with a smothered shriek. "I hear my father's footfall on the stairs. To the window, Varrel, or you are lost!"

One hasty kiss, and then Varrel dashed aside the chintz curtain, and sprang to the window, only to fall back next moment into the room like a man stricken in the dark. "A thousand devils! I have been betrayed," he exclaimed. "The rope-ladder is gone, and I see the figures of men moving about the lawn. Lenore, you must hide me!"

"Too late—too late!" she sobbed.

They both stood for a moment as though changed to stone, while the footsteps came with a heavy tramp along the echoing corridor, and halted outside the door. The eyes of Lenore and Varrel turned instinctively to the door-handle, and they saw it move as it was tried from the other side, but the door was still locked.

"Open, Lenore—it is I," said a stern voice from without; and the summons was emphasised by a heavy blow on the panel of the door.

"O Varrel, I dare not disobey!" said Lenore in an agonised whisper. "Hide yourself behind the curtains; perhaps he may not know of your presence here; and when he shall have gone to his own room, we must plan your escape. Hush! not a word. Hide! hide!"

"Why this foolery of locked doors?" said he who now came in. "Am I to be barred out of my own rooms by a child like you?"

"The night was dark, and—and I felt so lonely, and—and—"

"And—and you did not expect your father back so soon," he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-face jade?"

"Indeed, papa, I"—pleaded the trembling Lenore.

"Don't prevaricate, girl!" he said with a savage stamp of the foot. "Come, now, you will tell me next you have had no visitors—eh?"

"Indeed, no, papa," said Lenore with painful eagerness.

"Been quite alone ever since I left home this afternoon?"

"Quite alone, papa."

A faint dash of colour was coming back into her cheeks by this time; she began, perhaps, to hope that after all this questioning his suspicions would be allayed, and he would go to his own room. If such were the case, his next words must have undeceived her terribly.

"You lie, girl—you lie!" he said, in a voice whose sternness was not without a tremble in it; and as he spoke he touched Varrel's hat contemptuously with his foot, which up to that moment had lain unheeded on the floor. "Oh, that child of mine should ever live to deceive me thus!" His clasped hands and upturned face seemed to appeal to Heaven against the falsehood that had just been told him; but next instant the look of anguish died from off his face, and his features settled back into more than their former harshness as he strode across the floor and flung back the curtain, behind whose folds Varrel was concealed. "Behold the proof!" he cried. "Behold the damning proof! O Lenore!"

For a moment the two men stood eyeing each other in silence. Lenore, with a pitiful cry, fell at her father's feet, but he heeded her no more than if she had been a stone.

In the father of Lenore I beheld the original of the picture over the drawing-room mantle-piece; only he seemed older and more grizzled, and his features more deeply marked with the carving of Time's chisel than in his portrait. He had on a sort of military undress suit, with a pair of heavy riding-boots and spurs, and a short heavy whip in his hand.

"This, Sir Derwent Varrel, is an unexpected honour," said Colonel Lomond, in a tone of unconcealed irony, as he made the baronet a sweeping and ceremonious bow. "Pray—pray let me beg of you to emerge from an obscurity

so uncongenial to one of your enterprising disposition.—That is better, Lenore, child; let us have a little more light on the scene—it is a pleasure to look on the face of an honest man—and we may, perchance, need it all before we have done. More light, girl, do you hear!—And now, perhaps, Sir Derwent Varrel will favour us with some explanation—any, the most simple will of course do for me—of how he came to be hidden, like a common thief, behind the curtains of my drawing-room.”

Varrel's pale olive cheek flushed deeply at this little speech, and a dangerous light began to glitter in his eyes as he stepped out of his hiding-place, and advanced into the room.

“Colonel Lomond shall have an explanation as simple as he desires,” he said. Then he stopped to refresh his nerves with a pinch of snuff.

“You are aware, sir,” he resumed, “that I love your daughter; that several months ago I would fain have made her my wife; and that your consent alone was wanting to such a union.”

“Precisely so,” said Colonel Lomond in the iciest of tones, as he balanced the handle of his riding-whip between his thumb and finger.

“You might prevent our marriage, sir, but you could not keep us from loving one another,” said Sir Derwent proudly.

