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HALIFAX

SATURDAY, 11th DECEMBER

VOL. III.—No. 61.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE City of Halifax, the capital of the Province of Nova Scotia, was founded in 1749, by Governor Cornwallis, and named after the Earl of Halifax, an active promoter of the settlement. The people of Massachusetts are said to have suggested to the imperial government, in view of the encroachment of the French upon the territory of Acadia, the necessity as well as the great commercial advantages to be derived from the establishment of the town. Plans were submitted to government, in 1748, and soon afterwards the sum of £40,000 was appropriated by parliament, and an expedition, under the command of Governor Cornwallis, set sail for Chubucto Bay, in May, 1749.

The town does not appear to have been prosperous in its earlier days; for notwithstanding that in a period of eight years the large sum of £560,000 sterling had been expended by govern-

ment upon the settlement, the people were rapidly removing to the older colonies, and in 1757 the population was reduced to about half its original numbers, and subsisted chiefly upon the money expended by the army and navy. The importance, however, of Halifax as a military and naval station was incalculable. During the French war and the American war of Independence, it was the rendezvous of several expeditions, and in 1783, its population was increased by the advent of large numbers of loyalists from New York. During the American war of 1812, several valuable prizes were taken into port, and an impetus was given to the business of the city by the circulation of considerable sums of money consequent thereon.

An act of incorporation was obtained from the Provincial Legislature, in 1810, since which time great improvements have been made in the general appearance of the city. Halifax is divided by the Act into six wards, each represented by three Aldermen, who with the Mayor and the

Recorder, transact all the financial and civil business of the city.

Manufactures are as yet comparatively in their infancy, still there are in the city and Dartmouth five or six iron foundries and machine shops, in some of which steam engines and other heavy machines are neatly constructed. The machine shops of the Provincial Railway, at Richmond, comprise a number of commodious structures, and give employment to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men. Besides these there is an extensive tobacco factory, two pianoforte factories, several furniture factories, an extensive shoe factory, a powder mill, one or two nail factories, sawing and planing mills, sash factories, &c., all of which are doing an extensive business, and yielding a handsome return for capital invested. A large sugar refinery is in course of erection. A flour mill has been completed this present year, in connection with a large bakery, which is capable of working off one hundred barrels of flour per day.



The first newspaper published in Halifax appeared in January, 1769. It was called the *Nova Scotia Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette*. In the year 1828, there were six papers published in the city—now there are eighteen—one daily, seven tri-weekly, and the remainder weekly. Of these four are religious journals and one is devoted to temperance.

Halifax contains twenty-three churches, which are pretty equally divided among the leading denominations. It can boast also of four public libraries and three reading rooms. There are also a number of other public buildings which are generally plain and substantial in their character.

Since the opening up of railway communication with the interior of the Province, the city has increased rapidly in wealth. The discovery of gold in the Province, and the extensive investment of capital and employment of labor in the gold mines, has also, to some extent, aided the commerce of the city, by providing a new and valuable export with which to pay for goods purchased in Great Britain. For the last few years the population of the city has been rapidly increasing, and with Confederation accomplished, and the completion of projected lines of communication, Halifax must become one of the foremost cities in population and wealth, as she is already one of the most important in geographical position on the continent of America.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN "Advocate" writes us, protesting against some of the views expressed in a late number of the *Reader* in the Lamirande case. With regard to the language used in speaking of the course pursued by the counsel for the accused, we would remind our correspondent that we freely admitted that Mr. Doure was a "man of experience and ability" in his profession, and we could not therefore intend any personal disrespect towards that gentleman. But the fact remains, that Lamirande was spirited away by undue means, and we certainly believe that others, besides those acting for the French authorities, were to blame in the matter. If these latter secured their object through something beyond sharp practice, it is plain that they were enabled to do so by the lack of due diligence on the part of somebody. Was it the judge or the counsel for the accused that was in fault? Both, it appears to us, and such is the general opinion, not only in this city, but elsewhere. Judge Drummond and Mr. Doure knew whom they had to deal with, and they ought to have been more on their guard, which we have no doubt they will be, should another occasion of the same sort occur. We see, however, no special cause for soreness on their part in connection with this affair. It is not the first time that able judges and lawyers have been the victims of similar deception.

We have already intimated our belief that Lamirande was liable to be delivered up to the French Government under the Extradition Treaty of 1843, and our correspondent's facts and arguments have not altered our conviction on that head; but the discussion of such a question would be out of place in the pages of this journal. We have regarded Lamirande's surrender as one of the historical incidents of the day, and exercised our right to treat it as we would any other event of the same character. The *Reader* does not pretend to be an authority on points of law.

LONDON LETTER.

London, October 11th.

OF court news this week, Mr. Editor, I have only one item to present you with, as the Queen and her family still keep perfectly quiet in their retreat. The item in question is contained in the following paragraph, which has been going the round of journalism. "It is understood in courtly circles that Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian of Schleswig

Holstein (Princess Helena) is in an interesting condition, calculated to increase her domestic happiness." Apropos of this young lady I may state that a bungling attempt was made a week or two ago by one of the London journals, to prove that the Prince of Wales refused to give his sister away at her wedding because of his objection to the age of Prince Christian, and not on account of the previousmorganatic marriage with which people credit him. Far better would it have been to have allowed the matter to rest, now that no good can be done by stirring it.

