

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 82.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 30, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE

Of the exploits of the

NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS

Who infested

QUEBEC

In 1834 and 1835.

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

### CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

On Easter eve, the two associates carried their silver to the quarries at Caprouge, where they broke into a house used by the workmen, who were then absent. They found the key of the blacksmith's forge, and having kindled the fire, they placed their silver once more in the crucibles they had procured, and again submitted them to the action of the flames, beating and flattening the pieces at times with the heavy mallets they found in the place, in order to quicken the process as much as possible.

Thus they passed Easter Sunday, undisturbed by a single accident, the fire being so ardent as to cause one of the crucibles to crack. As the image of the child, held in the arms of the virgin, was found to resist alike flame and physical force, Cambray, who held it in his hand, turned to Waterworth, and said:

"Just look at this unlucky imp. He will give us as much trouble as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego."

Nevertheless, towards evening, they had reduced all into ingots, which Cambray carried home with him, and which remained in his possession.

The prisoner here cross-questioned the witness as follows:

Prisoner—"Do you believe that you have a soul?"

Witness—"Yes, I believe that I have a soul to save."

Prisoner—"Have you never borne false witness?"

Witness—"No, never."

Prisoner—"What! Did you not swear falsely when you said that Cambray was not present at the murder of Sivrac?"

The Court exempted the witness from answering this question.

Several witnesses were then heard to corroborate the evidence given by the accomplice, as follows:

Mrs. Anderson, to prove the interview held by the accused at her house; Cecilia Connor, George Hall, and Eliza Lapointe, to confirm the transactions which had taken place at Broughton; and René Labbé, blacksmith, to give evidence in connection with the use of his forge on Easter Sunday.

The accused then read the following appeal to the jury, from a paper which he held in his hand.

"Gentlemen of the Jury.—It is with sincere sorrow that I behold myself forced to address you on an occasion like the present, one which will deprive me of my life, if you consider me guilty of the crime whereof I stand accused. My situation is the more pitiable, as I occupy the position of another, whose substitute I am.

"Waterworth, the king's evidence in this case, the only witness who implicates me in the robbery of the Congregational Chapel, has placed me in the position of one of his own relations, Norris, the husband of his sister. To save

him, he destroys me; to screen a relative, he delivers an innocent man over to the sword of justice. I pray of you to reflect upon this, and also upon the character of him who deposes against me. It is the man, who, only a year ago, perjured himself before this very Court, when he said the Cambray was not the author of Sivrac's murder, committed at Lotbinière, and in which he himself was complicated. He swore in the face of God and man, that he had seen him purchase the same silver spoons he, the witness, had assisted him to steal. Had I the means, I could prove this assertion on the oath of no less than eight persons; but, enclosed within the prison for eighteen months, without money, and without protection, what was it possible for me to effect? The subpoenas which I had procured a few days before this term, were taken from me by my fellow prisoners.

"The man who denounces me is he who avowed himself an accomplice in the robbery committed at Mrs. Montgomery's—a being without shame—one who entered even a church, and seized upon the sacred property, to the insult of divinity, and he it was who conducted the various robberies in the Lower Town, and broke open and pillaged the counting-houses. Yes, it is upon this man's conscience, unsupported by other evidence, that I am now accounted his accomplice, whereas it is upon Norris, whom it is his interest to conceal, that the odium ought to attach itself. Such is the man whose testimony you have to consider.

"Remember, that, even in this Court, there have been instances in which the innocent have suffered for the guilty. In the case of a robbery committed against a Mr. Masse, of Point Lévi, the Crown witness accused four persons entirely free from blame, when suddenly another appeared, whose evidence led to the conviction of the real offenders. The man who thus perjured himself was Ross, who was afterwards executed, and whose case created so deep a sensation in this city. Remember, too, there are in Quebec a great number of thieves who have the wit to place their deeds of darkness to the account of old delinquents; men who, having already appeared at the criminal bar, are more likely to be thought guilty. I admit that it is my misfortune to bear an infamous character, and to my disgrace I have already appeared before this tribunal; but if I have been guilty, I have suffered severely for my crime.

"If my reputation is bad, the more open is it to suspicion. Pay, then, no attention to the career of my past life—deign only to consider the state of my present position.

"On the evening of the 10th April, on which the crime was committed, I passed the whole night at Mrs. Anderson's, as also a girl who could give her evidence to this effect, but that she is now in the State of Maine. Another girl called Doren could, if alive, have confessed this; but Waterworth, quarrelling with her, beat her so violently, that on the following day she was found dead on St. Louis street. I can, however, produce a woman named Catherine Rocque, who slept at Mrs. Anderson's on the same night.

"Having now submitted my defence, I desire not that you sacrifice conscience for my sake. All I ask is that you will render me justice. May God assist you in your verdict."

The prisoner had but one witness, the girl, Catherine Rocque, whom we have already mentioned, and who happened at that time to be in prison. She was, however, brought before the prisoner with the following result:

Prisoner—"I ask you, Miss Rocque, do you know me?"

Witness—"Yes."

Prisoner—"Were you not at Mrs. Anderson's on the 9th April, two years ago?"

Witness—"Yes."

Prisoner—"Did not I sleep there that night?"

Witness—"Yes; I believe you did. That was two years ago, was it not?"

Prisoner—"Did not I remain there the whole night? Was not I tipsy?"

Witness—"I do not know whether you remained all night, for I was a little mellow myself. I went to bed at six in the morning, and did not get up till the following day."

Prisoner—"Enough; I have nothing further to ask."

In the course of the trial, Mr. O. Stewart, counsel for Cambray, took exception to one of the heads of the accusation, namely: that of sacrilege—raising the question whether the Congregational Chapel ought to rank with churches, the robbery of which the law designates sacrilege, and the Court took this question *en délibéré*.

The Honorable Judge Bowen then addressed the jury. He recapitulated the evidence furnished by the trial, he dwelt at some length on the various points necessary to be taken into consideration before rendering a verdict, the principal one being doubtless the caution with which they ought to receive the testimony of the Crown witness, observing that it ought to be accepted or rejected only so far as it agreed with the statements of other witnesses. "The jurors," he added, "had before them a question of a very delicate nature—one that touched directly on the conscience of each individual, the dictates of which would doubtless tell them whether he had spoken the truth, or whether he had disguised it.

The jury then retired, and shortly after returned their verdict, namely: "That Pierre Gagnon was guilty of sacrilege, or grand larceny, to the value of £20."

Such was the decision of the Court on the objection taken by Mr. Stewart.

## CHAPTER VII.

Suspicious—Conspiracy against Waterworth—Another Expedition to the Island of Orleans.

Waterworth here resumes the thread of his narrative:

The sacrilegious robbery of the Congregational Chapel gave us so much trouble, and was the cause of so much research on the part of the police, who all but discovered our tracks, that for some time afterwards we were obliged to remain inactive. We began at that time to feel a little distrustful of our security, and it was the following incident that gave birth to our suspicions:

One hundred pounds having been offered by the Governor for the discovery of the guilty, a sum sufficiently great to tempt the cupidity of most people, a woman being at Mrs. Anderson's on the evening of the robbery, and having observed us leaving the place, imagined that possibly we might be connected with the affair. Accordingly she found Carrier, the constable, and proposed to communicate her suspicions to him, on the condition that if they led to the conviction of the offenders, she was to obtain half the sum advertised.

Carrier, on his part, mentioned the circumstance to certain friends of ours, from whom it came to our ears, and it was upon me that the accusers had fastened as their victim. For this reason were my journeys to Broughton undertaken. As for Cambray, his name as yet remained untouched.

Great was the discomfiture of these greedy beings, when they found that their efforts had terminated in naught; but Carrier may thank

heaven that he had nothing in his cariole at the time we met him; for had it been otherwise, we would most certainly have saved him his journey home. Our determination to murder him was fixed, and every step towards its accomplishment had been taken with great precaution.

I believe, however, that on these occasions we permitted a spirit of indulgence, of humanity, to triumph over common sense; for to this systematic lenity I cannot but attribute much that led to our discovery. True, it was not immediate in its effects; nevertheless it brought on further and better founded accusations. In fact, I am of opinion that it was the movements of the carrier that furnished Cecelia Connor with the suspicions that we had the church silver in our possession, suspicions which gradually strengthened, until, in the summer of 1845, they were laid before the Court as facts, on which were based our arrest; for it must not be forgotten that this woman was entirely ignorant of the contents of the larger barrel, nor could she have overheard any conversation concerning it. Her discovery, therefore, must have sprung entirely from her imagination; but this is only conjecture, for the incident has ever been a mystery to us, something we have never been able to comprehend.

"Stop a moment! Possibly you may not have heard that she followed you into the wood—that she saw the image of the Virgin in the hands of Cambray—that from Knox she took a small silver sceptre, that —"

"Is it possible, is it possible?" she watched us, spied out our retreat, discovered us in the act. Ah! had we only known, how easy it would have been to have prevented all this trouble. I could never have imagined that imbecile old creature, such as she is, could have dared to watch us after that manner. Had I thought it possible, I would have strangled her without any remorse whatsoever. Personal safety is the first law of nature. Did she then follow us? Alone? into the woods? Ah, that I could meet her once more."

In giving way to this burst of passion, the witness betrayed the secret working of his heart; he showed himself in the fulness of his wickedness, the strength of his ferocious nature completely overpowered every other consideration, and usurped at once the mild sentiments of contrition and regret to which he had hitherto expressed himself resigned. He rose in his seat, his fists clenched, and his lips quivering with emotion—he was indeed the picture of a blood-thirsty villain. Shortly after he seemed gradually to suppress all external symptoms of agitation; he remained quite silent for a considerable space of time, and finally relapsed into that marble-like coldness which had hitherto characterised his address. "As continued:

After the chapel silver had been reduced to ingots, and deposited in a place of safety, I went home to Broughton, from which I returned about the middle of May.

On my arrival, we set about a new expedition. This was our first work of the kind since the sacrilege; it took place on the Island of Orleans. There were four of us concerned in the affair—Cambray, Mathieu, Knox, and myself; but Knox knew nothing of our conspiracy, he had only come to take charge of the boat.

We proceeded to the parish of St. Laurent, where we broke open the house of an old bachelor. We found him alone, and seized him by the throat, in bed. He tried to resist, so that we were obliged to treat him to a few strokes of a stick. Our expedition ended in nothing, for we found no money; nor can I believe he possessed any, after the proofs to which he submitted. For want of something better, we carried off his stock of provisions, and some of his best wearing apparel. I admit it was a piece of cruelty to trouble a poor old man for so little profit.

The following was much more satisfactory, and gave us much less trouble. It was the robbery committed at Mrs. Montgomery's, the interesting details of which are given in the trial of Cambray and Mathieu.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 33.

Suddenly there was heard a loud, dismal sound, which lingered and vibrated shudderingly in the stagnant air.

"What sound was that Paul?" asked Maria, rising and clinging to him.

"What?"

"That—that!" cried she, as it was heard again. "Tell me what it is?"

"That," answered Paul. "'Tis but the passing-bell. Why should it startle you?"

"I do not know. I suppose 'tis hearing it in the night, and in this strange place. Shall we not go down now into the house?"

"Ay, presently. But hearken, Maria, does the tolling seem to tell of nothing but death?"

"No. And it is hideous—it will crack my ears!"

"And yet, sweet mistress, I seem to hear in it a jubilant bridal peal."

"Dear Paul, what mean you?"

"It seems to tell me that Maria will accept her husband—her one faithful love—in this house, in this hour."

"Has not her heart done so long since, my Paul?"

"Nay, but to be his—entirely his—till death do them part."

"Oh, my love, your words would make me happy, but that your voice terrifies me. I fear you hide some great sorrow. Confide it to me, Paul, but take me away from here—away from the sound of that fearful bell."

"Why should I have such terrors for you, Maria? You have no friend who lays a-dying this night!"

"No, no," cried Maria, as a pale face and dark, pathetic eyes rose before her, and made her clutch Paul's arm. The bell became more unendurable, she trembled each time it tolled, as if an electric shock had gone through her frame.

"It has a solemn sound, assuredly," said Paul, "for a betrothal night. What fancy you it is saying, Maria, to such as may have injured the man whose soul is passing away? Hark! does it threaten them, or does it summon them to the death-bed to seek the pardon of the dying for who knows what fearful injuries, what treachery, what crimes?"

The moon looked on them with a face so red and glaring; the night was so silent, but for the tolling of the bell; Paul's voice was so hoarse and strange, that Maria, full of awe, sank trembling on the wall.

"Come," said Paul, raising her, "let us go down into the house. Why should you be disturbed by such a sound? Let us go in and shut it out, and leave it to shake such hearts as may be guilty of embittering the last moments of the dying—guilty, perhaps, of cruelly hastening his death. Nay, why turn back, Maria?"

Maria had broken from him as he lifted the door opening on a little flight of steps, leading down into the sick man's room.

It was no sound from there had startled her, but the passing bell that had so strange a fascination over her; she stood with her palms pressed against her brows, as if rooted to the spot.

Paul tried to take her hand, but she turned upon him, wildly.

"Paul! Paul! mock me no more. What means that bell? 'Tis me it threatens—me it calls. It cracks my ears, my heart—'twill drive me mad. Tell me who lays a-dying. Why have you brought me here?"

"To see your work, mistress," answered Paul, seizing her hand, and half lifting her down the steps.

Her hand grew icily cold in Paul's as they reached the floor of the room, and came in sight of the bed and its occupant, and within hearing of a man's voice, faint and hoarse, singing some doggerel Jacobite verses—

"'Twas in no distant reign, my dear,

And in no distant land-a,

All of one mind, some boys combined

To take a thing in hand-a.

"A certain day, a certain hour—  
But, oh, 'tis neatly planned-a;  
And stand or fall, we'll once for all  
Just take the thing in hand-a."

"Gervase Noel," said Paul, leading Maria's tottering steps to the bedside, "I have kept my promise."

The dark eyes looked at them both vacantly. Maria threw herself, with a shriek, at Paul's feet.

"'Tis here you should kneel, Mistress Noel," said Paul, moving and taking the dying man's hand. "See, friend, I have brought you wife to you—she is on her knees, waiting your forgiveness."

Noel grasped his hand, and, making a movement as if he were turning over papers, said—

"Look, we turned these out last night, and they listening and watching the house the whole time. You know at whose door to lay this—'A Treat for a Traitor'; and this—'A Word for a Waverer.' And these, with the Flower-de-Luce on them, I'll drop about myself in the right quarters. You know what the Flower-de-Luce stands for? Here, let me whisper—*French aid*, my boy. We bring it out in this way."

And he began to sing—

"Oh, why are we waiting, waiting, waiting?

Hark! the guest is at the door.

The oven is hot, and the cakes a-burning—

What are we waiting, waiting for?

"Oh, why are we waiting, waiting, waiting—

Why do we waiting, waiting, stand?

Oh, is he the guest of our inviting—

Has he the Flower-de-Luce in his hand?

"For heaven's sake," said the weaver, coming to the door, "keep him quiet. I tell you the house is watched—they'll be upon us directly. Remember Elizabeth Gaunt.

Maria dragged herself on her knees to the low bed murmuring—

"Hush, Noel—hush!"

"Or this," said Noel, "which is a song that seems to mean nothing.

"Oh, the cypress for death, and the rose for love;

But tell me unto what use

Shall we put that flower all flowers above—

The beautiful Flower-de-Luce?"

"Oh, hush—hush!" sobbed Maria, drawing his head to her, and silencing the blue lips by laying her finger on them.

"What was that?" he cried, trying to start up. "Ha! we are surprised. To work, boys! here, throw this type among the coals! Quick, I hear them on the stairs! Now, now!"

He sank back on the pillow, pale and exhausted.

"My friend," said he, presently, in an altered tone, "a little water."

Paul bent over him with the cup. He opened his eyes, and seeing Paul's face, flushed and gasped.

"You back." Then bursting into tears, cried, in a voice of anguish—

"Ah! then she will not come."

Paul gently lifted the head, so that the eyes could see Maria's bowed form.

A look of divine joy softened the glassy eyes for an instant, and making an effort to reach his wife, and whispering "God bless her!" Gervase Noel fell back in Paul Arkdale's arms dead.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—HOW LONDON REVENGES ITSELF FOR ITS FRIGHT.

The insurrection and the assassination plot having both failed, there remained only for Government to try all the criminals who were thought worthy of prosecution; for the judges and juries to condemn and sentence; for the scaffold at Tyburn to be got ready; and for the cruel mob of London to wait gloatingly for their promised sport.

Who are the victims to-day?

There are fourteen of them, all Jacobites, and among them are the gouty knight learned in the law, Sir William Larkyns, also the rich brewer, and also the Jesuit.

Nothing can be more noble than the conduct of the latter. He is in the centre, and the executioner's assistants have given him extra room, and have left his hands at liberty, in order that

ho may, if he likes, cross in hand, administer pious consolation to his brother rebels.

He holds a book in his hand, and from time to time reads a prayer, his voice rising solemnly above all the roar of the bigotry and the rascaldom around; then he speaks, now to this man, now to that, especially directing himself to those who seem most cast down; and then again he breaks out with a psalm of rejoicing, and the whole of the unhappy Jacobites join in.

On reaching Tyburn a new and wonderful spectacle presented itself—one that for the moment shook the equanimity of the conspirators, though the feeling soon passed away, and then they seemed to acknowledge the incident as only a new mark of distinction.

An immense semicircle of scaffolding and timber had been erected in front of the gallows, and there all the wealthier spectators of the show were congregated, row above row.

"It reminds one," said the gouty knight to the Jesuit, "of a Roman holiday; only they did give the poor wretches, the gladstors, a chance against the wild beasts. Old as I am, I would fight for life, if they would give me a sword and a combatant, and say I should go to death or freedom!"

"My son, my son," said the Jesuit, "give not your mind to vain thoughts;" and he made the knight repeat a brief prayer after him.

Just as the work of death was about to begin, and the Jacobites were passed up one by one, to the last earthly resting-place of their feet, an extraordinary incident occurred. It was just noon. The hour for the execution had been fixed at twelve. Almost at the very instant the clock began to give warning, a darkness came on, and so thickly, that the executioner paused on the scaffold to turn to look upon the sky; the human ocean, the mob, became suddenly still with superstitious fear, and the Jacobites themselves stood wondering, and trembled with the irresistible and sudden hope of escape—somehow.

A wild and foolish thought. And they knew it was so almost before they had time to recognise the thought itself; and there were few among them who did not then feel the bitterness of death in all its intensity, through that wild rush of the soul to the thought of relief.

"Rescue!" was now the cry of some friendly Jacobite.

"Did you hear that cry?" asked the Jesuit of the knight.

"Yes. Do you know whose cry it was?"

