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VOL. III.—No. 63.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.

**ST. PATRICK'S HALL.**

**T**HE rapidity with which the aspect of Montreal is changing is really marvellous. Whole streets are being widened at great cost, and hundreds of stores demolished, whilst in their places are springing up magnificent blocks of buildings, which would challenge admiration in any city upon this continent. Everywhere the marks of increasing wealth and solid prosperity are visible, and especially is this true with regard to the public buildings that have been erected in Montreal during the past year or two. These facts are sufficiently evident to every one acquainted with our good city; and we propose, from time to time, to afford our friends at a distance the opportunity of becoming familiar with the more important of those recent structures, which are the pride and ornament of the com-

mercial metropolis of Canada. Our plan will also include buildings in the course of erection, and we commence the series with the fine engraving below.

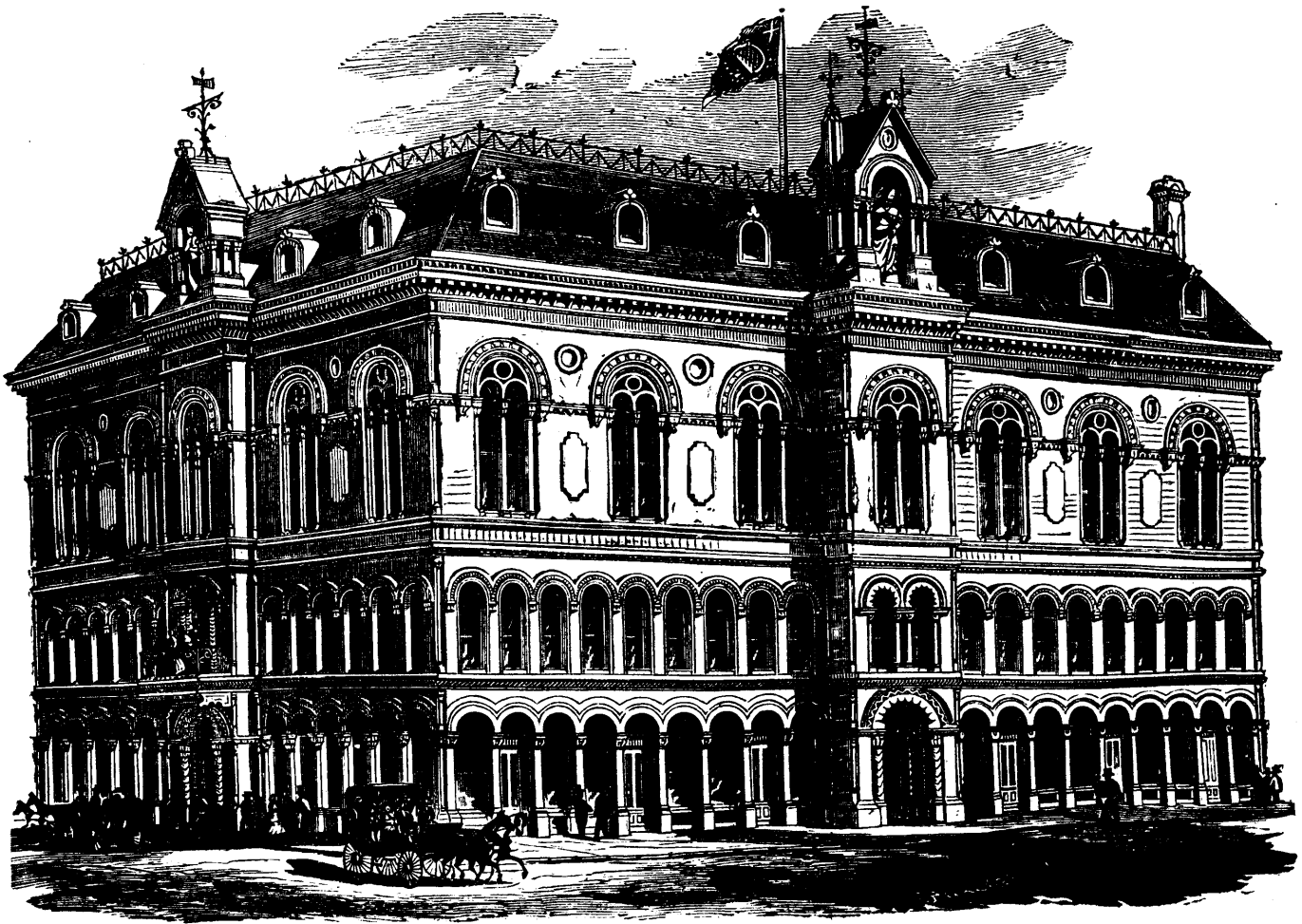
St. Patrick's Hall will be, when completed, a fitting monument of the taste, energy, and patriotism of our Irish fellow-citizens. The building will extend 140 feet on Victoria square, and 100 on Craig street and Fortification lane. It will be 71 feet high to the top of the cornice, and 90 feet to the apex of the roof. In the basement, besides the keeper's department, and the fuel and boiler room for heating the hall by steam, there will be eight cellars that can be rented separately from the shops above, if found advantageous to do so. A convenient entrance will lead to the whole from the rear.

On the ground floor, as may be seen from the engraving, there will be eight first-class shops, varying from 40 to 94 feet in depth—

six shops on Victoria square, and two on Craig street; the whole of which will be furnished with show windows, and every modern convenience.

On the second flat there will be four spacious show rooms, and a large billiard room, all of which will front on the square. To their rear will be a large reading room, and a library, as also a hall 56 by 40 feet for the use of the various Irish societies. Two committee rooms will connect with this hall, and closets for the banners and regalia of the societies renting the hall.

The finest room in the building—probably the finest and most commodious in the Province—will, however, be in the third flat—namely, the GRAND HALL of St. PATRICK, which will be 134 feet long by 94 feet wide, within the walls, and 46 feet high. Its stage, or platform, will be 52 feet wide, and 25 feet deep, and on either side, and at the ends, will be placed cloak, dressing



ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

rooms, &c. Some idea of this magnificent room may be formed from the fact, that it will contain about 5000 square feet more than the City Concert Hall, and that it will accommodate, comfortably sitting, two thousand persons, or, when used for public meetings, &c., 3000 to 4000 persons.

The grand or principal entrance to the hall will be on Victoria square. There will also be entrances on Craig street and Fortification lane.

The hall is to be built in the most solid and substantial manner, of Montreal limestone, after the plans and designs of J. W. Hopkins, Esq., architect, by Messrs. Howley & Sheridan, who have taken the contract for the whole work.

Ground was broken on the 24th September, and the contractors are pushing forward the work with energy, and will have the foundations well in and secure this fall. The corner stone will be fittingly laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the next St. Patrick's Day.

The style of architecture of the hall is purely Irish, copied from Cormack's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel. This chapel was erected one thousand years ago, viz., A.D. 850, by Cormack Mac Cuilman, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE are sensible that for some weeks past we have, from causes which are so generally known that we need not advert to them, trespassed somewhat upon the forbearance of our readers. The purchase of this journal from the insolvent estate of the late publishers is particularly gratifying to us, as it removes many of the difficulties which have beset us. Still it must be patent to all that in the uncertain, and, to speak plainly, unpleasant position in which we have been placed during the past two months, it was impossible to make new arrangements, or even in some instances to complete those which were commenced. We may still have, for a short time, to crave the indulgence of our readers, more particularly with reference to illustrations, but we are pleased to be able to state that negotiations are in progress which will, we are convinced, when completed, give satisfaction to all. Every pledge made at the commencement of this volume will be redeemed, and the costly experiment of publishing an ILLUSTRATED READER will be fairly tried. We are not without strong hopes that the increase to our subscription list will enable us to continue the illustrations permanently, and with this view, we ask our friends to aid us in swelling our circulation, and thereby strengthen our hands to compete with the flood of foreign and sensational periodicals with which Canada is deluged. No effort will be spared by either publisher or editor to infuse new vigour into the READER, and to render it more worthy of the position it occupies as the only literary paper published in Canada.

### THE UNION OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THIS question has again been brought prominently before the public, but the field of controversy has been transferred from the colonies to the British metropolis. Mr. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, re-opened the campaign in a pamphlet in which he denounced the contemplated Confederation of British North America as a measure which would be attended with ruinous consequences to the Maritime Provinces, while it would be highly prejudicial to Imperial interests. Dr. Tupper, the chief of the Nova Scotian Government, and one of the delegates from that province to arrange a plan of Union, has answered Mr. Howe in a letter to the Secretary for the Colonies. As neither of these productions is of much value, as bearing on the merits of the subject at issue, we shall not attempt to repeat the writers' arguments, or what they are pleased to call such; and the personalities in

which they both indulge, preclude their utterances from our columns, which eschew mere party or partizan warfare. We shall only say on that head, that Mr. Howe's reasoning would apply with almost equal force against the union of the United Kingdom, of Germany, or Italy, as against that of the British Provinces, and that Mr. Tupper's great object is to prove Mr. Howe's inconsistency, inasmuch as in former days that gentleman was one of the most zealous advocates of the scheme which he now so bitterly condemns. In that respect, the Nova Scotian delegate has been, we regret to say, but too successful. Mr. Howe might entertain what views he pleased on the matter of Confederation, and although his past public services, and his reputation as a politician, might entitle him to a respectful consideration of his opinions, especially in Nova Scotia, it is not at all likely that the people of British North America would be led by him further than their own convictions coincided with his. In Canada, at least, we do not swear by Mr. Joseph Howe, though doing full justice to his talents, as displayed in former years. But in the present instance, Mr. Tupper's exposure of his tergiversation, duplicity or folly, is so complete, that it can scarcely be read without a mingled feeling of pain, shame and surprise—*pain and shame that a man who has filled such a position in these Provinces as he has, should be guilty of the meanness of belying his former sentiments; surprise, that he should be silly enough to do so, with the record of these sentiments in the possession of his opponents.* Mr. Tupper has convicted him out of his own mouth, his speeches and writings have been produced in evidence against him, and nothing short of the improbable plea of forgery can save him from the reprobation and contempt of all lovers of manliness and truth. We imagined that when Mr. Howe came fresh from Washington, last spring, with his fictitious account of Fenian preparations for the invasion of these Provinces, and of the myriads of discharged American soldiers who were ready to join them, we imagined that he would have been satisfied with that flight into the region of romance, and had been taught a useful lesson by the failure. But it seems not, and we suspect the habit has become incurable with him. Yet we cannot see the necessity of such a course, for he might quite as well have said that he had changed his views on the Union question, in consequence of the changes that had taken place on this continent within the last few years, that the rebellion of the Southern States had metamorphosed the adjoining Republic into a great military power, and that another Confederacy in their neighbourhood was no longer safe or possible. All this and more, Mr. Howe might have asserted, but, then, he would be no longer the infallible guide that he wished his admirers to believe that he was, and so he sacrificed his rectitude to his vanity. Truly, British North American statesmen are not likely to be in the odour of sanctity in England for some time to come; the Toronto  *Globe* has described some of them as sots incapable of attending to the duties of the departments over which they preside, and Mr. Tupper has shewn "the foremost man of all British North America," as his eulogists call him, to be nothing but a clever charlatan, who has invented a tale of danger and distress to deceive and mislead those who may place faith in his doubtful patriotism and deep-mouthed loyalty. One thing is certain, however, and that is, that Mr. Joseph Howe has forever ruined himself in the estimation of every honest man in England who takes an interest in colonial affairs and has read Mr. Tupper's pamphlet. The worst of the matter is that he will not be the only sufferer, but that while debasing himself, he will lower the colonial character in the eyes of the world.

But though there can be no denial of the ability with which Mr. Tupper exposes Mr. Howe's duplicity on this Union question, we cannot extend the same praise to the remaining portion of his letter to the Colonial Secretary. In this he undertakes to show that the British Parliament can pass what measures it pleases, regardless of the wishes of the people,

and that the Provincial legislatures possess the same right, in their respective jurisdictions. He consequently claims that the Imperial Parliament is justified, if not bound, to pass an act uniting these North American Possessions of the Crown, at the request of their several legislatures, without considering whether the act were or were not in accordance with the popular will. In short, Mr. Tupper argues that its public have nothing to do with the affair, it is a question for their representatives alone to decide, and he quotes divers learned authorities, from Bacon and Somers to Blackstone and Burke, and thence downward to Mr. Joseph Howe, in support of the position he thus assumes. Now, we have no inclination to dispute this doctrine. We freely admit the omnipotence of Parliament under the British system of Government, nay, we are willing to concede that the Queen, Lords and Commons can perform the impossible feat of "making a man a woman," the supposed only barrier to their power. But in the matter of the union of the provinces, we have not to deal with a point of law, but with a question of justice, equity and policy. A Provincial Parliament has the power and the abstract right to disfranchise the great mass of their constituents, as was lately done in Nova Scotia to a considerable extent; they may enact almost any vicious measure, to the injury of the community, and contrary to the wishes of those who elected them; they may directly or indirectly subvert much of the existing constitution and many of the existing laws, but what it be contended that the British Government and Legislature must necessarily give effect by Imperial interference to such changes, because illegal or constitutional theory they have the right to do so? Their duty is to consult the wishes of the colonial people, before those of the Colonial Parliaments. This they have always done, to the best of their judgment; and we are confident that they will be guided by the same principle when the question of Confederation comes before them.

We are sincerely desirous of the union of the British Provinces of North America, on the assent of a majority at least of the people of each of the colonies is, a *sine qua non*, a condition precedent, which is absolutely indispensable. In Canada, the legislature has declared in favor of the measure by large majorities of both houses, and the tacit consent of the people may fairly be inferred from the absence of opposition on their part by petition or otherwise, in New Brunswick the people and the legislature have voted for it, and in Nova Scotia it has been carried in the legislature, but so far, the people do not seem to concur in the views of their representatives. In fact, Mr. Tupper admits that the electors, if appealed to, would reject Confederation. He says: "No one, my Lord, knows better than Mr. Howe that if the legislature were dissolved to-morrow, expressly on the Confederate question, it would be impossible to obtain the unbiased judgment of the province. The measure providing for the support of common school education, by direct taxation, which Mr. Howe advocated so ably, but never ventured a peril his administration by passing, has been put on the statute-book by the present Government in a spirit of self-sacrifice, at the shrine of the public good. For every vote that would be influenced in a general election by the question of Confederation, two would be given on the odious subject of direct taxation, so revolting to all young countries." It will be seen, then, that be the causes what they may, the people of Nova Scotia would cast their votes against the contemplated union. The fact is evident whether their motives be those ascribed by Mr. Tupper, or those insisted upon by Mr. Howe. Of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland we shall only say that, up to this time, they may be considered, the one as unfavorable, the other as doubtful or averse to the measure. But Confederation could be effected independently of them; and the Northwest and the Pacific colonies must be left to the future.

Under these circumstances, it becomes necessary to ask:—What ought to be done? If possible, it will be doubted if it were wise or

politic to drag three of those five Provinces, which it is intended to join together into a union which they are unwilling to enter, for the present at all events. It has been said that delay would be attended with danger, and that it is desired by the enemies of British connection, in the hope that by a longer continuance of our present disorganised condition, the Provinces may drift into the arms of the United States. This is true in some degree; but the secessionists among us are few in number, the great body of the population is strongly attached to the Mother country and British institutions; and if Confederation is so weak that it cannot survive a year's postponement, it is too sickly a plant to be worth the trouble of rearing. For ourselves, we are confident, that under proper management the Union sentiment will increase, multiply and strengthen, until it becomes universal and irresistible; and in the meantime the delay may be used to good purpose.

We have exceeded our assigned limits, and must reserve any additional remarks on this momentous subject for another occasion. We may observe, however, that if the imperial authorities should decline to consummate the immediate union of the Provinces in the manner demanded by the governments of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, there would probably be less difficulty in prevailing upon them to pass an Act subject to the acceptance of all the Provinces, or the dissentient Provinces only. Of the successful result of such a measure, we are persuaded that no fear need be entertained. Had the people been consulted in the first instance, all the trouble and obstacles that Confederation has encountered might have been avoided. If there had been less hurry, there would have been more speed in the attainment of the object aimed at; and we trust that there shall not now be a repetition of the same miscellaneous mistake.

Owing to the non-arrival of "copy" from the English publishers, we are without our usual instalment of "The Lion in the Path." We hope to continue this exciting story in our next issue, and also to give them the concluding chapters of "The Ocean Wail."

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. John Stuart Mill is now engaged, at Avignon, in editing the collected works of the late Mr. Buckle, the author of the "History of Civilization."

Germany, which has hitherto been without a weekly political newspaper, is about to have one. It will be started by the proprietors of the daily *Kölnische Zeitung*, under the same name.

Mr. Hannay is about to produce a work entitled "Three Hundred Years of a Norman House." The "house" in question is that of the Gurneys of Norfolk, whose ancestors were the Lords of Gournay, in Normandy, from which place they derived their name.

Mr. Gruneisen, who, during the Spanish War of Succession in 1837-8, acted as the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and who was taken prisoner, and ultimately released, owing to the exertions of Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, is writing a history of the struggle in question. He is now in the Basque Provinces.

It is said that the new, and we presume revised and expurgated, edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, with a prose preface, in which he will notice the judgment pronounced by the press on the edition which Messrs. Moxon & Co. withdrew from circulation, will be published by Mr. J. Camden Hotten.