I see in the *New York Herald* that your harvest, like ours, has been well nigh ruined by excessive rains. So much the worse for us, as well as you, since it makes the prospect of a dear loaf over here more certain. Already prices have gone up, and not in bread alone, for only this morning I received a notification from my brewer that in consequence of the advanced rates demanded for malt and hops, he can no longer serve me on the old terms. This brings the matter quite home, for an Englishman's beer lies very near his heart. I am happy to say that for the last week we have had settled dry weather, with a cold east wind. Nothing could be more timely for clearing the land and getting in the seed for next year's harvest.

The Reform movement goes on swimmingly. On Monday last the great West Riding of Yorkshire had its *pronouncement*. It was an imposing affair, since there assembled at Leeds, from all the surrounding lives of industry, some 200,000 people, most of whom, marched in procession to the place of meeting with bands and banners. Mr. Bright spoke in the evening at a second meeting held in the Town Hall, and was once more hailed as the champion of the people in the forthcoming fight. It is now rumoured that Lord Derby means to bring in a Reform Bill, and, already, Tory lords have been heard to express their wish for an extension of the suffrage. I shall have stirring events to notice in my letters to you next spring.

Our social science folks are now in session at Manchester discussing almost everything under the Presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. All sorts of people are among them, notably some very "blue" ladies among whom says the *Daily Telegraph*, is a Dr. Mary Walker, of New York. This person it seems "wears the Bloomer costume," and has taken an active part in the discussions, particularly those relating to health. Yesterday afternoon the lady gave her opinions respecting female dress, the remarks being occasioned by the reading of a paper on the destruction of life from overwork. She said the dress of women had an influence upon their whole lives, and there were both physiological and moral reasons why it should be changed. If it was true, as they were told, that it was impossible in many cases for men to marry women because the latter dressed so extravagantly, it was time there should be a change in dress.

By the by, this question of female dress has cropped up again quite strongly; not, however, on physiological so much as on pecuniary grounds. The subject was started by the account that reached us of a claim made by the father of a New York belle on an insurance office for the value of his daughter's wardrobe. This at once furnished the key note for a good deal of masculine grumbling, and under the head, "Luxury in Dress," our *paterfamilias* have been venting their feelings in most of the dailies. A day or two ago however, the cudgels were taken up on the other side by a fair combatant, who I must say has hit a weak point in the male armour. She asks "whose fault is it that women dress so luxuriously? Is it not the fault of the men?" and then goes on to describe what took place a while ago at a fashionable watering place. Premising that she and her sister were attired very plainly, she says:—

As we stepped on to the esplanade a scene of gaiety met our view. Young and beautiful girls, arrayed in gorgeous and costly attire, promenaded down the centre of the parade, sunning themselves in the smiles and calling forth the admiration of the gentlemen who, lounging on either side, surveyed the scene with seeming satisfaction, commenting on the "quality" of

the "fair" somewhat after the manner of *Lawless* in "Frank Farleigh" "What a superb creature!" remarked one, as a tall girl with her dress fully three-quarters of a yard on the ground, swept by. "I feel thunderly transported to the thoventh heaven," lisped a dissipated-looking young fellow, gazing languishingly after the damsel in sky blue. *I felt, au contraire*, "thunderly transported" into the midst of *Vanity Fair* "Pray don't let us remain here," exclaimed my sister, "don't you see how people are remarking our plain dress? I am sure we are not 'got up' sufficiently to figure here. I declare I would rather be 'conspicuous by my absence' than affect this fashion." Just then the hisping gentleman levelled his spy-glass at us. "Wanting in taste and dresth," was his verdict, turning to his companion. Style!—dress! How might I interpret those two words? As displayed, I presume, in the display of some I saw before me. A train to render brooms unnecessary, a chignon that made the wearing of the bonnets a luxury easily to be dispensed with! A moment longer we lingered.

"Pity those two girls are not better dressed," fell on my ears, and, fairly driven from the field, we were fain to hide our diminished heads where we might "blush unseen."

There is truth in this, and force in the argument it gives rise to, as your fair readers will most certainly admit. Paterfamilias grumbles, but he would grumble more at seeing his wife and daughters "perfect frights."

Jeffrey, the executioner of his little boy, was himself executed on Tuesday morning last in front of Newgate. Not a hand stirred to save him, nor was a single petition so much as talked of. It seems there was a horrible crowd present which kept the purlieus of the prison in a state of uproar all night. People were hustled, robbed and beaten with impunity, and when the inmates of a house pointed out one gang to the police their windows were forthwith demolished. These are the circumstances attendant upon the law's "solemn lesson."

While on the subject of crime I may mention that the trade outrages which formerly made Sheffield so notorious, seem to have commenced again. The operatives of that great cutlery town are very jealous of any one not belonging to their "Unions," and have got a nasty habit of making it known. The highest form of union vengeance was displayed in this case, namely, a "blow up." This is how it was done. A can such as workmen drink their tea and coffee from was tied round with cord, to make it hold firmer, then filled with powder, and, with a burning fuse attached, thrown into the cellar of the obnoxious man's house. Fortunately no damage was done to life or limb, but the windows were blown across the street, and one of the sidewalks forced out.