"I think I do—Lord Langton's."

"Is it possible?"

"Listen. This may be serious!"

The first cry of "Rescue" had been a failure. The solitary voice was noticed, but no one took up the cry.

Just then a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a terrific and almost endless peal of thunder, caused the mob to become perfectly ungovernable.

"Rescue! Rescue! Stop the hanging! 'Tis the voice of God, as the Jesuit says. Shall we not listen to Him!" repeated the voice.

"Rescue! Rescue!" now shouted out scores of voices.

"Yes, it was Lord Langton," said the knight to the Jesuit.

"I see troops in the distance; that game is up. So I shall go on the other tack."

Thus whispered a gallant young fellow, whose handsome features pleased the mob, and caused many of the women to cry out—

"Blessings on thy handsome face. Can't they spare thee?"

Had the Jesuit, just for a moment, lost his fortitude too, and thought he saw a chance to escape through exciting the passions of the mob?

Who shall say?

His young friend evidently thought this was what the Jesuit had intended, and he saw its hopelessness when he saw the military reinforcements advancing. But he and the Jesuit had no further communication. Just as he was about to address the people, and show them the uselessness of a riot, a regiment of horse marched right upon the enormous crowd of people, just as

though they saw nothing of the living wall before them, and meant to go right through it.

In an instant there was a wild cry of alarm, and an attempt to rush away. But the attempt was hopeless, except for those who, being on the outside, might pass from the great body by running away on either side of the advancing military.

Already many men and women were lying on the ground, and being trodden upon by the undulating, frightened mob, when the sheriff raised his hand, and checked the march of the soldiery in time to prevent one of the most awful episodes of an execution tragedy.

The horsemen drew rein. The people gradually calmed down. Artillery came up and pointed their cannon. And then—

Why, then the Jacobites resigned themselves calmly to their fate, and the mob had the heartfelt satisfaction, before they left the place, of knowing they had had their holiday.

"Do you want to share their fate?" asked one man of another, whose back was turned to the querist, as the mighty crowd began, late in the afternoon, to disperse.

"No, my friend," was the reply, over the shoulder.

The two faces then met, and exchanged glances.

"Paul!"

"Daniel Sterne! For mercy's sake, let me tell the mercer and Mistress Christina that you are gone!"

"You may. All was prepared for a rescue, had there really been a chance. The chance having failed, all is prepared for my flight to Rome."

"And then?" queried Paul.

"Then! Ah, who shall say? Farewell, Paul."

"Farewell."

And the two separated, and were soon lost in the diverging streams of life into which they passed.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—SHOWS HOW THE INNOCENT AND THE GUILTY ARE MIXED UP TOGETHER IN TIMES OF REVOLUTION.

There is one London household where the ferocious thirst for the blood of Jacobites finds no sympathetic chord. On the contrary, the mercer, as he sits at breakfast on the day after the execution, reading the newspaper accounts of the horrid tragedy, shows by his face, his features, and his whole demeanor how deeply the story moves him.

Christina enters the room, and comes with her usual kiss and smile; but forgets to give the kiss, while the smile dies out, as she sees the tearful and agitated face of Sir Richard.

"No fresh calamity, papa?—no fresh calamity, dear papa?"

"I suppose, Teena, we must call it the winding-up of the old calamity, and, therefore, in that sense, not new; but, whatever it may be called, fourteen gallant gentlemen have gone to their last account for this terrible business."

"And my brother, my dear brother, where—oh, where is he? Oh, papa, do you think that he is really safe?"

"Yes, I think so—I hope so. But there is an ominous-looking paragraph in connection with the execution, which I will read you. Open the window, darling, for a few minutes, to let in the pleasant air and the sun. It is quite warm and spring-like. Ah, Teena, what a sad world this is, and what a bright one it may be!"

Teena opened the window, and the smell of violets came into the room. Then, putting on a light cloak for protection, and drawing the hood over her head, she went back to the breakfast table to listen, looking a very picture of anxious suspense, even while she seemed to be enjoying this first promise of the spring's dawn.

A curious and, if true, most characteristic episode of the proceedings yesterday is narrated. It is said that the arch-traitor and rebel, Lord Langton, was actually present during the proceedings, and that it was his voice that first raised the cry of rescue. Probably, however, this was only the fancy of some heated partisan. For whatever claim his lordship might have had

upon the clemency of the authorities, on account of his manly exposure of the murder plot, is far more than counterbalanced by the wicked and insane attempt soon after to carry the country into civil war. We have had a gentleman in our office—whose name, of course, we are not at liberty to mention—but he assures us, from individual knowledge, that nothing can exceed the personal irritation of His Majesty the king, and that he has said again and again these words—

"Let him look well to his own safety; for, if caught, no power on earth shall save him from the axe and the block!"

Indeed, it begins to be pretty generally believed that Lord Langton, though young in years, is old in craft; and that he has, for his own purpose, allowed the murder plot to go on when he might have arrested it. His object being, first, to have a strong personal claim on His Majesty King George, in case of failure and arrest; and secondly, in order to let the alarm of the murder banish from the minds of the authorities all thought of the danger overhanging them of an insurrection through him. And this is the theory accepted, not only by the courtiers, but by the most intelligent and candid observers.

"There, Teena! There is the gratitude of a prince, or of a prince's partisans!" exclaimed the mercer, with great indignation. "He has saved the king's life—risked his own life in doing it—and now the king—or, rather, I hope, the king's ministers, are clamorous for his blood! Well, well, Teena, we must try to forget these things, or they will drive us mad! I tremble to think how easily I might have been one of that unfortunate group of gentlemen yesterday!"

"No, papa, that is impossible, because you have never given the slightest aid or countenance to the scheme."

"No, thank goodness! A thousand times let me be thankful for that! But let me whisper to you, Teena. You know not how easily I might have been induced to join them, if I had not resolutely steeled my heart against the legitimate king by—"

He stops abruptly. Christina looks at him, and is appalled, and then her eyes turn to look in the same direction as the mercer's is looking, and she sees what he sees.

"Oh, papa, papa! Not for you! It cannot be for you!"

A man in military uniform stands there, with his left hand on the sill, his right levelling a cocked pistol at Sir Richard, while beyond him, on the lawn, are ranged a file of soldiers, with an officer at their head.

The leader now steps into the room through the window, and in a loud unfeeling voice says—

"Sir Richard Constable, and you, Mistress Christina Constable, I arrest you both in the king's name for high treason. There is my warrant."

"Sir, you jest!" began Sir Richard. "I can understand that a man innocent and loyal as I am may fall under momentary suspicion, but I never before knew of gentlemen of your quality going about to take possession of babes and sucklings! Look at her, sir. A mere child. Pray do not make even loyalty itself seem ridiculous by warring with a simple creature like this."

"I have looked at her, Sir Richard, and I have not the slightest possible objection to your proving her innocence. But if you ask me to judge of her innocence and her position by her age, I can only reply, You are both going where you will have before you the scene of the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her youthful husband, who could scarcely have been older than this young lady."

Then, seeing the deadly pallor that overspread both the prisoners' faces, he began to half apologise for his brutality by an excuse about the dangers and wickedness of the time, when assassination itself could find its instruments in high places.

"On the word of a man who has never, I dare to say it, been convicted of a lie, or of a broken oath, I assure you, in the deepest sincerity and solemnity of my heart, that I and my daughter

are clearly, unmistakably, absolutely innocent of all this shocking business."

"Pity, then, Sir Richard, that you should talk in your supposed privacy of a legitimate king who clearly was not King George."

"No, sir; pardon me. A fact is a fact. I was a Jacobite, many, many years ago, and the words you overheard were merely the accidental ones relating to a phrase then common among us, and which is still true, in my sense of the words, which was not that of sovereign right, but merely of descent in blood."

"Ingenious, Sir Richard, no doubt; but, as you put these things to me, I may ask why a gentleman who can make such exceedingly nice distinctions in words should have been found in act harbouring the chief rebel?"

"Not since he became a rebel," stontly exclaimed Sir Richard. "I can explain everything satisfactorily, both as regards myself and my daughter here. Meantime, let me tell you there is one person who I am sure will be satisfied of our innocence—the Lady Hermia."

"Indeed!" said the officer, with quite a new look in his face of interest and respect. "You could have no more influential friend, if she be a friend of yours."

"I have said all this," continued Sir Richard, "not because I am weak enough or wicked enough to try to influence you wrongly, but merely that I may appeal to you to soften the blow to my dear girl, who—"

"Oh, papa, papa! Think not of me! I can bear, I am sure I can, if you will."

"I will, my child."

"Dear, dear papa," she whispered, nestling to his breast, "will they let us go together? Oh, if they will only do that, I could bear even the awful prison!"

Sir Richard put the question to the officer, who shook his head as in doubt, but added that the matter would rest with the governor of the Tower.

"The Tower? Do we go there?" asked the mercer in dismay.

"Yes."

"Come, then, sir, give me and my daughter a few minutes to prepare necessities. Take my word, I will not attempt to escape."

"You will neither of you be permitted out of my sight till I resign you to the governor of the Tower," was the reply. "But you can take an hour or more if you wish. You can send for any servants you require; you can give them your orders; and, if it is possible that a servant for each of you may be permitted to lodge in the Tower, I dare say you may be so far indulged."

Heavy marching steps were now heard in the corridor outside. The door opened, and soldiers, unseen before, and their presence unknown, came into the room, one of them carrying a large tray, filled with loose papers, letters, and bulkier documents. Another soldier carried a stick, which he amused himself by looking at in a significant and inquisitive way.

"This is all that we can find of any importance," said one of the men.

The mercer understood then that his house had been ransacked from top to bottom—no warning given—his most secret cabinets and most cherished treasures no doubt rifled.

This incident seemed to raise the mercer's courage.

"I am glad of this, gentlemen—glad that you know I have been surprised, and had no time nor opportunity for concealment. I now, before you all, challenge the proof of my guilt or innocence by your present discoveries. If you find aught in my house compromising me, then I acknowledge boldly I am guilty, and will henceforward ask no man's sympathy or help."

The men set to work to seal up into two or three parcels all the papers, and when the officer had inspected his seal on the fastenings, he invited the mercer to do the same with his signet, so that he might be sure the contents would not be tampered with before reaching the Government.

"No, fear of that in your hands," said Sir Richard, with a sort of attempt at a chivalrous courtesy that he scarcely felt, for he noted that

some mysterious conversation was going on in a low undertone between the officer and the assistant who carried the stick.

This man turned the stick about in all sorts of directions, tapped it in different parts with the hilt of his sword, gave a knowing look to his chief, and finally said—

"That stick's a rare curiosity, sir, I should say, and worthy particular examination."

"Whose stick is it?" demanded the mercer. "I never saw it before to my knowledge. Certainly it is not mine."

The officer took the stick in both hands, and broke it across his knee, and lo! the metal rod within also broke, and in breaking broke the paper that was wrapped round the rod! The secret place of deposit was then discovered, and the letter of the French king to Lord Langton drawn forth.

All the faces now looked very grave. It was a matter of common report that Lord Langton carried in his pocket or in his brain the power to bring over a French army; and though this letter was merely personal and complimentary, not political, still it was a serious thing to find such a document in the house of a man suspected for other reasons, of Jacobite plots.

But the man who had made the discovery was not long in making another. The extreme ingenuity used in concealing the French king's letter made him wonder whether still greater ingenuity might not have been used for the concealment of a document infinitely more compromising.

Taking the broken pieces in hand for a more minute examination, he soon dismissed as unprofitable the upper end of the stick, and bent his attention to the lower.

Pulling at the fragment of the metal rod, it was not long before careful measurement revealed to him the possibility of some very minute chamber being formed in the very tip of the stick, below the base of the metal rod.

He looked at the tip, rubbed it with his handkerchief, scraped it with his knife, and suddenly his face lighted up.

"There's the door! I have found it!"

He showed then to the deeply-interested officer a faint circle in the centre of the tip, which implied that there was a moveable piece fitted tightly in.

But how to get at the secret of the key to that tiny door no one could tell.

At last the officer ordered a hammer to be brought, and a smart, elastic kind of blow to be struck on it, that should shatter the fabric without too far defacing the materials.

The nut was broken open, and the kernel was indeed for the mercer a bitter one.

There lay the original commission, given to Lord Langton by the Pretender, to consult with the Jacobites in order to prepare the civil war.

"I am not Lord Langton!" was all the mercer could say when this was shown to him. "I am innocent! I am innocent!"

"Where was this stick found?" demanded the officer.

"Most ingeniously hidden away behind the skirting of a private closet, where, the servants say, Sir Richard kept his money, chest and all his private and valuable things."

"Oh, heaven help us, for heaven only can!" passionately cried Christina, her indignation struggling with her fears—her rising colour conflicting with her flow of tears.

"Your own carriage will take you," said the officer. "They are getting it ready."

"Will you permit me to write a couple of short notes while we wait?" asked the knight.

"To whom?"

"To Lady Hermia for one."

"Certainly," was the immediate rejoinder.

"And the other to my servant, who unfortunately is in London, whither I have sent him."

"No objection to that either," said the officer. The mercer sat down, wrote his two notes, and when they were finished, handed them for perusal to the officer, who respectfully declined to read the note to Lady Hermia, but read the other carefully, which, strange to say, was addressed "To my serving man, Paul Arkdale!"

These were the notes:—

DEAR LADY HERMIA,—You will not, I hope, think me or poor Teena guilty of rebellion because we happen to be arrested as rebels; nor will you, I am sure, shut your heart to the cry of your favourite, for whose wits I am seriously apprehensive if they divide her from me in the Tower, whither we are now going.

That was the one letter. What was the meaning and origin of the other? Perhaps the reader may better judge after reading it:—

PAUL,—Your master is arrested, and is going to the Tower, for matters you, my poor, faithful boy, will scarcely ever understand. But don't be ashamed of your old master when men tell you he is a rebel. Keep a civil tongue in your head, and say it is not true, and that so it will prove.

The gentleman who is here thinks the governor may kindly allow you to wait upon me there; so bring with you a few changes of linen, another suit of clothes, my razors, and whatever else you think I am likely to want.

RICHARD CONSTABLE.

"Perhaps you will allow my groom to ride off with this letter?" said the knight. "It will certainly be a comfort to have my man near me, even if he may not stay in the cell."

"Oh, certainly! If it can be managed it shall. I will myself speak to the governor."

As they were getting into the carriage, Sir Richard made for the first time an opening to whisper to Christina—

"It is done. I have successfully warned Paul! They won't trap him! He's sharp, and will understand my letter."

The entrance to the tower was so well managed by the forethought of the officer, who proved kinder in act than in word, that no special sight of its terrible gateways and towers increased the alarm of Christina.

She held always the hand of the mercer, and with an affection so tender, so profound, that the unhappy man at times could not but ask himself—

"Was I not in a dream when I thought her a stranger to my blood? Is she not more to me rather than less, than any daughter?"

And then, as the tears coursed down his rugged face, she would wipe them away, and kiss him, and smile, and nestle in his breast as before, saying nothing, but expressing all.

But when she found she was to be divided from him, all her patience, all her strength, all her fortitude gave way, and one shriek after another rang through the terrible passages and gloomy dungeons of the Tower.

"She will go mad! She will go mad!" pleaded the unhappy mercer. "Spare me, spare her, and spare your king and Government that calamity!"

The governor himself now came in, and addressed the knight with a respect that visibly affected him. To him, therefore, he urged his appeal, in glowing and eloquent language, and at last succeeded.

"It is a scarcely warrantable indulgence, Sir Richard," he said; "but for the maiden's sake I do grant it."

In a short time they were settled in their cells, and left alone,—alone to commune together, and to speculate, hour after hour, as to the meaning of all these things; and, above all, as to the terrible document discovered in the stick, and the hand that must have placed it there.

"Teena," said the mercer, passionately, "if there is one devil in a human shape more likely than another to have purposely concealed that stick in my closet, it is—"

"No—no!" faltered Christina, when she saw he hesitated to pronounce the name,

"Ah, well, I name no names, but we shall see!"

Towards dusk they were interrupted. The door was opened, a man was almost thrust in upon them, and the door instantly re-closed.

"Paul! Are you mad! Miserable boy, what brings you here?" cried the mercer, in low stifled tones.

"Your letter, master," said Paul, with an affectation of playing the servitor.

"You do not mean that you have had so little sense as—"

"As to misunderstand your letter? No, my dear master, I understood it only too well, and its noble motive. But did you think I would, by flight, make your position still worse? Mercy forbid! So here I am, innocent as yourself, and happily able to go in and out in your service, and Miss Christina's."

And then Paul and the mercer began to confer, in low tones, apart. To the mercer's surprise Paul had already been to consult with an eminent legal friend of the knight's who had told Paul that, without going then into the question of guilt or innocence, there was one extremely important point to discover as soon as possible.

That point was the question of witnesses. Two were indispensable to the legal proof of an overt act of guilt.

How many witnesses, he had asked, would be forthcoming against the mercer? If not more than two, could not one or both of them be persuaded to take a pleasant trip to the Continent for the good of their health?

Two things were at last decided, the first, that Paul should move heaven and earth to get for counsel an early sight of the depositions, so that Paul might discover what witnesses were to be feared; and the second thing was, that Paul must show some sign of reality about the menial office so suddenly imposed upon him, and the mercer therefore sat down to be shamed.

When the door was opened to bring in provisions, while an armed guide stood aside, the mercer and his man were accordingly seen engaged in this very domestic and unreasonably kind of business.

Nobody doubted from that hour that Paul Arkdale was the knight's body servant, and before many days had passed there was no more popular person about the place than Paul Arkdale, once the mercer's apprentice—now his servitor!

Of course, Paul had changed his dress of gentleman the instant after the receipt of the mercer's warning letter.

#### CHAPTER XXIX. ANOTHER PAIR OF CONSPIRATORS.

The Lady Hermia was just setting out for the Tower, in hurried obedience to the mercer's letter, when she saw a good looking young fellow, in the garb of a serving man, but with the air of a man belonging to quite another class, approach respectfully her carriage in the coach-yard, and beg to be permitted to speak with her.

The instant she knew from whom he came she descended from her coach, and went back into the house, bidding Paul to follow her.

"I am very, very glad you are here," she said, "for now I can explain myself and avoid an act injurious to all parties. It is most important for me, with reference to the interests of a gentleman well known to Mistress Christina—"

"Pardon me, your ladyship, asking the question. Is it best, or not best for me to tell you what I know?"

"You mean you have heard of—"

"I have the honour, madam, to enjoy the friendship of Lord Langton, though I am no Jacobite!"