“In other words, my daughter had still sufficient respect left for me to refuse to wed you without my consent; but you had not sufficient respect for her to refrain from using your influence over her weak girl's will to induce her to deceive her father, and to consent to nocturnal assignations with a libertine like yourself. Love! The word is sullied in coming from such lips as yours. You and I, Sir Derwent Varrel, had high words together six months ago, and I told you then that I would rather see my daughter lying in her coffin than wedded to such a one as you; and those words I repeat again to-night—Come hither, girl,” he added, seizing Lenore roughly by the wrist “come hither, and choose at once and for ever between me and this man who has taught thee to lie to thy father. What do I say? Nay, there can be no choice between such as this man and me. I tell thee, girl, that thy ignorance cannot fathom the depths of such iniquity as his. A gambler so deeply tainted that in no society of gentlemen is he allowed to play; a libertine so vile, that to couple a woman's name with his is a passport to dishonour; a sharper and blackleg, who has been twice hooted off the Newmarket course; a bankrupt so desperately involved that only by a wealthy marriage—with such a one, for example as the heiress of Gledhills—can he hope even partially to retrieve his fortunes. Bah! what can thy country-bred ignorance know of these things?”

“Hard words, Colonel Lomond, very hard words,” said Sir Derwent disdainfully; “but I am happy to think, utterly incapable of proof.”

“Hard words! ay, hard enough to have moved an innocent man to righteous anger, but not, as it seems, to flutter thy slow-beating pulses ever so faintly; and that because thou knowest them to be true. Proof! Here's one out of a dozen. Who lured sweet Mary Doris from her home in yonder valley, and hid her away in London past the finding of her friends? Who held the simple village beauty lightly for a month or two, and then discarded her to starve or die as she might think best? Who but you, Sir Derwent Varrel, unless this letter also lies—a letter signed with your name, and found in the poor child's pocket when she lay with white staring face and dripping hair in the dead-house by the river. And now it is my daughter thou seekest to entrap!”

As Colonel Lomond drew from his pocket the letter of which he had been speaking, Lenore, with a low cry of anguish, sank fainting to the floor; and the horror-stricken Varrel reeled backward like one suddenly stabbed.

“Reptile! it is time the score between us were settled,” said Colonel Lomond with a venomous ferocity of tone. “Only one of us two must leave this room alive.”

“I cannot—I dare not fight with you,” murmured Varrel.

“O ho! do not think to escape me thus. You refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of cowards.” And with that the heavy thong of Colonel Lomond's riding-whip whistled through the air, and came down on Varrel's neck and shoulders twice, twisting round his face on the second occasion, and leaving a thin livid wheal across his cheek where it had cut into the flesh. Varrel's first impulse was to shrink backward with a mingled cry of rage and pain; but the next instant he closed with the colonel, and wrestling the whip from his hands, flung it to the other end of the room.

“Give me a sword—a pistol—a weapon of any kind!” he cried hoarsely. “This vile treatment absolves me from all consequences. Colonel Lomond, your blood be upon your own head!”

The colonel smiled sweetly on him. “Well spoken, he said, “only that you express yourself somewhat after the Furioso fashion. Your cry to arms is worthy of all praise, and I hasten to comply with it. In this cabinet, sir, are a couple of as pretty playthings as ever gladdened the eyes of a gentleman. *Voilà!* they are both alike in every particular. The choice is yours.”

Varrel's fingers closed over the hilt of one of the rapiers thus presented to him; and while he tried its edge and temper, by running his finger and thumb appreciatively along its length, and by bending its point back nearly to the hilt, Colonel Lomond disembarassed himself of the cumbersome overcoat in which he was enveloped; and next minute the two men fronted each other.

“Gardez-vous, monsieur!” cried Colonel Lomond as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them must look for mercy from the other. Both of them were excellent swordsmen, but Sir Derwent had the advantages of youth and agility on his side, and he pressed the colonel hardily, who, while keeping up his defence warily, yet felt himself compelled to retreat step by step before the desperate lunges of his antagonist.

The clash of the swords seemed to rouse Lenore from the stupor into which she had fallen. With her hands pressed to her temples, and with glaring eyeballs, that followed every movement of the combatants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate for ever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face, she watched the two men coming slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overborne by his more youthful antagonist. The rapiers clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and bent and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in tierce, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off; an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dexterous stroke, which sent the colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, divined her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand, she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow; and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught, her as she was falling. “Papa—kiss—forgive,” she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips; she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond passed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. “Lie there for a little while, sweet foolish darling,” he said. “Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long.”