The *Inverness Courier* prints the following inept letter, written by the poet Burns to Lord Woodhouselee, and now in the possession of that judge's grandson, Colonel Fraser-Tytler, of Aldoune—"Sir,—A poor catfif, driving as I am this moment with an Excise quill, at the rate of "devil take the hindmost," is ill qualified to round the period of gratitude, or swell

the pathos of sensibility. Gratitude, like some other amiable qualities of the mind, is nowadays so much abused by impostors that I have sometimes wished that the project of that sly dog Momus, I think it is, had gone into effect—planting a window in the breast of man. In that case, when a poor fellow comes, as I do at this moment, before his benefactor, tongue-tied with the sense of these very obligations, he would have nothing to do but place himself in front of his friend and lay bare the workings of his bosom, I again trouble you with another, and my last, parcel of manuscript. I am not interested in any of these—blot them at your pleasure. I am much indebted to you for taking the trouble of correcting the press work. One instance, indeed, may be rather unlucky, if the lines to Sir John Whiteford are printed, they ought to read—

"And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown."

"Shadowy" instead of "dreary," as I believe it stands at present. I wish this could be noticed in the errata. This comes of writing, as I generally do, from the memory.—I have the honour to be, sir, your deeply-indebted, humble servant, ROBERT BURNS.—6th Decr., 1795."

We find some gossip about Lord Byron in the *Manchester Examiner*, which says—"Among the miscellaneous articles advertised for sale this week is an antique folding writing-table, formerly the property of Lord Byron. It appears to have passed subsequently into the hands of the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, a well-known collector of antiquities and "worshipper" of autographs and other relics, by whom the table is duly and formally authenticated. If it be true that the author's copyright interest in his published works lasts for forty-two years after his death, as stated by Mr. Anthony Trollope in his paper read the other day before the Social Science Congress at Manchester, then this year has seen the expiration of the copyright of Lord Byron's works, as the poet died in April, 1824. It appears that in 1700 copyright was limited to fourteen years from publication, in 1814 the term was extended to twenty-eight years; and it was only in 1812 that it was extended to its present duration of forty-two years from publication, or to the end of the author's life, if he should chance to outlive that period. The late Marquis de Boissy, it may not be generally known, married about fifteen years ago the Countess Guiccioli, Lord Byron's great friend." We may add that the "Byron tomb" in Harrow churchyard is about to be repaired. Yet another bit of Byron gossip appears in the *Publishers' Circular*, which states that the album which Sir John Bowring gave to be kept as a record of the visitors to Hacknall-Torkard Church, where Byron is buried, has been clandestinely sold and taken to the United States.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 150.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—AT GRELLIER'S ALMSHOUSES.

A cheerless wintry morning, with a clouded sky, and a bitter north-east wind blowing shrilly through the denuded woods of Belair. But the discomfort outside served only to enhance the charming coziness of the bright little morning-room which owned Miss Spenceclough for its mistress. There she sat, the most charming object in that room, in a low chair on one side of the glowing fire-place, her white dressing-robe falling in ample folds around her, and all the wealth of her raven hair, held only by a band of blue velvet, flowing loosely down her back. On the opposite side of the fireplace sat homely Jane Garrod, in strange contrast with this lovely vision. There was an expression of doubt and perplexity on the face of Frederica. She was thinking intently, her cheek resting on the tip of her forefinger, while her other hand held the Statement which had been drawn up by John English, and sent to her through Jane Garrod,

and which she had just finished reading aloud. Each point had been verbally annotated by Jane as she read, and she was now thinking over the strange story which had thus singularly been brought to her knowledge, and as to the merits of which she was now called upon to decide.

"Your eyes are brighter, my bonny one, than when I saw you last," muttered Jane to herself, while waiting for Frederica to speak, "and your cheeks have got back some of the colour they used to have in them when you were a girl. Whatever your trouble was, you have pulled bravely through it. There is one honest heart I know of that loves you fondly. Do you feel any faint feeble flatterings that way, I wonder? I think you do—I think you do."

"This is a very strange story, Jane," said Frederica at length, "and I really don't know what to think of it. It seems to bear the stamp of truth on every line, and yet some of its statements are almost incredible. The points that still want clearing up are many and difficult; and the whole affair is certainly rendered more complicated by the unaccountable disappearance of Mr. English. Even supposing him to have been suddenly called away, I cannot understand why he has not written to you since his departure."

"There's some treachery at work in the matter, Miss Frederica, you take my word for it," said Jane with energy.

"I have once or twice had the same thought myself, but then you tell me that you have ascertained that Mr. English did really quit Pevsey Bay by a certain train, having taken a ticket for London."

"Just so," said Jane. "Still, I am none the less certain that some treachery has been at work. He may have been enticed away by a false message, and be neither able to write nor come back. Oh, Miss Frederica, darling, something must be done, and that at once!"

"I feel with you, nurse, that something must be done. The truth or falsehood of this Statement must be proved. If what is here put down be true, then has a foul and hideous wrong been done, and the sooner it is brought to light, and the perpetrators of it punished, the better it will be for all of us. If, on the contrary, it be nothing but an ingeniously woven web of lies, then the writer of it"

"But it is not a web of lies, Miss Frederica, but gospel truth every word of it," burst in Jane vehemently. "Think of the likeness—so strong that after twenty years it scared me as if I had seen a ghost. Think of the strange mark on his shoulder—the coiled snake holding the mystic lotos-flower in its mouth. Think over, one by one, the different things he has put down on that paper, and then you must be as firmly convinced as I am that he has not written a word more than the bare truth."

"You are letting your enthusiasm, and your liking for Mr. English, run away with your reason," said Frederica. "In the unexplained absence of that gentleman, and as he has appeared to me, I will, with Heaven's help, have this story sifted to the bottom, and so deal with it as I shall find it true or false!" Her cheeks wore an added flush as she said these words; but in her eyes there was a solemn, almost melancholy light, as though she felt that the duty she had taken upon herself to perform would lead her perforce through dark and troubled waters, to a goal which as yet she discerned not at all.

"Spoken like my own brave darling!" said Jane admiringly. "We want nothing but the truth."

Frederica ran her eye over the Statement again. "It almost seems to me," she said, "that it would be better for me not to interfere personally in this matter at all, but to put it as it now stands into the hands of my lawyer, Mr. Penning, and leave him to test its value in whatever way he may deem advisable. And yet the interests involved in it are so peculiar, and there are those under this roof who would be so deeply compromised if what this narrative contains be true, that I cannot help feeling reluctant to let it pass out of my hands without at least giving one person whom it deeply concerns a knowledge

of the case equal to my own, so that she may be prepared at the proper time to disprove its statements, should she ever be called upon to do so. Then, again, the story is such an incredible one, and there are so many weak points about it at present, that I question whether quiet, matter-of-fact Mr. Penning would not push-pool it altogether, and smile compassionately upon me for allowing myself to put both in so palpable an absurdity.

"Cannot some of those weak points be strengthened?" said Jane.

"How so?" said Frederica.

"Mr. English makes mention there of a room in which he was shut up before he was taken across the sea—of a room with barred windows, in which there was a indeous bed that frightened him into a fit one day. Now, there must have been such a room, Miss Frederica.

"There may have been such a room certainly, nurse; or it may have had an existence merely in the imagination of Mr. English. But even granting the room to have been a real one, what then? Where are we to find it?—and if found, in what way would it benefit our case?"

"Wait a bit, Miss Frederica, please," said Jane. "Besides what Mr. English has put down on that paper, he told me many little things that came into his memory, bit by bit, when we were talking together about his early life; and many a long talk about it we had. Among other things, he told me something more about that house with the barred windows, which would seem to show that he was shut up there for some time. Whenever he tried to be taken back to the place he had been brought from, and could not be quieted any other way, the people of the house used to take him down stairs, and hold him over a dark hole or well, in one of the lower rooms, into which they threatened to throw him unless he behaved better. The recollection of that horrible well had been impressed so strongly on his childish mind, that he could still recall the shudder with which long afterwards he would awake at night from a dream of being cast headlong into it. Now, there was something in all this that struck me in a way I cannot explain. I've been turning it over and over in my mind—churning it, like—ever since Mr. English told me about it, and it was only this very morning that the idea flashed all at once into my head that the house he spoke about could have been no other than White Grange, a lonely farmhouse among the hills, about a dozen miles from Kingshorpe. You know, Miss Frederica, that I was brought up not many miles from there, and once, when I was a thin slip of a girl, my father, who was a miller, had occasion to go to White Grange on business, and he took me in the cart with him. Whether the windows had iron bars outside them or not, I can't just say, but I do recollect being shewn in one of the out-houses a deep grim-looking well—they took off the wooden cover, so that I might see down into it—and very frightened I was, more particularly when they told me the story that was connected with it. It was said that more than a hundred years before that time, a traveller, who had lost his way, and had begged a night's shelter at the Grange, had been foully murdered, and his body thrown into the well, and never after that time would anybody touch a drop of the water that was drawn from it. The name of the family that lived at White Grange when I knew it was Sandyson, and they didn't bear an over-good name among us country-folk. many queer things were whispered about them.—Now, supposing, Miss Frederica, that it was really White Grange where Mr. English was shut up as a child, mightn't it be worth our while just to inquire whether any of the family who lived there five-and-twenty years ago can now be found? and if they can be found, whether anything can be got from them as to such a child having been shut up there, and for what purpose? Would it not be worth our while to try this?"

Miss Spencelaugh agreed that it might, perhaps, be worth while to make such inquiries, but was doubtful as to their resulting in anything tangible. It was, however, ultimately decided that Jane should do what she could in the mat-

ter, and that no further steps should be taken until she had done so.

So Jane set about making cautious inquiries among her friends and neighbours through the country-side, which inquiries resulted in the discovery that the family that had occupied White Grange twenty years previously were, with one exception, either dead or gone abroad. That one exception was an old woman now residing in Grelher's almshouses at Eastringham. With this information, Jane went once more to Frederica, and next afternoon the Blair brougham was put into requisition, and the heiress and her humble companion were driven over to the place in question.

Grelher's gift to the poor of Eastringham—to twelve relets of decayed tradesmen of the burgh—was a foundation of ancient date. It had been in existence for three centuries, but although it had waxed fat and plethoric upon the accumulated interest of its capital, and the increase of revenue derived from the advance in the value of its lands and tenements in different parts of the county, it had not yet seen its way clearly to substitute for the tumble-down, inconvenient old edifices in which so many generations of poor old women had breathed their last, a row of substantial modern-built cottages, or to increase the scanty stipend doled out weekly to its ancient recipients, which, in these days, was hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. But Grelher's charity had a governor and directors of its own, all gentlemen of wealth and standing, who met in the board-room twice a year, to audit the accounts, fill up vacancies, and discuss a choice luncheon from the *Royal Hotel*; and if they were satisfied with the state of Grelher's affairs, surely no one else had any right or reason to complain.

"I want Margaret Fennell. Can you tell me in which of these cottages I shall find her?" asked Frederica of an old crone who was airing herself feebly in the wintry sunshine.

The old woman put her hand to her eyes, and blinked weakly for a moment or two at the sight before her. "Margaret Fennell is it your Ledyship is axing for?" she said at last in a thin quavering voice. "There's no such body living here.—Stay a bit, though," she added, with a clutch of her thin brown hand at vacancy. "It's mebbe Owd Meg as your Ledyship is looking for. She lives, Owd Meg does, in the top house but two, and she's a cat, that's what she is, and everybody will tell you the same. The top house but two, your Ledyship. And does your Ledyship happen to have an ounce of tea or a bit of snuff in your pocket, to comfort a poor old body with? It's precious little of either we gets here. They take good care of that—that they do." Frederica had dropped some money into the old woman's hand almost before she had done speaking, and so left her, staring speechlessly at the bright silver coins in her skinny palm.

The "top house but two" looked, if possible, more ruinous and unfit for a human being to live in than any of its neighbours, except that it was clean both inside and out, as, indeed, were all the almshouses. The matron was very particular, and properly so, on the score of cleanliness, and had a tongue of her own, which she rattled about the ears of the feeble old dames to some purpose whenever she found anything that offended her nice sense of the virtue that comes next to godliness in her frequent rounds of "sniffing and prying," as her domiciliary visits were irreverently termed by the inmates.

Frederica knocked timidly at the heavy oak door. "Why don't you come in, you imp—you devil! instead of knocking there? How many times do you want telling?" screamed a harsh, high-pitched voice from within. Frederica opened the door the door a few inches, and looking in, had a vision of an old woman smuggling a black bottle and a short black pipe rapidly out of sight. Looking again, she saw that this woman was very old, with a hook nose and a pointed chin, which nearly met, and with black eyes, that still retained something of their former bold bright look. Her long gray hair was without covering of any kind, and fell in a wild dishevelled mass over her shoulders. She was wrapped in an old woollen shawl of many

faded colours; and when Frederica saw her first, she was crouching over a meagre spark of fire, but rose suddenly as her visitor entered, displaying, as she did so, a form tall beyond the ordinary height of women.

"Beg your pardon, my pretty lady," she said, "but I thought it was that rascalion of a baker's boy, who always will knock, and use my poor bones across the floor to open a door for him. Yah! I'll break the bellows over his head next time he comes!" she added viciously. Then changing suddenly into a low, whining, half-caressing tone, she said, "Owd Meg can guess what has brought those huge eyes here. Cross her hand with a bonny bit of yellow gould, and she'll tell the beautiful lady her fortune, as predicted by the stars, and confirmed by the changes of the cards, which cannot lie when shuffled by the hands of a wau woman. Cross my palm with a bonny bit of gould, and I'll tell you your fortune true!"

"You mistake the purpose which has brought me here," said Frederica with a smile. "I do not want my fortune told at present."

"Then what should bring a fine lady like you to such a hole as this?" said Meg suspiciously.

"I have come in search of certain information, which I believe you can supply me with."

"Me supply you with information! Nay, nay, you're mistaken there. What should a pouted woman like me know, unless it was the price of butter and cheese, and such like, and, maybe, now and then a comforting text or two." Her face broadened into a wicked leer as she said these words. "Besides that," she added, "my memory's so bad that at times I can't recollect what happened the day before yesterday, let alone things years ago. Nay, nay, you'll get no information out of Old Meg."

Miss Spencelaugh in nowise daunted, advanced into the room, followed by Jane Garrod, and stood looking down for a moment or two at the miserable creature, who had sunk into her chair again, and drawn her shawl round her, and was covering over the embers, taking no further heed of her visitors.

"Five-and-twenty years ago, if I am rightly informed," said Frederica, "you went to live with Job Sandyson as housekeeper at White Grange."

"Five—and—twenty years ago," muttered Meg slowly. "That's a long, long time to look back to. Well—maybe I did, and maybe I didn't—what then?"

"One-and-twenty years ago—try to carry your mind back to that time—a child, a boy about five years old, who belonged in no way to any one living in the house, was taken to White Grange, and after being shut up there for several weeks in one of the upper rooms—a room with barred windows—was fetched away after dark one dark night, by a man and two women."

"A lame man and one woman!" screamed the hag. "I allus said we should hear of it, I tell Nance so a dozen times, and my words have come true after all these years!"

"Then you do recollect the circumstance I mention?" said Frederica eagerly. In her statement respecting the child she had boldly hazarded a vague surmise as a fact, and she felt that her courage was about to be rewarded.

"Curses on this babbling tongue of mine!" hissed Meg from between her toothless gums. "You mustn't mind an old woman's wanderings, my sweet miss," she added. "My head's a bad light at odd times, and then I fancy all sorts of rubbish."

"But I am certain that you can tell me what I want to know," said Frederica, "and I will pay you well for your information." With that she took out her purse, and counted five sovereigns, one after another, on to the dirty little table. Meg's head came round with a twitch at the pleasant chink of the gold fell on her ear, while over her face there crept such an expression of mingled greed, cunning, and fiendish malignity, as caused Frederica to draw back in horror. "There are five sovereigns for you," said Miss Spencelaugh with a shudder, "and you shall have five more if you answer my questions truthfully."



Megs brown skinny arm and thin cramped fingers came suddenly out from the folds of her shawl, and pounced on the gold as savagely as though it were some living thing for whose heart's blood she was hankering. A moment or two she gazed at the bright yellow pieces in her open palm, and then she spat on them. "That's for luck," she muttered. Then producing a dirty bit of rag from some mysterious pocket, she folded the sovereigns carefully in it, and deftly smuggled the package out of sight among her tattered habiliments. "Remember, be more before you go away," she said in a eager whisper.

"I shall keep my promise," said Frederica. "Then ax me what you like, and I'll answer you as far as I know the truth."

"You remember a child being brought to the White Grange twenty-one years ago?"

"Ay, I remember."

"Whose child was it, and what was its name?"

"I dun know."

"Who took it to White Grange?"

"Mrs. Winch, landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* at Normanford."

"Who fetched it away?"

"Mrs. Winch and her brother the lame doctor—Kreuff or Kreefo was his name."

"How long was the child kept at White Grange?"

"For six weeks."

"Was he kept locked up all that time?"

"Yes, all that time, in the strong room at the top of the house. Once he screamed himself into a fit and we had hard work to get him round again. Once or twice, when he was in his tantrums—crying to be let out and taken back home—Old Job, he took him down stairs, and taking the lid off the well, threatened to pitch him headfirst in, and so frightened him into being quiet for a while."

"Describe the appearance of the child, as far as your memory will serve to do so."

"He was as handsome a lad as ever I see, with black hair and a devil of a temper."

"You say that he was fetched away by Dr. Kreefo and his sister?"

"Ay, they came for him one dark night. They had a little covered cart waiting just outside the gate; and they put the lad into it, and drove away with him; and I've never clapt eyes on him from that day to this."