"Is it so? Is it so?" And while Lady Hermia's eyes rested on the ingenious, animated face of Paul, the tears gathered in the lids, and were beginning to fall. "Say then," she continued, "that for his welfare, and for theirs, it is most desirable I should keep aloof just now, so that my intercession may not be damaged beforehand. The state of the king's mind is terrible; and my father's is as bad, or worse."

"I will explain all this, your ladyship, to them; and I am sure it will comfort them to see how wisely you purpose to act."

And then Paul ventured, with as much of tact as he could, to indicate to Lady Hermia the extreme importance of Sir Richard's getting instantly either a copy of the depositions, or some trustworthy notion of the witnesses who were prepared to swear to the more important acts that were to be proved against the prisoners.

"My good Paul, do not stay now; my father is here, and might question you. I have learned all you want to know. There are two, and only two, witnesses who can depose to acts that are believed by the jury, would be fatal. Here are

the names written down, and a brief memorandum of the essential facts they are prepared to swear to. Give my kind regards to Sir Richard, and to Mistress Christina the tenderest love and sympathy. Tell her to place full trust in me, so far as I have power. Unhappily, I find my power at present less than I thought it was. Quick, now, my kind, good Paul! I want you away."

With a charming smile she put out her hand, which Paul, with profound respect, kissed, and then he hurried off, she saying at the last moment—

"Remember that one witness will not be enough for the prosecution. They must have two, or fail!"

The very instant Paul got beyond the range of vision from the windows of the earl's house he drew forth the piece of paper, and read thus:

The serious part of the evidence is that Sir Richard was present at the masquerade, and, although that fact might by bare possibility be got over by Sir Richard's explanations and character, it would be suicidal to trust to such a conclusion in the face of a large amount of corroborative testimony against him, showing that Lord Langton lodged with him, and that the document discovered in the stick makes it so extremely probable that he knew and sanctioned the insurrection, if not even the murder.

Two witnesses only can be found to depose to the especially criminating overt act—the appearance at the masquerade on the very night of the initiation of the murder and of the insurrection. These two witnesses are the men whose names are written below.

CLARENCE HARVEY.

SCUM GOODMAN.

Paul's arms went up like those of a madman as he read the first name, and knew it meant Maria. And from that time how he moved along—whether walking or running—he knew not, so absorbed was he in the terrible anguish of this discovery.

#### CHAPTER C.—NEGOTIATIONS.

Paul did not after all go to the Tower with his news. He had fortunately already prepared the mercer for a sudden and unannounced departure; while, therefore, he was madly sweeping along through the streets by the river towards Tower Hill, the thought struck him that it would be well for him not to tell Sir Richard and Christina of what he was about to do, lest he should fail, and in failing compromise them, and perhaps by the attempt itself cause them to neglect effort in other directions.

"No," thought he, "if I now disappear for a few days, while this business is going on, she, at least, will urge him to exert whatever influence he had, and she will no doubt herself urge on Lady Hermia. So be it. I resolve at once; and now to begin."

And a curious beginning it was! Paul began to haunt the purlieus of Wapping, and to be seen in low ale-houses, now in this one, now in that, smoking, drinking, and making merry.

The ale-houses did not appear to answer his purpose, so he began to stroll about the quays and river banks of the "pool."

He was often hailed and asked if he wanted a berth, a question to which he gaily replied—

"Well, I'm thinking about it, if I can find a berth to my mind." And so saying he always went on board, and got into chat with the captain, or the captain's deputy, or the captain's wife, if he were not aboard.

It was noticeable that Paul did not seem to fancy large ships—did not loiter near them, but passed on. The sort of vessel that did strike his fancy he found at last. Strange choice! It was one of the most disreputable-looking of all the hundreds of other small craft near.

The captain happened to be lounging on the deck smoking, and Paul was charmed also with him, apparently because he too had a look only too much in harmony with his vessel. He seemed more like a smuggler, or what one might fancy would be the aspect of a wrecker, than of a fair-dealing, open, honest-hearted British tar.

Paul's eyes glanced at him as if he were a

newly-discovered species of man, and one of a particularly promising kind.

He crossed a plank and got on board the *Emma Jane*.

What say you, Captain, to a speculation, where the profits would be all settled beforehand, payment sure and prompt, and tolerably liberal?"

"For self and ship?" asked the captain.

"Yes, for self and ship!" re-echoed Paul.

"And how about cargo?"

"Say passengers," softly suggested Paul.

"Passengers, eh? That's the game. Rich folk, no doubt. Good reason, no doubt."

"Good pay, no doubt," said Paul, imitating with a laugh the captain's manner.

"Any risk in the job?"

"A little. We mustn't be caught."

"Shall you be with us?"

"Yes."

"Two hundred and fifty guineas, then, and I'm your man."

"And you'll carry off for that sum anybody I bring you?"

"Ay, and without axing him the question whether he likes to go, if you choose."

"That's the sort of spirit, my noble Captain. Not that this gentleman will be brought on board by any kind of compulsion. If he comes he will come of his own free will."

"At a price," suggested the sly captain.

"At a price," responded Paul; "and, as he's a determined gambler, you and he may pass your time very pleasantly."

"Ah!" ejaculated the captain, as though he at once coveted and feared the risking his newly-earned gold with a man who was probably a better card-player than himself.

"Well, that is what I want to say to you. When he does come on board, and says he is willing to go, then he mustn't be allowed to alter his mind—you know!"

"Exactly."

"Now then," said Paul, "let's break a sixpence, and the matter's settled; we shall have pledged faith to each other."

The coin was broken, and the bargain settled.

"I expect," said Paul, "to have a tough job of it in catching my man; but for every day's delay beyond a week I shall reckon ten pounds extra. Will that do?"

"Ay, ay; that's handsome and ship-shape! Push along!"

"You'll have to keep yourself and the charming *Emma Jane* ready at all hours of the day and night. I must rely on that. The loss of a few minutes might defeat the whole scheme."

"Put it down as part of the bargain, and then you know where am, and how to have me."

"What hands have you on board?"

"Not enough. I shall get more."

"Would more help you, if it comes to a race?"

"Of course they would! *Emma Jane* has been a smartish jado in her time, and can go at a spanking rate still, provided you only tell her you mean to get everything out of her she's capable of."

"Very well. Spare nothing that can increase speed, and when all's over, if the affair is a success, I will guarantee fifty pounds extra to pay for all odds and ends—new or mended sails, etc."

One part of Paul's scheme was thus happily settled, but its value was absolutely dependent on the success of the other part. Where was Scum Goodman? How was he to be dealt with? No doubt he could be bribed, but unfortunately he had not, like the captain, a character even to sell, his was so bad in money matters.

Pondering over the whole subject, it struck him that it might be worth while to visit the private home of the Chief of the Secret Service.

Then it occurred to him it would be also well so to time his visit that the chief should then be at his office. So Paul took an apartment for a week just opposite the chief's house, and announced himself as a singing man from the country, who wanted to hear a little of the music in the Abbey, before trying for a situation in the choir.

(To be continued.)

## THE TOWER OF LONDON

**B**YOND all question, the most interesting building in Great Britain is the Tower of London. It is situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, a little below London Bridge, and the buildings which compose it present the appearance of a small fortified town of Germany or Flanders. Its wide, deep moat, though kept dry for sanitary reasons, is capable of being flooded, and though of course as a fortress the place would be easily reduced by the modern appliances of war, it is still a formidable hold. The "Ballium," or inner wall, is immensely thick, and varies from thirty to forty feet in height. The only vestige of the royal palace, finally demolished by Cromwell—is the buttress of an old archway adjoining the Salt Tower—to the south-east—but most of the buildings have stubbornly resisted the attacks of Time.

The Bloody Tower, opposite the water-entrance, is grimly associated with the murder of the two young princes by Richard III. As the fact of this atrocity has had some doubts lately cast upon it by some of those sceptics who busy themselves in this age with whitewashing the villains of history, as well as with depreciating its heroes, the present Lieutenant Governor, Lord de Ros, in his *Memorials of the Tower*, lately published, has gone into the matter at some length. The generally received tradition runs that Richard, after giving all necessary orders for his elder nephew's coronation (there is evidence that even his robes were prepared), suddenly sounded Sir Robert Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, upon the subject of doing away with both lads. Brackenbury, who is said to have received this instruction while engaged in the singularly *malapropos* occupation of divine service in St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, declined the dreadful office. James Tyrrell was therefore appointed to temporarily supersede him in his post. This being arranged, Tyrrell employed Dighton and Forest to do the deed, and the bodies of the children were buried in the Tower, and not a syllable said about them. There was not the slightest attempt to account for their disappearance in any way. That every contemporary believed that the princes thus met their end seems certain, and hence the general disbelief in England of the authenticity of the claims of Perkin Warbeck. It was always a sequel of the tradition of the murder, that "the priest of the Tower" had buried the bodies in some concealed place—Shakespeare makes Tyrrell confess to the fact—"and surely it is not unreasonable to infer, when two children's bodies, corresponding in age and period of decay with the date of the murder, were discovered in Charles II's time, by some workmen, at the foot of a staircase, about seventy yards from the Bloody Tower, that these were the bones of the princes. The two were two consecrated burial-grounds within the Tower, besides that of Barking Church on Tower-hill close by; and what likelihood was there, under these circumstances, of two boys being buried in this sequestered nook, under a staircase, unless with a view to secrecy and concealment."—Charles II., a by no means credulous prince, had certainly no doubt of the matter, since he went to the trouble and expense of having the remains removed, with all due respect, to the vaults of Westminster. By his orders, as it is said, a mulberry-tree was also planted upon the spot where the bones were found, and so late as 1853, a warder of the Tower was alive who remembered seeing the stump still imbedded in the landing of the stairs. The extraordinary rewards paid to the assassins for value received (but not acknowledged) must also be taken into account. Tyrrell was made governor of Guines, near Calais, and further received three rich stewardships from Richard in the marches of Wales. Dighton was made bailiff of Ayton, with a pension. Forest's widow had a pension given her on his death, shortly after the murder; and "ample general pardons were granted them, whatever villainies might be laid to their charge, all under the royal hand and seal, not naming what offence, but covering any and all." Surely *qui excusæ s'accusæ* is a remark that ap-

plies here. According to Miss Strickland, indeed, Tyrrell actually confessed to the murder, and Dighton also, the latter with the addition, that "the old priest had buried the bodies first under the Wakefield Tower, and a second time in some place of which he had no knowledge." That the Bloody Tower was the locality of old assigned to this crime, is certain, for in a complimentary oration to James I., with which the authorities of the Tower received him upon his first visit thereto, express mention is made of it as such. Indeed, it seems probable from the nature of the case, since the chamber credited with the wicked deed closely adjoined the governor's house, where so many prisoners of rank were confined, when security, rather than severity, of imprisonment was the object in view.

With the exception of this stain, however, the Bloody Tower has by no means so bad a reputation as others of his brethren; such as the Beauchamp Tower, where many a brave man and gentle lady dragged out years of misery, from which they were only freed by the axe's edge; or the White Tower, in the vaults of which still exist "the Little Ease" and "Cold Harbour"—very significant chamber-titles—and in whose turret Matilda the Fair is said to have been poisoned by the command of King John, whom she refused to receive as her wooer. She is said to have been slain by means of a poisoned egg (which seems, for the Tower, to have been quite a humane attention), and out of that egg, according to one historian, was hatched the British Constitution, her murder "completing the exasperation of the English barons, who flew to arms, for the purpose of avenging the honour of the most distinguished among their class, Lord Fitzwalter," her father.

The Wakefield Tower (adjoining the Bloody Tower) is, by comparison with the preceding, quite an innocent place of residence. Its large hall, however, has the reputation of being the spot where Henry VI. was murdered by Richard (then Duke of Gloucester), and certainly in the vault beneath it, sixty or seventy of the Scotch prisoners, in 1745, were confined, with so little attention to fresh air and food, that more than half of them perished. The Tower, indeed, seems to have been a stronghold of abuses, as well as to have enjoyed a bad reputation in respect to murders and the like, for the constables appointed from time to time only considered how money could be screwed out of those over whom they were set. They sold the warderships, allowed public-houses to be built all over the place, and filled every corner with paying tenements. No prisoner was too low or too high but that they put their screw on—even if the thumbscrew was omitted in the treatment prescribed. When the Princess Elizabeth was in custody here, the constable, Sir John Gage, actually took toll of the provisions supplied to her, until the Lords of Council forced him to admit her own servants to superintend her commissariat. Her imprisonment was sufficiently harsh, without Sir John's pilferings. Mass was constantly obtained upon her. For a whole month, she never passed the threshold of her chamber, and even when she had obtained permission to take the air, she was always attended by the constable, the lieutenant, and a guard. Even a little boy of four years old, who was wont to pay visits to other prisoners as well as herself, and bring them flowers, was suspected of being a messenger between her and the unhappy Earl of Devonshire, an inmate of the Tower from twelve years of age, "lest he should avenge his father's wrongs"—the reason for his committal absolutely assigned—and who only enjoyed two subsequent years of liberty. The child aforesaid was actually bribed with promises of figs and apples, to furnish ground for accusation against the princess and the earl.

In reading Lord de Ros's little volume, indeed, no one can fail to be struck not only with the injustice and cruelty of those old times, which certain foolish persons persist in calling "good," but with the baseness and cowardice of "the authorities," from the king or queen downwards. Base and brutal as was Queen Mary's conduct, that of Elizabeth was even viler, inasmuch as she was more causelessly vindictive.

We do not know at what precise period chivalry is supposed to have been at its best and palmiest, but certainly modern times offer no parallel in the way of downright meanness to the conduct pursued by such a gallant knight (for instance) as Henry V. We have all heard of the respect paid by that noble prince to his prisoners after Agincourt; but it is not so generally known that he afterwards behaved to them exactly as our Italian and Chinese brigands conduct themselves towards their captives. If the ransom—always an extravagantly enormous one—was not very soon paid, his noble prisoners in the Tower began to feel it in restrictions and privations. The Dukes of Bourbon and Boucaut died there, since their urgent appeals could not extract from the tenants of their exhausted lands the requisite sum set upon their release; and Charles of Orleans languished in those alien walls for a quarter of a century.

With whatever high-flown courtesy, too, women were treated as "queens of tourney," and on great public occasions, in private and in prison, their sex was no protection; the cowardice and cruelty of their jailers and of those who ruled their jailers, were beyond anything that is heard of now, except among the most brutalised of our peasantry, and towards some wretched lunatic half-ignorant of her wrongs. Think of Anne Askew, for instance, so late as the days of "bluff king Hal," bullied by Bishop Bonner, worried even by the Lord Mayor about her religious opinions, next committed to Newgate, and then sent to the Tower, to be racked by the Chancellor himself, "so that her limbs were so stretched and her joints so injured that she was never again able to walk without support!" Lastly, she is taken to Smithfield to be burned alive in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Bedford, one of whom, learning that there was some gunpowder about the fagots (placed by some good soul to shorten her agonies), "became frightened lest any accident should happen to himself." Anne Boleyn, by a strange refinement of cruelty, was placed as a prisoner in the same lodging she had occupied previous to her coronation; and when Smeton had been induced to accuse her falsely, by promise of his life being spared (in despite of which promise they hung him), she was taken out and beheaded in the court-yard, and her body thrown into an arrow-chest. For the execution of Lady Jane Grey—whose autograph may be read on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower—there was, perhaps, in those turbulent times, enough of excuse; but nothing can palliate the behavior of Elizabeth towards Lady Catherine Grey, Jane's sister—Elizabeth, a woman herself, but "twenty-five at the time in question, and who knew from experience the bitterness of captivity. For the crime (?) of marrying Lord Hertford, this young lady, with her husband, was committed to the Tower; by no means, however in his company; she bore her first child in solitude, and heard it pronounced illegitimate, and her marriage to be null and void. "This monstrous decision was not, of course, likely to affect the sentiments of the parties concerned, after a time, by persuasion or corruption of their keepers, the doors of their prison were no longer secured against each other, and the birth of a second child rekindled the anger of Elizabeth." A double fine was imposed upon Lord Hertford, and they never met again, notwithstanding petitions to her Majesty, setting forth "how unmeet it was this young couple should thus wax old in prison."

The Lady Arabella Stuart was another involuntary tenant of the Tower, whose only faults were her royal birth and having wedded the man she loved. Her cousin, King James, forcibly separated the happy pair, and they formed a plan to escape to France, and there be reunited. In this they committed a crime. The husband succeeded in his design, but Arabella failed, and was committed to the Tower, where, after some years she died, as well she might, distracted with her miseries. This daughter of a line of kings—but far too much out of the direct succession to create reasonable alarm—was buried by night, and without any ceremony, in Westminster Abbey, "because, to have a

great funeral for one dying out of the king's favour, would have reflected upon the king's honour. The king's honour, of whom his own son said, that "he was the only man who would have shut up such a bird as Raleigh in a cage," and such a cage! A cell in the White Tower, now shewn to every visitor, was the limit allowed to the greatest navigator of the globe, for eight long years. The story of his subsequent release, expedition, and legal murder—perhaps the most audacious ever committed under the shield of law—is well known; but not so well James's answer to Lady Raleigh, when she complained to him that he had given her husband's estate away (on pretence of a flaw in the title-deed) to his favourite Robert Carr, and besought him not thus to make their child a beggar. He received her harshly, and merely repeated: "I mean have the land—I mean have it for Carr."

The only tenant of the Tower who seems to have been able to move the heart of king or queen in his favour, was one of the greatest scoundrels ever contained, namely, Colonel Blood, who stole the Regalia. Nobody knows why Charles II. pardoned him, or rather released both him and his accomplices without trial. The enterprising colonel even became a hanger-on upon the court at Whitehall, where he does not seem to have been held a greater rogue than the rest, for he had eventually a pension given to him, as well as some confiscated land in Ireland. Edwards, on the other hand, the keeper of the jewels, who had almost lost his life in their defence, died unrecompensed. From the Conqueror's time, indeed, until that of James II., the annals of the tenants of the Tower form one long history of injustice. The single gleam of sunshine that strikes through these dark records is the narrative of the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the governor's house in February, 1716, the evening before the day on which he had been doomed to die, and it is exceedingly well told by our author. The devoted resolution of his countess overcoming the apprehensions of the timid, and stirring the phlegmatic into action; her admirable address at the moment of her husband's flight; her presence of mind when he had got clear off, in imitating her lord's voice, that his guards might imagine he was still within his chamber; and, finally, her return to Scotland, at the forfeit of her life, to fetch the buried family title-deeds, for her child's sake, make up a spirited portrait of a noble woman.