Varrel, who was like a man half-crazed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. “You and I, sir,” said the colonel, “have still our little business to arrange.”

“Great Heaven! what would you more?” exclaimed Sir Derwent.

“Revenge my daughter's death!” said Lomond gloomily.

“Her death was a pure accident.”

“Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before, I say again—only one of us two shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols: one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes, that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke, we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!”

“It would be murder!” said Varrel in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his ashen face.

“Call it by what name you will,” said Lomond; “but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Fiend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded for ever as a coward and a rogue!”

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

“Choose!” said Colonel Lomond as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant which to pick, and Lomond smiled grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lenore's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside in the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

“Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business,” said Varrel.

Again the colonel smiled. “In ten seconds,” he said, “the clock will strike. Be ready.”

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath; while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly brooding stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silvery bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A flash, a report, and a gush of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

“So perishes a thorough scoundrel,” said Colonel Lomond as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and shewed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing in the entrance. From the movements of her hands, you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

“Henry! Henry! where are you?” she cried. “Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!” and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. “I am here and well, mother,” he said. “Pray, return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you.”

“And Lenore,” said the old lady plaintively, “why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say goodnight? Has the child gone to bed?”

“Lenore is asleep, mother,” said the colonel in a whisper. “We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning.”

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forgot me before," and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the colonel falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lomond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bedroom, and wandered, half dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghostly splendour of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent as some vast tomb. As I tood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley, rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low responsive sigh came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so human, so unutterably sad, that with a thrill and a shudder, I stepped backward, and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gledhills, and never afterwards; and this Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I thanked Mr. Lomond warmly for his conscientiousness in the matter, but decided that it would be unwise to subject my wife to such a trial.

"Nevertheless, said Mr. Lomond with a smile as I parted from him at the door, "I do not despair of finding a tenant for the house, one of these fine days, whose nervous system bids defiance to ghostly company."

Indeed, last summer, travelling down that way, I made inquiry of the station-master, and was glad to learn that Gledhills had at last found an occupant in the person of a wealthy but eccentric bachelor of botanical pursuits; and further, that Mr. Lomond himself was as hale and hearty as ever.

Paper.—The product, the cause, and the preventive of rags.

Metaphysics.—Feeling for a science in the dark.

Novel.—A wholesome fruit, greatly vilified by those who pluck it unripe.

Fire.—A prisoner who smiles at us through the bars.

War.—Congregational worship of the Devil.
Pen.—A lever, small enough to be used by one man, but strong enough to raise the whole world.

Sword.—The first hope of the oppressor, and the last hope of the oppressed.

Duel.—Folly tampering with murder.

Luxury.—The rich cream taken by the few from the skim-milk allotted to the many.

Iron.—The bones of the giant Civilization.

Competition.—Mankind's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death that thousands may mount on their bodies.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREMS.

1. 1,100 and a nag = A town in France.
2. 600 " ab' an A = A town in Asiatic Turkey.
3. 100 " or these I = An English city.
4. 101 " tar us = A town in European Turkey.
5. Us here, Pat = An Asiatic river.
6. 550 " so it gnat = A Bavarian town.
7. 51 " I rap = A group of volcanic isles in Europe.
8. 2 " Lear B = A tract of land in Africa.
9. 1,000 " need = A town in Hanover.
10. 100 " lama as an = A Spanish town.

The initials and finals of the above name two large European towns.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. I live old, Mr. Ghost.
2. O call Martin Wiel.
3. All say an arm.

ANAGRAM

Het yad hiwt sit aadlns ddiapp ni wed,
Sah adepps ghortu het eeginsv degno aegst,
Dan a eigns rats ni eht cdellossu lube
Rof eth ginsir onom ni ceelins sitaw;
Ilhow het swdni ulitt higs of eth agdinlu shrou,
A abilluy abeelrt ero' het loddef efsors.

CHARADES.

1. My 1, 3, 4 is a cooling instrument; my 2, 3, 5, 6 is a contest; my 1, 3, 5, 6 is the front; my 4, 6, 3, 2 is close at hand; my 5, 3, 4 is a vessel; my 5, 3, 1, 6 is a Parisian eating-house; my 5, 3, 2, 6 is trouble; and my whole is a country in Europe.