"You are positive that you know nothing as to the child's name or parentage?"

"Nothing at all—I'll take my oath," said Meg emphatically. "Old Job Sandysyn, he knew who the child belonged to; and Jim Billings, he knew; but neither my girl Nance nor me was ever told. Old Job gave Nance and me two sovereigns apiece the day after the lad was taken away, and told us never to say a word, or bed twist our necks for us; and he would have done it as soon as look at us."

"Job Sandysyn has been dead many years, I am told," said Frederica; "But who was Jim Billings? and how did you become aware that he knew anything respecting the child?"

"Jim was a footman at Belair at that time, and was courting my Nance; and she soft-like, as all wenchers are when they're in love, let out everything to him about the lad, and asked him whose child he thought it was. Jim laughed at her, and called her a young fool, and said he knew well enow whose child it was, and all about it; but that he wasn't going to tell her or anybody else, because it was a secret, and he meant to make a lot of money out of it."

"And what became of this man? Did he marry your daughter?"

"Not him," said Meg. "He got into trouble soon after that—was mixed up in some way with a robbery—and got twenty years across the herring-pond. Nance went to see him when he was in the stone-jug, and didn't forget to ask him about the child—you see, we thought we might as well make a bit of money by the secret, now he was going away. But do what Nance would, she couldn't get him to split. 'The secret will keep,' said he. 'I shall be back before ten years are over, and then I shall make my fortune out of it.' But we never saw

Jim Billings after that day, and whether he's alive or dead, I neither know nor care."

After a few more questions of minor importance Frederica laid the remaining five sovereigns on the table, and rose to go. "I shall call and see you another day, if you will let me," she said—not about this matter, but about yourself. I want to see you with more comforts round you, and in a happier frame of mind than you are at present."

"Ay, ay, bless your sweet face, miss, I shall allus be glad to see you. But Meg has been a bad one all her life, and a bad un she'll die—yes, a bad un she'll die."

Jane Garrod, turning to look as she followed Frederica out of the room, saw Meg winking, and beckoning to her to go back and take a friendly dram out of the black bottle, which she had already brought from its hiding-place.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—A FRUITLESS VISIT.

On leaving Grellier's almshouses, Miss Spence-  
laugh drove into Normanford, and was set down at the *Hand and Dagger*. After hearing Old Meg's narrative, she had at once decided to call upon Mrs. Winch. There was just a faint possibility, Frederica thought, that when the landlady learned how much was known to her already, she might see the uselessness of further concealment, and deem it best to make a full confession of her share in the abduction of the child. At all events, the chance was one worth trying. What she had just heard at Eastringham only served to confirm more fully her belief in the truth of John English's strange story. Having taken this matter in hand, she was determined to go through with it, happen what might.

It was the slack time of the day at the *Hand and Dagger*, and Mrs. Winch was seated at work in her own little room. She rose in some confusion as Frederica was ushered in, and a dark frown passed like a spasm over her face, but she recovered herself immediately. "This is indeed an honour, Miss Spence-*laugh*," she said, with a respectful curtsy. "I sincerely trust that Sir Philip is no worse, and her Ladyship—I hope that she is quite well.—Maria, a chair for Miss Spence-*laugh*.—Will you allow me to offer you a glass of sherry and a biscuit?"

Frederica declined the refreshment, but accepted the chair. She had come in alone, leaving Jane Garrod in the brougham. She was perplexed in what way to begin what she wanted to say. She felt, rather than saw, the landlady's cold inquisitive eyes fixed upon her, and perceived more clearly than she had hitherto done the difficulties of the task before her. She would have felt more reassured could she have known how timidly the widow's usually fearless heart was beating—could she have known what gnawing anxiety, what haunting fears, were at work behind that pale, colourless face, intent on nothing more important just then, as it seemed, than the neat folding up of a piece of embroidery, the completion of which Miss Spence-*laugh's* arrival had delayed.

"You are, I believe," said Frederica, "acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Mr. John English?"

"Mr. English? O yes, I know him very well," said the landlady with a ready smile. "He slept here two nights on his first arrival at Normanford; and a more affable, pleasant-spoken gentleman I don't know anywhere."

"Mr. English had, I believe, on one occasion, some conversation with you on a rather peculiar topic. I daresay you know to what I allude."

"Pardon my stupidity, but really I do not," said the widow as cool as an icicle. "Mr. English and I had many conversations together. Will you oblige me by giving me more precise details as to the topic in question?"

Frederica flushed slightly. There was a lurking defiance in the widow's manner of saying these words that chafed her. "Mr. English spoke to you one one occasion respecting a child," she said, with that cold metallic ring in her voice which was never heard except when her pride was touched—"a child who was taken to America, by your brother, Dr. Kreefo

and his wife. You, Mrs. Winch, were by when the child was put on board ship. Mr. English asked you the child's name, and to whom it belonged, and I am here to day to ask you the same question."

"Oh," said the widow with a little shrug, "is that all? What a trifling matter to need so elaborate a preface! I answered Mr. English's question, as I now answer yours, Miss Spence-*laugh*. The child belonged to a friend of my brother, who had emigrated about a year previously, and Jeremiah agreed to take him out to rejoin his parents at New York. The circumstance was such a trivial one that I had really forgotten it till Mr. English recalled it to my recollection. Mr. English was quite satisfied with my explanation, and I am certainly at a loss to understand why so great a lady as Miss Spence-*laugh* should—"

"Stop one moment, if you please," said Frederica coldly. "Mr. English was not satisfied with your explanation, otherwise I should not be here to-day. Do you mean to assert positively, Mrs. Winch, that you know nothing more respecting the child who was taken by your brother and his wife to America than you have just now told me?"

"I do assert so, most positively."

"And yet it was this very child, Mrs. Winch, who was taken by you to White Grange; and after being locked up there for six weeks, was fetched away surreptitiously after nightfall by yourself and your brother? And yet you tell me that you do not know its name!"

The widow's pale face grew a shade paler as Frederica spoke, and an evil look came into her eyes.

"Where did you learn all that?" she exclaimed. "A lie! a lie! every word of it, I tell you. And even if it were true, which I deny that it is, what right have you, or any other person, to come prying into my private affairs? I will not be questioned thus about matters that concern myself alone. You have got my answer—I know nothing about the child; and if you question me till doomsday, I have none other to give."

"Take care!" said Frederica gravely as she rose from her seat. "The net is closing round you slowly but surely; the links of the chain are being forged one by one, and but few are wanting now. Be warned in time. Reveal everything, and so save yourself while you can yet do so. Soon it will be too late."

"Go, go!" said the widow in a hoarse whisper, with one hand pressed to her heart, while the other pointed to the door. "Go, before I do myself or you an injury. You presume on your position, Miss Spence-*laugh*, to come and insult me in my own house. But I can bear it no longer. Go!"

Frederica bowed her head, and drew her veil over her face, and passed out slowly without another word.

"Who told her about White Grange, I wonder?" said the widow to herself as soon as the door was closed behind her visitor. "Why who could tell her but old Meg Fennell! There's no one else left alive that knows of it. To think that the old witch should tell, after keeping the secret so faithfully all these years! But she would sell her own soul for gold. I thought I had buried her alive, put her out of the way of being found by anybody, when I got her into the almshouses at Eastringham. But though they've found out all about White Grange, they've yet to prove who the child was that was taken there; and who is there now living that could tell them that, except her Ladyship and myself? And even if, by some miracle, they got to know it, and the worst came to the worst, why, even in that case, we should have nothing really to fear.—Ah! Miss Frederica, dear, it is plain to see who has won your proud heart at last; but you little dream that at the end of your search you will find yourself in the arms of a skeleton!" There was something diabolical in the laugh with which the widow ended these words. She then took a purse from her pocket, which she proceeded to open, and drew from it a piece of paper folded up into a very small compass, which she opened and

smoothed out very carefully. It was a telegram, and the information it conveyed was comprised in one short line. A triumphant smile lighted up the widow's pale face as she read it. "So ends the tragedy," she said. "The heroine may weep for her hero, but he will never come back again; his is the sleep that knows no waking. I will go up to Belair after dusk this evening, and shew this paper to my Lady. What a weary load it will lift off her heart!" She carefully refolded the telegram, and put it away in her purse. "Poor young gentleman!" she murmured. "How kindly, and brave, and handsome he was! He deserved a better fate.—Maria, bring me a small glass of cognac."

To be continued.

## A GOOD SHOT.

It is now many years since, in the very place where I stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door! My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand, for the opening was too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred!—*Scenes in Africa.*

## "WITHOUT HOPE OF CHANGE."

TENNYSON'S MARIANA.

DAYS when I lived a happy maid,  
When we three little sisters play'd,  
Bright days that knew no touch of shade.

Come back, ye days, or ever I  
From out the rose-grown balcony  
Had look'd upon him passing by,

And burn'd with the unbidden flame,  
That made me shudder at his name,  
Flush at his praise, nor brook his blame.

I loved him, all my girlhood through  
Across my soul his presence grew,  
Thro' thought of him each thought I drew,

Of him I dream'd; my dreams were sweet,—  
In dreams we ever seem'd to meet,—  
Waking I listen'd for his feet.

At length he came, woe worth the day!  
Woo'd Margaret, and bore away,  
Flighted to be his own for aye.

All slowly now my hours crept,  
And yet I mourn'd not, neither wept;  
Within myself my grief I kept.

I lived, my lot was very hard,  
From him I loved for ever barr'd,—  
Loving unloved my life was marr'd;

I kept no count of that dull time,  
My beauty faded from its prime,  
And then (O God, forgive the crime)

Despairing evermore I said,  
"I would that Margaret were dead!"  
She died, my prayer was answered.

He came, I saw him yet again,  
I strove to win him, all in vain;  
Edith he chose—it turn'd my brain.

Edith is his, my blackest spell  
Can work them naught but what is well;  
For me, I live in present hell.

There is what time I would repent,  
But all in vain my knees are bent,—  
Ah me! my day of grace is spent.

I see the dreaded shadow come,  
But know not horror of the tomb,—  
I feel my everlasting doom.

J. C. H. J.

## OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

TWO GREAT MURDERS IN RATCLIFF-HIGHWAY,  
LONDON (1811).

THERE are many events of the past and present century—murders, wrecks, riots, trials, famines, insurrections—familiar by name, but the details of which are unknown to the younger men of this generation. Every one has heard something of the Luddites and their outrages; of Thurtell the gambler, and the cruel murder he committed; of that agonising event the burning of the Kent East Indian; of the savage execution of the Cato-street conspirators; of the trickeries of old Patch; of the tragedy of Spafields; but there are few who have had either time or opportunity to collect, compare, and read at full length, the newspapers, pamphlets and street ballads which refer to them. It is only those who have, who can know thoroughly the truth or falsehood of traditional accounts. It is only by reading interesting or vivifying details, that the real nature of the social catastrophes and remarkable occurrences of the past century can be ascertained. Some of these pages of old Time's chronicle we would present for re-perusal.

Before gas-lights and the new police had rendered London as safe as it is at present, the east end of the metropolis was infested by the dregs of the ruffianism, not merely of Europe, but of all the world. Outlaws of all countries sought refuge among the crews of our Indianmen, to obtain sanctuary from pursuers, or to earn money enough for a revel on shore. Thievish Hindoos, cruel Malays, manslaughtering Americans, savage Frenchmen, brutal Germans, fiery Slavonians, butcherly Russians, the lees and outcast of both Christendom and savagedom, frequented by the brandy-shops and low dancing-rooms of Wapping, Stepney, Poplar, Ratcliff-highway, and the purlieus of the Docks. With this seething mass of villainy, it could scarcely be wondered at that a great crime should be at last committed.

Within a few minutes of midnight, on Saturday, December 7, 1811, Mr. Marr, a young newly married man, keeping a small lace and hosiery's shop at No. 29, Ratcliff-highway, sent out his servant girl to pay a baker's bill and to get some oysters for supper. Mrs. Marr, was at the time in the kitchen, rocking her baby in its cradle. The apprentice, a young ruddy Devonshire lad, named Goven, aged fourteen, was either busy in the shop or at work down-stairs. The girl was alarmed as she left the house on that peculiarly gloomy December night, by seeing a man in a long dark coat standing in the lamplight on the opposite side of the street, as if watching her master's house. The watchman, a friend of Marr's, had also previously noticed this mysterious man continually peeping into the window of Marr's shop, and, thinking the act suspicious, had gone in and told the proprietor. A few minutes after Mary the servant left, as the watchman was returning on his ordinary half hourly beat, Marr called to him to help him put up the shutters, and the watchman then told Marr that the man who had been skulking about had got

scared, and had not been in the street since. In the mean time, the girl looking in vain for an oyster-shop still open, had wandered from street to street and lost her way. It was nearly half an hour before she got home; when she arrived there, to her surprise she found no lights visible, and no sound within the house. She rang, and then gently knocked, but there was no reply. She rang again, after a pause, but violently. Presently (we take this fact, with some slight doubt, from Mr. De Quincy's wonderful narrative of the tragedy) she heard a noise on the stairs, and then footsteps coming down the narrow passage that led to the street door. Next, she heard some one breathing hard at the keyhole. With a sudden impulse of almost maniacal despair, she tore at the bell and hammered at the knocker: partly, perhaps, unconscious of what she did, partly to rouse the neighborhood and paralyse the murderer, feeling now certain that a murder had been committed. Mr. Parker, a pawnbroker next door, threw up his bedroom window, and the servant told him that she felt sure that her master and mistress had been murdered, and that the murderer was even then in the house. Mr. Parker half dressed himself, and, armed with a kitchen poker, vaulted over the low brick wall of his back yard, and entered Mr. Marr's premises. A light was still glimmering through the half-open back door, by which the murderer must have just escaped. The shop was floating with blood. Marr lay dead behind the counter, near the window, his skull shattered to pieces by blows of a mallet, and his throat cut. The bodies of Mrs. Marr and the apprentice, also killed in the same way, were lying in the centre of the shop floor. The wife had apparently been murdered as she came up-stairs, alarmed by the scuffle; the apprentice boy after some resistance, for the whole counter and even ceiling was sprinkled with his blood. Some one in the crowd suggested the search for the child. It was found in the kitchen, crushed and with its throat cut, the cradle beaten to pieces and the bed-clothes piled over it. At this aggravation of a hideous series of crimes, the mob gave a scream of horror. The servant girl became speechless and delirious, and was carried away by the neighbours.

The murderer must have worked with terrible swiftness and sagacity. The watchman remembered that, a little after twelve, finding some of Marr's shutters not quite secure, he called to him, and some one answered, "We know it."

That must have been the murderer. Not more than two guineas had been stolen from the house. An iron headed-mallet, such as ships' carpenters use, and with the initials J. P. on the handle, was left behind by the murderer. It was quite clear that the wretch must have stolen in the moment the shutters were up and while the door was closing. He had glided in, first stealthily locking the door, and then asked to look at some unbleached cotton stockings. As Marr had turned to take these from a pigeon-hole behind the counter, the first blow must have been struck, for the stockings were found clenched in poor Marr's hands. The murder of the child seemed alone to prove that revenge had been the motive.

Next week many persons were arrested about Shadwell on suspicion of the murders, but they were all exonerated and discharged. A sailor, half crazed with drink, accused himself of the murders, but his insanity was soon discovered.

On the Sunday week, the Marrs were buried; thirty thousand labouring and seafaring people watching the funeral with faces of "horror and grief." All London was stricken with fear; fire-arms and thousands of rattles were purchased. There was a horrible alarm that the unknown monster, having failed to secure plunder the first time, would attempt further crimes; the bravest man dreaded the approach of night.

That dread was too well founded. On Thursday, the 19th of the same month—only twelve nights after the Marr murder, and near the same place—another butchery took place. It occurred at the King's Arms public-house, at the corner of New Gravel-lane: a small street running at right-angles to Ratcliff-highway. Mr. Williamson, a man of seventy, and his wife, kept the

house, the other inmates were a middle-aged Irishwoman who cleaned the pots and waited in the taproom, a little granddaughter about fourteen years old, and a young journeyman, aged about twenty-six, lodger. Mr. Williamson was a respectable man, always in the habit of turning out his guests at eleven o'clock, and finally shutting up at twelve, when the last neighbour had sent for his ale.

Nothing particular happened in the house while it was open that night, except that some timid persons noticed a pale red-haired man, with ferocious eyes, who kept in dark corners, went in and out several times, and had been met wandering in the passages, much to the landlord's annoyance.

When the guests had left, and the lodger had gone to bed in the second floor (the child being asleep on the first), Mr. Williamson was drawing beer on the ground floor, Mrs. Williamson was moving to and fro between the back kitchen and the parlour. The servant was cleaning the grate and placing wood for the morning.