The shareholders of the *Great Eastern* had the first pleasant meeting they ever held this week. There was something perfectly novel in the announcement of a dividend, such a thing never having occurred to them before. The new baronet, Sir Daniel Gooch, presided, and stated that they held £40,000 worth of shares in the *Atlantic Telegraph*, and £50,000 had been paid for the use of the ship. The shares were divided *pro rata*, and the money held in reserve. "It is a long lane that has no turning," and the big vessel has at length found her mission.

The dead bones of London life now begin to stir a little. Those unerring indicators, fashionable artists, are announcing their return to town for the season, and the various societies are burnishing up their weapons for another campaign. The Crystal Palace people have begun the famous winter concerts, while the no less famous Monday popular concerts follow suit, the first week in November. As for the theatres they are in full swing. A new one was opened on Saturday, in Holborn, with a new drama by Dion Bourcicault—"The Flying Scud, or a Forlorn Fortune," which seems to have been tremendously successful. Drury Lane promises, on Saturday, an elaborate setting of Goethe's *Faust*, with unprecedented effects. The opera-house of course closed, but I hear that Her Majesty's will open for a short season in November.

When these attractions are displayed, the time

for excursions is pretty well past. Nevertheless, a monster party left England to-day for Brussels, consisting of some 1000 volunteers, who go to hold "high jinks" in the capital of Belgium, and, some of them, to try and snatch the prizes at the annual rifle contest of the *braves Belges*. They go in something like military order, divided into ten companies, with a full staff of officers; and it is said that extraordinary preparations have been made to receive them.

A nose is certainly a curious thing for a Royal Princess to give away. The Princess of Wales has done it, however, according to the *Norwich Mercury*, which says:—

Some time ago a pupil in her Royal Highness's school at Sandringham, named Hannah Fiddeman had the misfortune to lose her nose by an attack of lupus. The disfigurement was exceedingly great and her Royal Highness, moved by motives of compassion, commissioned Mr. Taylor, surgical instrument maker, to make an artificial nose. This has been done—Mr. Taylor having ingeniously manipulated, a flesh coloured silver nose for the girl, which requires some amount of attention to distinguish it from the more common and natural average of noses. The girl seems as pleased with her physiological addition as the manipulator is with his success. With an anecdote respecting another Royal personage, I must close my budget for this week. When the Emperor of Austria goes out shooting he is always attended by a Captain of his Guards, whose business it is to announce the description of game his Majesty hits at each discharge. One day the Emperor struck a partridge. "Part-ridge" sung out the captain. The next shot struck a buck. "Buck" roared the captain. Once more the Royal sportsman fired but missed his aim and wounded one of *suite*. This time the captain, without altering a feature or tone gravely announced "His Highness the Duke of Wackenburgh."

THE CHEAP NEWSPAPER.

SINCE the establishment of cheap newspapers in Montreal, there is no getting a smart boy to run errands or to mind an office. The young rascals can get more by selling *Gazettes, Herald, Transcripts, Telegraphs, and Witnesses*, on the streets, for a few hours, and then they have the rest of the day to themselves. Some consider these penny and half-penny papers a bore. I confess the working of the Fourth Estate, which embodied, to Shelly's mind, "People, King, and Law," never before occurred to me in this point of view. Yet I admit it is a very practical aspect of the matter. The British Palladium thus coming into competition with *Paterfamilias*, for the article of errand boy. One of my neighbours complains to me that during the summer he frequently caught his gardener reading the morning paper, instead of attending to his melon pit. Another friend complains "that the cheap newspaper delays his hot water for shaving, and causes the bell to be unanswered; burns his toast; and keeps back his breakfast half an hour." In short, he says, "it is everywhere—in the parlour, in the kitchen, in the stable—everywhere you can trace its effects."

"Well," I interposed, "this is some satisfaction. You acknowledge its influence; you trace its effects, doubtless, in an improved diligence; an increased intelligence, and more conscientious recognition of responsibility through all grades of society."

"I don't know that; I do know they are a bore. Things may go all the faster in the world for it, but they go all the slower in the household. Our fathers did with one paper a week; why cannot we?"

I don't know why you cannot; but I know you will not. And since the public appear to be so keenly alive to the inconveniences which it innocently entails upon them, perhaps it would be as well they knew a little of the trouble and labour which is required to produce a sheet, which is, after all, a marvellous photograph of the four-and-twenty hour's events of a large city and surrounding neighbourhood. I

am willing to admit that a cheap press, while it multiplies readers, may diminish what is called "real reading." Macaulay, in one of his early essays, "The Athenian Orator," illustrates this notion in his own happy way, while alluding to a newspaper-taught people:—"I do not condemn," he says, "the desultory mode of study which the state of things in our day renders a matter of necessity. But I may be allowed to doubt whether the changes on which the admirers of modern institutions delight to dwell, have improved our condition so much in reality as in appearance. Rumford, it is said, proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to make them masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity thus eaten would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know (adds Macaulay) how Rumford's proposition was received; but to the mind, I believe it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume."