PHIPPIO.

2. My whole restored my first to my second, after it had been taken from him.
3. My first implies company. My second is one of the company. My third is often owned by the company. My whole is understood to be a company.

J. M.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. I am what every young lady wishes to be; beheaded, I am what most people do when going a journey; again beheaded and transposed, I am what every one must sometime do.
2. Complete I am generally seen at a fire; behead me, I am what many have become from the effects of fire; twice behead me again and you have me before you.
3. Complete I am seen at every meal; beheaded I am what the Reader is every week; now transpose me and I am a word of affection, though one often misapplied.

POLLY.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. One of the world's most celebrated cities.
2. What a baker cannot do without.
3. A species of wine or a green field.
4. What everthing that hath a beginning does.

OLIVE.

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL ENIGMA, No. 40.

Historical Enigma.—Goldsmith. 1, Malta, 2, Oxford, 3, Thorn, 4, Huss, 5, Geneva, 6, Iris, 7, Loyola, 8, Dronheim, 9, Scone.

Charades.—1. Hem-lock. 2. Her-ring. 3. Cowslip. 4. Decapitations.

Anagrams.—1. Mountain Street. 2. St. Lawrence Main Street. 3. St. Peter Street.

Decapitations.—Four-our. 2. Pipe-pie. 3. Spark-park-ark.

Transpositions.—1, Topsy-turvy. 2, Lalla-Rookh. 3, Procrastination.

Arithmetical Problem.—There were twenty-five officers.

The following answers have been received:

Historical Enigma.—H. H. V., Query.
Charades.—King of the C. J., Ellen B., Argus, May, Camp, Flora, Geo. B.

Anagrams.—May, Query, Geo. B., Flora.
Decapitations.—Query, Geo. B., Flora, H.H.V., Ellen B., Argus.

Transpositions.—May, King of the C. J., Camp, H. H. V., Argus, Flora.

Arithmetical Problem.—King of the C. J., H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 27.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; J. McL.; and R. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 28.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; Victor; W. L., Hamilton; and M. J.; Toronto.

H. K. C., Quebec.—Does not your Problem admit of an easy solution in two moves by playing, 1. Q to Q 7th (ch.), 2. Q or Kt Mates?

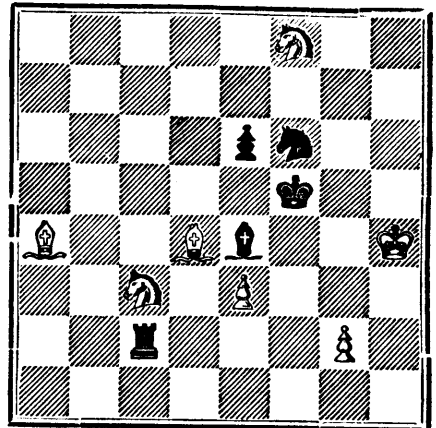
M. J. HAZELTINE, NEW YORK.—Thanks for the enclosure and the kind wishes accompanying it. Of course we'll reciprocate with pleasure.

EMILIUR.—Cannot effect the stipulated Mate if Black plays, 1. K to Kt sq.

PROBLEM No. 30

BY THE LATE I. B., OF BRIDPORT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

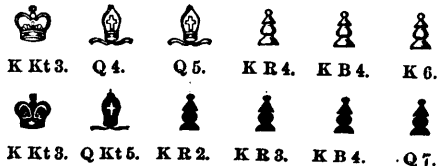
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 28.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to Kt 4th. | Q R P moves |
| 2. Kt to Q R 5th. | K takes P. |
| 3. Q to Q B 5th Mate. | |

ENIGMA No. 9.

BY THE REV. MR. BOLTON.

From Alexandre's "Beauties of Chess."



White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 7.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| BLACK. | WHITE. |
| 1. P to K B 5th. | K to Kt 4t |
| 2. P to K B 6th. | B to K sq. |
| 3. K to Q 5th. | K to R 3rd. |
| 4. P to Q B 6th. (a) | K to R 2nd. |
| 5. K to Q 6th. | K to Kt sq. |
| 6. K to his 7th, and wins. | |
- (a) If the P does not advance, White draws by 4, K to Q Kt 2nd.