The lodger, nervous in bed, and only able to doze, woke at half-past eleven, thinking of Mr. Williamson's wealth, the murder of the Marrs, and his landlord's carelessness about leaving his door open so late in a dangerous and ruinously neighbourhood. Suddenly he heard the street door below slammed and locked with tremendous violence. He leapt out of bed, and lowering his head over the balustrade, heard the servant scream from the back parlour, "Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be all murdered!" He felt at once it was the murderer of the Marrs. Half crazed with terror, and unconscious of what he did, Turner crept down-stairs and looked through the glass window of the taproom (Mr. De Quincey says through the door that was ajar). He could not see the murderer at first, but heard him behind the door, rapidly trying the lock of a cupboard or escritoire. Presently there appeared a tall well-made man, dressed in a rough drab bearskin coat, who knelt over the body of the landlady and rifled her pockets. He pulled out various bunches of keys, one of which fell with a clash on the floor. The listening man noticed that the murderer's shoes creaked as he walked, and that his coat was lined with the finest silk. With the keys now stolen, the murderer retired again to the middle section of the parlour. Even in his fear Turner felt that there was now a moment or two left for escape. The sighs of the dying woman, the clash of the keys, and the jingling of the money, would prevent his footsteps on the creaky stairs from being heard. Softly and with his bare feet he ran up-stairs to escape by the roof, but in his terror he could not find the trap-door. He then ran to his room, forced the bed to the door as gently as he could, and tied the sheets together to drop from the window, which was twenty-two feet to the ground. This rope he fastened to an iron spike he luckily found in the tester of the bed. In a few minutes he let himself down, and was caught by a watchman who was passing at the time. His first thought had been to save the child, but he was afraid she might cry if he awoke her suddenly, and then both the child and he would have been murdered. Almost speechless, all Turner could do, on reaching the ground, was to point to the door of Williamson's house, and stammer, "Marr's murderer is there." It was not twelve o'clock yet, and several persons soon assembled: two of the most resolute men, named Ludgate and Hawse, armed themselves with iron crow, and broke open the door. They found the bodies of Mrs. Williamson, and the servant, Bridget Harrington, with the throats cut, near the fireplace in the parlour. In the cellar they discovered the body of the landlord, which had been thrown down-stairs. He had defended himself with an iron bar wrenched from the cellar window; his hands were cut and backed, his leg was broken, and his throat was cut. The little grandchild was discovered tranquilly asleep. A rush was then made behind, where a noise was heard of somebody forcing windows; and as the door was forced, a man leaped out, crashing down the glass and window-frame. There was behind the house a large piece of waste ground with a clay embankment, belong-

ing to the London Dock Company, and across this the man escaped through the rising mist.

The agitation of the neighbourhood at the news was irresistible frenzy. People leaped down from windows; every house poured forth its inmates. Sick men rose from their beds. One man, who died, indeed, the next week, snatched up a sword and went into the street. The one desire was to tear and hew the wolfish demon to pieces in the very shambles where he had been found. The drums of the volunteers beat to arms; the fire-bells rang. Every cart and carriage was stopped, every boat on the river and every house in the neighbourhood was searched, but in vain. Rewards of fifteen hundred pounds were offered by government and the parish of St. George.

The very next day an Irish sailor, named Williams, *alias* Murphy, was apprehended at the Pear-Tree public-house, kept by Mrs. Vermillot, where he lodged. About half-past one on the night of the first murder, he had come up into the loft, where there were five or six beds, two Scotchmen and several Germans. The watchman was crying the half hour at the time. The Germans were sitting up in bed with a lighted candle reading; but they put it out because Williams said, roughly, "For God's sake put out that light, or something will happen!" In the morning a fellow-lodger, named Harris, told him of the murder before he got up. He replied surlily, "I know it." Since then he had been restless at nights, and had been heard to say in his sleep: "Five shillings in my pocket?—my pockets are full of silver." Alarmed, at the Marrs', the murderer had taken nothing there, although there was a sum of one hundred and fifty-two pounds in the house, besides several guineas in Marr's pocket. The mallet left, with another maul and an iron ripping chisel, at Marr's, was identified as belonging to Peterson, a Norwegian ship carpenter, who had left it in a tool-chest in Mrs. Vermillot's garret at the Pear-Tree, from which it was now missing. Mrs. Vermillot's children remembered the mallet from having often played with it. The prisoner's washerwoman also proved that a shirt which he had recently worn came to her bloody and torn, and he had told her he had had a fight. It was proved that he knew Marr and Williamson, and several publicans certified that they had resolved to refuse him their houses because he was always meddling with their tills. It was also proved that he had recently cut off his whiskers, and that muddy stockings he had worn had been found hidden behind a chest.

This was on the Friday; on the Saturday he was committed for trial. On his way to prison, but for a powerful escort, he would have been torn in pieces by a fierce mob. At five o'clock he was left in his cell at Coldbath-fields, and his candle removed. In the morning he was found dead, hanging by his braces to an iron bar.

A few weeks later, the guilt of this horrible wretch was finally and completely proved. In a closet at the Pear-Tree public-house, some men, searching behind a heap of dirty clothes, found plugged into a mouse-hole a large ivory-handle! French clasp-knife, the handle and blade both smeared with blood. Williams had been seen using the knife about three weeks before the Williamsons' murder. They also found a blue jacket of Williams's, the outside pocket of which was stiff with congealed blood, as if the murderer had thrust the money into this pocket with his hand still wet.

A lady who saw Williams at the police-court examination, described him to De Quincey as a middle-sized man, rather thin and muscular, and with reddish hair: his features mean and ghastly pale. It did not seem real blood that circulated in his veins; but a green sap welling from no human heart. He was known for an almost refined and a smooth insinuating manner; he is even said to have once asked a girl he knew, if she would be frightened if she saw him appear about midnight at her bedside armed with a knife? To which the girl replied:

"Oh, Mr. Williams, if it was anybody else I should be frightened, but as soon as I heard your voice I should be tranquil."

The interment of this wretch was ghastly enough. A quaint grim print of the procession still exists. On Monday, December 30th, the body was taken in procession from Coldbath-fields to the watch-house near Ratcliff-highway. The corpse lay on a high platform, in a very high cart, drawn by one horse. The platform was composed of rough deal buttended together, and was raised at the head so as to slope the body, while a partition at the other end, towards the horse, kept the feet from slipping. The body was dressed in a clean white frilled shirt open at the neck, the hair was neatly combed, and the face washed. The countenance was ruddy, the bare arms and wrists were a deep purple; the lower part of the body was covered with clean blue trousers and brown stockings (no shoes,) and at the head was the *stako* that was to be driven through the suicide. On the right leg was fastened the iron which Williams had on when he was committed to prison. The fatal mallet was placed upright at the left side of his head, and the ripping chisel on the other side.

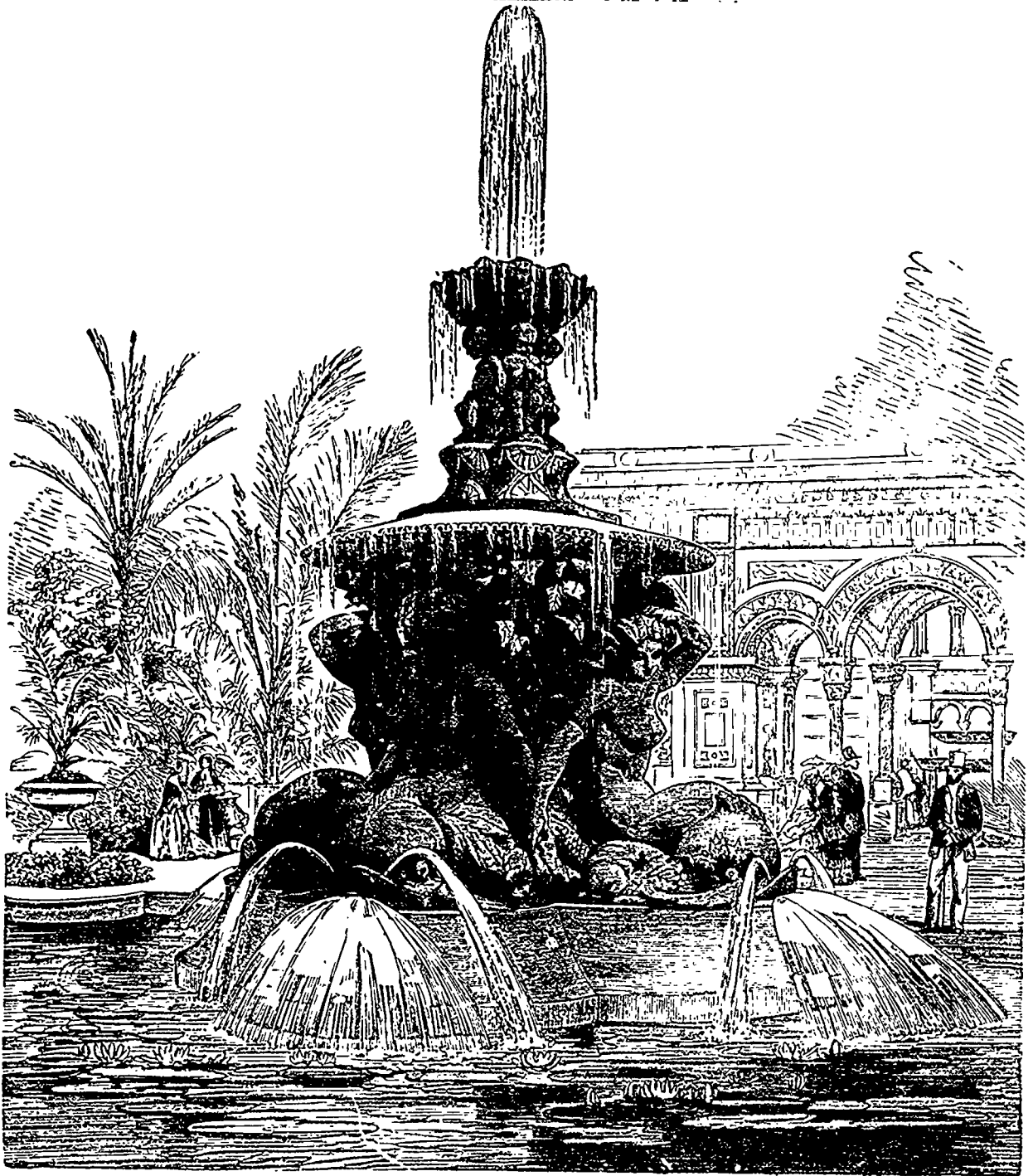
About six o'clock the procession of three hundred constables and headboroughs, most of them armed with drawn cutlasses, moved slowly towards Marr's house, where the cart stopped a quarter of an hour. The jolting having turned the murderer's head away from the house, a man clambered on to the platform and placed it directly facing the spot. The procession then moved on, down Old Gravel-lane and Wapping High-street, and, entering New Gravel-lane by Wapping-wall, reached the second house, where the constables again halted the cart. Then, entering Ratcliff-highway, they turned up Cannon-street, and near the turn-pike, where the New-road crosses, they reached the grave—which was dug purposely small and shallow. After a deep and solemn silence for about ten minutes, the body was jolted into its infamous hole, amid the yells and cheers of thousands. The stake was driven through the body with the murderer's mallet, quick-lime was thrown upon the carcase, and the grave was filled in.

It is useless to discuss the motives of Williams' crimes. Mr. De Quincey hints that Marr and Williams had sailed to Calcutta in the same Indianman, and that on their return they had both courted the young woman whom Marr afterwards married. The second murder may have been the result of a wish for money with which to find means for escape: a thirst for money and an unquenchable lust for blood, are apparent in both. This good, at least, arose from the horrible tragedies: they showed to the excited and terrified city the utter incompetence of the old watchmen; and prepared men's minds for the necessity of a larger, younger, and more disciplined, body of police.

There were many reasons for these murders arousing such intense public attention. The papers of the year previous to the Marr and Williamson murders, record many undiscovered crimes. These had already excited an amount of fear which Williams's crimes heightened to an universal paroxysm. Every sailor or dock-labourer found stabbed or drowned, was supposed to be another victim of the mysterious gang, that no one doubted haunted the east end of London. Until Williams hung himself in his cell, and until the clay-stained trousers and the gory knife and jacket were found, the panic continued and made night a hideous time. But, then, the great storm of fear subsided slowly into a ground-swell of sluggish distrust and apprehension. The military patrols were soon denounced as dangerous to the liberties of the country, and discontinued; and the constables resumed their inefficient and sleepy pottering about the broader streets and the neighbourhoods of favourite public-houses.

Gas, introduced into London on August 16, 1807, began, towards 1814, to get more general in the larger streets; the clearer and fuller light gave confidence to lonely pedestrians, and scared the prowling thief and the lurking assassin. Improvements moved slowly in the Tory country. It was not till 1829 that Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel remodelled the police, and gave us for our greater security the present force.





Mr. DeQuincey, in his picturesque but rather erroneous version of the double tragedy, has drawn attention in a most thrilling way to its chief points of pathos and intensity. He has likewise passed over in silence some points of the highest interest, and in his dates has even given the wrong year. Let us notice a few of his errors. He makes Marr's servant girl absent an hour. She was really absent only thirty minutes, seeking in vain an oyster-shop still open, and during those thirty minutes she returned once, looked in at the window, and saw her master, already doomed, still busy behind the counter. Mr. DeQuincey says there was no noise heard by the neighbours during the murder; it is in evidence that a neighbour did hear a chair being drawn about the floor, and also heard the apprentice call out as if he were being struck or scolded. Mr. DeQuincey dwells with a tragic power that places him high among prose poets, on the awful moments between life and death, where the journeyman, Turner, stood watching through a glass door the murderer plying his work; but he forgot the still more

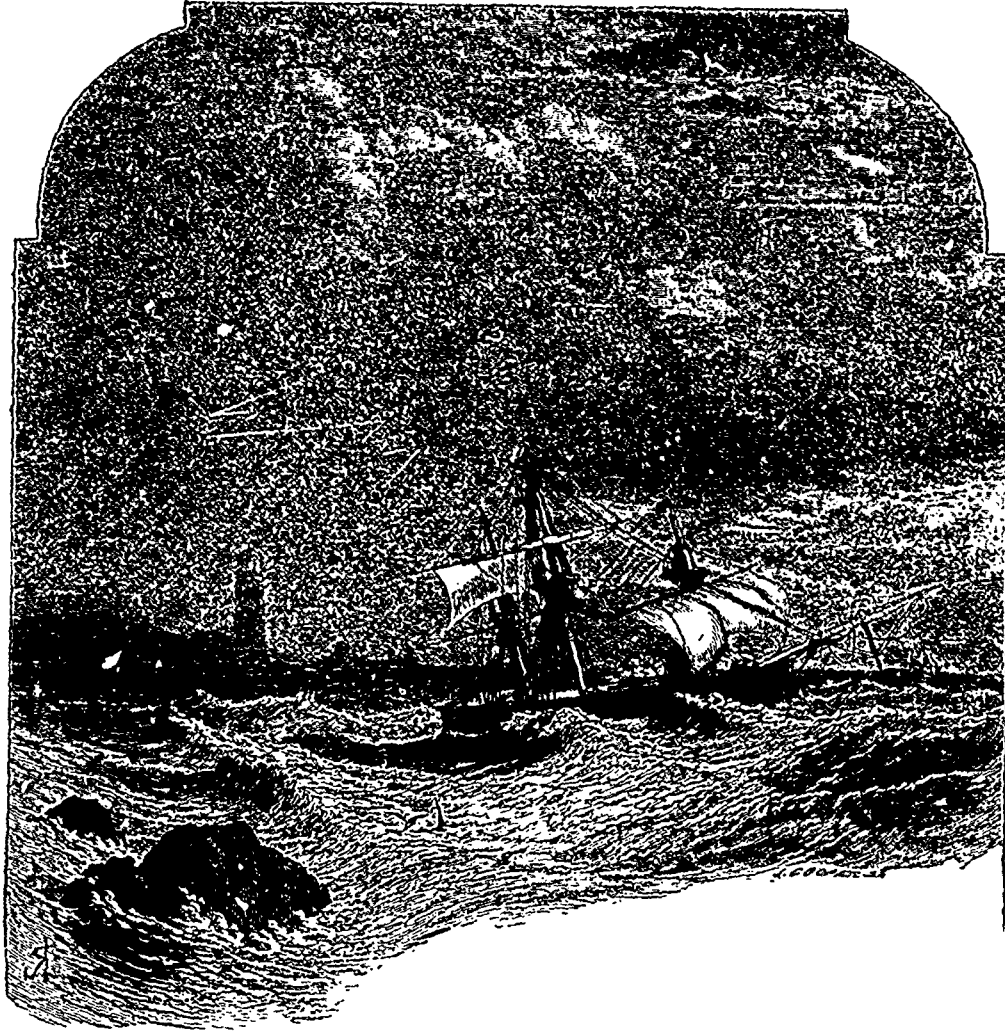
dreadful crisis when the man, flying from red-handed death, and crazed with fear, sought in vain for the trap-door in the roof, well known to him. Mr. De Quincey elsewhere colours too highly. The poor frightened man had no time nor presence of mind to tear his sheets and blankets into strips, or plait and splice them. No; he did as any one else would have done. He sought no elaborate iron support; he tied the sheets together and dropped from the window. The hull of the mob when the head constable gave orders for silence, in order that the murderer's whereabouts might be detected, is also a finely conceived fiction. While a butcher with his axe and a smith with a crowbar were forcing open the cellar-flap, and some neighbours were also throwing the front door off its hinges, the murderer was actually heard dashing through a lower back window, and escaping up a clayey embankment, where his footprints were found. Hence, next day, any men seen in Wapping with clay-soiled trousers, were arrested.

But, from the first, judgment was close upon the murderer. He was known to be acquainted

with the Marr and Williamson families; he had been observed hanging about tills, and suspiciously haunting taprooms and public-house passages; he was seen washing suspiciously dirty stockings and trousers, which he then concealed; he cut off his whiskers for no apparent reason; besides other clues of evidence already mentioned. To crown all, Williams was so notorious an infamous man, for all his oily and snaky duplicity, that the captain of his vessel, the Roxburgh Castle, had always predicted that whenever he went on shore he would mount the gibbet.