One thing is certain, if the cheap newspapers, rolled off by thousands and tens of thousands each morning, from the numerous printing machines throughout the Province, do not give the public time to digest one meal before the other is served, they do not give them anything very difficult to be digested. Each publication is but a new leaf in the world's ledger. Time posting up itself; the paragraphs being the flitting shadows cast by passing events upon a sheet of white paper. It is true the reality of the record often gives such reading a significance that far higher efforts of the intellect want. De Quincy, for instance, saw in the newspaper, which he opened damp from the press each morning, such tragedy and comedy—rather more of the former than the latter—as no stage play or stage players could produce. "They say to me daily (he writes in his biographical sketches), when I ask them in passing, 'Anything in this morning's paper?' 'Oh, no; nothing at all.' * * * * But when I come to look at the newspaper with my own eyes, I am astonished at the misreport of my informant, were there no other section in it than that simply allotted to the police reports. Oftentimes, I stand aghast at the revelations there made of human life and the human heart—at its colossal guilt, and its colossal misery; at the suffering which often throws its shadow over palaces, and the grandeur of mute endurance which sometimes glorifies a cottage. Here transpires the dreadful truth of what is going on for ever under the thick curtains of domestic life, close behind us, and before us, and all around us. Newspapers (he continues) are evanescent, and are too rapidly recurrent, and people see nothing great in what is familiar; nor can ever be trained to read the shadowy and silent in what, for the moment, is covered with the babbling garrulity of daylight.

Nevertheless, it is because society (without pausing to philosophise on the fact) sees in its own reflection—(for they vary them with its own varying moods and tenses), that those daily flysheets are so universal; and it is because society goes so much faster now than it did in our father's days, that newspaper enterprise must go so much faster also, to keep up with the world, which literally "reads as it runs." The swiftness with which bad news travelled was proverbial; but good and bad news travels with equal expedition. It pours into the printing office so fast that it can no longer be bayed back for seven days, as in our father's time, though the "grand old weekly" still exists and flourishes for its allotted purposes. Look, how long in the last generation an event was finding its way to us from the continent of Europe. Think of a private gentleman, in a sailing yacht, bringing the first tidings to the English shores of the victory at Waterloo, and in two months after its being brought to us in some lumbering ship; and then think of daily steamers, and the Atlantic cable, and the ordinary telegraph, and you have a key to the cheap newspaper, which is the natural, or, if you like, the unnatural consequence of both. As an illustration of the marvellous interval be-

tween the way in which news travelled fifty or sixty years ago and now, I know of nothing more remarkable or characteristic than the account of the manner in which William Pitt was informed of the Austrian capitulation of Ulm, which was quickly followed by the battle of Austerlitz—that fatal field, whose political effects shortened his days. To the first rumours of this calamity (we are told) Pitt would give no credit. He was irritated by the clamour of those around him. "Do not believe a word of it," he would say, "it is all a fiction." The next day he received a Dutch newspaper containing the capitulation. He knew no Dutch. It was Sunday, and the public offices were shut. He carried the paper to Lord Malmesbury, who had been Minister in Holland, and Lord Malmesbury translated it. Pitt tried to bear up, but the shock was too great, and he went away with death in his face. I remember, too, reading in Bourrienne's *Life of Napoleon*, that the latter, who knew as little of English as William Pitt did of Dutch, first heard of one of his heaviest defeats in Spain through an English newspaper. His secretary, reading and translating aloud for him as usual, blurted forth the bad news. The Emperor was astounded, and snatched the paper from him, telling the man, for a blockhead, he did not know English; but he was only too soon convinced of the accuracy of the translation.

These things are referred to, to show how very different was the way in which intelligence travelled in our father's days and in ours, and how very different therefore must have been the newsmongering trade in their generation and in ours.

In our next impression, this subject will be continued by reference to the mechanical, reporting, and editorial departments.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 118.

CHAPTER XXV.—JERRY'S NEW TOY.

As the reader will have already surmised, the rescuer of John English was none other than the chemist's sister. John had not unfrequently left his lodgings for two or three days at a time without giving Mrs. Jakeway any previous intimation of his intentions; and in the present instance, that worthy soul was entirely unsuspecting that any mishap had befallen the young photographer. Hannah was the first to take the alarm. Her brother had left home with the avowed intention of being away for a week at the least; but late on the fourth night after his departure, Hannah was surprised by his unexpected return; and her suspicions that he had some black business in hand were first aroused by the injunction which he laid upon her, not to speak of his return to any one, as his stay would only extend over a couple of hours, after which he would again take his departure as quietly as he had come. Presently, Hannah was startled by a peculiar scratching outside the window; but Brackenridge seemed to understand what it meant, and going to the door, admitted Jerry Winch; and Hannah was at once ordered off to bed. Hannah kissed her brother, and went up stairs, but only to steal down again five minutes later, with attenuated skirts, and without her shoes. The voices inside the sitting-room sounded low and muffled through the closed door, and the listening woman could only make out a word now and then; but what she did hear was sufficient to send her back up-stairs with a scared face, when the noise of chairs being moved inside the room warned her that it was time to go.