St Peter's Chapel is, in one sense, the chief focus of interest among all the Tower buildings; for, in whatever portion of the place the prisoners languished, they were most of them laid there at last, generally shorter by a head than when in life. Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, Lord-deputy of Ireland, is one of the few who is interred there undecapitated—he only died of a broken heart, upon hearing that his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald (commonly called Silken Thomas), had inherited the family disease of Rebellion, and declared war against the king, Henry VII. His forboding was a just one, for Thomas soon came to be a prisoner like himself—in the Beauchamp Tower—and was hanged, one fine morning, with no less than five of his uncles, upon Tyburn Tree. The father of this old Lord Kildare was a chronic rebel: he could not possibly help having a hand in whatever rising happened to be taking place; and yet he kept his head on his shoulders to the last, and, simply because he was such an unparalleled scoundrel, received the highest honours. When accused before the king in council of burning the cathedral of Cashel, he admitted the soft impeachment, but defended himself upon the ground, "that he was positively assured that the archbishop was inside of it." This reply was considered a very excellent one; and, "since it seemed all Ireland could not govern this earl," Henry said, "this earl shall govern all Ireland;" and accordingly made him its Lord-lieutenant.

Besides the great historical characters who have been involuntary tenants of the Tower, there have been a few others who have had temporary lodgment there previous to execution; among these, notably, Lord Stourton, whose de-

termined murder of the Hartgills, father and son, forms a very curious chapter in this history. He was the first peer who ever "took silk"—claimed the privilege of being hung with a rope of that material, and he richly deserved it. Our author takes occasion to remark that this was not altogether an empty distinction, since such rope being stronger than vulgar hempen cord, is slenderer, slips more easily upon the windpipe, and so shortens matters. His Lordship's servants were of course supplied with the usual article, and subsequently "hung in chains"—an expression, by the by, which only meant that after hanging in the ordinary way, "a stout canvas dress, well saturated with tar, was put upon the body, and then a light frame of hoop-iron fitted to the frame, with the object of causing the remains to hang together as long as possible. At the top of this framework was an iron loop which went over the head, and to this was secured the chain by which the corpse was finally suspended to a lofty gibbet made of oak, and studded with tenter-hooks, to prevent any one from climbing up to remove the body."

The last criminals received within the Tower walls were the Cato Street gang in 1820. Thistlewood was a tenant of the Bloody Tower, Ings and Davidson (a negro) of St. Thomas Tower, Harrison, Brunt, Tidd, Monument, and Wilson in the Byward and Middle Towers, and Hooper in the Salt Tower. The first five were all hung. There was not the slightest sympathy from the spectators upon their appearance on the scaffold, but "when each head was cut off and held up, a loud and deep groan of horror burst from all sides, which was not soon forgotten by those who heard it"—so distasteful to our people has the sight of blood become, which was at one time shed in such torrents upon that most historic eminence in Britain, Tower-hill.

Interesting as these memorials are, and advantageous as must be the position of their author for investigating hidden matters of great moment, we do not envy Lord de Ros the habitation to which his office entitles him. In the daytime, the governor's house is doubtless comfortable enough; but at night, if one were the least inclined to be nervous—yet his Lordship is a soldier, and doubtless not afraid. "More than one sentry, however," he admits, "has deposed to hearing horrible groans proceeding from the apartment called the Council Chamber," where (among similar cheerful events) Guido Fawke underwent the application of the rack in its severest form. We dare say it was "only fancy," but—only fancy!

### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

MY professional duties oblige me to pass some few hours every week at a certain town. Although I had been there often, I had never bestowed more than a look on a large ugly red-brick house, built on a high hill rising immediately behind this town. Of the said rising ground the railway station is the principal feature, but the town proclaims itself as having its own special interest to the neighbourhood, inasmuch as a number of tall chimneys mark it as a factory town.

One forenoon I was looking at this large red house from a window of the common room in the uncomfortable inn, and was wondering whether the town had grown round the house, or whether the proprietor could have selected so peculiarly uninteresting a spot on which to build. As I looked at it, a voice said:

"Amazingly fine house that, sir!"

I turned, and found I was addressed by a man who had come into the room unobserved by me, and on whose face and person the smoke of the place had produced much the same effect as on the ugly building we were both looking at, but there was something pleasant under his smoky exterior, and I answered, in deference to his admiration: "Yes, it seems a large house. What is the name of its proprietor?" A gleam of pleasure passed over his face at my seeming to take an interest in it, and he repeated, "Ah! 'tis a splendid place that; we used to have

pleasure-parties there, we from the factory, when the old squire was alive; but this one, this Henry North, he ain't any of that sort, he knows the inside of his place, and the colour of his money, but he don't care nowise that others should know more of either than he can help. I could tell you a little sort of a tale about that place, sir."

He took off his comforter and great-coat, and in his working factory dress came and sat by me.

That house, sir, was there forty years ago, but not as you see it now, it was then a small white cottage, a pretty little cottage, too, with vines growing up it, and hanging over the eaves of the roof. 'Twas Mr. North lived there, and he had been a factory hand, just as I am, but he was as clever as he was good, and all he did, prospered. When he first bought the little place he thought as he would turn proud to us, but not a bit on it; he used to say that he would deserve to lose all the good things God had given him, if he could render no better account of them than that they made him high to those who had been his friends. Well; he seemed to turn all he touched into gold, and he built factory after factory, until he became so rich that he built that amazing big house. He was a widower then, but his wife had never been one of his sort. She was ashamed to speak to any of us who had known them before they became gentry, and I had often seen a look of pain on his face as she has rode past any of us in her carriage, with a haughty toss of her pretty head. One day he told us he was like to become a father, and he hoped, if his child was spared, he would grow up to do good to those who had been less fortunate than himself.

A few weeks after that, we saw one of the grooms riding furiously away, and in two hours he returned with the most eminent doctor in all Lancashire, but it was too late. A few moments after Mr. North had held his son in his arms, Mr. North was a widower.

The young squire, Master Henry, was a great interest to us, and many a prayer was uttered that he might grow up to be like his father, but his nurses taught him pride before he knew his letters, if any of us so much as kissed his hand, they would say, "You must not get talking with such people as those, Master Henry," or some such remark.

There's another pretty place just below there, sir. You can see it if you just lean forward and look to the left; that's Mr. Wickham's paper-mill. We believed as Mr. Wickham was making a fortune by it, judging from the way he lived; and he thought it quite a condescension when Mr. North came to build this fine house, and he took to visiting him; but on his death he was found to be so in debt that his goods were seized, and there was a talk of little Miss Mabel being sent to the Orphan Asylum. This, Mr. North said, should never happen to the child as long as he had a roof to cover him. And he took Miss Mabel to be brought up as his own daughter.

She was the sweetest fair-haired little creature as ever I saw, and she has grown up to be as lovely, and as innocent as a spring flower. Many's the time we have blessed her as she has gone past our houses, carrying her little basket with chicken, or jelly, or what not, for any of us as was sick. She seemed like any Angel coming among us, and that, not for what she brought, but because of the light and life that seemed to spring forth from her every look and word.

One day she meets me, and she says: "John, I am not happy about my father (she always called him her father); he looks worn and pale, but when I speak of it to him he only smiles, and says, 'There's not much the matter with the old man yet, little one.' And when the smile is gone, the look of pain returns, and he lies back listlessly in his arm-chair, with none of the old energy in his look." As she was speaking, a young man—Jem Wright—came out from a cottage behind us, and, catching the last words, he says: "If he goes from among us, his example ought to remain; for was he not one of ourselves once, a 'did he not live to be a blessing to all around him'!"



"What?" called a voice from the door of the cottage, out of which the young man had come. "Don't speak of blessings to me! Few blessings enough have I ever known, and since you took to fooling away all your money on that rubbishy thing that stands in the corner, I ain't got none of the comforts as a poor lone widow woman should expect from her son."

He moved angrily, as if to walk away; but the sight of the lovely figure that was just leaving us seemed to stop him, and he said, more as if he was thinking aloud than speaking to me. "When the minister says in church, 'They shall be like the angels in Heaven,' I wonder if they can be more beautiful than she is." As he was speaking, he turned to his mother, and with a bright smile answered her querulous complaint by saying, "Well, mother, you can't complain, now, of that rubbishy thing as you call it, for, since your illness, I have denied myself the greatest pleasure of my life, and my poor little model has remained untouched."

That model, sir, was Jem Wright's pride; he had lain awake nights thinking of it, until the doctors told him he would grow dazed. He believed that if he could once work out his scheme, it would supersede the present system of locomotion. He had dreams of becoming great, and known to the whole world, if he could only get his model completed. We parted at the door of his cottage, and very soon afterwards Miss Mabel was left twice an orphan. She lost him who had been more than a father to her. Though she was amply provided for in his will, the interest of her life seemed gone. And it was a sad day for us all, when she left the great house, and became the guest of the minister.

The doors of the great house soon became as narrow as the heart of Henry North who lived in it, and were never opened either to rich or poor. He had no feeling for others, no object or interest in life. I have many a time seen him on the East Terrace there, smoking his pipe and leaning over the wall, while his agent, a hard-headed Scotchman, ground down his factory men. He never had a thought to try and advance the interest or relieve the wants of those who had seen him grow up among them, and who loved even him someways, for his father's sake.

Once he had a gentleman come down on business, who, I have heard say, was something of a judge in foreign parts, and he chanced to come to Jem's cottage while he and I was smoking our pipes, to ask the way to the factory. Seeing the little model in the corner, he says: "That's an ingenious toy; what do you call it?" and when Jem, quite pleased, goes on to explain, he answers, in a lecturing sort of a way, "Depend upon it, young man, you can turn your talents to far better use than this. Men must have received an education before they can think of such a thing as making a noise in the world." But he did not know as Jem had more learning than many a gentleman who has been taught at a big school. Jem's father was one of the sort who spend their money at the beer-shop, and he never considered the good of his son, but whenever Jem could earn a few pence, he would pay for schooling. The real first Mr. North hears this, and puts him to the grammar-school, and he soon becomes a member of the Lending Library, and every book he could get hold of he would read half the night. He was so wild after poetry, that during dinner-hour at the factory he would scratch down bits of verse. A gentleman got hold of some, which he sent to the country paper, and soon Jem became what they call a contributor, and his mind seemed to dwell on the thought that some day he might rise. And he would say to me, "And then, John, who knows but that I may be happy, man?"

It was a cold nipping day, with the snow beating in our faces, as I was standing by him, he is saying this, when a carriage dashes at us in the High-street. I knew from the colour in his face that Miss Mabel was in it. He had never told me the secret of his life, but he knewed well that I understood it. I was just leaving him, when one of our factory hands touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Hast heard the news, lad? The young squire is going to be married to Miss Mabel." He answered wildly that he was

late for his work, and ran from us like one crazed.

I waited till all was quiet in the town, and then I went to his cottage. The door was fastened. I knocked, but got no answer, so I thought he was gone to bed. I returned to my house. I heard from his own lips long afterwards what happened to him that night.

After bearing with the moans of his old mother till she went to bed, he sat over the fire; burying his head in his hand, he gazed into the few flickering embers which alone broke the darkness of the room. The little unfinished model was in its old accustomed corner by his side, and he almost savagely grasped his head as he thought: "What do these miserable brains avail me? I have gloried in having an intellect. I have vainly hoped that, through it, I might break the chains of this poverty by which I am fettered, and which make it an idle dream to aspire to anything beyond daily drudgery. Now, I am alive to the truth, at last, that money can do what intellect is powerless to achieve without it. Why should I be ground down by poverty, while he, young North, with his slothful indolence, has all which could make this world a paradise to me?" While he was thus musing, his head sunk lower, and he crouched down over the dying embers, uttering a groan of despair.

He was startled all of a sudden by a voice in his ear, saying: "So, Jem, you think you could order things much better than the Almighty! I offer you a bargain. Will you sign a paper agreeing to give the young squire your intellect, in exchange for his property and money?"

Jem started, and, turning round, saw, peering over his shoulder, to his surprise, the grim face of the Scotch agent, who had never before entered his cottage, except to collect the rent. He answered angrily: "Am I not miserable enough, without your coming to mock me with messages from Henry North, who has all the happiness denied to me, and to which I have vainly aspired?"

Said the agent: "The young squire is the most wretched of beings; all his money cannot procure him what he wants; and he will give you his wealth and all his worldly advantages if you will give him your brains. This is why I am here. Come; sign the paper, and your part is done. Leave the rest to me."

He held the pen to Jem, who, scarce knowing what he does, puts it to the paper, and then sees, in large distinct letters—JAMES WRIGHT.

A vague horror seemed to creep over him. He had read of a man who sold his shadow to the devil, and who for ever afterwards was a prey to remorse. But then, he argued, "this cannot be the same thing. Here is no compact with an unseen power. At worst, it is only some trick of the agent's, of which I have suffered myself to be the dupe." Still a weight hung over him. Next morning he dared not go to the factory, but remained brooding at home, and while he was yet thinking what evil might come to him from having put his name to the agent's paper, a letter was brought him. It was from a solicitor's firm which had just started business in the town, and the words seemed to dance before his eyes as he read that Sir John Gore, the great judge, who had once come to his house and noticed his model, had died childless, leaving his whole fortune of ten thousand pounds a year to James Wright, as a mark of the admiration he had conceived for a man who was self-educated.

Jem rushed out of doors, with the letter crumpled in his hand, and found knots of the factory hands earnestly speaking together. One, coming up to him, says: "I see by your manner you have heard the news."

"What news?" says Jem, startled by the idea that his private affairs should be known to many, before he had so much as inquired into the truth of his letter. "What news?" Many voices answered: "Why, the great bank in which the young squire had put his money has broke, and he is ruined."

On he went to the solicitors, more dazed than ever, and there he learned that all was true. He was the possessor of ten thousand pounds a year; the squire was ruined, and had fled no one knew where.

The house was soon for sale, and Jem, full of the thoughts of the good he would do to all around him, bought it. But with its possession did not come happiness. A weight oppressed his mind. He wandered through the big library, and took down one book after another, but none pleased him. He unpacked his model, but though he now had every tool and every requisite for its completion, his art seemed gone from him. He could not remember the scheme which had ever been working in his mind while he lived in the cottage; and he thought that now, indeed, he was miserable. He wandered through the large deserted rooms, until he came to one he had never before entered. It was small and beautifully fitted up. A bit of unfinished work lay on the table, and by it a book of manuscript poems. His heart beat fast as he recognised page after page of his own verses copied in a hand he knew; for he had one day found part of a letter bearing the initials M. W., and had kept it as a treasure ever since. Now, he found notes on his poems traced by her hand—passages marked, in which he had described her as the hope and guiding-star of his life. He seized his hat and rushed off to the vicarage. "Fool that I am," he thought; "this, then is why all my wealth fails to make me happy. She is free. She has a soul to be stirred by lines written by me and inspired by her. I have only to win her, and the happiness I fail to find in riches will come through her."

He found her alone in the vicar's little parlour, sketching the mill-stream which ran under the windows of the home of her childhood. She started, and a slight flush tinged her cheek, but he stood by her striving to say something of the faithful representation of a scene so familiar to them both. But words would not come at Jem's bidding, and after a few moments of silence he left her to wonder why he was so strange.

He haunted her walks, he followed her wherever she went; but she shunned him. Once more he sought seclusion in his new home, and listlessly took up the county journal to which he had so often contributed. The first thing in it that caught his eye, was a paragraph extolling a wonderful discovery made by a young man named Henry North, about which all the scientific world was raving. As he read on, and recognised in the description, the mechanism of his own model, he shrieked in despair: "It is mine—the model I spent years of my life in making—the object of my wretched existence—and he has robbed me of that too!"

In his agony he sprang out of his chair:—I need not tell you, to find himself just awake, and alone in the darkness of his cottage. The church clock struck three, and he thought: "Can it be that the lesson of a lifetime has been taught me in a sleep of a few hours? The lesson that I have the intellect which God has given me, and that I ought to have the steady energy and quiet patience and purpose to use it?"

He did use it. He left off vapouring about himself and about others, and he went to work with a modest heart though a brave one. He used his energy to good purpose, sir. He is now a well-to-do man, though he has not the great wealth of the young squire; but he lives in the cottage by the paper-mill, and it is more than three years since he brought Miss Mabel home to it as his bride, and they keep their parlour-maid, and she keeps her pony-chair, but they live as simple as though they were nothing more than ourselves.

### "THE DEATH-WIND."

A whitewash'd attic, a truckle bed—  
Only the rafters over-head;  
All night long held the strong wind sway—  
The wind that comes to fetch souls away!

A wasted form and a hectic cheek—  
Parch'd lips, never again to speak;  
All night long, held the strong wind sway—  
The wind that comes to fetch soul away!

Clammy forehead and glazing eye,  
Ice-cold limbs and a shivering sigh;  
All night long, held the strong wind sway—  
The wind that comes to fetch souls away!

The struggle's over! once more the blast  
Came sweeping by as the Spirit passed;  
A stormy night—at the dawn of day  
The wind's loud sobbing had died away!

ETHELN FOREST.

## The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 30, 1867.

**TWO BRITISH AMERICAN AU-**  
THORS. The Publisher of the SATURDAY READER offers a prize of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for an original CANADIAN STORY—to run through from 20 to 26 numbers of the READER. A Committee to be hereafter named, will be appointed, to whom all MSS. received will be submitted. MSS. may be forwarded to the Publisher of the SATURDAY READER, Box 401, Post Office, Montreal, up to the 25th June next. For further particulars, please address Editor SATURDAY READER.

R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

### NAPOLEON'S HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

WHEN princes write books, they seldom attach their names to them; and among the bold acts of Louis Napoleon, perhaps one of the most daring was the publication of the life of the great Roman conqueror and statesman, openly proclaiming himself the author of the work. When Frederick of Prussia published his "Anti-Macchiavel," desirous as he was of attaining literary eminence, the secret of its paternity was guarded with jealous care from all but Voltaire and a very few others. Nor need this be cause of surprise; for however ready courtiers and sycophants are to flatter even the failures of royal authors, these meet little favour in the republic of letters, beyond the immediate sphere over which their influence extends. If Napoleon, for instance, could contrive to muzzle the critics of France, he could not silence those of foreign countries. But he has bravely entered the literary arena, as an ordinary writer, with a simplicity and manliness worthy of all commendation.