#### DESIGN FOR A BRONZE FOUNTAIN.

PERHAPS no city on this continent is more rapidly improving in the character of its architectural and other decorations than Montreal. We offer the above elegant design for a bronze fountain for the consideration of Canadian artists in any future embellishments of our good city in this direction.



AN OLD STORY.

Never a fairer ship set sail on the gleaming ocean,  
 Never a goodlier crew sailed under the morning star,  
 No for the brave, brave wind, and the star, and the  
 ceaseless motion!  
 Ho! for the proud swell rising, to carry her over the  
 bar!

It was the first of June. I stood near the water's  
 breaking,  
 And saw the wavelets laughing, and rippling up to my  
 feet;  
 Never a cloud in the sky, but only the old sun streak-  
 ing;  
 Below, the sea; and above, the cliff, and the heather  
 sweet.

It was the first of June. I stood and I watched her  
 fleeting—  
 Watched her my beautiful ship, sail over the summer  
 sea;  
 Heard the shouts of the fallers, my heart all throbb-  
 ing and beating;  
 And thus, in the sunlight of morning, she faded away  
 from me.

Only an old, old story—you've heard it times out of  
 number,  
 A cruel rock in the darkness, a rent in the vessel's  
 side;  
 All hands lost—not a soul saved—the strong men  
 rocked into slumber,  
 Where the waters lie dark and deep, by the ebb and  
 flow of the tide.

Only a nine days' wonder! You might hear them say  
 in the City,  
 "Have you heard of the dreadful wreck?" as you  
 passed the folks in the street.

"Was she fully insured? You say not? More's the  
 pity.  
 Pray, what was her tonnage—her deck was how many  
 feet?"

Only an old, old story, now seldom, if ever, told  
 I only remember the time when she sailed on a morn-  
 ing in May.

Oh, my beautiful ship! since then, in the darkness  
 belated,  
 How my eyes have grown weary with watching for  
 you in the bay!

Only an old, old story, yet none the less bitter or  
 crushing.

Oh, for a sight of her sail on the utmost line of the  
 sea!

In the night-time I wake and I weep, for I hear the  
 waves rushing,

And I know that my beautiful ship can never come  
 back to me! E. L. M.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE ON THE  
 ST. LAWRENCE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF STANLEY HALL," ETC.

HOW prone the imaginative are to supersti-  
 tion! Indeed most minds are tinged less or  
 more with a belief in the supernatural, although  
 the fear of ridicule may prevent their acknow-  
 ledging their credulity. How eagerly a ghost-  
 story is read! Indeed, any tale relating to the  
 unseen spiritual world is listened to with interest  
 by most people.

And why is this? Is it not because the human  
 mind seeks a connecting link between this state  
 of existence, and the unknown future—some-

thing that will bridge the chasm separating us  
 from the departed? How, as we listen to some  
 well-attested tale of the spectral world, does our  
 fond human heart thrill with the conviction that  
 life ends not in death, while the pleasing thought  
 suggests itself, that our loved ones though lost  
 to our sight on earth, may in reality still be near,  
 hovering around our daily path.

I am now going to relate some incidents con-  
 nected with an old house on the St. Lawrence,  
 in the vicinity of B—, which will, I hope, in-  
 terest the reader, and which cannot fail to do so  
 if he is a believer in ghosts, and one of those who  
 loves to sit round the fire in a wintry night and  
 listen to stories of visitants from the spectral  
 world.

A voyage across the Atlantic, in the year 1830,  
 was not accomplished so quickly or so pleasant-  
 ly as at the present time. There were then no  
 ocean steamers plying between Canada and the  
 shores of Britain. The slower, but more grace-  
 ful looking sailing vessel was the only means of  
 communication between the two continents  
 then. And now they are bridged by the won-  
 derful Atlantic cable which flashes daily or  
 hourly communication through the trackless  
 deep.

It was late in the spring of the above year,  
 that a noble-looking vessel, with freight and  
 cabin passengers for Quebec, might be seen en-  
 tering the mouth of the St. Lawrence, having  
 safely passed the Gulf, the navigation of which,  
 at that early season, is often dangerous on ac-  
 count of the icebergs floating into the Atlantic  
 from the Arctic ocean. Solemnly the darkness  
 of night was closing over the wide-spread waters  
 shutting out the dark outline of the high and  
 rugged coast, and impressing the mind with that  
 intense nervous dread which the gloom of night  
 on the surging waters often inspires, carrying to  
 the timid a deeper conviction of insecurity. The

favourable breeze, which had during the day driven the vessel on its course at the rate of several knots an hour, was freshening, and the night threatened to be stormy. All the passengers had gone below, gloomily impressed with fears of coming danger, with the exception of two, a gentleman and lady, who still remained on deck, engaged in conversation, as they sat sheltered by the bulwarks. After the lapse of half an hour, the moon, breaking forth from the dark clouds which had before obscured it, gleamed out in fitful brilliancy, catching the white sails and making them look shroudlake in the ghastly light.

The two figures who had been sitting together, so lovingly conversing in the tender tones of affection, now rose, and, leaning over the bulwarks, looked out upon the moonlit river.

"Is it not worth waiting for, Alice? I told you the scene, when the moon came out in that angry sky, would be grand!" exclaimed the young man addressing his companion.

"It is strangely beautiful," she replied, in tones of admiration; "those surging waters, shimmering in the moonbeams, and the huge masses of fantastic-looking clouds, edged with silver, and driving rapidly through the stormy heavens."

"I fear we shall have a dreadful night, Maurice. How the ship heaves! and the tall masts creak and swing to and fro with the increasing wind!"

"Do not alarm yourself needlessly, dearest;" and the young man's gaze fell pityingly on the blanched face of the timid Alice, while he fondly encircled her slight form, as if he would shield her from the threatening danger, in those strong arms.

"Remember that this is not the first gale we have encountered in our passage out, and we have come safely through every danger so far."

"So we have! but the voyage is not ended yet, although we have left the ocean behind, and are, they say, in a river."

"And what a magnificent river it is! nothing in the old country to compare with this! Is there, Alice? Did I not tell you Canada is a magnificent land! such forests and such lakes as you have yet to see!"

"I have no doubt it is all as you describe, but," and she shivered—"I only wish we were safe on land; you know what a coward I am."

"You will never cross the Atlantic again, I suppose," said Maurice, smiling.

"Nothing would induce me to brave its dangers again. And there will be no necessity for my doing so, now when we are all out here, Aunt Russell, and Grace, and yourself, dear Maurice, we shall spend the rest of our life in your beautiful Canada, we shall never see the Green Isle again," she added, with a sigh of regret.

Alice was silent for some minutes; thoughts of the beloved land she had left for ever, swept a wave of sadness over her mind, which fears of a danger, her timid nature magnified, helped to swell; she felt unable to converse calmly.

Soon the flying masses of clouds again shrouded the moon, and now the wind increased considerably.

"I do so dread the night! if it only were over, and the daylight come, that we might see our danger," she piteously exclaimed.

"Who talks of danger? why, the night is a splendid one! and the breeze just the thing we want to drive us up the river. If it keeps on like this, we shall be in Quebec to-morrow night!"

These encouraging words, spoken in the rough but kind voice of the skipper, reassured Alice. She began to hope that the danger was not after all so great.

"Do you think, Mrs. Fitzroy," the captain continued, "that if there really was the danger you dread, I would let the Mary Anne carry so much sail! No, no! my dear Mrs. Fitzroy, the breeze is favourable, but the night is too rough for you to continue any longer on deck; take my advice, go down below, and retire to your state room, you can sleep quietly till morning; there is nothing to dread from the wind or the waves, I assure you."

And the captain was right, for though the

night was certainly tempestuous, still as the breeze was favourable, the danger, which some of the passengers dreaded, passed away, and as the morning light broke upon the Mary Anne, it found her bearing safely and swiftly on her course up the river. The weather was too unfavourable to allow the scenery on either shore to be seen to advantage. On the second day, however, it cleared up, and as the Mary Anne sailed proudly into the harbour of Quebec, the gorgeous hues of a Canadian sunset were tinting the various features of the imposing scene which burst upon the view of the delighted passengers. There it stood, that stronghold of Canada, the fortress of Quebec! looking so proudly down upon the harbour it protected. How impregnable it seemed! how antique in a country where everything else was modern! The scenery too in the vicinity of this picturesque looking city, with its embattled walls and formidable fortifications, was so grand, so beautiful, the two noble rivers mingling their waters in the commodious basin at the foot of that lofty promontory, the romantic village of Point Levi, the bold mountains in the distance—all excited admiration as well as surprise; for most of the emigrants were not prepared for a scene so imposing.

"I wish we were going to remain here, to live in that grand old city," was the wish expressed by Grace Rutledge, the young sister of Mrs. Fitzroy, as she sat on deck in the fading twilight, watching the lights which twinkled, like stars in those Canadian homes, perched high above on the summit of those lofty cliffs looming up from the water.

"I think I shall prefer the quiet village to which Maurice is taking us," replied the young wife. "He says its situation is delightful on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the society too is good."

"I suppose you will like it best, because he does; the honeymoon is scarcely over, Alice," and Grace smiled archly. "But a quiet village, even though romantically situated, is not, in my opinion, preferable to a gay delightful city like Quebec. Remember, Alice, I am not married yet, and the chances of promotion would, assuredly, be greater in a garrison town than a secluded village. Think of the numerous red coats! ah me! how dull it will seem without them! You know we saw lots of dashing officers in Dublin, dear old Dublin! that we have left for ever!"

"I do not know what good seeing the officers did you, Mrs. Grace," gravely remarked her aunt, Miss Russell; "you know we were not in a position to mix in the society they did."

"But it would be different in Quebec, aunt. Maurice says Canada is so unlike the old country in that respect; people here are not so exclusive; and if you only have money, you will be admitted into society."

"I don't believe it, Grace; however the money has still to be made; and in the meantime, a quiet home in B— will, I think, suit us best."

They were now joined by Maurice; he had gone on shore when the Mary Anne anchored in the harbour, and he brought the information that the steamer, which was to take them to Montreal, was coming alongside the ship for themselves and their luggage.

"Are we to go on to-night, and not have a nearer view of Quebec?" asked Grace, in a tone of disappointment.

"I fear we must do without seeing Quebec, this time, Grace. Staying at an hotel is expensive, besides I am anxious to get to B—, my business has been too long neglected. When you get married," he added gayly, "you can then visit Quebec; you will make a bridal tour some day, you know."

Twenty minutes later, the John Molson steamed up beside the Mary Anne, and took off Mr. Fitzroy and his little party. While they are slowly steaming on their upward course,—the trip to Montreal was not performed so rapidly thirty years ago as at the present day; there were then no floating palaces on the St. Lawrence,—I shall inform my readers of a few particulars connected with the characters just introduced.

Some few years prior to the time this tale opens, Maurice Fitzroy first visited Canada,

seeking a home for himself and the young girl to whom he had plighted his troth, before leaving his native city Dublin. He was fortunate so far as to procure immediate employment on landing at Quebec; but for sometime his salary was small, and the fortune he coveted would not come. However, a bright day came at last; his application to business, his good conduct and pleasing manners, at length won the esteem and friendship of his employers, and they gave him the charge of the forwarding business carried on by the firm in B—, increasing his salary considerably. After a couple of years Maurice found himself in a position to gratify the desire of his heart. He returned to Ireland, married Alice Rutledge, and, shortly after the ceremony, again set sail for his adopted land, carrying with him, beside his young wife, her sister and a maiden aunt her only relatives. These two were not dependent on him, as Miss Russell had an annuity sufficient for her own wants and those of her niece.

On arriving at Montreal the travellers proceeded without any delay to B—. It was morning, a bright balmy May morning when the steamer Great-Britain, passing swiftly along the wooded precipitous cliffs below the village, landed her passengers at J—'s wharf.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed Maurice joyfully, glad to find himself at home again, and doubly glad on account of the dear one he had brought from a distant land to grace that home.

The first sight of the picturesque village pleased Miss Russell and her nieces. "Canada is, indeed, a beautiful country!" exclaimed Alice. "How delightful to live within sight of that magnificent river studded with those wooded islands!" Her house, too, pleased her, though its exterior was rather gloomy. It was a large stone building situated almost on the brink of the St. Lawrence, separated from it only by a small lawn. Two old trees, the growth of ages, skirted this lawn, and hung their drooping branches over the river. Steps from a broad balcony, running in front of the house, led down to the lawn, and beneath the shady trees were rustic benches, which Grace declared was just the place to sit and enjoy an interesting book, on a warm summer's day. In the rear of the house was a garden, and beyond this the forest, for Maurice Fitzroy's house was in an isolated situation a little distance from the village. The interior of her new abode also pleased the young mistress. A wide hall divided the lower apartments, and from this two doors opened, one into the garden, the other on the balcony. The staircase was wide, leading into a large unfinished part of the dwelling, and from this doors opened, into three airy bed-rooms well-lighted, and commanding an extensive view of the St. Lawrence and its wooded shores. Before he left B— for Ireland, Mr. Fitzroy had furnished his house comfortably if not luxuriously; and now as he led Alice through it, he was pleased to see that she was perfectly satisfied with all its arrangements.

"The only thing that surprises me about this house, Maurice, is its very low rent," observed Miss Russell, as they sat on the benches under the trees on the lawn just before tea, and Maurice had come home from his office for the evening.

"Well it is low, certainly, for such a large house; but then you see, aunt, few strangers come to B—, and the demand for houses is not frequent."

"What an old house it is! one can see that, notwithstanding its newly-painted doors and windows," observed Alice.

"So it is! the oldest house in B— I have heard."

"Really! then I am sure it is haunted," broke in Grace, a new interest flashing into her pretty young face. "I thought it looked ghostly the moment I set my eyes on it. Won't we have fun, Alice; you're not afraid of ghosts, you know," and she smiled archly at her timid sister.

"Grace, how you talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzroy, nestling closer to her husband's side as if she already saw a spectral visitant.

"Now, Alice, you may as well make up your

mind to the disagreeable necessity of sharing your new home with its old occupants," said Grace, with assumed gravity. "The house is haunted, no doubt of it! just look up at that window, with the curtain drawn a little aside; do you not see a face peeping out at us, reconnoitering the new comers?"

Mrs. Fitzroy smiled. "That is to be your room, Grace."

"Ah! so it is! Well, thank goodness, there is a door of communication between it and aunt's, and if I am disturbed by any nocturnal noises, I will take refuge with her."

"Nothing will disturb you, Grace," observed Miss Russell, gravely; "I wish, child, you would not talk about such nonsense. Have I not always tried to impress upon your mind the absurdity of a belief in the supernatural?"

"So you have, dear aunt, and failed nevertheless," replied Grace, laughing. "It is no use trying to make me believe there are no ghosts, after all the stories I have heard proving the contrary; and that there are such unwelcome visitors in that old house, I feel confident. The very fact that Maurice got it for so low a rent, is itself suspicious."

"Well, *nous verrons*," said Maurice, rising to return to the house, for the tea-bell was at this moment rung by Bridget their maid of all work.

That night the travellers retired to bed early, and slept soundly, being fatigued after their long journey. In the morning, Maurice asked Grace, laughing, if she had seen the ghosts?

"Not yet," she answered, gaily; "they are too considerate to trouble us the first night, knowing we wanted repose."

One week passed away—a pleasant week to Grace, for the days were spent receiving visits. She liked their new acquaintances very much, and began to think her life in B— would not be so dull as she had expected.

"I wonder how every one asks so particularly how we like our new home," Alice observed one day after some visitors had just left.

"There is nothing remarkable in that," said Miss Russell. "People generally ask such questions."

"Yes, but there is a peculiar expression in the look which accompanies their inquiries. I am afraid there is something wrong about this house, which was concealed from Maurice; but do not say that to Grace," Mrs. Fitzroy added hastily; "it will only excite her again about the ghosts, and she has been silent on that subject lately."

A few days afterwards, the Fitzroys and Miss Rutledge received an invitation to a party at a lady's house in B—. Grace was delighted at the prospect of an evening's amusement, and the day was spent in preparing for the important event.

The party was a pleasant one, and Miss Rutledge, who was a very pretty girl, graceful and well-dressed, attracted much attention. One gentleman, a merchant in B—, was particularly struck with the fair young stranger, and paid her marked attention. The evening passed off pleasantly, and, at a late hour, the Fitzroys returned home, Grace being escorted by her new admirer, Mr. Talbot. The night was fine, and they walked slowly homeward along the silent road leading from the village.

"Is it here you live?" asked Mr. Talbot, in surprise, as they approached the house, which loomed up gloomily before them in the starlight. He had been absent from B—, and had only lately returned to the village.

"Yes; it is a pleasant situation; is it not?"

"I hope you may find your residence in it pleasant," he answered. His tone was rather doubtful, Grace thought.

"It is a very old house, I believe?" she remarked, wishing to lead him to speak about it.

"It is, and has been but little inhabited for some years."

"Why?" asked Grace, her old fears returning to her mind.

"People did not seem to like it; they never stayed long there. In fact, it has been deserted, because they say it is haunted—rather a foolish reason, is it not?"

"I do not think so; it is a very sufficient

reason, in my opinion," answered Grace, seriously.

"Then you are superstitious, Miss Rutledge? I believe all the Irish are."

"Yes, because they are an imaginative people. But, about this house, in which we are unfortunately domiciled, can you tell me the cause of its being haunted? Has it been the scene of some crime? There is, I suppose, some story connected with it?"