Early next forenoon, without saying a word to any one, Hannah Brackenridge set out for the little sea-side village of Merton, which lies about two miles north of Finger Bay. Hannah had some friends here in the persons of an old farmer and his wife, whom she was in the habit of visiting two or three times each year; and here also lived an old admirer of hers, Mark Purvis by name, whose love she had cruelly slighted. But

Mark's memory still dwelt kindly on the pale-faced Hannah, a fact which was well known to her; and it was to Mark that she now looked for assistance in carrying out her scheme. On reaching Merton, she found that Mark had gone out for the day, and would not be home till a late hour; but whatever the hour might be, she must wait and see him. She left the old farmer and his wife, who knew nothing of her real errand, at her usual hour for returning home; and then walking out for a couple of miles along the road by which she knew that Mark must reach Merton, she waited at a little tavern, hour after hour, listening for the sound of his horse's hoofs. It was past ten o'clock before he came; and in half an hour from that time Hannah was rowing across to Inchmallow in her lover's boat. She had resolutely refused either to let Mark accompany her, or to tell him whether she was going; only he was to meet her at a certain time at a certain spot, and take the boat back to Merton. Hannah's father had been keeper of one of the northern light-houses, and the girl was thoroughly at home in the management of a boat. How she succeeded in rescuing John English from the fate which at one time seemed so imminent, we have already seen.

John hired a chaise, and reached home the following afternoon, frightening Mrs. Jakeway exceedingly with the sight of his worn white face. He kept his promise to his mysterious preserver; and was impervious to all Mrs. Jakeway's hints and half-questions as to where he had been, and what had happened to him, to change him so wofully in so short a time. All he could be induced to say was, that he had been taken suddenly ill during the time he was away, but that he was better now. Naturally enough, he was greatly perplexed in his own mind as to the identity of his rescuer: that he owed his life to the chemist's sister was a fact of which he had not the remotest suspicion.

Brackenridge, coming home at the end of eight days from his first departure, and being informed by his sister that Mr. English had been severely ill, hurried at once into Cliff Cottage, without waiting to take off his travelling-things, to offer his condolences. He was surprised—he was astounded—he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, when John told him what had befallen himself at Inchmallow. The whole thing was almost too incredible for belief, said the chemist. Jerry Winch had been employed for years to take parties to the island, and had been a favourite with everybody. What had put the idea into his foolish head to play off such a dangerous trick on Mr. English, was utterly beyond his, Brackenridge's, power even faintly to imagine; but one thing he would take care of, that Jerry should never in future be allowed to officiate as guide to the island. But what did Mr. English intend to do in the matter? Did he intend to institute proceedings against the simpleton?—No! Well, that was noble, that was generous; and he must be allowed to say that it was wise also. Jerry's friends must be careful that no similar responsibility should ever be allowed to rest on him in future. But how did Mr. English succeed in escaping from the island? That was a point which he, Brackenridge, was much interested in ascertaining.

But John, bearing in mind the promise he had given, positively declined to enlighten the chemist on that point; and Brackenridge was obliged to return home with his curiosity unsatisfied. He was gloomy and preoccupied all evening; and about eleven o'clock he set out for the *Hund and Dagger*, entering it by a back-way which he made use of when he did not wish to be seen by the ordinary customers of the hotel; and Mrs. Winch and he had a long interview together in the private room of the landlady. The method of John English's escape from the island lay heavily on the minds of both of them: it was unknown, and must therefore, they felt, be to some extent dangerous to their peculiar interests. The chemist's diabolical plan had miscarried, though how or why, neither the landlady nor her companion could so much as guess. The promised three hundred pounds were still as far as ever from the fingers that itched to grasp them; and the widow was still as determined as ever

that her wedding-day should be postponed till the obstacle which stood so persistently in the path of Lady Spencelaugh and herself should be finally disposed of. Once more Brackenridge exerted all his persuasive powers in an effort to induce the widow to reveal to him the nature of the secret which bound her so firmly to the interests of the mistress of Belair; and once more all his cajoleries proved in vain, and he had to return home baffled and enraged, and only withheld from throwing up the whole business by the golden lure which shone so temptingly before his mind's eye.

Jerry Winch had been missing from his usual haunts for several days, and many people wondered what had become of the obliging simpleton; but Jerry was in hiding, and no one in the little town, save his mother and Brackenridge, knew the place of his retreat, which was at a little farmhouse about a dozen miles from Normanford, kept by a cousin of Mrs. Winch. On the forenoon of the day following that of his interview with the landlady, Brackenridge borrowed a horse and gig belonging to one of his friends, and set off to see Jerry. The lad was out, a servant told him, when he reached the house, adding that Jerry would most likely be found at the clearing in the fir plantation; and there Brackenridge did find him, stealing on him unawares, and watching him in silence for several minutes before making his presence known. Jerry was singularly employed. At one end of a small clearing in the gloomy plantation, he had fixed up two forked sticks about five feet in height, with a third stick fastened across them. To this cross-bar a piece of string was knotted, the other end of which was firmly tied to the leg of a miserable sparrow. Jerry, standing a few spaces away with a loaded pistol in his hand, waited till the bird, tired with its ineffectual efforts to escape, perched on the cross-bar, and the moment that it did so, he took aim and fired. If unsuccessful in hitting it, he waited patiently till the fluttering creature perched once more, and then fired again; and so on, till he either succeeded in killing it, or else cut the string with his bullet, and so allowed it to escape. On a branch close by hung a wicker-cage containing a dozen or more sparrows, all destined for a similar fate. As often as Jerry succeeded in killing a bird, he burst into a wild fit of laughter, that bent him double, and shook him violently, as though he were being clutched at by invisible demoniac fingers.