In weighing the merits of "The Life of Cæsar," the fact that it is the production of an emperor ought to be kept out of view, which is not generally the case, especially by its detractors. It is admitted on all hands that, as regards style, the work is not calculated to please either the fastidious student or the general public. It is harsh and unmusical, without epigrammatic point or eloquence, qualities in which the great French writers are so eminently distinguished. As a mere history, too, of the events which preceded the fall of the Roman Republic, it is objected that it is wanting in originality and research, and that Napoleon has almost wholly ignored the new lights thrown on the subject by Niebuhr, Arnold, and others, who have demolished or cast suspicion on so many incidents comprised in the annals of ancient Rome. We must confess, for our own part, that we do not quite agree with those who blame Napoleon on this head. Niebuhr and his followers have destroyed much history, without substituting anything in place of what they destroyed. The story of Romulus and Remus, of Numa, of Lucretia, of the elder Brutus, and the like, may be idle traditions of the people, or the fictions of poetry; but they might as well be left to the historian to relate for what they are worth, so long as they were not out of keeping with the periods at which they are said to have occurred, and not incompatible with facts founded on more reliable testimony. To some of them, at least, the Italian saying is applicable, *si non e vero e ben trovato*—if not true, they are truth-like; and we should remember that if we discard what is called the fables of Livy and the old historians, we shall be without a history of Rome, for several centuries, altogether, or with one as meagre as that of the Jews would be prior to the time of Alexander, without Josephus or the Bible. Historical archaeology has done much good in elucidating the true character of modern and mediæval events; and manuscripts such as those given to the world by the French and English Governments, and those discovered at the Spanish monastery of Simancas, have wholly changed the stream of history in several instances, and gives it a new direc-

tion and aspect. But with Roman history it is different; there are no buried documents in connection with it to be disinterred, and consequently, though we may pull down the old fabric, we cannot build up a new one on its ruins. Napoleon, then, may not have acted so unwisely in the course he has pursued; particularly as it answers the object he evidently had in view in writing the Life of Cæsar, quite as well as the opposite methods would. It is admitted by the most competent judges that his account of the war in Gaul, his appreciation of the strategic genius of the Roman general, and the topography of the eight wonderful campaigns in that country, are a masterly performance, far surpassing anything hitherto produced on the subject. Napoleon's early education and studies placed him thoroughly at home in dealing with this portion of his task.

But be the value of the work what it may in a literary and historical sense, these were, plainly, but secondary considerations in producing it. It is not so much a biography or a history as it is a political pamphlet on an extensive scale. Its design is to inculcate the gospel of Imperialism; first by instituting a comparison between Rome and France, and secondly between Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte. The civil war in which Sylla upheld the privileges of the patricians, and Marius maintained the rights of the plebeians, with the turbulence, confusion, and corruption that succeeded it, offer, he says, a parallel to the great French revolution and its results. Cæsar was intrusted with a providential mission to save Rome from utter destruction, as Bonaparte was the destined saviour of France. But his meaning is best conveyed in his own words: "My object is to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, it is in order to point out to the nations the road which they have to follow, to stamp with the sign of their genius a new era, and to accomplish in a few years the work of many ages." He promises happiness and prosperity to those nations who understand them, and follow their precepts, while he denounces tribulation and woe to those who reject them, and whom he likens to the Jews, who crucified their Messiah. This certainly is carrying hero-worship sufficiently far, and quite in the Carlylian fashion. It is not very dissimilar to what the Mormons assert respecting their believers and unbelievers in their prophet Joe Smith. Some of Louis Napoleon's opponents meet his arguments by denying the correctness of his premises, declaring that the Roman empire was not a necessity, and agreeing with Cicero that a "good man" in Cæsar's position might have preserved the Republic. In support of this assumption they instance the change effected by the English revolution of 1688; but the parallel will not bear examination. It is true that previous to the occurrence in question, there had been a civil war in England; that under the two last Stuarts faction and corruption ruled supreme; that the laws and the courts of justice were instruments of tyranny; and that the constitutional rights of the nation ceased to be respected or observed. But there was no further resemblance between the two cases. Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Metellus, Lucullus, Cicero, and many other "good men," could not save Rome; men assuredly not superior to them in virtue, patriotism and talents, saved England. And why? Because, at the respective eras, there was no Roman people, and there was an English people. The Roman *populus* no longer existed, and that was the real cause of the fall of the Roman Republic, and not the many inadequate sources to which it is usually attributed. From the letters of Cicero and his friends, we learn that in travelling over Italy in their day, one met with nothing but patricians and their slaves—a pregnant fact to which sufficient importance has not been given in this controversy. Divested of their lands by the usurious practices and management of the patrician and knightly classes, the people crowded into Rome, depending for their subsistence in a great measure on the tributary corn derived from Egypt, Sicily and Africa. The masses consequently became a populace or a rabble, and their ranks

being recruited by strangers and freedmen, fell an easy prey to demagogues such as Clodius and Milo, and perhaps Catiline, for whether Catiline was a demagogue or a patriot admits of doubt. In England, on the other hand, the people remained in their integrity, though the politicians were steeped in vice and corruption. It is so also with France now, and that is the great error in Louis Napoleon's reasoning and policy, as set forth in his history of Julius Cæsar. It seems even puerile to say that there was anything in common between Rome in the days of Cæsar and France in the present day. Republican government may have become effete in the one after centuries of existence: but in the other free institutions are still in their infancy. If in the former they failed at last, after a long and successful trial, in the latter they have scarcely had a trial at all. The weakness of one was that of age; of the other, it is that of childhood. The oak and the sapling may alike yield to the storm, but it is from different causes.

If Louis Napoleon's talents were to be judged by his Life of Cæsar, he would not, we believe, be entitled to rank among men of the highest order of intellect; but there are many qualities constituting an able ruler which do not appear in the books he may write.

### THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

RECENT accounts from Europe tend to the conviction that the bold attempt of the Christian inhabitants of Candia to free themselves from the yoke of their Turkish masters, must for the moment, result in failure. We could, indeed, scarcely expect anything else, if the insurgents were left to their own resources, or even to the aid which they might receive from their countrymen of the other Islands and the continent. The inhabitants of Candia cannot number over 300,000 souls, and of these a considerable portion are Mahometans. They could not therefore offer a long resistance to the combined force of Turks and Egyptians arrayed against them. It is true that a part of the island is mountainous, and affords strong positions in which a guerilla warfare could be carried on for years; but unfortunately, Candia, though producing abundance of fruit, and raising many articles of commercial value, does not grow sufficient corn to feed its own population, for much of the wheat which they consume is imported. They would consequently, sooner or later, be starved into submission, even if their means of resisting the attacks of the enemy were greater than they are. A very few ships of war could blockade their ports, while the open country would be laid waste, in accordance with the usual Turkish tactics in such matters. The contest has been an unequal one; yet if compelled to succumb, it is only for a time, for no arrangement that can be made with their Moslem rulers, with or without the interference of the great powers, can satisfy the Candiots with their lot as subjects of the Sultan. Nor is this to be wondered at; even amid the general oppression and misrule of the Turkish dominions, Candia was proverbial as the worst governed country in the civilized world. As might be expected, then, its history is a series of insurrections following each other in frequent succession. The Candiots took an active and prominent part in the Greek war of independence; but they were sacrificed to the necessities, or supposed necessities, of European diplomacy, and handed over to the tender mercies of their old oppressors, with the safeguard of certain guarantees, which, of course, were wholly disregarded by the Turkish Government when the emergency had passed away.

Making every allowance for the difficulties of the Eastern question, it is to be regretted that the diplomatists of Europe did not embrace the opportunity presented by the recent outbreak to detach Crete and the other Greek islands from Turkey. No treaties or concessions can reconcile these people to Mahometan rule, for they hate the tyrants even more than they hate the

tyranny. Besides which, all the Hellenic race entertain a craving desire to be annexed to the kingdom of Greece, wholly unconnected with the character of the government under which they live. This feeling was strongly evinced in the case of the Ionian Islands. From 1815, until recently, these islands were a petted and spoiled dependency of England, under whose rule they attained to a degree of prosperity and freedom which they had not known for ages. But they could not rest contented until they became incorporated with Greece, though well aware of the miserable condition of that country. The result unfortunately has been: that the Ionians are already returning to the state of anarchy in which England found them more than half a century ago. We may well guess, however, how strongly the sentiment of nationality pervades the Hellenic race, from a consideration of this fact alone, and we may also imagine with what detestation a people who rejected the mild, liberal and beneficent protection of Britain must regard the brutal domination of the Turk.

If there be truth in the report that serious disputes have arisen between the Pasha of Egypt and the Porte, the circumstance may hasten the liberation of the Cretans, as well as other Christian subjects of Turkey. We should not, indeed, be surprised if the rumour were well founded; for it is undoubtedly the interest of Egypt to sever itself from all connection with the Turkish empire, and so escape the destruction impending over the latter, the consummation of which may be delayed, but not finally prevented.

## REVIEWS.

**PLAYED OUT.** A novel, by Annie Thomas; Author of "On Guard," "Denis Donne," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Among the female novelists who, during the last few years, have produced so many clever stories of English every day life, Miss Thomas occupies a high position. Her novels are not machine-made. Her work, good, bad, or indifferent is at any rate "all made out of the carver's brain." Without calling to her aid "Murder, Mystery or Machination," which may be termed the three magic m's of Miss Braddon and her disciples, she possesses in an eminent degree the faculty of sustaining the reader's interest from the first page to the last: and though the morality of her ordinary characters is not always of an exalted type, still, as she simply claims to sketch life as she sees it, her portraits may after all be faithful photographs of a certain class of society. The fitness of the rather American title which Miss Thomas has adopted, is not perfectly intelligible until the final paragraphs of the book, and the satisfaction of the reader would, we think, have been decidedly greater, had this title not been rendered necessary by the unsatisfactory conduct of the heroine.

The story, as is not unusual with Miss Thomas, has little or no plot. It describes a year or so in the life of a girl who is all nerves and passion, and who, by force of a temperament that she makes no efforts to control, is a consummate and incorrigible flirt. Fond of excitement, greedy of admiration, and living only for the present moment, Kate Lettbridge is often cruelly regardless of the feelings of the hero, Roydon Fleming; and "verily she has her reward." Tender and dutiful as a daughter, she might easily have tutored herself into becoming a good and faithful wife: but admiring one man (an intellectual giant) merely with her brain, and encouraging the attentions of another (a fashionable dandy), from pure love of flirtation, though her heart in reality never swerves from the one object of her affections, she at length loses the prize in the game of life on which she had staked all her hopes, and finds herself in the words of the American-sounding title, "Played Out." Left as she is at the end, hopeful of nothing save that "the fever called living" would soon wear itself away, she excites our pity to an extent perhaps not warranted by her character or conduct: and her

last recorded words, "I think I must come back to the Homestead. I feel a little worn," are pregnant with pathetic meaning, and contain a forcible moral.

We cannot congratulate Miss Thomas on the probability of the incident which is the main cause of all the heroine's trouble. What that incident is we are not about to reveal. It may be found in Chapter xxxix. entitled "The Journey up:" and though it may actually have occurred at some time or other in real life (for most novelists simply detail incidents which they have either seen, heard or read of) still we hold it to be unskillfully introduced, and even if true it would only prove that truth is often stranger than fiction, and that "*le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*"

We are far from admiring Maurice Byrne, the sensational male character of the book. All heroes, whose "fingers are straight slender bars of iron;" whose "eyes have a habit of causing the one on whom they fix themselves, to feel rather helpless;" and whose "voices are deep and monotonously sweet, just a few notes of a grandly-toned organ" (p. 41.) are, in our opinion simply *lusus nature*, and supreme lumbags. In penning such nonsense as that above quoted and even worse than this, Miss Thomas is poaching on the manors of Mr. Lawrence, author of "Guy Livingston," and Miss "Ouida," (whoever she may be) author of "Strathmore," "Chandos," and other crudities. She is of course well aware of this, but deliberately prefers writing this balderdash because it is sure to sell, to using the language of her own good sense, which assuredly ought to be equally saleable. Her power of humor is considerable, and the descriptions of the Collins family and the Petherton Alliance are extremely clever. Her satire, however, is directed too persistently against her own sex, and is occasionally too bitter. She has in this novel apparently broken herself of some bad habits. In "Theo Leigh" there was an undue amount of profane swearing. The baronet swore, and was naturally imitated by his servants. The literary man of course swore, and even a clergyman swore in what Miss Thomas singularly calls "a soul-relieving way." In "Played Out" we are happy to say that it is only a vulgar gin-distiller, who, as fully recorded at p. 83, vents his wrath against well bred society in the traditional British manner. A tendency to the use of *slang* was observable in some of Miss Thomas's former novels: but in her present book she has checked this tendency, and writes, for the most part, pure and idiomatic English. We meet occasionally with a *lapsus*; as when at p. 18 she speaks of the hero as "not being expected to do anything beyond swinging round in unison with the strains, and *not suffer his partner to slip.*" Again in describing her heroine as habited for a riding-lesson she is guilty of the vulgarism, "she had *got up* with considerable care this morning." At p. 91 we read "Nemesis rides neck and neck with us on most occasions, but *he* heads fickleness and inconstancy unfliningly." On this we may remark *en passant* that though the parentage of the mythological Nemesis is not traced so distinctly as we could wish, still nobody but Miss Thomas has hitherto doubted the female sex of the Divinity.

But these and other slight blemishes of style are hardly worthy of mention, and detract but little from the real merit of Miss Thomas as a clear and forcible writer of fiction. Her most serious fault, against which she has frequently been warned, is that she writes far too hurriedly. But so long as publishers will offer money, and the public will read, it must be hard to refrain from writing two, or even three tolerable novels in time which is barely sufficient for one good one.

**PRINCIPIA LATINA, parts I. and II.** By WILLIAM SMITH, L.L.D., and HENRY DRISLER, L.L.D. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers. Montreal: R. Worthington.

The study of the two classical languages will ever hold a prominent place in the course of instruction of the best schools. The selection of these languages as the basis of a liberal education is justified on the ground that they have

a more logical grammar, a more regular structure, and finer models of style than any others; that they are the key to the languages of modern Europe, and, above all, that the very difficulty of mastering them is a most important feat of mental gymnastics.

In the University of Alabama, a seminary of learning where no bigoted adherence to tradition can be suspected of prevailing, a committee was appointed a few years ago to enquire whether studies of more immediate utility might not be substituted for the study of the classics. The question was asked: Is the classical scholar as well fitted as persons trained in other ways for doing the things that need to be done in such times as these in which we live? Do we find this classical training to be the best in an active, jostling and stirring age like the present, for the senate, the bar, the platform, or the press? The answer of the committee, given in bold and decisive terms, but unfortunately too lengthy to be here quoted, was unhesitatingly in favour of the dead languages. If, then, the study of Latin and Greek is admitted, even by practical Americans, to be so valuable an element in education, it is surely of vital importance that a boy's introduction to this study should be brought about in as pleasant a manner as possible. The ascent to the antique regions should be accomplished by a gradual and easy slope. The classical pill should be somewhat gilded to induce the young to swallow it. In the present day no one can reasonably complain that such is not the case. Scholar after scholar has toiled to simplify the initiatory rites, which *must* be performed before a neophyte is permitted to enter the *sanctum sanctorum* of classical lore; and we have only to compare the elementary books of to-day with those which were used by our fathers, to see how all difficulties, necessary and unnecessary, have of late years been cleared away for the benefit of the youthful student.

The two works before us afford an admirable proof that our assertion is correct. The first volume is entirely the work of Dr. William Smith (editor of the well-known Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, &c.), with the exception of a few useful alterations and additions made by the American editor, Dr. Drisler. It has been compiled with the view of combining the advantages of the older and the more modern systems of instruction; but the synthetic method has been mainly preferred to the analytic, inasmuch as the reasoning faculties of a boy, when he commences Latin, are of course far less powerful and active than his memory. The work consists of two parts; the first, containing the Grammatical Forms, with Exercises in double translation after each Declension and Conjugation; the second, the more important rules of Syntax, with explanations of the most frequent idioms, exemplified by exercises. This first volume, containing in itself Grammar, Exercise-book, and Vocabulary, is all that the student of the elements of Latin will require for a considerable time.

The second volume of the series is a "First Latin Reading Book," compiled partly by Dr. Smith, partly by Dr. Drisler. Dr. Smith's first part in the original edition consisted of four sections, viz: Fables, Anecdotes, Mythology and Geography. For these Dr. Drisler has judiciously substituted Dr. Woodward's Epitome of Caesar, extending from the beginning of the first book of the Commentaries through Caesar's Gallic campaigns to his departure from Britain. This "Caesar simplified," by Dr. Woodward, classical master in Madras College, St. Andrews, has obtained extensive popularity as an admirable introduction to the original text of the Gallic War. Professor Pillans, of the University of Edinburgh, has thus commended the work in one of his Essays: "Dr. Woodward, in performing his task, has shown so much judgment, and so intimate an acquaintance with the nature of the young mind, that I have no hesitation in pronouncing the book to be, so far as I know and am able to judge, *the best book for initiating the pupil into the practice of construing Latin.*"

Dr. Smith's second part is a reprint of a work ex-

cuted more than sixty years ago by M. L'Homond (*Emeritus* Professor in the University of Paris), and entitled "De viris illustribus urbis Romæ." It consists of suitable selections from Livy, Valerius Maximus, Florus, and other historical writers, all well adapted to stimulate the curiosity and form the character of the young. Dr. Smith has contributed the historical, and Dr. Drisler most of the grammatical notes in this part; while the dictionary to the whole book has been a joint labour. In the grammatical notes the rule of Syntax is always quoted in full (generally from Zumpt), in order to impress it upon the mind of the pupil, who might possibly neglect to refer to his grammar.

There can be no doubt that the first two volumes of this series will greatly facilitate the study of the Latin language, and we can recall no other works of a similar character which are better calculated in every respect to attain the end for which they were undertaken.

**LONDON SOCIETY.**—We have received from Messrs. Dawson & Bros. the March number of this magazine. The contents are of the usual varied and amusing character, and comprise a paper by the "Amateur Casual," entitled "The Private Life of a Public Nuisance"—a second article on "Club Gossip," a continuation of the interesting series of sketches of the "English Bench and Bar," a further instalment of Miss Annie Thomas' new novel, together with a number of light and interesting shorter articles.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

Continued from page 40.

But even in this sublimated state of mind Mr. Hawkehurst was not exempt from the great necessity of Mr. Skimpole and humanity at large. He wanted pounds. His garments were shabby, and he desired new and elegant raiment in which to appear to advantage before the eyes of the woman he loved. It had been his privilege on several occasions to escort Mrs. Sheldon and the two younger ladies to a theatre; and even this privilege had cost him money. He wanted pounds to expend upon those new books and music which served so often as the excuse for a visit to the Lawn. He wanted pounds for very trivial purposes; but he wanted them desperately. A lover without pounds is the most helpless and contemptible of mankind.

In his dilemma Mr. Hawkehurst resorted to that simple method which civilisation has devised for the relief of pecuniary difficulties of a temporary nature. He had met George Sheldon several times at the Lawn, and had become tolerably intimate with that gentleman, whom he now knew to be "the Sheldon of Gray's-inn," and the ally and agent of certain bill-discounters. To George he went one morning; and after requesting that Captain Paget should know nothing of his application, explained his requirements. It was a very small sum which he asked for, modestly conscious that the security he had to offer was of the weakest. He only wanted thirty pounds, and was willing to give a bill at two months for five-and-thirty.