"I believe there is, but I really know little about it. I am not at all credulous; I have no faith in ghosts; I am not imaginative," he added, archly, "but this I do know, that the person to whom this property belonged, who lived there till his death, was a very wicked man. It is his spirit, and those of his evil companions, who haunt the building, it is said. Anyway, people find it impossible to live there long. I am surprised Mr. Fitzroy did not hear of this."

"He must be ignorant of it, I think," observed Grace. Notwithstanding the temptation of the low rent, I do not think he would have taken the house had he known it was haunted. But Maurice had heard these stories; but being one of those strong-minded people who laugh at such tales, he was not deterred by them from hiring a comfortable house, which he got almost for nothing."

"You have not yet been disturbed by these nocturnal noises, I suppose?"

"Not yet, but there is time enough. We have not been long here."

"The spectral visits are periodical, I have heard—not of nightly occurrence."

"There is some comfort in that, and now good night, and thank you for your pleasant information," said Grace, laughing, as she ascended the steps of the verandah, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy at the hall-door.

Mr. Talbot stood on the lawn, unwilling to go away, or leave the presence of one who had evidently fascinated him.

"Are you fond of boating, Mrs. Fitzroy?" he asked, as they still stood waiting for admission, for something delayed Bridget's coming to let them in.

"Yes, when the water is very calm," she replied.

"Well, if you will allow me, I will take you and Miss Rutledge out on the river to-morrow evening. We can cross to the opposite shore, and visit Yankee land."

The ladies expressed their acknowledgments, and Mr. Talbot bowed his adieu, as a light gleamed through the hall, and Bridget's footsteps were heard approaching.

"What kept you so long, Bridget? Bless me, what's the matter?" asked her master, as his eye fell on the pale face of the woman.

"Bedad, sir, meself doesn't know, but the strangest noises is going through the house since bed time. The saints defend us this blessed night!"

Bridget was a late importation from the Green Isle. She had come out with Miss Russell.

"Shure I was afeard to stir out of my bed to let you in, only I did not want to lave you out all night."

"That wouldn't be at all pleasant; but did you see anything stranger looking than yourself?" asked Maurice, laughing, for Bridget's night costume was rather picturesque.

"It's no laughing matter, Misher Fitzroy. Wait till ye hear the noises yourself, sir."

"What are they like, Bridget?" asked Grace, whose pale face showed no lack of interest in the servant's information.

"Oh, such banging of doors and thrumping about, Miss; it bates Bannagher entirely, so it does!"

"Well, Grace, here are some of your ghosts at last, making themselves heard, if we can believe Bridget," said Maurice.

"So it appears," remarked his sister-in-law, quietly, as she took a light off the hall table and began to ascend the stairs. She did not like then to relate the information she had received from Mr. Talbot.

"Has Miss Russell been disturbed, Bridget?" asked Alice, who was trembling violently.

"Sorra bit! Shure she's deaf with that bad cold she got, and it's well for her! I wish I was meself."

"It is rather strange," remarked Mr. Fitzroy, as he and Alice ascended the stairs after Grace.

As they reached the top, they distinctly heard steps in the hall below; the door of the dining-room was thrown open—then violently shut. Alice and Grace looked aghast, and clung to Maurice in their terror.

"Somebody has got into the house," he exclaimed with excitement; and disengaging himself gently from his wife, who wished to detain him, he ran down stairs.

"Come back, Maurice!" called Grace, leaning with a white face over the balustrade. Alice had retreated, shivering, to the door of her room.

On reaching the hall, Maurice burst open the door of the dining-room, and was about to enter, when the light he carried was suddenly extinguished. "Bridget, bring a light!" he shouted, but Bridget had disappeared, and was buried beneath the covering of her bed, saying her prayers very devoutly.

Mr. Fitzroy now rushed up stairs. "Grace, give me your light," he demanded eagerly.

"Wait till I get another; we cannot be left in the dark," she answered faintly.

Then, entering her aunt's room, she lighted a small lamp on the dressing table, and brought it to her brother-in-law, who was waiting impatiently.

"I would advise you not to go down again, Maurice," she said impressively; "it is no use fighting with spectres!"

"Spectres!" he exclaimed, with derision. "I tell you somebody has got into the house, and we will be robbed; what else could it be? You surely do not believe it is a ghost; you are not really so silly, Grace."

Then, taking a pistol from the mantel piece in his room, he hurried down stairs again. Grace, who, notwithstanding her credulity, was a courageous girl, descended the stairs half way. Alice sat down, unable to support herself, at the door of her room.

Entering the dining-room, Mr. Fitzroy held up the light, and surveyed it eagerly.

"There is no one here!" he called out.

"I thought so. Maurice, come back; it is no use looking for what is not there," urged Grace, from the stairs.

"Wait till I search the drawing-room; some one may be hiding there."

He opened the door of that apartment and looked in, but no robber met his eye.

"It is very singular!—quite unaccountable," he said, as he once more entered the hall.

Just at this moment a laugh, mocking, horrible, unearthly, fell upon his ear, freezing the blood in his veins, and making his very heart cease its beatings. He sprang up stairs, three steps at a time; and, as he did so, the door of the room he had left was slammed and shaken violently. Grace had stood on the stairs while Maurice was searching the rooms; but when that peal of horrible laughter broke through the house, she fled to her sister's room, to find her lying senseless on the floor.

Tenderly Maurice Fitzroy lifted the inanimate form of his young wife in his arms, and laid her on a couch near the window, which Grace hurriedly threw open, flinging back the shutters.

The first grey light of morning was breaking in the eastern sky to the great relief of Grace.

"Our nocturnal visitors will leave us now! What a blessed thing is the light!" she exclaimed: "how it reassures and gladdens! even the most timid nature feels comparatively brave in the day time."

The cool fresh air soon restored Alice to consciousness, and the morning light gave her courage.

"Oh, Maurice, how dreadful that laugh was!" she said shivering at the recollection. "Who could it be?"

"The old gentleman who owned this house," replied Grace, "Mr. Talbot told me all about it,



Did you know it was haunted, Maurice?" and she looked inquiringly at Mr. Fitzroy.

"Well, I heard something to that effect, but I didn't believe it. It seemed absurd to give credence to such tales."

"But you believe it now, I doubt not. Hearing is believing in this case."

"Well, I suppose it is; but if we are to have any sleep at all, it is time to go to bed now," remarked Maurice, with irritation. He felt provoked to find his pleasant home rendered uncomfortable, and scarcely knew what to do in this emergency. The trouble was where to find a suitable dwelling, there were really so few houses to rent in B—, and none at present that he knew of.

Some days passed away, and although the members of Mr. Fitzroy's household retired trembling at night to their beds, still nothing occurred to disturb their slumbers. Maurice began to hope that the evil might not be as bad as it first appeared. He determined to continue to reside in the haunted house until a new one, which was being quickly built, could be ready. There was no help for it, he declared, unless they went to board in a tavern, which would be not pleasant, and very expensive.

Mr. Talbot's attentions to Miss Rutledge became the topic of conversation in B—. He was frequently at the Fitzroy's, and certainly did admire their young handsome sister exceedingly. The conversation during these visits often turned on ghosts, and Mr. Talbot declared Grace had made him quite a convert to her belief in the supernatural. One night, when they were deeply engaged discussing this interesting subject, they were surprised by a loud knocking at the front door. Who could it be at this late hour? It was just twelve by the small French clock on the mantel-piece in the dining-room, where they were sitting at supper. Shortly afterwards Bridget's step was heard in the hall, the door leading on the verandah was opened, and then shut quickly a moment after, and her tall square figure stood at the dining-room door, her face wearing a nervous expression.

"What is it, Bridget? who is at the door?" asked her master.

"Faix nara one that I can see, sir, and it's bright moonlight. Well, Old Nick take ye who ever ye are," she continued, as a rapping was again heard, but this time at the door opening into the garden. With a quick step she crossed the hall, and opened that door, but only to be again disappointed. No one was there.

"This is very strange!" said Maurice, starting up from the supper table and going into the hall. Again the knocking was heard, and at the other door this time. Mr. Fitzroy, whose hand was on the lock, opened it instantly, and stepped out on the balcony, sure of catching the person now whoever it was. To his amazement no one was seen. The moon was high in the clear heavens, and every object was distinctly visible. There was no time for any one to have escaped from the verandah, his reason told him this, and yet he went down the steps into the lawn, and from thence to the rear of the house, but no human creature was within sight. It was unaccountable; a cold shiver ran through his frame, as he hurried into the house again.

"There they are at the kitchen door now, sir," said Bridget, a terrified expression in her pale face.

"Who is it, Bridget?"

"Ah, who but the ghost themselves, sir."

"Bridget is right, I think, observed Miss Russell, who with the rest of the party were now in the hall. "Nothing human could be so swift in their movements, passing from one door to another like a flash."

"We had better vacate these rooms for to-night, I think," said Mr. Talbot, with a faint smile, as he prepared to take his leave.

"Faix that's just what they want," put in Bridget; "they don't want any one down here any longer."

Well, it is a mercy the ghosts do not trouble us upstairs," remarked Grace, as on Talbot's departure they all left the lower part of the house.

"It is fortunate they do not," said Miss Russell, as she and her unmarried niece retired to the

room they both occupied since these nightly disturbances.

"Mr. Talbot says they confine their visits to the rooms downstairs, because the old man lived there altogether. Listen to that, aunt," Grace continued, her face becoming more deadly pale, as at this moment heavy steps were heard, ascending the stairs. "If they come up here, I shall die of terror."

"Be calm, dear Grace! I thought you had more courage," said Miss Russell, soothingly, for she saw the young girl was very much excited. "It is a shame for Maurice to keep us here! we will go away to-morrow, won't we, aunt? he and Alice may stay if they like. How could he bring us to such a house! He knew it was haunted."

A low knock at their bedroom door now made Grace shriek hysterically.

"Oh it's only meself, Miss Grace, let me in for the love of heaven!"

The voice of Bridget calmed the fears of Grace. "Was it you who now came upstairs?" she asked.

"It was then! Shure I was afeard to stay below by meself. If ye'd let me sleep anywhere till morning."

"Yes, certainly, you can remain here, and sleep in that small closet next my room," said Miss Russell; "you can occupy it while we remain in this house, which will not be long now, I think."

Grace and her aunt now hurried into bed, and tried to fall asleep, anxious to shut out from their senses the unearthly noises downstairs. But that was impossible. The sounds that came up from below on this night were fearful. The hurrying to and fro of spectral feet, the opening and shutting of doors, the din of voices, the clattering of knives and forks, the jingling of glasses. A spectral feast was evidently being enjoyed. For three long hours this continued. At length, at the first faint light of morning it ceased, and all was quiet.

"Nothing would induce me to pass another night under this roof," exclaimed Miss Russell in a decided tone. And she kept her word. After the occurrence of the night, Mr. Fitzroy also declared they could stay in that haunted house no longer. The next day they removed to a boarding house. Before the summer was quite over, Grace Rutledge visited Quebec, the bride of Mr. Talbot. After this, the haunted house on the St. Lawrence was abandoned to its nocturnal visitants.

## THE LADY OF ST. OUEN'S.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

**I**N the eighteenth century there stood in the island of Jersey a noble, castellated pile, in size and massiveness worthy of the name of castle, built by Renaud de Carteret, the faithful friend and companion of Duke Robert, that wild and untoward son of William the Conqueror, about the year 1101.

Situated in a plain of unusual fertility, the surrounding estate sloped down on one side to the lovely bay of St. Ouen's to meet the boisterous waves; on the other it was encompassed and sheltered by an extensive forest; while in the background the commanding heights seemed fortified by nature to resist invasion.

A rivulet meandered through the meadows, and midway between the chateau and the sea there was a large sheet of water—an inland lake, ever clear and fresh; while far to the right, in the distance, rose the lofty towers of Grosney Castle, surrounded with gigantic crags and dizzy precipices washed by the sea, and with a boundless expanse, the nearest land in a direct line being the then undiscovered shores of America.

This domain, in the time of our English Henry VII., was the patrimony of a young nobleman named Philip de Carteret, a direct descendant of Renaud, the founder. Philip, with features of most noble expression, a magnificent, athletic person, and a spirit in unison with the daring chivalry of a chivalrous age, was a fit lord of such a demesne, worthy the illustrious ancestors

from which he sprung, and the brave progeny who were destined to transmit the name of De Carteret from the twelfth century to the nineteenth unsullied by a stain.

At the battle of Bosworth Field he had fought with all the fiery enthusiasm of youth by the side of the Earl of Richmond, and when the fortunes of that memorable day decided in favour of the Tudor, Philip de Carteret was amongst the foremost nobles to swear fealty to their sovereign lord, King Henry VII.

The king was anxious to attach the young noble to his court and person, but his native island contained a prize more attractive to De Carteret, and of more sterling value than the favour of princes; so, shortly after the battle, he returned to Jersey and his own manor, and settled down amid his people.

At that time the castle of Grosney was held by a proud old baron, of illustrious descent but impoverished fortunes, Henriot de Harliston. Unable to maintain the retinue suited to his rank and the size of his castle, he yet clung to the abode of his forefathers with a gloomy tenacity, seldom stirring abroad, but devoting himself to books—a species of learning which, in those days, was looked upon, especially by the lower classes, as something uncanny, and more or less intimately connected with magic or the Black Art.

But this was by no means a popular taste, and the noble De Harliston was troubled by few visitors at his bare and rugged castle, save and except the newly-returned Lord of St. Ouen's.

The vassals and old retainers at St. Ouen's manor shook their heads ominously when their young lord's visits became frequent and long.

"No good," said they, "can ever come from that old sorcerer. Our young master is bewitched."

Bewitched, perhaps he was, but by no magic more baneful than the charming face and ways of Marguerite, the young and only child of the Baron de Harliston; hers was the power which attracted Sir Philip to her father's dismal towers.

Sir Philip de Carteret had travelled far, and had, in many lands, seen enough of men, and women too, to know that an heroic soul of spotless purity, set in a casket of the most exquisite feminine loveliness, was a jewel of rare occurrence. So, despite her want of dowry, and the weird character her father bore, the young Lord of St. Ouen's wooed and won the lovely Lady Marguerite; and one fair summer morning, when the birds were singing, and the dew lay thickly glistening on the grass, he brought her across the rocky pathway down through green lanes and shady woodland, from the lordly castle of Grosney to his own manor of St. Ouen's—that happy home whose windows, and turrets, and stately gardens the fair young bride had often looked upon from the heights of Grosney, with a fluttering of hope that she should one day be the beloved wife and mistress there.

It chanced that the fair face and gentle manners of the Lady Marguerite had attracted other suitors besides Sir Philip, and the most eager of these was no less a personage than the king's substitute, the Governor of Jersey, a widower, Sir Matthew Baker.

This unworthy man, whose rapacities and cruelties were bitterly resented by the islanders, had, upon being eclipsed in his love affairs by De Carteret, conceived the bitterest personal hatred of his young rival, treating him on all occasions with studied insolence, and eagerly striving for an occasion of quarrelling with or insulting him. He further endeavoured to implicate him in some of the intrigues with France, so common among Jerseymen of that period. In this also he was invariably foiled, for, though nearly related to many French families of distinction, De Carteret was so devoted and staunch an adherent of the Tudor dynasty, and at the same time so beloved in the island, that it was no easy matter to impeach his loyalty. But Sir Matthew Baker was both crafty and malicious; so he quietly bided his time, solacing himself by practising every cruelty and extortion he could devise upon the unfortunate islanders over whom he was "Capitaine."



Woe to any luckless denizen of St. Ouen's parish whose petty crime or debt brought him in the power of Governor Baker—neither mercy nor justice might he hope for or receive; his parish was sufficient to doom him before his accusation was ever heard.

These acts of arbitrary violence at length grew so frequent and oppressive that Philip de Carteret, who had long been restrained solely by the earnest entreaties of his wife, who dreaded equally the power and the malevolence of the governor, determined no longer tamely to submit to the injustice done his vassals and fellow-islanders.

He therefore remonstrated with him, and finding his temperate conduct was but the signal for fresh excesses, at length summoned the cruel governor before the Cours Royale for restitution of some property he had seized in excess of what was really his right.

This cause was tried by twenty-four jurymen and a bailiff, somewhat synonymous with our judge. As these twenty-four men had all suffered more or less from the governor's rapacious insolence, but had never dared to bring so powerful a personage to account for his tyranny, a verdict adverse to the governor was returned with remarkable promptitude and unanimity. This public defeat filled up the measure of De Carteret's iniquities in the eyes of Matthew Baker.

Robbed of his bride, exceeded in popularity, and now publicly rebuked by this hated rival, he determined upon a speedy but secret revenge.

To effect this detestable object he called into his confidence a certain Roger Boutillier, a false and treacherous friend, who had received great benefits from Sir Philip.

It was not long before the two companions in mischief, so well matched as Governor Baker and Le Boutillier, hit upon a suitable plan for carrying out their hatred against Sir Philip, whose domestic happiness had been increased by the birth of a son and heir; and in the midst of the rejoicings they resolved to strike the fatal blow.

They accordingly concocted a letter, purporting to be written by De Carteret, Lord of St. Ouen's, in Jersey, to his noble relative in Normandy, offering to betray the island within a certain time to the French, for a specified sum of money, and conditionally on his being appointed governor himself.