"He seems made on purpose to do the Fiend's own bidding," muttered Brackenridge to himself, as he stepped into the opening.—"Well, Jerry, my man," he said aloud, "how are you to-day? That's a pretty plaything you have got there,"—pointing to the pistol.

"Yes," said the lad with a grave nod of the head; "it's Jerry's new toy. Rare fun to shoot sparrows! Poor beggars! how they try to get away, don't they?"

"But how came you to obtain such a toy?"

"It was in Milcham's window for sale for a long time, and Jerry never saw it without longing to have it. So he saved up all his shillings and sixpences till he had got enough money to buy it, and then he gave old drunken Steve Benson a shilling to go and get it for him. Hoo, hoo, hoo! Rare fun to shoot sparrows! Watch and see how nicely Jerry can knock one off its perch."

"Not now, thank you, Jerry—some day when I have more time. I want to talk to you about something else to-day. By the by, how is Pipanta?"

"Alas! the lovely Pipanta is dead," said Jerry, in a tone of anguish as his arms fell dejectedly by his side, and the tears came into his large blue eyes.

"Dead!" exclaimed the chemist in a sympathetic voice. "When did she die?"

"This day-week," said the lad sadly. "And Jerry buried her at midnight, when the moon was at full, under the Witches' Oak on Pensdale Moor. Oh! my lovely Pipanta! Never will thy master see thee more; never more will thy beautiful head nestle in his bosom; never more, ah me! wilt thou dance to thy lord's music. Jerry has lost his darling for ever!"

"Died this day-week, did she?" said Brackenridge musingly. Let me consider. Why, that was the very day that Katakango escaped from Inchmallow!"

"Escaped! Has the great magician escaped?" exclaimed the terrified Jerry. "Then he will kill poor Jerry, or perhaps cast a spell over him, and turn him into a snake or a toad. Put some of the white powder into his drink!"

The chemist smiled, and stroked the lad's hair. "Jerry has no cause to be afraid," he said; "the charm which his friend gave him will keep him safe against the arts of all the magicians in the world. No, no, my poor lad; Katakango can do no harm to you; but had he not escaped, Pipanta would not have died; but now he will take her soul, and put it into the body of a toad, and so imprison it for ever. And the turn of Mogaddo will come next."

"No, no," screamed the boy; "Mogaddo shall not die!" Then in an intense whisper, and with his lips close to the chemist's ear, he said: "Let Jerry kill Katakango!"

"Tut, tut! my dear-boy, what are you talking about?" said the chemist pleasantly. "But put that pretty toy in your pocket, and link your arm in mine, and let us walk together to the top of the hill, and consider what means we shall adopt to save the life of your pet, Mogaddo."

Two days later, the county carrier, returning home from Fairwood market in the dusk of the winter afternoon, found the bleeding and insensible body of a man lying in the road; and being a strong fellow, he contrived to lift it into his cart, and so drove with it to the nearest house, which, as it happened, was that of the station-master of Kingsthorpe Station. And so, without any exercise of their own will in the matter, John English and Jane Garrod were at last brought face to face, and another link in the chain was complete.

CHAPTER XXVI.—JOHN AND HIS NURSE.

John English lifted his languid eyelids, and gazed feebly around. He was in a strange room, and there was a strange face at his bedside—a strange face, but not an unkind one. "Where am I? and who are you?" he asked in a weak voice.

"You are in the house of Abel Garrod, the station-master at Kingsthorpe; and I am Abel Garrod's wife."

"How did I come here? and what has happened to me?"

"You are not to talk—the doctor has forbidden it. But I will answer your questions, just to satisfy your mind; and then you must try to go to sleep, and I will tell you everything when you are stronger. You were found on the road, yesterday afternoon, about a mile from here, and brought to this house. You had been shot through the shoulder, and had lost a great deal of blood. The ball has been extracted; but the wound is a dangerous one, and you will be confined to your bed for some time to come. One question I should like you to answer me: Did you see the man who shot you, or have you any idea who he was?"

"Let me think," said John. Then after a pause: "I remember everything now. I had set off to go up to Belair with a portfolio of photographs; and had just left the meadows for the high-road, and was passing the clump of larches, when I heard a rustling behind me, and next moment a shot, and then I felt that I was hit. I turned, and saw the dusky outline of a figure hurrying stealthily through the brushwood, and made an attempt to pursue it; but in a moment or two, the ground seemed to reel under my feet, and then all was darkness. Why I was shot, or by whom I was shot, I know no more, than you do."

"Not another word," said Jane Garrod. "You have talked far more already than you have strength for."

"My portfolio—has it been found?" said John anxiously, without noticing Jane's injunction.

"It was picked up near you, and lies on that table."

"Then pray oblige me by having it sent up to Miss Spencelaugh at Belair, with a message

explaining that in consequence of an accident I am unable to take it myself."

"But you—it is not possible that you know Miss Spencelaugh?" said Jane with a strange look on her face.

"I certainly have the honour of being acquainted with Miss Spencelaugh," said John with a smile of almost womanly sweetness. "Does that fact seem very strange to you?" Then his eyes lighted suddenly, and he added: "You also know her; I can see it by your face. Tell me"—But his new-found strength seemed all at once to desert him, and with a little sigh, his head drooped on the pillow, and Jane saw that he had fainted.