There was a good deal of hesitation on the part of the lawyer; but Valentine had expected to meet with some difficulty, and was not altogether unprepared for a point-blank refusal. He was agreeably surprised when George Sheldon told him he would manage "that little matter; only the bill must be for forty." But in proof of the liberal spirit in which Mr. Hawkehurst was to be treated, the friendly lawyer informed him that the two months should be extended to three.

Valentine did not stop to consider that by this friendly process he was to pay at the rate of something over a hundred and thirty per cent per annum for the use of the money he wanted. He knew that this was his only chance of getting money; so he shut his eyes to the expensive nature of the transaction, and thanked Mr. Sheldon for the accommodation granted to him.

"And now we've settled that little business, I should like to have a few minutes' private chat

with you," said George, "on the understanding that what passes between you and me is strictly confidential."

"Of course!"

"You seem to have been leading rather an idle life for the last few months, and it strikes me, Mr. Hawkehurst, you're too clever a fellow to care about that sort of thing."

"Well, I have been in some measure wasting my sweetness on the desert air," Valentine answered carelessly. "The governor seems to have slipped into a good berth by your brother's agency, but I am not Horatio Nugent Cromie Paget, and the brougham and lavender kids of the Promoter are not for me."

"There is money to be picked up by better dodges than promoting," replied the attorney ambiguously; "but I suppose you wouldn't care for anything that didn't bring immediate cash? You wouldn't care to speculate the chances, however well the business might promise?"

"*C'est selon!* That's as may be," answered Valentine coolly. "You see those affairs that promise so much are apt to fail when it comes to a question of performance. I'm not a capitalist; I can't afford to become a speculator. I've been living from hand to mouth lately by means of occasional contributions to a sporting weekly, and a little bit of business which your brother threw in my way. I've been able to be tolerably useful to him, and he promises to get me something in the way of a clerkship, foreign correspondence, and that kind of thing."

"Humph!" muttered George Sheldon; "that means eighty pounds a year and fourteen hours' work a day, letters that must be answered by this mail, and so on. I don't think that kind of drudgery would ever suit you, Hawkehurst. You've not served the right apprenticeship for that sort of thing; you ought to try for some higher game. What should you say to an affair that might put two or three thousand pounds in your pocket if it was successful?"

I should feel very much inclined to fancy it a bubble; one of those dazzling rainbow-tinted globes which look so bright dancing about in the sunshine, and explode into nothing directly they encounter any tangible substance. However, my dear Sheldon, if you really have any employment to offer a versatile young man who is not overburdened with vulgar prejudices, you'd better put the business in plain words."

"I will," answered George; "but it's not an affair that can be discussed in five minutes. It's rather a serious matter, and involves a good deal of consideration. I know that you're a man of the world, and a very clever fellow into the bargain; but there's something more than that wanted for this business, and that is patience. The hare is a very fine animal in her way, you know; but a man must have a little of the tortoise in him if he wants to achieve anything out of the common run in the way of good luck. I have been working, and waiting, and speculating the chances for the last fifteen years, and I think I've got a good chance at last. But there's a good deal of work to be done before the business is finished; and I find that I must have some one to help me."

"What sort of business is it?"

"The search for the heir-at-law of a man who has died intestate within the last ten years."

The two men looked at each other at this juncture; and Valentine Hawkehurst smiled significantly.

"Within the last ten years?" he said. "That's rather a wide margin."

"Do you think you would be a good hand at hunting up the missing links in the chain of a family history?" asked Mr. Sheldon. "It's rather tiresome work, you know, and requires no common amount of patience and perseverance."

"I can persevere," said Valentine decisively, "if you can show me that it will be worth my while to do so. You want an heir-at-law, and I'm to look for him. What am I to get while I'm looking for him? and what is to be my reward if I find him?"

"I'll give you a pound a week and your travelling expenses while you're employed in the search, and I'll give you three thousand pounds on the day the heir gets his rights."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Hawkehurst rather doubtfully, "three thousand pounds is a very respectable haul. But then, you see I may fail to discover the heir; and even if I do find him, the chances are ten to one that the business would be thrown into Chancery at the last moment; in which case I might wait till doomsday for the reward of my labours."

George Sheldon shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He expected this penniless adventurer to catch eagerly at the chance he offered.

"Three thousand pounds are not to be picked up in the streets," he said. "If you don't care to work with me, I can find plenty of clever fellows in London who'll jump at the business."

"And you want me to begin work—?"

"Immediately."

"And how am I to pay forty pounds in three months out of a pound a week?"

"Never mind the bill," said Mr. Sheldon, with lofty generosity. "If you work heart and soul for me, I'll square that little matter for you; I'll get it renewed for another three months."

"In that case I'm your man. I don't mind a little hard work just now, and I can live upon a pound a week where another man would starve. So now for my instructions."

There was a brief pause, during which the lawyer refreshed himself by walking up and down his office two or three times with his hands in his pockets. After which relief he seated himself before his desk, took out a sheet of foolscap, and selected a pen from the inkstand.

"It's just as well to put things in a thoroughly business-like manner," he said presently. "I suppose you'd have no objection to signing a memorandum of agreement—nothing that would be of any use in a court of law, you know but a simple understanding between man and man, for our own satisfaction, as a safeguard against all possibility of misunderstanding in the future. I've every reason to consider you the most honourable of men, you know; but honourable men turn round upon each other sometimes. You might ask me for something more than three thousand—if you succeed in your search."

"Precisely; or I might make terms with the heir-at-law, and throw you over. Perhaps that was your idea?"

"Not exactly. The first half of the chain is in my hands, and the second half will be worth nothing without it. But to prevent all unpleasantness we may as well put our intentions upon record."

"I've not the least objection," replied Valentine with supreme indifference. "Draw up whatever memorandum you please, and I'll sign it. If you don't mind smoke, I should like to console myself with a cigar while you draw the bond."

The question was a polite formula, the atmosphere of George Sheldon's office being redolent of stale tobacco.

"Smoke away," said the lawyer; "and if you can drink brandy and soda at this time of day, you'll find the *de quoi* in that cupboard. Make yourself at home."

Mr. Hawkehurst declined the brandy and soda, and regaled himself only with a cigar, which he took from his own case. He sat in one of the second-floor windows smoking, and looking dreamily into the gardens, while George Sheldon drew up the agreement. He was thinking that any hazard which took him away from London and Charlotte Halliday might be a fortunate one.

The lawyer finished his document, which he read aloud for the benefit of the gentleman who was to sign it. The agreement was in the following terms:

"Memorandum of agreement between George Sheldon on the one part, and Valentine Hawkehurst on the other part, whereby it is this day mutually agreed by and between the parties hereto as follows:

"1. That, in consideration of a weekly salary of one pound while in pursuit of certain inquiries, and of the sum of three thousand pounds to be paid upon the arising of a certain event, namely, the establishment of an heir-at-law to the estates of the late John Haygarth, the said Valentine Hawkehurst shall act as agent for the said George Sheldon, and shall not at any time

during the continuance of this agreement do any act to prejudice the inquiry or the steps now being taken by the said George Sheldon to discover and establish an heir-at-law to the estates of the late John Haygarth.

"2. That at no time hereafter shall the said Valentine Hawkehurst be entitled to a larger recompense than is hereinbefore provided: nor shall he be liable to the said George Sheldon for the return of any moneys which the said George Sheldon may advance on account of the said inquiries in the event of the same not resulting in the establishment of an heir to the estates of the late John Haygarth.

"3. That the said Valentine Hawkehurst shall not alter his character of agent to the said George Sheldon during the prosecution of the said inquiry: that he shall deliver over to the said George Sheldon all documents and other forms of evidence that may arise from his, the said Valentine Hawkehurst's inquiries; and that he shall week by week, and every week, and as often as may be necessary, report to the said George Sheldon the result of such inquiries, and that he shall not on any pretence whatever be at liberty to withhold such fruits of his researches, nor discover the same to any one else than the said George Sheldon, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds, to be recovered as liquidated damages previously agreed between the parties as the measure of damages payable to the said George Sheldon upon the breach of this agreement by the said Valentine Hawkehurst.

"In witness whereof the parties hereto have this 20th day of September, 1862, set their hands and affixed their seals."

"That sounds stiff enough to hold water in a court of law," said Valentine when George Sheldon had recited the contents of the document.

"I don't suppose it would be much good in Chancery-lane," returned the lawyer carelessly; "though I daresay it sounds rather formidable to you. When one gets the trick of the legal jargon, it's not easy to draw the simplest form of agreement without a few superfluous words. I may as well call in my clerk to witness our signatures, I suppose."

"Call in any one you like."

The clerk was summoned from a sunless and airless den at the back of his principal's office. The two men appended their signatures to the document; the clerk added his in witness of the genuine nature of those signatures. It was an affair of two minutes. The clerk was dismissed. Mr. Sheldon blotted and folded the memorandum, and laid it aside in one of the drawers of his desk.

"Come," he said cheerily, "that's a business-like beginning at any rate. And now you'd better have some brandy and soda, for what I've got to say will take some time in the saying of it."

On this occasion Mr. Hawkehurst accepted the lawyer's hospitality, and there was some little delay before the conversation proceeded.

It was a very long conversation. Mr. Sheldon produced a bundle of papers, and exhibited some of them to his agent, beginning with that advertisement in the *Times* which had first attracted his notice, but taking very good care not to show his roadjuter the obituary in the *Observer* wherein the amount of the intestate's fortune was stated. The ready wits which had been sharpened at so many different grindstones proved keen enough for the occasion. Valentine Hawkehurst had had little to do with genealogies or baptismal registers during his past career; but his experiences were of such a manifold nature, that he was not easily to be baffled or mystified by any new experience. He showed himself almost as quick at tracing up the intricacies of a family tree as Mr. Sheldon, the astute attorney and practised genealogist.

"I have traced these Haygarths back to the intestate's great-grand father, who was a carpenter and a Puritan in the reign of Charles the First. He seems to have made money—how, I have not been able to discover with any certainty; but it is more than probable he served in the civil wars, and came in for some of the

plunder those crop-eared, psalm-singing, Pierce-the-brain-of-the-tyrant-with-the-nail-of-Jael scoundrels were always in the way of, at the sack of Royalist mansions. The man made money; and his son, the grandfather of the intestate, was a wealthy citizen in the reigns of Anne and the first George. He was a grocer, and lived in the market-place of Ullerton in Leicestershire, an out-of-the-way sleepy place it is now, but was prosperous enough in those days, I daresay. This man (the grandfather) began the world well-off, and amassed a large fortune before he had done with it. The lucky beggar lived in the days when free-trade and competition were unknown, when tea was something like sixty shillings a pound, and when a psalm-singing sleek-haired fellow with a reputation for wealth and honesty might cheat his customers to his heart's content. He had one son, Matthew, who seems, from what I can gather, to have been a wild sort of fellow in the early part of his career, and not to have been at any time on the best possible terms with the sanctimonious dad. This Matthew married at fifty-three years of age, and died a year after his marriage, leaving one son, who afterwards became the reverend intestate, with whom, according to the evidence at present before me, ends the direct line of the Haygarths." The lawyer paused, turned over two or three papers, and then resumed his explanation. "The sanctimonious grocer, Jonathan Haygarth, had one other child besides the son—a daughter called Ruth, who married a certain Peter Judson, and became the mother of a string of sons and daughters; and it is amongst the descendants of these Judsons that we may have to look for our heir at-law, unless we find him nearer home. Now, my idea is, that we shall find him nearer home."

"What reason have you for forming that idea?" asked Valentine.

"I'll tell you. This Matthew Haygarth is known to have been a wild fellow. I obtained a good deal of fragmentary information about him from an old man in some almshouses at Ullerton, whose grandfather was a schoolfellow of Matthew's. He was a scapegrace, and was always spending money in London while the respectable psalm-singer was hoarding it in Ullerton. There used to be desperate quarrels between the two men, and towards the end of Jonathan Haygarth's life the old man made half a dozen different wills in favour of half a dozen different people, and cutting off scapegrace Matthew with a shilling. Fortunately for scapegrace Matthew, the old man had a habit of quarrelling with his dearest friends,—a fashion not quite exploded in this enlightened nineteenth century,—and the wills were burnt one after another, until the worthy Jonathan became as helpless and foolish as his great contemporary and namesake, the Dean of St. Patrick's; and after having died "first at top," did his son the favour to die altogether, *intestate*, whereby the roysterer and spend thrift of Soho and Covent-garden came into a very handsome fortune. The old man died in 1766, aged eighty; a very fine specimen of your good old English tradesman of the Puritanical school. The roysterer, Matthew, was by this time forty-six years of age, and, I suppose, had grown tired of roystering. In any case he appears to have settled down very quietly in the old family house in the Ullerton market-place, where he married a respectable damsel of the Puritan school, some seven years after, and in which house or in the neighbourhood whereof, he departed this life, with awful suddenness, one year after his marriage, leaving his son and heir, the reverend intestate. And now, my dear Hawkehurst, you're a sharp fellow, and I daresay a good hand at guessing social conundrums; so perhaps you begin to see my idea."

"I can't say I do."

"My notion is, that Matthew Haygarth may possibly have married before he was fifty-three years of age. Men of his stamp don't often live to that ripe age without being caught in matrimonial toils somehow or other. It was in the days of Fleet marriages, in the days when young men about town were even more reckless and

more likely to become the prey of feminine deception than they are now. The fact that Matthew Haygarth revealed no such marriage is no conclusive evidence against my hypothesis. He died very suddenly—*intestate*, as it seems the habit of these Haygarths to die; and he had never made any adjustment of his affairs. According to the oldest inhabitant in Ullerton almshouses, this Matthew was a very handsome fellow, generous-hearted, open-handed; a devil-may-care kind of a chap; the type of the rollicking heroes in old comedies; the very man to fall over head and ears in love before he was twenty, and to go through fire and water for the sake of the woman he loved. In short, the very last man upon earth to live a bachelor until his fifty-fourth year."

"He may—"

"He may have been a profligate, you were going to say, and have had baser ties than those of Church and State. So he may; but if he was a scoundrel, tradition flatters him. Of course all the information one can gather about a man who died in 1774 must needs be of a very uncertain and fragmentary character. But if I can trust the rather hazy recollections of my oldest inhabitant about what his father told him his father had said of wild Mat Haygarth, the young man's wildness was very free from vice. There is no legend of innocence betrayed or infamy fostered by Matthew Haygarth. He appears to have enjoyed what the young men of that day called life—attended cock-fights, beat the watch, gambled a little, and was intimately acquainted with the interior of the Fleet and Marshalsea prisons. For nearly twenty years he seems to have lived in London; and during all those years he was lost sight of by the Ullerton people. My oldest inhabitant's grandfather was clerk to a merchant in the city of London, and had therefore some opportunity of knowing his old schoolfellow's proceedings in the metropolis. But the two townsmen don't seem to have seen much of each other in the big city. Their meetings were rare, and, so far as I can make out, for the most part accidental. But, as I said before, my oldest inhabitant is somewhat hazy, and execruciatingly prolix; his chaff is in the proportion of some fifty to one of his wheat. I've given a good deal of time to this case already, you see, Mr. Hawkehurst; and you'll find your work very smooth sailing, compared to what I've gone through."

"I daresay that sort of investigation is rather tiresome in the earlier stages."

"You'd say so, with a vengeance, if you had to do it," answered George Sheldon almost savagely. "You start with the obituary of some old bloke who was so disgustingly old when he consented to die that there is no one living who can tell you when he was born, or who were his father and mother; for, of course, the old idiot takes care not to leave a blessed document of any kind which can aid a fellow in his researches. And when you've had the trouble of hunting up half-a-dozen men of the same name, and have added your wretched brains in the attempt to patch the half-dozen men—turning up at different periods and in different places—into one man, they all tumble to pieces like a child's puzzle, and you find yourself as far as ever from the man you want. However, you won't have to do any of that work," added Mr. Sheldon, who was almost in a passion when he remembered the trouble he had gone through. "The ground has been all laid out for you, by Jove, as smooth as a tea-garden; and if you look sharp, you'll pick up your three thons' before you know where you are."

"I hope I shall," answered Valentine coolly.

He was not the sort of person to go into raptures about three thousand pounds, though such a sum must needs have seemed to him the wealth of a small Rothschild. "I know I want money badly enough, and am ready and willing to work for it conscientiously, if I get the chance. But to return to this Matthew Haygarth. Your idea is that there may have been a marriage previous to the one at Ullerton."

"Precisely. Of course there may have been no such previous marriage; but you see it's on the cards; and since it is on the cards, my notion

is that we had better hunt up the history of Matthew Haygarth's life in London, and try to find our heir-at-law there, before we go in for the Judsons. If you knew how the Judsons have married and multiplied, and lost themselves among herds of other people, you wouldn't care about tracing the ramifications of their family tree," said Mr. Sheldon with a weary sigh.

"So be it," exclaimed Mr. Hawkehurst carelessly; "we'll leave the Judsons alone, and go in for Matthew Haygarth."

He spoke with the air of an archaeological Hercules, to whom difficulties were nothing. It seemed as if he would have been quite ready to "go in" for some sidereal branch of the Plantagenets, or the female descendants of the Hardicanute family, if George Sheldon had suggested that the intestate's next of kin was to be found there.

"Mat Haygarth, by all means," he said. He was on jolly-good-fellow-ish terms with the dead and gone grocer's son already, and had the tone of a man who had been his friend and boon companion. "Mat Haygarth is our man. But how are we to ferret out his doings; in London? A man who was born in 1720 is rather a remote kind of animal."

"The secret of success in these matters is time," answered the lawyer sententially; "a man must have no end of time; and he must keep his brain clear of all other business. Those two conditions are impossible for me, and that's why I want a coadjutor: now you're a clever young fellow, with no profession, with no particular social ties, as I can make out, and your time is all your own; ergo, you're the very man for this business. The thing is to be done: accept that for a certainty. It's only a question of time. Indeed, when you look at life philosophically, what is there on earth that is not a question of time? Give the crossing-sweeper between this and Chaucery-lane time enough, and he might develop into a Rothschild. He might want nine hundred years or so to do it in; but there's no doubt he could do it, if you gave him time."

Mr. Sheldon was becoming expansive under the influence of the brandy-and-soda; for even that mild beverage is not without its effect on the intellectual man.

"As to this Haygarth case," he resumed, after the consumption of a little more soda and a little more brandy, "it's a sure success, if we work it properly; and you know three thou' is not to be despised," added George persuasively, "even if a fellow has to wait some time for it."