And here it should be mentioned that the island of Jersey, together with Guernsey and the smaller Channel Islands, having been originally united to the English crown by William the Conqueror, being until then an appendage to his own Duchy of Normandy, had remained faithful to England ever since, although treated in somewhat shuttlecock fashion. Their proximity to the French coast rendering them peculiarly attractive to that nation, who ever and anon fitted out ships and men for the purpose of retaking these islands, and sometimes with partial success.

In past years Margaret of Anjou, the queen and sovereign of the unfortunate Henry VI., blinded by ambition to every principle of honour, had entered into a secret agreement with a powerful Norman baron to cede to him the fair island of Jersey, conditionally on his assisting her husband against the York faction with men and money.

The Norman, dazzled by so seductive an offer, brought 2000 men to England to the King's relief, while his son took an equally strong force to Jersey; and the governor, having received his orders from Queen Margaret, admitted them into the fortress of Mont St. Orgueil by night.

For six years the French occupied the island in every portion save one. The then Lord of St. Ouen's alone defied them, and for six years stoutly maintained the integrity of his estate against both force and stratagem. The Count de Shaulevrier, for thus was the Norman baron named, tired, at length, of molesting so indomitable a foe; and shortly afterwards, Edward IV., having ascended the English throne, made Queen Margaret's gift null and void, and dispatched the vice-admiral of England to compel the Normans in the fortress to surrender. The

admiral having blockaded the island by sea, the inhabitants, led by the valiant De Carteret, invested them by land, and soon compelled the French to quit their "castle of pride," and the island to boot.

It was, therefore, natural that the English monarch looked with an eye of jealous suspicion on the contiguity of France to these small but much-prized possessions, and full well wily Matthew Baker knew no surer road to the king's displeasure could be found than to hold communication with that mainland. It was for this cause, therefore, he endeavoured to fix upon the Lord of St. Ouen's the crime of treasonable correspondence with France; and, by the aid of his confederate, having written the letter, Le Boutillier threw it into a dry ditch near Longueville, a spot which the governor was to pass in going to the Royal Courts at St. Helier, from his residence in the large and gloomy fortress of Mont Orgueil. Of course, according to agreement, the governor as he rode past in full state, saw the letter lying there, and directed one of his esquires to give it into his hands. The accomplished hypocrite at first assumed a face of the deepest concern upon reading the contents aloud to the assembled nobles and followers; then, putting spurs to his horse, he rode straight to the Royal Court, where he was bound, and, with much apparent emotion, proclaimed the Seigneur de St. Ouen a traitor to his king and country.

The bailiff and the jurats, shaking with fear at the governor's known tyranny, and dreading for their own safety, were fain to give credence to the accusation, and the more readily, perhaps, because Roger le Boutillier, stepping forward in the fashion of those times, threw down his glove, offering to give battle to De Carteret as a false traitor.

A battalion of soldiers proceeded to the manor house, and, tearing De Carteret from the arms of his wife, accused him of conspiring to deliver the island to the French, and conducted him, without any form of trial, to Mont Orgueil, where, after being bitterly reproached and insulted by Governor Baker, he was thrown into a dungeon many feet below the castle walls, and by some supposed to be below the level of the sea. There, in perfect darkness and solitude, the wretched De Carteret lay, his life scarcely sustained by scanty food, while the eventful day fixed for the mortal combat, that was to decide his innocence or the guilt of his accuser, rapidly approached, but not so rapidly but that the noble knight's strength was well nigh spent before it arrived, and he scarcely could stand upright, far less defend himself in the lists.

According to the laws of combat, Le Boutillier, the challenger, was also sent into close confinement until the day arrived, but with this difference—that while the unfortunate knight was slowly undergoing starvation, Le Boutillier's captivity was cheered by every luxury his friend the governor could command; and he fared sumptuously and roamed about the castle at his ease.

To make the fate of De Carteret even more secure, and prevent possibility of escape, the governor compelled the bailiff to issue an order prohibiting any boat or vessel to leave the island without a special permission from himself, so fearful was he of the friends of De Carteret bringing him assistance before the day of trial.

Then, to render his own share of the conspiracy less conspicuous, he took ship for England, intending to lay before the king his own version of the affair, at the same time exculpating himself from any blame in the death of a nobleman who had hitherto held, and justly, so high a position in the royal favour.

Now Marguerite de Carteret, the fond and faithful wife of Sir Philip, remained at the manor house, for she had become the mother of a son but a few days previous to her husband's apprehension. Vainly had she sought access to her husband's dungeon; all communication was strictly forbidden. The heroic wife had risen from her bed, and even sued for an interview with her rejected lover, in order to plead her husband's cause. This also was refused; and the Lady Marguerite received an intimation

from a secret friend that she would do well to consult her own safety and that of her boy, for that the governor's hatred was such that he would not be satisfied until he had exterminated the whole race of the De Carterets, and seized their fair possessions for his own.

Marguerite, therefore, hurried, with her newborn babe, to Grosney Castle, where she placed the boy under the protection of her aged father, and calling into her confidence a favourite maid, Micette, whose fidelity she could depend upon, announced her intention of setting forth immediately to the king, at Windsor.

"For," cried she, "since there is no hope of either justice or mercy in this most unhappy island, I will to his majesty in person, and plead the cause of my most injured lord."

"Ah! madam," exclaimed the maid, aghast at the daring scheme; would you just rise from childbed, your infant son not yet a month old, and cross the sea to English shores?"

"If I desert him, who shall defend my Philip? Know, girl, I brought your lord no dowry but my love. Shall I, then, hesitate to risk this poor body in his service, who rightly claims the best efforts of my body and my soul?"

"Oh! my dear and gentle lady," said the maid, prostrating herself at her mistress's knees, "I pray you reflect upon the dangers of the seas; and, further, every boat is forbidden to leave the island; and were you to attempt to do so without permission, you would perish beneath the arrows of the guard."

"Maiden," replied Marguerite, turning on her a face of more than womanly resolution, inspired by the courage of the most devoted love—"maiden, when thou wast plague-stricken, and all forsook thee, did not I, and I alone, risk my life to succor thee? And thinkest thou that a time like this, when a life to thine and a thousand such as *thee* were but chaff in the balance, I can stop to consider danger and weigh chances? Go, and summon your father to my presence."

The waiting-maid sadly withdrew, and returned with her father, a noble specimen of a Jersey fisherman. The old man, like his daughter, was devoted to his lord, and the knowledge of his captivity, beyond the reach of possibility of assistance, was bitter to the stout old man.

"Rudolph," said the Lady Marguerite, "the sky is clear, the water is serene. Have you strength of arm and courage to row me across to Guernsey?"

"My lady," sorrowfully exclaimed the fisherman, "it is madness. We should be overtaken, and shot down."

"Coward!" cried the Lady of St. Ouen's; "darest thou not this *little* service for thy good lord and mine?"

"Lady," responded the man, "I will row to England, if needs be, at your commands, or perish on the way."

"Then," said the Lady of St. Ouen's, "at midnight this very night you will bring your boat beneath the rocks upon which the castle stands. We are closely watched, therefore you must drop anchor in the spot least likely to be suspected—below the Witches' Cave. At midnight I will be there; swear that you will not fail me."

He swore, and the Lady of St. Ouen's, dismissing him from her presence, hastily collected her most valuable jewels, and disposed them about her person. She also provided herself with a well-filled purse, and a suit of costly robes.

Ten minutes before midnight the devoted wife, taking her sleeping infant from his pillow, placed him in the arms of her weeping tire-woman, saying to her—

"I entrust to you, Micette, my most precious possession; see that you prove worthy the trust. Let it not be known that I have left the castle. Take courage; God will protect me. I repose my trust only upon Him, who is the true support of the poor afflicted ones."

Then, taking her infant once more in her arms, she strained him tightly to her heart, murmured a prayer over the unconscious sleeper, and, without daring to trust herself to another look, resigned him to Micette, and fled down

the private stairs that led, by many a winding path, to the shore.

Arrived, after many a stumble, at the Witches' Cave, the noble lady's heart sunk to find no Rudolph there. Was he unfaithful to his oath? Had he played her false? She stood listening for his footsteps. The cavern—of immense depth, of pitch darkness—was silent as the grave, the only sound the occasional dropping of the water from the damp sides or roof, and the hoarse roar of the sea many hundred feet beneath.

The Lady of St. Ouen's stood listening, and, as she stood, all the legends and stories of deeds of blood and devilry with which the Witches' Cave was associated rushed through her mind. But, with a courage rare at the time in which she lived, she shook off all superstitious fears, and, sallying forth, again proceeded to grope her way down the sides of the cliff, in the direction where she had commended the boat to be left, while the fisherman ascended to conduct her to it.

The darkness prevented her seeing the full danger of the descent. Clinging with her hands to the rough bushes and underwood which grew upon the sides of the cliff, sometimes feeling the little path cut in the sides of the rock, more often losing it, with palpitating heart, torn, bleeding, and bruised, she reached at last the smooth, pebbly beach, and had the unspeakable happiness to see the boat and Rudolph waiting for her. She entered without a word, obedient to his sign of silence, and it was not until they were far out at sea, and with a fair wind set towards Guernsey, the faithful old fellow told her his anxiety had been as great as her own, but that he dared not leave his boat to come to her, for fear of discovering himself to a soldier of Le Boutillier, who was keeping watch beneath the castle wall. God, in whom she trusted, befriended the heroic lady; her frail vessel rode before a favouring wind, and was almost blown into the port of Guernsey.

As she stepped upon the soil she threw herself upon her knees, and rendered thanks to the Supreme Being, who had guided her thus far on her journey in safety. Then, after close inquiry, she learned her enemy, Matthew Baker, had that very night passed on to England. Far from being discouraged at this intelligence, she hired a strong fishing-smack, and with large sums bribed a crew to carry her at once upon her voyage. Without waiting for rest, refreshment, or change of clothing, this heroic wife again set sail, after a previous journey of several hours in an open boat, exposed to the wind and sea.

Her courage and sad errand inspired her crew with energy and daring, and, by great exertions, they reached the port of Poole, on the south coast of England, but a few hours after the governor had landed there; and the Lady of St. Ouen's would have inevitably met and been at the mercy of her foe, had not a blinding storm of hail and sleet driven the governor and his numerous attendants to seek shelter with the mayor of the town.

But Marguerite de Carteret sought no shelter while her lord lay in a dungeon. She disdained to rest, but, mounting the fleetest horse the town could furnish, and hearing that the king had repaired from Windsor to London, she rode all night, first to Salisbury and thence to London, to the residence of Dr. Fox, the good Bishop of Winchester, and a member of the Privy Council. To him she related all her story, entreating his influence to present her before the king. This secured, the Lady of St. Ouen's allowed herself, at length, a few hours to slumber, and was greeted the following morning by the cheering news brought by the bishop, that the king was then attending mass in the chapel of the Tower, and would give audience in the presence Chamber immediately on its conclusion.

The Lady Marguerite hastened to dress herself in the robes of state she had brought with her for this occasion: a long robe of ruby velvet, bordered with rich fur—a decoration permitted only to married dames of the noblest birth; a small coif of white satin, embroidered with gold, upon her head, while her golden hair flowed to her waist; a girdle and necklace of precious

stones completed her costume; and she looked not like a miserable petitioner pleading for a criminal, but a noble lady, prepared to defend her husband's fame with dignity and honour.

The bishop placed her in his own state chariot, requiring, four strong horses of Flemish breed, not for mere show, but the stern necessity of dragging the ponderous equipage over the ruts and quagmires that lay between the Bishop's Palace, near the river at Westminster, and the Royal Palace of the Tower. The cavalcade, consisting of outriders, running footmen, and men-at-arms, slowly proceeded by the Strand, through Temple Bar. All was strange in this wonderful city of London, to which her fond husband had often proudly spoken of bringing her—the great street of Chepe, with its low shops, heavy galleries overhanging them, filled with rich stuffs, and gold, and gems, tempting to the eyes of womankind. There, too, was the Cross of Charing, erected to the memory of another devoted wife; and further on, in St. Martin's Lane, the shops of the workers in leather—saddlers, curriers, shoemakers. Every house bore its own peculiar sign, projecting often into the street—the "Turk's Head," the "Happy Man," the "Tower," the "Ship;" but the "Golden Cross" was the most popular symbol, and conspicuous on many sides.

The chapel of St. Mary's of Rounceval, a small, low-built edifice, dependant of the great Priory of Rouncevaux, in France, occupied the site of the present Northumberland House, and immediately opposite the house of prayer stood the pillory.

Arrived at the Tower, the bishop conducted her across a large hall, strewn with fresh rushes, and filled with soldiers, nobles, knights, all hurrying to the Court the king was already holding. A flight of massive stairs brought them to the door of the Presence Chamber. "Courage, true wife," whispered her conductor, as the door was thrust aside. At the far end of a large, lofty room, with banners hanging from the roof, men in armour stationed down each side, sat the king; beside him, one on each side, stood his young sons, Princes Arthur and Henry. A crowd of the best and bravest of England's nobility stood around. The sight of a young and beautiful woman, whose dress announced her noble birth, advancing alone, attracted the attention of all present. With proud head and unflinching eye, Marguerite knelt at the feet of the king.

"I plead, my liege, not for pardon, but for justice." And, with impassioned eloquence, she reminded the king of her husband's faithful services, his known fidelity, recounted the unjust treatment he had submitted to, and entreated his majesty to give her noblest knight a fair and just trial. Henry was deeply moved. He minutely investigated the case, drew from the blushing wife the story of the rival suitors for her hand, and, after a short discussion with the privy councillors then present, granted an order for her husband's instant freedom, without waiting to hear his enemy's charge. Then, and not till then, the noble courage of the Lady of St. Ouen's broke down. She threw herself at the feet of the king, and, with tears and sobs, expressed her gratitude. Henry raised and embraced her, and saying, "Happy is the knight of so high-souled a dame," led her himself to the door of the council chamber, and dismissed her with the greatest admiration and respect.

Scarcely had Marguerite left the royal presence, and before she had reached the foot of the grand staircase, than she met the astonished governor, Matthew Baker. Radiant with success and triumph, she passed him without a word. He passed on to the presence of the king, only to receive the execration due to his crimes, and to be dispossessed of his command in the island.

Resisting all entreaties, the Lady of St. Ouen's neither paused nor slept, until, accompanied by some noble friends of her husband, she once more embarked. After a prosperous voyage, she arrived in Jersey on the eve of the day appointed for the combat, and just in time to save her husband's life. Le Boutillier, not content with the fearful odds between a full and a famished man, had caused the ground to

be filled with pitfalls, trusting thus to have his opponent beyond all hope of escape.

Armed with the king's warrant, the Lady Marguerite hastened to Orgueil Castle, a toilsome journey by a narrow road and rugged hills, now lightened by the cries and joy of the islanders who, in great numbers, joined her escort. The spacious and gloomy chambers of the castle were soon filled with eager searchers, while Marguerite, under guidance of the senechal, passing through the chapel, descended to the cells beneath, where, fastened by an iron chain to the wall, pale, emaciated, and almost senseless, she found her husband. The good news and sudden change of fortune was too great. Philip de Carteret was borne to his home in solemn silence, not in rejoicing. Long was the struggle between life and death, but the devoted love of his wife, like a talisman, won him back to life. And for many happy years the Lord and Lady of St. Ouen's were a blessing to their tenantry, and lived to see their eleven sons acquire the highest distinction in their native island, and at the English Court, proving themselves worthy sons of such a wife and mother as the Lady of St. Ouen's.

## GLIMPSE AT A MORMON NEWS-PAPER.

ONLY a few years have, elapsed since men read with wonder of the march of the Mormons from flourishing Nauvoo to the desolate Salt Lake. That Hegira, as it has also been called, has been compared with the March of the Israelites, and one seemed almost as marvellous as the other. We may, perhaps, best understand what progress has been made since the weary feet of the survivors among the Latter Day Saints first trod the then arid ground which was to them as a Land of Promise down to the present time, by a glance at a Mormon newspaper. The *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* (for September 12) is now before us, and in its advertisements, paragraphs, and general intelligence, it shows that the district is in no degree inferior to any locality where riches, civilization, and pleasant battles of life abound. In the advertisements, "Transportation Lines" rival each other in seducing travellers to trust themselves for a journey of a thousand miles or so, each line being superior to its rival, whether the first-class carriages run by rail or road. There is a little oddity in the Messrs. Browns' advertisement that they sell school-books, McGuffey's Readers, novels, history, tobacco, cigars, and chewing gum! Bankers, scornful not to be considered tradesmen, proclaim themselves as "dealers in coin and gold dust." General merchants offer ready made clothes and crockery. There is mischief in the numerous advertisements from "Attorneys," who are also "Counsellors-at-Law," and who engage to pay "particular attention to the collection of debts." Then, is a civil engineer wanted? One is to be found "five blocks north of the Tabernacle." The Mormon photographers must be in advance of others; at least, photographic artists among the Mormons undertake to "fill promptly all orders by mail." Toys of all kinds are on sale, from France, England, and Germany; and Messrs. Bowen advertise "Dice and Dice-cups," with "English, French, and Domestic china vases." We learn from another advertisement that the *Montana Radiator* is the Phoenix of all the journals. "If you want," &c., "then order the *Radiator*," and so on. Indeed, there is no want that cannot here be supplied, from a princely estate down to the last necessity, which is to be had at Henry Dinwoodey's, the aptly-named man who has "Coffins constantly on hand." Gold seems to abound, yet some advertisers offer to "take produce in exchange." What can "thimble skein Schuttler waggons" be? May they serve to convey parties to the theatre, where Mr. Phelps was only a month ago playing *Charles the Twelfth* and *Jeremy Diddler*, parts acted by him in California for hundreds of nights? In Great Salt Lake City! Then Mr. Findlay offers "a hundred cords of wood, for lime, greenbacks, or store pay." And we note that coal is four dollars per ton, and that at the *General Grant Saloon* wayfaring

men "may have a single meal for one dollar," the price of a quarter of ton of coal. Further, royal and imperial titles are given to the best articles. "Queen's ware" is continually at the top, save in the case of Wests Bradley and Carey's "Empress Trail Crinoline." There are others called the "Pride of the World"; these are "duplex elliptic," double sprung, will neither bend nor break, and are "the standard skirts of the fashionable world." To put them on is to be decked with grace and beauty; not that any one at Salt Lake can be taken as lacking either. A man loses a "horn brand," and he advertises, as a matter of course, that "the handsome finder will be rewarded on leaving it at Barrow's." Again, a mill is advertised, with certain warrant that the miller may be as "jolly" as the one in the song, seeing that "it is safely protected from Indian depredations by a stone-wall fortification." One individual reminds us a little of the proud decayed Irish lady who was reduced to call "Butter!" in Limerick market, and hoped to Heaven nobody would hear her. Mat White must be a member of her family, for he brings a large assortment of goods to Salt Lake City, not as a common tradesman, but, he being on a visit, "chiefly as a means of leisure employment, within the period of a brief tarry among his friends here." Such is the honour of it! and there is not much less in Hannah King's "Lament to suffering Ireland," and who quaintly avows, at the wind-up of the advertisements, as an announcement of her own feelings "to," and knowledge of, Ireland,—

I know nought of politics, matters of State.  
But I weep o'er the fallen, I weep for thy fate!