Jane blamed herself severely for having thus allowed her patient to overtax his strength; and for the next two or three days she strictly enforced the most absolute silence. John tried several times to draw her into conversation, but Jane always refused to answer him, and left the room if he persisted in questioning her; so that he was fain, after a time, to wait with what patience he might till the doctor should give him leave to talk. His wound was an ugly one, and his recovery was proportionately slow and tedious; still, there were many languid hours—hours when his wound ceased for a time to pain him—when it seemed very pleasant to lie there in that snug, cheerful little room, where everything was so exquisitely clean; to lie there between the lavender-scented sheets and gaze through the window across the snowy fields to where a great hill shut in the prospect a mile or two away; with a nearer view of the spire of Kingsthorpe church standing clearly out above the tree-tops; and quite in the foreground, of the pointed roof and red twisted chimneys of Woodfield Grange. The peace and quiet that brooded over everything harmonised well with his weakness of body and languor of mind. He was content to lie by for a little while in this quiet haven, and let the world, with all its cares and turmoil, roll unheeded away—content to lie there and think of Frederica. Lying thus day after day, his eyes found many pleasant things to dwell upon. There was a bunch of snow-drops growing in a flower-pot against the window, every blossom of which was known to him, then, outside the window, came robins and sparrows, and other birds, attracted thither by the crumbs scattered every day by Jane; which pecked at the casement, with their tiny beaks when the crumbs were all gone, and peered curiously in at quiet John, as though they were anxious about the state of his health. Then, in the wintry afternoon, a squadron of marauding rooks would lazily wing their way homeward towards Woodfield Grange, under the leadership of some wary old bird, shewing blackly out against the bright western sky; and would not finally settle into their nests till after much airy disputation among themselves, and many ceremonious leave-takings for the night between friends and neighbours. Then that bit of western sky, with the white, hushed landscape below it, framed by the diamond-paned casement, on frosty afternoons, when the sinking sun gleamed through the rising mists like a fiery eye, was of itself beautiful to look upon.

Coming back inside the room, John's eyes always lingered on the homely face of his kind nurse. How noiseless, how assiduous, how attentive to his slightest wish she was! What had he, a complete stranger to her, done to deserve such kindness? "How can I ever repay you?" John would sometimes feebly murmur as his eyes followed her about the room.

"By doing as you are told," Jane would reply; "and by not talking till the doctor gives you leave."

Waking up suddenly one evening from a deep, refreshing sleep, John saw his nurse standing by his bedside, gazing into his face with strangely earnest eyes; and the same moment a sudden light broke on him. Jane was the first to speak: "The doctor says that you may talk for five minutes to-day."

Without heeding her remark, John said: "You are the woman whom I saw one evening, a couple of months ago, in the waiting-room of the Kingsthorpe station. You, too, saw me, and

seemed to recognise me, and the recognition startled you. I heard you mutter something about having 'come back from the dead,' and then you hurried away. Why did you act thus, and whom did you take me to be?"

Jane had pushed back the candle while he was speaking, so that her face was now in shadow, and John could not see its workings. After a moment's silence, as if to collect herself, she said—"Before I answer your question, you must allow me to ask you another. How did you come by that strange blue figure which is marked on the upper part of your left arm?"

"Do you mean the coiled snake with the lotus-flower in its mouth, which is tattooed on the part you mention?"

"The same."

"Oh, that has been there longer than I can remember; and, for anything I can tell to the contrary, may have been there when I was born."

"You will pardon me asking you the question, will you not," said Jane, "but is John English your real name?"

"For all practical purposes, it is," answered John. "And a good, useful name I've found it. But why these strange questions? Again I ask you—whom do you take me to be?"

"I cannot take you for any other than the gentleman you represent yourself to be," said Jane. "What strikes me in your appearance, and did the first time I saw you, is the extraordinary likeness you bear to some one whom I knew many, many years ago."

"Who was that person?" said John.

"Some day, I will tell you; at present, I cannot."

"But why did you ask me about the mark on my arm?" said John.

"That is another question which I do not feel at liberty to answer, till I know more of your history."

"More mysteries!" said John, wearily! Then he added impulsively: "I like you. You are a good woman. I feel that I can trust you; and some day, when I shall be stronger, I will tell you the story of my life. For your great kindness to a poor, helpless wretch in his hour of extremity, I know that I can never sufficiently repay you."

"Time is up," said Jane abruptly. "You must talk no more to-day."

"Tell me," said John, "did you send the portfolio up to Belair, as I requested?"

"I did; but Miss Spencelaugh has been from home for a week past, and does not return till this evening."

"Then you know Miss Spencelaugh?" said John eagerly. "I was sure you did."

"These arms nursed her when she was a helpless baby," said Jane proudly. "It was I who brought her home from India after her poor mamma's death; and I lived with her at Belair, tending her, and waiting on her, till my Lady persuaded Sir Philip to get a governess for her, and then I was wanted no more."

"Then there is one more tie between us than I thought of," said John: "for I too"—He stopped abruptly, and all the little blood that was left in his body seemed to mount into his face.

"My poor boy, do you think I am blind?" said Jane with a smile, as she stroked his hair softly. "I am going up to Belair in the morning, and I won't fail to tell Miss Frederica how it happened that you were not able to take up the portfolio yourself. But not another word now—not another word."