"Certainly not. And the bulk of the Haygarthian fortune—I suppose that's something rather stiff," returned Valentine, in the same persuasive tone.

"Well, you may suppose it's a decent figure," answered Mr. Sheldon with an air of deprecation, or how could I afford to give you three thou' out of the share I'm likely to get?"

"No, to be sure. I think I shall take to the work well enough when once I get my hand in; but I shall be very glad of any hint you can give me at starting."

"Well, my advice is this: begin at the beginning; go down to Ulterton; see my oldest inhabitant; I pumped him as dry as I could, but I couldn't give myself enough time for thoroughly exhaustive pumping; one has to waste a small eternity before one gets anything valuable out of those lazy old fellows. Follow up this Matthew from his birth: see the place where he was born; ferret out every detail of his life, so far as it is to be ferreted; trace his way step by step to London, and when you get him there, stick to him like a leech. Don't let him slip through your fingers for a day; hunt him from lodging to lodging, from tavern to tavern, into jail and out of jail—tantivy, yoicks, hark-forward! I know it's deuced hard work; but a man must work uncommonly hard in these days before he picks up three thou'. In a few words, the game is all before you; so go in and win," concluded George Sheldon, as he poured the last amber drops from the slim smoke-coloured bottle, and swallowed his glass of brandy undiluted by soda.

(To be continued.)

## UNDER GREEK FIRE.

PRIVATE advices from Athens tell us how men, young and old, are flocking to join the Cretan insurgents, while wives and mothers gladly see them go whence they are never likely to return. Even boys cannot be restrained, and the sons of many noble Athenian families have gone from their mothers' sides to give their young lives to the cause of Greece and freedom. Whatever may be the issue of the present struggle, it is certain that the hatred of the Turkish race, which burns in the heart of every Greek, will never slumber long, and it were well perhaps for the interests of the East if the undying virulence of that hatred were better understood than it is.

A striking instance of the true nature of this deadly enmity came to the knowledge of the writer of these pages during a residence on the spot where the event occurred, and where the survivor in the tragedy was then still living; and, although it took place many years ago, it is so perfect an exemplification of the spirit that is this moment agitating Greece through the length and breadth of the land, that it may be well to give a simple statement of the facts—premissing only, that, however difficult of belief, they are strictly true.

Near the foot of Mount Pentelics, and a few miles distant from Athens, a tranquil little village lies in the heart of a thickly wooded hollow: it is surrounded by olive trees of great age, and every little flat-roofed cottage has its tiny vineyard attached to it, or at least its garden, containing a pomegranate or fig-tree, as the sole revenue of its possessor. In winter the Cephissus runs through it with that delicious sound of flowing water which is so refreshing in an arid climate, and in summer its dry bed, filled with sparkling pieces of white marble, is almost hid by the lovely rose laurels which cluster over it. In the centre of the village stands the little church, with its Byzantine architecture, its ever-burning lamp, and its open door, through which at dawn, and again at sunset, soft clouds of incense are seen to roll, while the monotonous voice of the priest is heard chanting the old words that have echoed down to him through more than a thousand centuries. Near it is the fountain, where the peasant women come in their graceful Albanian dress, with brown capote and long white veil, to fill the earthen jars they bear on their shoulders, and which, in shape, are precisely the same as those depicted on the vases found in ancient tombs. Immediately behind the village is the great myrtle-clad mountain, whose marble quarries have yielded up the treasures which to this day give life to the classic memories of Greece—and on the other side, it needs but to ascend a little rising ground to catch sight of the gleaming pillars of the Parthenon, which seems, when spiritualized by the effect of strong sunlight, like the pure white vision of some heavenly temple in the air.

In one of the best houses of the village, which, nevertheless, only consisted of one large room with an earthen floor, there lived an old man named Apostoli, with his son Costandi and his daughter Xanthi. He was looked upon as a considerable proprietor, for he possessed two olive trees of his own and some beehives; and when he went, as all the other men did, to smoke his pipe in front of the little café in the evening, a place was always reserved for him beside the papas as the post of honour, although the good priest himself differed in no respect from the other villagers, excepting that he knew the Liturgy of S. Basil by heart. Apostoli and his son had both taken arms against the Turks, and they possessed one gun between them, which had done good execution in the time of need. Xanthi was fifteen, and beautiful as a Greek maiden of that age often is, with her long almond-shaped eyes, clear olive complexion, and splendid coils of dark hair, which when left to hang loose touched the ground at her feet. She wore it twisted round her little red fez, with three gold coins hanging from it over her forehead, which constituted all the money that Apostoli and his fathers before him had ever possessed. The soft white veil with which she had been taught to

cover the lower part of her face leaving only the eyes visible, when she met any man, usually fell in graceful folds on her shoulders; her grey pelisse, of a thick woollen material embroidered in red, reached her knees, and below this she wore a long white garment with wide hanging sleeves, which was confined to the waist by a silken scarf; red slippers covered her small brown feet and thus attired, in the identical dress which her dead mother and grandmother had worn before her, little Xanthi looked as classical a figure as could well have been seen. It was a calm hot, summer evening, and, like all the other women in the village, Xanthi was seated on the ground, outside her own door, talking to the inhabitant of the next house, who was in a similar position. The contrast presented by these two neighbours was very singular, although their dress was precisely the same. Xanthi was at the ripest hour of her young beauty, and Diamanti was not only the oldest woman in the village, but probably the oldest in Greece, for she had numbered a hundred and twelve years, and looked the most withered, wrinkled old mummy it is possible to imagine. It almost seemed as if she had been dried up to such a state of complete preservation that she must last for ever; and there was no sign of life about her when her face was in repose, except the dim black eyes which looked out upon the world with an uncertain gaze, as though it were strange to them. She was speaking now, however, and the shrill, wuffled voice seemed to come from a distance.

"Yes, corizi mou (my daughter)," she was saying, "it is as I tell you—the saints have forgotten me—I am tired of living, and they ought to have taken me years ago; but they have never troubled their heads about me, and it is very unkind of them, especially of Saint Dimitri; for it is I that have given him a taper on his feast-day every year, and let it burn down to the end, because he was my husband's name saint: he ought to remember me at least; but he don't—he can take Petrachi, the barber, who was only eighty, and Stamina, the papa's widow, who was not so much: but he can't think of me, oh no!"

"Tell about your husband, mitera mou (my mother)," said Xanthi, interrupting the old woman's grumbling. "What was he like?"

"How should I remember? he has been dead a hundred years. I married him when I was eleven, and he died the year after."

"Dead a hundred years ago!" exclaimed Xanthi, letting her distaff fall from her hand, "and you a widow all that time! but you can tell me if you liked him, surely, and if you were sorry when he died?"

"Not I, indeed! I know nothing about it. I married him because my father said I must do so, without my ever having seen him before the wedding day, as you will marry your bridegroom, poulaki mou (my little bird), when the time comes."

Xanthi knew well in truth that this was the fate before her; marriages among the Greek peasants are invariably arranged by the parents without the persons most concerned being consulted in the smallest degree; but although so little room is thus left for any romance of the affections, it is, nevertheless, round the details of their betrothal and marriage that the thoughts and dreams of the young Greek maidens centre entirely. It is, indeed, the only subject on which their imaginative and mental powers, such as they are, can exercise themselves, for there is literally nothing in their simple lives to awaken thought on those mysteries of life and death which must, in some measure, be brought before the lower classes in our country by the mere atmosphere of religion and education that surrounds them. The peasant girls of Greece spin their flax, roast their Indian corn, and prepare pipes and coffee for the men of their household, all through the week in unvarying routine; and on Sundays and feast days they go to the church, and kiss the feet of the sacred icons, and the hand of the priest, and once or twice a year they perform other religious duties, and are convinced that all will be well with them in that future beyond the grave of which they never think—and thus the coming bridegroom, whom their father is certain to find for them, is

the only object external to their everyday lives on which their thoughts can dwell, and the only object also which can touch ever so lightly the slumbering depths of passion that lie hid in the ardent Eastern nature.

"But, *mitera mou*," said Xanthi, still pursuing her researches into the history of the poor old worn-out heart that was beating so feebly now with the last remnant of life, "if you lived a whole year with your husband, you must remember if you grew to love him, and if it seemed to you when he died as if the sun had gone out, as I am sure it would to me?"

"I tell you, *poulaki*, I remember nothing about him. I know I got the public mourners to come and shriek when he died, for I always did my duty, I did—but I don't care anything about it—I want to die, if only Saint Dimitri would act like a Christian, and take me."

"Well, *mitera mou*, you are very old, I know," said Xanthi with a sigh, "but I do not think if I lived even as long as you have done I should wish to die. I should not like to have my best clothes put on me, and be carried away to be hid underground. I want to live; I do not want ever to die.—Oh, life is sweet!" Her voice grew tremulous, and her eyes shone with a softened light as she turned them to a distant point in the olive grove, which seemed to suggest some thought to her that lay far deeper than her words.

"Ah, well," grumbled Diamanti; "you will not find it so pleasant when you have no teeth to eat even olives with, and when you cannot see whether it is a grape or a blue beetle you are putting in your mouth, as it happened to me yesterday." Just at this moment Apostoli came slowly up, pipe in hand, and told Xanthi to come into the house, as he had something to say to her.

She obeyed, and the old man seated himself cross-legged on the divan, where a little square carpet formed his bed at night, while his daughter sat down on the ground at his feet. Apostoli smoked in silence for a few minutes with great solemnity, and then said:

"My daughter, you are now fifteen, are you not?"

"Yes, father; I began my sixteenth year on the feast of the sleep of the Virgin."

"It is a great age," said the old man, gravely; "you should have gone home to a husband last year, but I have been so occupied with those accursed Turks that I have neglected my duty to you; however, it is all settled now. I have found you a bridegroom, and you will be married next week."

Xanthi started violently, while the sudden colour dyed her face with as rich a glow as that which blushes over Hymettus when the sun is sinking.

"Oh, my father, no!" she exclaimed. "I do not wish to marry."

Apostoli took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at her in utter amazement.

"Xanthi, have you slept under the moon and gone mad that you speak such words? You ought to hide your face for shame that you are not married already; but there will be no more delay now; your godfather and godmother are preparing your crown, and the *papas* has promised to have the wedding next Sunday."

"But who is the bridegroom, father?" asked Xanthi, clasping her hands with a movement of pain.

"Xanthi, is that a proper question for you to ask?" said Apostoli severely. "What bad spirit is come to you to-day?"

The young girl bent down her head in silence, tears dropping from her eyes.

"You can ask me, if you like, what I intend to give you for your portion, and you will see you have a good father. I have promised that you are to have three beehives and your mother's clothes. The bridegroom's father is to give two olive trees and the house furnished. Ah! it is a good bargain"—and he stroked his head in a self-satisfied manner.

"Do I know the bridegroom's father?" asked Xanthi, with apparent unconcern.

"No, you have never seen him; he is the demark of Kefessin," said the old man, falling

into the trap, "and Manolaki is his only son, so he is willing to do great things for him. Now, my little bird, I have told you thus early of your wedding in order that you may have time to get the sweetmeats ready, and the gold threads to mix with your hair, and it may be as well to have your eyebrows and eyelids painted to-morrow; but your godmother will see to all that—she is coming as soon as the sun rises."

While he spoke Costandi came through the garden and into the house with the peculiarly haughty, almost insolent bearing which the Greek peasant is so apt to assume; he had the delicate profile and short upper lip of his race, and was a fine-looking youth, full of energy and vigour—strangely different, indeed, to what he was later in life when he was known to the writer as a worn, moody, restless man, who wandered about in the deadly sunshine when every one else was sleeping, as if haunted by fatal memories that would not die.

"I have told Xanthoula," said Apostoli, addressing him, "that the bridegroom you know of is coming for her on Sunday."

"Ah, it is time, indeed," said Costandi. "I am ashamed to see her still in her father's house; there is not a maiden in the village so old as she is, and unmarried; you should have seen to it earlier, *patera mou*."

"Is it my fault? Could I bring bridegrooms down from heaven when they had all gone off to fight with these dogs of Turks? but we shall soon see her taken home now. Xanthi, are you dreaming, that you do not fill your brother's chibouki? Do not you see that he is waiting for it?"

Xanthi had been sitting with her eyes hidden in her hands; she now rose with a heavy, sullen look on her beautiful face, and, dragging her feet slowly along, went to fill Costandi's pipe.

Soon after the family prepared to go to rest for the night, and as it was extremely hot Apostoli and his son took their carpets from the divan which formed their couch in colder weather, and went out to sleep in the garden. Xanthi had already lain down on a mat near the door, and appeared to be sunk in a profound slumber. There was, in reality, however, no sleep under those long eyelashes wet with tears, and the wild beating of her heart might almost have been heard in the intense stillness that soon fell on all around. For an hour or two the Greek girl lay perfectly still, then cautiously she sat up and listened, with her large dark eyes glancing from side to side like those of a young fawn when it fears an enemy. There was not a sound, however, except the little green frogs chirping in the trees, and the perpetual creaking noise of the cigala. At last she rose—laid aside her slippers—gathered her veil over her face, and stole out of the house. She passed her father and brother, who both lay buried in deep sleep, with the utmost caution, and then with a swift and noiseless step, her naked feet scarce touching the ground, she fled away through the village, and out into the olive grove beyond, never stopping till she reached a spot in the centre of the wood, marked by the traces of some very ancient ruins. Here she paused. Her feet, though she knew it not, were on the site of a temple once dedicated to Pallas, while at a little distance from her were the remains of a chapel which bore the evidence of four different epochs unmistakably on its crumbling walls. A bas-relief, in good preservation, showed that here a temple had stood in honour of Venus; an inscription somewhat less ancient told that it had been converted into a Christian church in the earliest ages of the faith; a round Byzantine dome, remaining entire, indicated that it had next been changed into a Turkish mosque, and now again the lamp burning before the broken altar proved that it was in the hands of those who style themselves pre-eminently the orthodox.

But Xanthi cared nothing for the classic associations of the spot, nor yet for the unspeakable beauty of the night, which must have filled almost with a sense of joy a heart less troubled than her own. The glorious stars of Greece were gleaming in the deep blue heaven with an intense brightness which was only rivalled by

the flashing of the great meteors that darted to and fro as if on mysterious messages; below, the vast expanse of the olive grove, silvered by the pure light, shimmered and glistened like the waves of the sea, while the soft purple of the hills melted into the cloudless sky, with an ethereal delicacy of outline which was exquisitely lovely.

But there was only one good in heaven or in earth for Xanthi in that hour, and she was waiting for it now with longing eyes and parted lips, and hands clasped tight to still the throbbing of her heart. Soon the sound which was the music of life to her came faintly on the air. She heard the galloping of a horse coming ever nearer and nearer towards her. Now her eyes grew larger with joyful excitement, her chest heaved, her breathing became short and hurried—nearer and nearer—through the trees she can discern the beautiful Arab mare that was bearing to her the desire of her heart, and in another moment the horseman was at her side. He flung himself to the ground and caught her in his arms, while she let her head fall on his breast with a faint cry of delight.

But now the terror and the curse of Xanthi's fate is seen, for the lover whom the Greek maiden has welcomed with such rapture is a Turk! A noble-looking man indeed; but a Turk wearing a green turban, which marks him as a descendant of Mahomet, and a scimitar which had often been reddened by the blood of Greeks.

Xanthi had loved her country and hated the Moslem once, and she knew but too well the infamy and loathing that would fall on her name if it were known that she showed favour to the tyrant of her people—but she loved him! She loved him with the devotion of a first affection—with the fire of youth—with the passion of her Eastern nature—country and home—father and friends—all were nothing to her now in comparison of one touch from that hand, one look from those eyes.

"Oh, Achmeti!" she said, as they sat down together at the foot of an olive-tree; "it is well we were to meet to-night, for you must save me now, or it will be too late for ever." And she shuddered, squeezing her little hands into his as if she wanted him to hold her safe from the grasp of others.

"What has happened?" he said, drawing her nearer to him.

"My father is going to bring a bridegroom on Sunday to take me away."

"A bridegroom?" said Achmet, scoffingly. "I am your bridegroom, Xanthoula, and none other shall you have."

"I know it, Achmeti mou, I would rather die than go with another; but what shall I do when my father brings him to marry me? Oh, don't let him take me away!"

"Fear nothing, my little bird, he shall never come near you, for you must do now what should have been done long ago. You must come with me to my strong tower in Negropont, where you will be safe for the present, and then, when I can get a ship, I will take you to Stamboul, where you shall live in my harem, and do nothing but amuse yourself all day long."

"Oh, Achmet, if only you were a Greek!" she said, putting her arms round his neck.

"Can you not love me as I am—Xanthi, can you not?" he answered, holding back her head that he might look into her eyes.

"I do, I do, better than life; but my father—my brother—if they were ever to know I had gone away with a Turk!" and she shuddered from head to foot.

"They never will know it, *angelaki mou* (my little angel); you must come with me now—at once. My good Arab will have placed you in safety before they have awakened to miss you. Come, my thrice beloved—light of my heart—we must not delay another instant."

He rose, and drew Xanthi to her feet. She stood for a moment trembling and changing colour, her eyes full of tears, her lips quivering; her country, her religion, her father, were straining on the chords that bound them to her heart—while before her was the face which was the sun of her existence.

"Choose, Xanthi," said Achmet, who was

watching her keenly; "if you do not come with me now, you will never see me again."

With a cry she flung herself into his arms. "Achmeti mou, you must be my home, my country, my all!"

Without a word he lifted her on the horse, took his seat behind her, and in another moment they were flying through the olive grove as if the beautiful Arab had wings to his feet.

Xanthi was missed as soon as her father and brother awoke, for it was a circumstance so unprecedented that a Greek peasant girl should be absent from her home, that it excited alarm and suspicion at once. Costandi went without delay into the village to try and obtain some tidings of her, and in the course of an hour he came back to his father, with his face so transformed by furious passion that the old man rose appalled from his seat, and could only gasp out "My daughter!"

"Your daughter and my sister no more, father," said Costandi, grinding his teeth, "the accursed woman has given herself to Achmet, the Turk—yes, the Turk!—and is gone with him to his home!"

The old man gave a cry almost like that of a wild beast when his prey is torn from him.

"It cannot be—it cannot be," he groaned out; "that son of a dog may have carried her off, but she has not consented."

"She has," said his son. He came up to Apostoli, and spoke in a voice of deep passion. "Listen, father; the papas met them in the olive grove—she was on the horse in front of the Turk—the priest thought she was being stolen away, and he caught the bridle, and besought that hound to give her up to him; then Xanthi—Xanthi, father!—turned and put her arms round the Turk, and said she would never leave him—she would go with him wherever he went: she was his own, his wife!"