Passing to the editorial article, we find the writer rather deploring that visitors to Utah have been mostly of a rough class, fellow miners with gold dust, to gouge fortunes "out of them," fellows who withstand, perhaps because they practise, the "strychnine and cramming operations"; but these gold-dust-laden miners are encouraged by the assurance that "it is proverbial in the city, that if a stranger can escape the 'strychnine' clique for three days after arrival, he is for ever afterwards safe. Generally, the first twenty-four hours are sufficient to prostrate even the very robust." All that the gold-miners have to do is to partake of nothing they are not sure of during their first days of sojourn; though we do not see how that is to help them, and their gold-dust, if the strychnine and cramming cliques, as the slang of the place runs, are determined to gouge their fortunes out of them. Saving all drawbacks, the editor speaks well of his fellow-citizens, somewhat after the tolerable and not-to-be-endured style. "Though," he remarks, "we do not say that the people of Utah have no faults; yet we do say that, taking their good faults and their bad faults together, we think they will pass muster with the people of any territory or state of the Union, or with any other community elsewhere."

In one little "editorial," a mild complaint is made against persons who "are prepared to chew Mormons, and readily digest every dirty piece of falsehood about them." In a second, after announcing that a fellow editor, George West, Esq., is not about to abandon the editorship of the *Rocky Mountain News*, as reported, his colleague of the *Salt Lake Telegraph* exclaims, "That's right! Keep at it, my boy! misery likes company!" We may add, that all Mormon editors are not of the same friendly disposition, but they may become so; the fact of the editors of the *Deseret News* and the *Daily Telegraph* being seen walking together is alluded to as a sign of the promised millennium! Then we come upon miscellaneous paragraphs, put in where advertisements seem to lack, and a description of a conspiracy to poison Louis Napoleon with Vichy water, and the suicide of the chief conspirator. One symbol of civilization is in the Divorce Court. Here is a case of *Julia v. Arthur Haynes*. It had come on by adjournment from a previous term; but, meanwhile, the impatient Julia had married with another lord. Whereupon the editor justly remarks: "We are no lawyer, but the marriage with Mr. Cooper some months ago and the divorce now seem to

make a rather mixed case. No doubt it is all right!"

In the few references made to church matters and persons, there is still something of interest. Bishops are engaged in caring for the bodies as well as the souls of their people, and the editor praises Bishop Hunter for his "strenuous efforts to have the teams with the flour, salt and other comforts for the incoming immigrant started back," to meet and succour the approaching neophytes. Perhaps the strongest symptom of good sense on the part of the editor is his protest against long sermons, connexion with services beginning at "early candlelight." "We may get a crack for this," writes the good reflecting man, "but we can't help it. We like variety; life and short meeting! . . . We know that the great mass of the people are just like us, and the best and most popular men among us are the short sermon men—we all like to hear them!" Then, lest this should be taken for the voice of the scorner, the orthodox editor proceeds to say: "This is not 'steady the ark,' or 'directing Bishops,'—it is but the expression of a popular desire!" Excellent man! To the expression which here finds tongue, the sermon-oppressed of two hemispheres will say *Amen!*

### MY FIRST WIFE.

He cannot put it quite away,  
As though it never had been there;  
The memory of that pure pale face,  
Framed in with bands of sunny hair.

The clear brown eyes so full of faith,  
The lips so eloquent with truth;  
The first that ever stirr'd his heart,  
His early bride, his gentle Ruth!

Although for near a score of years  
Within the churchyard she has lain;  
Her grave made white with Winter snow,  
Or green with dripping April rain:—

Although another one has come  
To nestle in her vacant place,  
With eyes as tender as her own,  
With form as fair, as sweet a face:—

The twilight hour will find him oft  
Within the busy city's mart,  
His eyes with dreamy sadness fill'd,  
Old memories stirring at his heart.

The busy scenes that round him lie,  
The hopes, the cares, fade quite away,  
And in their place he sees a cot,  
A garden at the close of day;—

A fair girl looking shyly up,  
Where grape-vines cluster on a wall;  
Faint blushes running o'er her cheeks,  
While round her apple blossoms fall.

He almost fancies she comes back,—  
Steals like a shadow to his side;  
Her slender fingers touch his hair,  
And o'er his forehead gently glide.

Ah me! he cannot quite forget,  
As though it never had been there,  
That pure, pale face, with earnest eyes,  
Framed in with bands of sunny hair.

M. C. P.

### THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

Our intention is not to discuss the theory of earthquakes, but to describe one which occurred at Lisbon more than a century ago, and which was felt in the greater portion of Europe, parts of Africa, and even in North America, extending over a space of fifteen millions of square miles, or nearly one twelfth of the globe.

The 1st of November, 1755, will be long remembered in the annals of Portugal, as having been the day upon which this terrible catastrophe occurred. It was All Saints' day, which is in Roman Catholic countries a high festival.

The churches and religious houses were crowded, and the people were thus collected in what proved to be the most fatal localities. The morning broke clear and bright, with no sign of the impending danger. About nine o'clock the sun began to grow dim, and half an hour later a rumbling noise was heard, which proceeded from under the ground, and resembled the rolling of heavy carts. This noise increased gradually and with great rapidity, and in a few seconds resembled the charge of heavy ordnance. At a few minutes after nine o'clock, when the noise was loudest, the earth became violently convulsed, and the first shock was felt. This was extremely severe, and levelled the palace of the Inquisition, and many other large buildings, to the ground. There was a short pause of not more than a minute in duration. Then followed three terrific shocks, which threw to the ground every building of any considerable size, including all the churches, palaces, and government buildings in the place. In less than five minutes after the first shock was felt nothing was left of a large and flourishing city but a mass of fearful ruins, beneath which thousands of human beings were buried; some being instantly killed, while others were compelled to linger through hours of agonizing torture.

But this was not all. In about half an hour after the severe shocks had ceased, the sea rushed with terrific violence into the Tagus, rising more than forty feet above high-water mark. Fortunately the large bay which the river forms opposite the Portuguese capital permitted this vast body of water to spread itself, but for which circumstance it would have covered more than half the town. As it was, it flooded the lower streets and a strong stone quay on which three thousand people had taken refuge, was swept away, and every person drowned. The water had retreated as quickly as it had come. This was repeated several times before the sea returned to its usual level, the wave being less powerful each time.

Sixty thousand persons were buried beneath the ruins and drowned in the Tagus. During the evening a smart shock was felt, which was strong enough to split the walls of several houses that had still kept their position. The rents thus caused were more than half a foot wide; but they closed again immediately after the cessation of the shock, so firmly that no trace of them could be discovered.

In honour of the festival, the altars of the various churches had been elaborately decorated with lighted candles. When the buildings fell these were not extinguished, and gave rise to a new horror. As soon as it was dark, the city was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Davy an English merchant, residing in Lisbon, who witnessed the disasters, thus describes the terrible *finale*:—

"As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself, little less shocking than those already described—the whole city appeared in a blaze which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress. It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succour, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and, indeed, I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together."

The country immediately around Lisbon was terribly affected. The high mountains were greatly damaged, and some had their summits split in two. The whole coast of Portugal and a part of Spain shared in the suffering. Oporto, Sebutal, Ayamonte, Cadiz, and Gibraltar were more or less injured by the shocks and the sudden rising of the sea.

## PASTIMES.

## CLASSICAL ARITHMOREM.

The initials will give the name of a Spartan king, who was killed in battle.

1. 160 and *avn* = A poet put to death by Nero.
2. 661 " *ue* = An Egyptian mathematician.
3. 504 " *o* = A famous Latin poet.
4. 1602 " *u sun* = A skilful Roman commander.
5. 12 " *no* = A mythological personage, who was tied to a burning wheel.
6. 652 " *no sea* = An emperor of Rome.
7. 652 " *a sale* = A brave Athenian, distinguished for his ostentatious disposition.
8. 1502 " *noses* = A famous Grecian poet.

## ENIGMA.

A hue of colour, and a tree,  
I am at times; and next you'll see  
Me where the stealthy waters glide  
Of the vast ocean's moving tide.  
Then in the moonlight's dreamy hour  
You sometimes hear me; and I've power  
To keep at distance all who stray  
Unbidden where I take my way.  
Explain my five-fold mission now,  
Or I will never wreathe your brow. M.

## CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 38 letters.  
My 22, 26, 17, 21, 16, is a game which requires close 1, 25, 16, 38, 5, 16, 17, 8, 31.  
My 28, 3, 22, 32, 12, 37, is apt to take fire unless handled with 35, 27, 11, 7.
- My 10, 14, 19, 21, 20, 33, 15, 21, is what government gives to widows of soldiers killed in battle.
- My 15, 27, 13, 38, is a part of a wheel.
- My 29, 16, 25, 18, 23, 34, 3, 21, 7, 21, is a perfume well known in name, but less abundant in fact.
- My 9, 30, 37, is worn by ladies in winter.
- My 6, 1, 3, 36, 16, 35, 26, 33, 4, 35, is a gum from which a great variety of articles are manufactured.
- My whole is a proverb which it is well to remember when cholera is apprehended.

H. V. O.

## ANAGRAMS.

The italicised words give the names of two very favourite writers of the present day.

1. A labourer declining a tart in which, owing to a dearth of sugar, honey had been used, replied to his wife's question by saying, "*No honey tart, Poll.*"
2. When fowls were dear in the market, a gentleman complained to his good lady that she hardly ever set one upon table. To which Madam, who was a bit of a "screw," as it is called, tartly rejoined, "*Chickens are, £ s. d.*" A. H. B.

## ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Two merchants make equal sums by trade annually, but they are not equally economical, since, while one of them spends only four fifths of what he gains, the other spends a larger sum by £200, and finds that, in six years, his expenditure will have exceeded his income from trade by a whole year's profits. How much did each make yearly by his business?

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREMS, &amp;c., No. 61.

- Arithmorems.*—(Beasts).—1. Crocodile. 2. Hippopotamus. 3. Rhinoceros. 4. Elephant. 5. Wolverine. 6. Chinchilla.—(Birds).—1. Flamingo. 2. Toucan. 3. Ptarmigan. 4. Woodpecker. 5. Landrail. 6. Cormorant.

*Enigma.*—Comets.—Collingwood, Odin, Miltiades, Epaminondas, Semiramis.

*Charades.*—1. Wind-mill. 2. Spar-row. 3. Matrimony.

*Arithmorems.*—(British Worthies).—1. John Manderville. 2. William Caxton. 3. Sir Thomas Moore. 4. Miles Coverdale. 6. John Lydgate. 7. William Shakspeare.

We shall in No. 65 resume the publication of any answers we may receive to the questions propounded in this column. Solutions to the above questions will appear in that number.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Commencing with No. 65, we shall resume our "Answers to Correspondents," and shall be glad to welcome all our old friends to our letter box, and also as many new ones as will favour us with their communications. This feature of the Reader has not been without interest in the past; and, with an enlarged circle of correspondents, we hope to give increased zest to our confidential intercourse.

## MISCELLANEA.

The South Kensington museum has acquired a pack of playing cards, woven in silk, and made for the Medici in the seventeenth century by Panichi, whose name is on one. Such cards are not mentioned by any authority on the subject.

Molière's *M. Josse* is a native of all countries. He has lately turned up in Wiltshire. A worthy west country incumbent has a church choir made up of quarrymen. This summer he accompanied them in an excursion to Salisbury, and in the course of that well-spent day they were all grouped in front of the glorious Cathedral. They gazed in silence, then spoke in whispers, and, at last, being asked by their friend and rector what they thought of it, the foremost man replied, for himself and fellows, with a heave of the chest: "Sir, we all think there's a mortal deal o' stone there!" It was true, honest quarrymen's criticism.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

In the midst of towns there is more ozone in the air at night than during the day.

Plants grown under the light of the electric lamp show that their green colour is equally capable of being produced under the influence of such light as under that of the sun.

A WEATHER GUIDE.—Two drachms of camphor, half-drachm of pure saltpetre, half-drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a pretty sure weather-guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change minute stars will rise up in liquid; while stormy weather will be indicated by the disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

CEMENT FOR ROOMS.—An invention by M. Sarel, of Paris, is stated to be superior to plaster of Paris for coating the walls of rooms. It is used as follows:—A coat of oxide of zinc mixed with size, made up like a wash, is first laid on the wall, ceiling, or wainscot and over that a coat of chloride of zinc applied being prepared in the same way as the first wash. The oxide and chloride effect an immediate combination, and form a kind of cement, smooth and polished as glass, and possessing the advantages of oil paint without its disadvantages of smell.

HOW TO DRY GRAIN.—Mr. Nicholson, a Nottingham land agent, makes what seems likely enough to turn out a good practical suggestion. Why not, he asks, dry our corn by sending through it currents of hot air of a temperature ranging from 100° to 120°? Timber, paper-hangings, &c., are often dried in this way. From 10 to 15 per cent. of water can be taken out of wood by driving hot air through it at a hurricane rate, say 45 miles an hour. Corn can thus be treated without injury to its germinating power. Mr. Nicholson has proved this by experiment. The effect of the hot currents is very different from that of the dormant heat of a kiln; it only hardens the outer surface, rendering the grain less likely to reimbibe moisture. The corn can thus be dried on wire kilns if the air is set in motion.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHAT tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts?—Willow (will owe).

A LADY'S home-dress ought to last a long while; she never wears it out.

IF one hundred and twelve pounds make one hundred-weight, how many will make your wife wait?

A SPIRITUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

AS a man drinks he generally grows reckless. In his case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

IN New York city, the common bats fly only at twilight. Brick-bats fly at all hours.

ONE ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

THE gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

"SO FAR, so good!" as the boy said when he finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

THE question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers, whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business than being raised by it.

THE Editor of the Green River Union intimates that we take "a drop too much." When the hangman gives him his due, nobody will think he has "a drop too much."

A MAN in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up; and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

"I MEAN to abandon my habits of life," said a dissipated gentleman.—"Are you sure, sir, that they are not abandoned enough already?"

CALL a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

NOVEL SPORT FOR THE MILLION.—A mill-race.

A FACT.—According to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

A HARD HEAD.—An old gentleman was relating a story of one of your "half-horse, half-alligator" St. Lawrence boatmen. "He is a hard head," says he, "for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched."

WHY is oak the worst wood of which to make a wooden leg?—Because it produces a corn.

THE man who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the Temperance Society.

I AM like a hone," said a schoolmaster of himself. "I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

A QUACK advertises a compound that will cure everything, from a bad character to a bad temper.

AN author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably with a skeleton-key.

CLASS in the middle of geography, stand up. "What's a pyramid?"—"A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other."—"Where's Egypt?"—"Where it always was."—"Where is Whales?"—"All over the sea."—"Very well; stay there till I show you a species of birch well known in this country."

A GENTLEMAN who had long been subject to the nocturnal visitation of thieves in his orchards, wishing to preserve his property without endangering any one's life, procured from a hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in a steel trap in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce that "the owner of the leg left in Mr. —'s grounds last night, might receive it upon application." He was never robbed again.

TO SOME pungent remarks of a professional brother an American barrister commenced his reply as follows:—"May it please the court, resting on the couch of republican equality as I do—covered by the blanket of constitutional panoply as I am—and protected by the ægis of American liberty, as I feel myself to be—I despise the buzzing of the professional insect who has just sat down, and defy his futile attempts to penetrate, with his puny sting, the insterstices of my impervious covering."

THE favourite motto with Mr. Paradox has always been, "Time is money." Acting upon this principle, he never wastes a single word in conversation. For instance, he meets you in the street, and instead of saying "Good morning! How do you do?" it is simply, "Morning. Do?" If he wishes to inquire of his wife what she has for dinner, he merely says, "Dinner?" And on retiring to bed, in lieu of bidding Mrs. P. "Good night!" in the customary way, exclaims, "Night!" Mr. Paradox calculates that he makes a clear saving of thirty days per annum by this economical system.