A WEST-END music-seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's—a—song of the—gentleman's under-garment."

"OLD FRITZ," who raises pigs and cabbages somewhere in the Western States, appeared before Judge H—as witness. Question by the Court: "Your name?" Answer by Fritz: "Vell, I calls mineself Fritz. But may be so, I don't know, it is Yawcup. You see, Mr. Chudge, mine moder she have two little poys; one of them was me, and one was my proder, and t'oder was me, I ton't know which, and my moder she ton't know, and one of us was named Fritz and t'oder Yawcup, or one Yawcup and t'oder Fritz, I ton't know which; and one of us got died, but mine moder she could never tell which it was, me or mine proder who got died. So, Mr. Chudge, I does not know whether I am Fritz or Yawcup; and mine moder, she ton't know."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V. V. R.—Will insert in our next issue, and shall be happy to receive any contributions you may find it convenient to forward.

OLIVE.—Thanks! Please forward the real names of the composers.

J. M. LEM.—We regret that we were unable to insert the note. The paper was made up before we received it.

F. B. D.—As you request our opinion, we will state that we think your previous contributions possessed more merit. The paper sent will hardly bear publication; but have you not been unfortunate in selecting a subject?

MAX.—We feel much obliged to our correspondent for her very welcome contributions.

BLANCHE.—Will inform you in our next issue.

H. Y. PRICE.—The fullest information respecting the confederation of the British American provinces, may be obtained from the published Debates of the Delegates who assembled in Convention at Quebec. These Debates were printed by the Queen's printer, and, may, we presume, be obtained at Ottawa. We know of no general work on the other subject referred to.

FLECK.—"Alice Sherwood, or the Halfwitted" is respectfully declined.

NORMAN H.—We are unable to solve the difficulty.

ASTOR.—Willingly.

J. H. K.—It is impossible to form any opinion as to the merit of the articles without seeing them. If you forward them, they will receive our careful attention.

A. A.—Unsuitable both in subject and length for our columns.

W. T.—There is no such institution in Montreal, as that named.

ALFRED C.—The following is a good receipt for permanent ink—"Pitch, three pounds; melt over the fire and then add lamp-black one pound; mix well. This ink is used in a melted state to fill the letters on tombstones, marble, &c. Unless actual violence is used, it will last as long as the stone itself.

BLUNT.—New York was first called "Gotham" in a humorous work entitled "Salmagundi," to which Washington Irving was one of the principal contributors.

EDITH.—Madge is an abbreviation of Margaret—a pearl. Your own name signifies—happiness or rich gift.

CLARA H.—"Santa Claus" is the Dutch name for St. Nicholas, who is said to have supplied three destitute maidens with marriage portions, by secretly leaving money at their windows, and as this occurred just before Christmas, he was made purveyor of the gifts of that season to Dutch children generally. Another legend states, that the Saint brought three murdered children to life again, and this rendered him the patron of boys, especially school-boys.

GEORGE B.—Courage! George. After all it is better to wear out than to rust out. Strike the iron while it is hot, and continue striking, that it may be kept hot.

ERIC.—We have seen it stated, that, in a mile of the new Atlantic Cable, there are seventy-one miles of material, excluding the loose Manilla hemp which laps the Gutta Percha.

JESSIE.—We regret to say, that we are unable to comply with your request.

ALARM.—We think we may assure you that all danger is now over. It was a mad and wicked attempt against a people who can in no sense be held responsible for the wrongs Ireland is supposed to have suffered at the hands of the British government.

MISCELLANEA.

LADIES are like violets: the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

GENERAL FLEURY has established a school for coachmen in Paris. No one is in future to be

allowed to drive a vehicle in Paris without having obtained a diploma of his skill as a driver.

THE BACHELORS.—In a late work on suicide, it is said that marriage is, to a certain extent, a prevention of suicide. It has been satisfactorily established that, among men, two-thirds of those who destroy themselves are bachelors.

THE BEST THINGS.—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men charity.

THE MOON AND THE YEAR.—Astronomers have discovered that the moon is drawing gradually nearer to the earth, by about an inch every year. They have also discovered that the day is about the one-hundredth of a second longer now than it was 2000 years ago.

It is well known that the fruitfulness of fish is enormous. As many as a quarter of a million of eggs have been found in a carp, seven millions in a sturgeon, nine millions in a codfish. Of course, what is an egg to-day is not necessarily a fish to-morrow, or the ocean would not be able to hold the herrings.