Apostoli stopped his ears. "Enough," he said. He sat down on the divan, his face changing to a livid hue and a dark expression of concentrated rage and hate. At last he slowly stretched out his right hand and said: "Let her be anathema."

"It is not enough only to curse her, father," said Costandi, very slowly. The old man looked up and met his son's eyes. He understood the meaning they expressed, and his glist'ning face became convulsed in the agony of the terrible conflict of feeling that was rending his heart. Costandi continued to meet his almost imploring gaze unflinchingly; at last the old man, in a faint, broken voice, whispered: "My son, must it be?"

"Father, are you a Greek, and do you ask me?" With a groan Apostoli drew his capote over his head, laid his face on his arms, and remained motionless. Costandi took his gun from the corner of the room and went out.

It was night once more—sweet, beautiful, and calm, as that which had witnessed Xanthi's final apostacy to her country and her faith; and the solemn loveliness of the hour was even more exquisite in the pine-grove of Souli, where she now enjoyed it, than in the familiar scene where she had beheld it last. This grove lies along one side of the plain of Marathon, in the shade of the mountains that encircle it, and forms the only break in that wide expanse whose edge is washed by the rippling waves, with the exception of the tumulus in the centre, where the bones of the long-remembered heroes yet rest in peace.

The sea was lying now under the soft starlight like a sheet of molten silver, serene as the cloudless sky that looked down on the calm scene of ancient strife; and the hush and stillness in the air were so complete that one might well have fancied one could have heard, according to the old tradition, the phantom horses of the Persians neighing in their agony, and the shout of the Greeks as they rushed to their death. Within the pine-grove the shadows lay soft and deep, but there was light enough for little Xanthi to busy herself in preparing a repast for her lover with the provisions which he had carried off from a luckless Greek peasant, whom he had met on the mountain path going home with a well-laden donkey. Achmet had brought Xanthi

to this spot to rest till the heat of the day was over, and they intended to resume their journey in an hour or two. Xanthi was moving about with a light step and a sunny smile, arranging the grapes and bread and the skin of wine at the foot of a tree, where her lord could recline at ease. She had given herself up for the time to the intoxicating sweetness of the love she no longer cared to conceal; they were together, free and alone, and she had flung out from her heart all thought of Greece in its oppression, and her father in his anger and misery. Achmet was with her, and what was all the world beside to her? This, she felt, was the crowning hour of her life, the best, the sweetest; and true it is, that the brightest and loveliest hour of day is often that over which the sun cast his lusty rainbow-tinted rays before he leaves the world to gloom and night.

Presently Xanthi discovered that the wooden water-bottle, which Achmet carried slung from his saddle, was empty, and that it must be replenished as much for the sake of the horse as for their own. The Turk at once said that he knew there was a little mountain stream not very far up the hill-side, where he would go to fill it; and smiling at Xanthi's entreaties that he would come back as quickly as he could, he swung the bottle over his shoulder, and disappeared among the trees. Still she busied herself in preparations for his comfort, and at last, having made every arrangement she could think of that was likely to please him, she went and stood quietly leaning against a tree, with her beautiful bright face turned in the direction from which she expected to see her lover return. After a little time her ear detected a foot-step coming towards her; she leaned eagerly forward, calling out in a joyous tone—"Achmeti, my thrice beloved, are you come?"—and a voice, a voice she knew too well, answered, hoarse with rage—"Accursed woman! it is I who am come!"

The arms stretched out to embrace her lover, fell at her side; her large eyes, dilated with unutterable terror, became fixed and glassy; her lips refused to form even a cry for help; frozen with the awful presage of her fate she stood like a statue, waiting the approach of the avenger. Soon, from among the trees, her brother appeared, and stopped a few paces from her, where the full starlight fell upon his cruel, inexorable face. Slowly he raised his gun—then a wild shriek burst from the unhappy girl; she fell on her knees, and clasped her hands.

"Amaun! amaun!" she cried, in a voice of stifled agony. This word, which means simply mercy, is a Turkish expression; but it is currently used in Greece, and at another time it would not have been remembered from what language it was taken; now, if anything could have added to Costandi's implacable wrath, this would have done it.

"You do well to ask mercy in Turkish: it is a fitting word to be the last on the lips of a false-hearted Greek, and now, in your own blood, will I wash out the stain of your infamy!" He fired, as he spoke, with a sure and steady aim. Xanthi, struck to the heart, fell over on her side, and on her beautiful face, upturned to the starlight, death stamped the seal of its mysterious calm, effacing for ever the look of horror and fear which had marred its loveliness in the last awful moment of consciousness.

Costandi drew near and looked at her, not to mourn the fair young life he had destroyed, but to assure himself that the work was well and surely done, and that the child of their common parents could be false to Greece no more. Then, when he had fully satisfied himself that Achmet would find only a corpse where he had left a form of living beauty and a heart beating with love, he turned calmly from the spot and disappeared among the trees.

Costandi lived many long years after Greece had been free, and the Moslem driven from her fairest possessions. He may be living still—possibly he is one of those old men, of whom we have heard, who have renewed their youth in the cause of Crete, and are even now fighting, hand to hand, with their ancient foes on her shore. But this is certain—the deadly hatred to

the Moslem, which nerved his hand to shed the blood of his young sister, and by her sweet life in the dust of death, is burning now in the heart of every Greek, with as quenchless a fire as ever in those days of more visible conflict; and whatever the future may have in store for the East, that fire will never die out while Turkey in Europe can be said to exist.

## HELGA AND HILDEBRAND.\*

Helga sits at her chamber door—  
God only my heart from sorrow can sever!  
She seweth the same seam o'er and o'er.  
Let me tell of the sorrow that lives for ever!

What she should work with golden thread,  
She works away with silk instead;  
What her fingers with silk should sew,  
She works away with gold, I trow.

One whispereth in the ear of the Queen,  
"Helga is sewing morning and e'en!"

Her seam is wildly and blindly done;  
Down on the seam her tear-drops run!"

The good Queen hearkens wonderingly.  
In at the chamber-door goes she.

"Hearken unto me, little one!  
Why is thy seam so wildly done?"

"My seam is wild and my work is mad,  
Because my heart is so sad—so sad!"

My father was a King so good—  
Fifty knights at his table stood.

My father let me sew and spin;  
Twelve knights each strove my love to win:

Eleven wooed me as lovers may,  
The twelfth he stole my heart away;

And he who wed me was Hildebrand  
Son to a King of Engelland.

Scarce did we our castle gain,  
When the news was to my father ta'en.

My father summoned his followers then:  
"Up, up! and arm ye, my merry men!"

Don your breastplates and helmets bright,  
For Hildebrand is a fiend in fight!"

They knocked at the door with mailed hand:  
"Arise and hither, Sir Hildebrand!"

Sir Hildebrand kissed me tenderly:  
"Name not my name, an thou lovest me;

Even if I bleeding be,  
Name me never till life doth flee!"

Out at the door sprang Hildebrand,  
His good sword glistening in his hand,

And ere the lips could mutter a prayer,  
Stew my five brothers with golden hair.

Only the youngest slew not he—  
My youngest brother so dear to me.

Then cried I loud, "Sir Hildebrand,  
In the name of our Lady, stay thy hand!"

Oh, spare the youngest, that he may ride  
With the bitter news to my mother's side!"

Scarcely the words were uttered,  
When Sir Hildebrand fell bleeding and dead,

To his saddle my brother, fierce and cold,  
Tied me that night by my tresses of gold.

Over valley and hill he speeds:  
With thorns and brambles my body bleeds.

Over valley and hill we feet;  
The sharp stones stick in my tender feet.

Through deep fords the horse can swim;  
He drags me choking after him.

We came unto the castle great;  
My mother stood weeping at the gate.

My brother built a tower forlorn,  
He paved it over with flint and thorn;

My cruel brother placed me there,  
With only my silken sark to wear.

Whene'er I moved in my tower forlorn,  
My feet were pierced with sharp, sharp thorn.

Whene'er I slept on the stones,  
Aches and pains were in all my bones.

My brother would torture me twentyfold  
But my mother begged I might be sold.

A clock was the price they took for me—  
It hangs on the Kirk of our Ladie.

And when the clock on the kirk chimed first,  
The heart of my mother aunder burst."

Ere Helga all her tale hath said,  
(God only my heart from sorrow can sever!)  
On the arm of the Queen she is lying dead.  
(Let me tell of the sorrow that lives for ever!)

\* From Ballad Stories of the Affections, from the Scandinavian; By Robert Buchanan.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters addressed for the Editor should be addressed "Editor of Saturday Reader, Drawer 401," and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

R. E.—Wassail is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon *Wæs heal*—"Be in health." The drinking of healths is of very ancient date; but the application of the word "toast" is modern, having had its origin in the practice of putting a piece of toasted bread in a jug of ale—hence called "a toast and tankard." The custom of so using the word is said to have had its rise at Bath in the reign of Charles II. It happened that on a public day a celebrated beauty of those times was in the large public bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half tipsy, who offered to jump in, and declared, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a toast—*Zeller*. Begun in the form of toasting beauties at private parties, toasts were in time given on all sorts of subjects at public festivities.

A. B. C.—When, on the side-walks, two persons proceeding in different directions are about to pass, each should pass to the right-hand of the other.

W. W. B.—The article is respectfully declined.

A CONSTANT READER.—We cannot say positively, but we will endeavour to arrange in future that the serial tale or tales shall conclude with the volume.

MADE.—The lines entitled "Days of Old" are declined with thanks.

GEO. D. L., PORT DOWER.—We have entered your name as a subscriber for the club, and handed the problem to our chess editor, who will report in due course.

V.—The publisher will retain the Canadian copyright of the prize story, but the author will be at liberty to republish in Great Britain. We can give no definite reply to your other question.

DELF.—The phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's," is said to have originated in the tavern practice of scoring debts due by customers, the P's signifying pints, and the Q's quarts. It was, and, for aught we know, is still, customary in the rural districts of England to score these debts with chalk upon the inside of the bar-room door.

A SUNSHOWER.—A Morgonatic marriage is one that is celebrated with the understanding that the issue of such marriage will not inherit the title or estate of the father. Such a marriage does not sanction the having two wives at the same time.

A. J.—Much obliged. We will forward specimen copies for your canvass.

BOLTON.—Declined with thanks.

ARTHUR W.—Yes.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A Carib being asked if he remembered a certain benevolent missionary, calmly replied, "He was a good man. Me ate part of him."

"Do you like fish-balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins, hesitatingly—"I really don't know, Miss Robinson; I never recollect attending one."

"I have just packed my eight children off to school; how would you like the care of so many?" said a mother to an old bachelor. "Why, I should hate it," he replied.

"Would not you, sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" said Jemmy Boswell to Samuel Johnson. "I hope not," replied Johnson, "if I did I should frighten the ghost."

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."

Dr. Browne having long admired a very beautiful young lady, made a point of always giving her for his toast. Being once told it was time to change it, he replied, "I believe it is; for though I have been toasting her for these twenty years, I have not been able to make her brown yet."

Dr. Dosey was ill: his friend, the Rev. Peter Quick, applied to the patron for the next presentation; but the Doctor recovered, and upbraided the Rev. Peter with such a breach of friendship, saying, "You looked for my death."—"No, no, doctor," said Peter, "you quite mistake; it was your living I looked for."

"All's well that ends well," as the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter.

"Measure for measure," as the chemist said when he took a bad sennep for a black draught.

PASTIMES.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Why zero per! F.
2. O dread horn ugd.
3. A bard led so J. C.
4. Y. his hut can.

BENICUS.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A sign.  
An animal.  
A lake in Ireland.  
Want.

BENICUS.

2. To transmit.  
Always.  
A Roman Emperor.  
A particle of water.

INNERMAN.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. PANTRISTONSIO. A sort of puzzle.
2. R.M.P. SIR CHARLIE MORRIS. A British general.

CHARADES.

I am a word of nine letters. My 1, 2, 7 is a beverage; my 5, 6, 7, 1, 2 is a useful article; my 5, 6, 2, 7, 1 signifies power; my 5, 6, 7, 8, 4 is a fruit; my 9, 4, 7, 1 signifies warmth. My 8, 3, 7, 6 is a fruit. My 1, 4, 7, 6, 8 is to rend; my 6, 3, 7, 8 is to cut down; my 5, 7, 1, 9, 2, 6 is to pick up; my 8, 2, 4, 3 is to pare; my 7, 3, 2 is a malt liquor; my 9, 7, 3, 4 is hearty; my 7, 8, 4 is an animal; my 9, 4, 7, 3 is to cure; my 3, 4, 7, 6, 8 is to jump; my 3, 4, 3 is a part of the body; my 2, 4, 3, 8 is a fish; my 9, 4, 7, 3 is to ring; my 1, 6, 7, 8 is to catch. My *whole* is a useful invention.

My first is drawn on paper, to convey distinct ideas of what it does portray; My next is a word that to the French belongs, It's also found in Roman poet's songs; My *whole*, a wander as its name implies, On its appointed path untiring flies.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two words, of five letters each, the letters in each to be the same. The five words forming the acrostic to contain the same number of letters each.

1. Half of a relation.
2. A small fiddle.
3. A card.
4. A beverage.
5. An animal.

F. F.

ENIGMA.

Tread lightly, speak low, nay, profound silence keep, If so be that you mean not to break on my sleep; My dreams you can't hurt, for, though strange it may seem,

I could slumber for aye, unmolested by dream. Impar, not to me what you wish to conceal; I'm a tell-tale, and all that I catch I reveal: So beware what you say, if you're wise—do you mind me?

For you know not in what lurking place you may find me.

And true it will prove, as my voice that is heard, That when'er I discourse, I must have the last word; Yet in converse with me when you happen to fall, I speak what you wish, or I speak not at all.

I always in all tongues, and have oft used the worst, Always ready to prate, but I never speak first; Like a cunning disputer, 'tis with me a fixed plan, sir, To meet question with question, always shirking an answer.

Where once I am found, or in grotto or glen Be assured you may always detect me *again*, For where nature or art has determined my lot, As a true lover constant, I cling to the spot. And there I could slumber, unnoticed, unknown, Without growing fainter, when ages had flown.

H. M.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL BEBUS, &c., No. 80.

*Geographical Rebus, Tamerlane.*—1 Tay, 2 Alsace, 3 Matapan, 4 Estramadura, 5 Rhodes, 6 Lyons, 7, Alabama, 8 Nottingham, 9 Egypt.

*Square Words.*—S H E D.

H E R E.  
E R I G.  
D E C K.

Riddle.—Ice.

Charades.—1 Woman, 2 Washington Irving, 3 Oxford, 4 Capital.

Problem.—Original cost was \$12,000.

Decapitation.—Grace-race-acc.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rebus.—Hero, Vivian, J. J. H. Argus, Geo. B. Ellen.

Square Words.—Bericus, Argus, Vivian, Camp, Ottawa, J. J. H.

Riddle.—J. J. H. Hero, Bericus, Argus, Geo. B., Prescott.

Charades.—Bericus, Argus, Ellen, Geo. B., Ottawa, Camp.

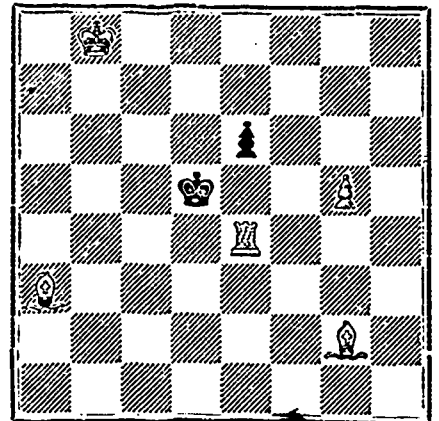
Decapitation.—Ellen, Camp, Bericus, Geo. B., Argus.

Problem.—Argus, Bericus, Geo. B., J. J. H.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 61.

By "MEDICO," WATERVILLE, C. E. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 59.

WHITE.

- 1 Q to K 2.
- 2 Q to K 5.
- 3 Q to B 3 mate.

BLACK.

- K takes P.
- K moves.

The following game was recently contested by a member of the Montreal Chess Club, against three amateurs consulting:

BLACK, (Mr. A.)

WHITE, (The Allies.)

- |                          |                            |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 P to K 4.              | 1 P to K 4.                |
| 2 K B to Q B 4.          | 2 K Kt to B 3.             |
| 3 Q Kt to B 3.           | 3 P to Q B 3.              |
| 4 P to Q 4.              | 4 K B to Q Kt 5.           |
| 5 Q to Q 3.              | 5 P to Q 4.                |
| 6 K P takes Q P.         | 6 Kt takes P (a).          |
| 7 B takes Kt.            | 7 Q takes B.               |
| 8 B to Q 2.              | 8 Q takes K Kt P.          |
| 9 Q to H B 3.            | 9 Q B to K R 6 (b).        |
| 10 Q takes B.            | 10 Q takes K.              |
| 11 Q to Q B 5 (ch.)      | 11 K to K 2.               |
| 12 Q takes Q Kt P (ch.)  | 12 Q Kt to Q 2 (c).        |
| 13 Castles.              | 13 B takes Kt.             |
| 14 B to K Kt 5 (ch) (d). | 14 P to K B 3.             |
| 15 Q P takes K P.        | 15 B takes Kt P (ch.) (e). |
| 16 Q takes B.            | 16 P takes B.              |
| 17 Q to Q R 3 (ch.)      | 17 P to Q B 4.             |
| 18 K Kt to B 3.          | 18 Q to K Kt 7.            |
| 19 Q to Q 3.             | 19 K R to Q sq.            |
| 20 Q to Q 6 (ch.)        | 20 K to K sq.              |
| 21 Q to K 6 (ch.)        | 21 K to B sq.              |
| 22 Q to K B 5 (ch.)      | 22 K to K 2 (f).           |
| 23 Kt takes P.           | 23 Q takes Kt (ch) (g).    |
| 24 Q takes Q (ch.)       | 24 K to B sq.              |
| 25 P to K 6.             | 25 Kt to K B 3.            |
| 26 Q takes Q B P (ch.)   | 26 K to K sq.              |
| 27 K to Kt sq.           | 27 K to Q 4 (h).           |
| 28 Q to Q B 7.           |                            |

and in a few more moves, the Allies struck their colors.

- (a) P takes P seems preferable.
- (b) This is not so good as it looks.
- (c) Well played, if Black now takes B with Q (ch). White pushes on P, putting the Q en prise, followed by Q takes Kt (ch), &c.
- (d) Unexpected, no doubt.
- (e) Threatening to win the Q.
- (f) It matters little where the K goes.
- (g) The only move to save immediate defeat.
- (h) R to K B sq would have been better, the move in the text only hastens their defeat.