A NEWLY-INVENTED harpoon contains a pound of powder with a ten-second fuse, and is instant death to a whale, and sure to hold him afterward. It is to be used in the sulphur-bottom whales, which are very large and plentiful in the Iceland and Spitzbergen seas, and have hitherto been neglected because they sink as soon as killed.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

WATER POWER.—It has been estimated that a ton and a half of water falling one foot per minute, will grind and dress a bushel of wheat per hour.

HYDROGEN GAS.—If Hydrogen gas be breathed for a few moments it has the curious effect of changing the voice. The effect very soon disappears.

THE FLEA'S EYE.—Puget succeeded in adjusting the eye of a flea so that by the use of the microscope he was enabled to see objects through it. It multiplied and diminished every object. Thus a soldier appeared like an army of pigmies.

VARNISH FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—M. Bussi first brushes the prints over with a solution of gum arabic, and when this is dry, applies a coating of collodion. The following are the proportions recommended:—1. Clear transparent gum arabic, 25 grammes; distilled water, 100 cub. cts. Dissolve and strain. 2. Gun cotton, 3 grammes; alcohol, 60 grammes; ethyl, 50 grammes. By this double varnish the inventor insures the preservation of the proofs.

THE MACKAY GUN.—This gun promises to be a more formidable piece of ordnance than was at first supposed. Several trials have lately been made with it at Crosby, near Liverpool, and the results have been highly satisfactory. The experiments were conducted with a view to ascertain both range and accuracy. Though the wind was high and the practice difficult, the target, which was 1,600 yards distant (the gun being a 12 pounder), was hit twice out of ten shots. The average deviation was not more than two or three yards. The *ricochet* is one of the best features in the gun, and is particularly straight.

SIMPLE PROCESS FOR SILVERING.—An employé of the Bavarian Mint has published an improved process for silvering copper, brass, and other alloys, by means of a solution of silver in cyanide of potassium; the difference from the usual method consists in the use of zinc-filings, with which the objects are coated; when the silvering solution is applied, an immediate deposition of a much more durable character taking place. The filings are easily removed by rinsing in water, and may be used repeatedly for the same purpose. Metallic iron may be coated with copper in the same manner, by substituting for the silver a solution of copper in cyanide; and over this copper deposit a coating of silver may be applied.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

IF you are too fat, and would like to fall off, mount a vicious horse.

A SHEAF from the shock of an earthquake must be a rare curiosity.

"HUSBAND, I can't express my detestation of your conduct."—"Well dear, I'm very glad you can't."

FASHIONABLE young lady detaching her hair before retiring:—"What dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil."

WHY is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act likely to be beneficial to the Fenians?—"Because it will quicken their apprehension."

"PA," said a little fellow, "I know why that old-fashioned pistol of yours is called a horse pistol."—"Why, my son?"—"Because it kicks so."

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word is "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "its a ram."

A GENTLEMAN advertises for a horse, "for a lady of dark colour, a good trotter, and of stylish action!" The horse "must be young, and have a long tail about fifteen hands high!"

UNPOPULAR.—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, a short man on parade, and a lady in a huge bonnet sitting before you at a public lecture, are declared to be four of the most unpopular personages of the day.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

DIFFICULTY AND DANGER.—"Tom," said a man to his friend, a day or two since, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days."—"Tim," said the other, "I find it far more difficult than dangerous."

"You young rascal," said an old gentleman to a rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you, where would you have been now?" and the boy answered, "Up behind' a takin' of his number!"

"Oh dear!" blubbered out an urchin, who had been suffering from the application of the birch. "Oh, my! they tell me that forty rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'em get sech a plaguy lickin' as I've had, and they'll find that one rod makes an acher."

"I don't say, your honour, that the gentleman was drunk," replied a witness in one of the police courts; "No, not by no means; but this I will say—he was washing his face in a mud puddle and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man, would do this, in course I can't say." The magistrate thought he would'nt. The consequence was the "gentleman" had to pay the usual fine.

THE SPREADING OF A REPORT.—The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected his old friends the Bayleys to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bailies in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken in execution, and that it was killing his poor, dear wife. And so it went on increasing, until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE.

OUR life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.