"And why should it not be?" said Jane to herself, as she stood with her apron thrown over her head, gazing out into the frosty twilight, waiting for her husband. "Why should they not come together, if he be— But I dare not speak the name even to myself. And yet, things do sometimes happen in this dull world more wonderful than one reads about in story-books. But I am deceiving myself: such a thing as this could never happen. And yet the likeness—the likeness!"

Jane Garrod went up to Belair the following morning, and had a long interview with Frederica; but what passed between the two in no wise concerns us at present. On the afternoon of the same day, a groom made his appearance at the station, with a present of grapes and hothouse

flowers for Mr. English; and next morning Frederica herself rode over, and halted at the door for two minutes; and John English, from his little room, could hear her clear, silvery voice as she talked to Jane Garrod, and the impatient pawing of Zuleika.

From that time, fruit and flowers for the invalid were sent almost daily from Belair; and two or three times each week, Frederica herself might be seen at the little station-house. She never dismounted, and John never saw her, for the window of his room looked out in the opposite direction; but he could hear the music of her voice; and after she was gone, Jane Garrod always came up-stairs, and told him as much of the conversation that had passed between herself and Frederica as it concerned him to hear. What happiness for him to think that it was sweet concern for his health that drew the mistress of his heart so often to that lowly roof! He never paused to ask himself whither his infatuation was leading him; for him, the present was all in all. So that time of recovery from his hurt was for John English one of the pleasantest of his life; a happy, restful interregnum from all the turmoil and petty cares of every-day existence. His recovery was slow, but sure. It was tacitly understood between Jane Garrod and himself that he should tell her the story of his life as soon as his strength would allow of the exertion. Each felt that the other had something to reveal; each of them held, as it were, a fragment of a key; would the two fragments, when welded together, prove strong enough to unlock the heart of the mystery?

At length the day came when the doctor gave John permission to venture down-stairs, and Jane made quite a little jubilee of the event. Abel Garrod left the house as soon as tea was over, to attend to his trains.

"Twilight is the best time for story-telling," said John, as he stretched his great length of limb along the little sofa in front of the fire; "and I could hardly have a better time than the present for telling mine. Will you kindly reach me that cigar-case?—Thanks. *Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours*; which means that, after an abstinence of six weeks, a Havana is a very pleasant thing."

He lit his cigar, and fell back into his old lounging posture on the sofa; and then was silent for a minute or two, gathering up his thoughts.

It was nearly dark outside by this time; far and near, the wintry landscape lay crisply white; but within the uncurtained room, the dancing firelight gleamed fitfully; and the shadows playing a timorous game at hide-and-seek among themselves, stole cooly out of the corners, hustling one over another, only to disappear, next moment, as the ruddy blaze rose and fell, bringing into momentary relief the great black beard and gaunt face of the young photographer, and the brooding, earnest features of his auditor; and anon leaving little else visible than the glowing tip of John's cigar. And thus it was that John told the story of his life.

EATING CLOUDS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, relating his adventures on Lake Nyassa, thus tells of one curiosity which he fell in with:—

"During a portion of the year, the northern dwellers on the lake have a harvest which furnishes a singular sort of food. As we approached our limit in that direction, clouds, as of smoke rising from miles of burning grass, were observed bending in a south-easterly direction, and we thought that the unseen land on the opposite side was closing in, and that we were near the end of the lake. But next morning we sailed through one of the clouds on our own side, and discovered that it was neither smoke nor haze, but countless millions of minute midges called 'hungo,' (a cloud, or fog.) They filled the air to an immense height, and swarmed upon the water, too light to sink in it. Eyes and mouth had to be kept closed while passing through this living cloud; they struck upon the face like fine drifting snow. Thousands lay in the boat when she emerged from the cloud of midges. The people gather

these minute insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, to be used as a relish—millions of midges in a cake. A hango-cake an inch thick, and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts."

VICTOR HUGO.

AMONG the many quaint and weather-beaten houses of the capital of Guernsey—houses with gables and overhanging stories, that he piled one above the other as if some great sea-storm had washed them there and left them for ever hooked and nestled in the granite—there is one in the principal street, somewhat higher than the rest, both in point of actual elevation and of local importance. It is Hautville House, the home of the greatest of modern French poets, Victor Hugo. It has a belvedere, surmounted by a flag-staff, and often, in the early dawn, when—

"East and West, without a breath,
Mix their dim lights like Life and Death"—

when the first breeze comes out of the gloom and lifts the lank pendants and streamers among the shipping—when life begins to murmur on the quay, and the sea sings louder to the coming of the sun—a solitary lamp is seen to twinkle and waver from one of the windows, and the fishermen of St. Peter's know that the poet is at work.

Banished from France after the *coup d'état* in 1851, he has lived, since 1854, in this rugged island-home of his, fixed in sight of the phantom-like coast of Normandy—at once a consolation and a pain—and pisoned by the restless waves of the English Channel. From this place he has sent forth all his later works—"dead leaves from the up-rooted tree" as he has somewhere called them—works which have made his fame where countless readers can never see his face.

He must be sixty-four, at the present time, for, if we remember rightly, he says that this century was two years old when he was born. His hair is grey, or, rather, grizzled, but his heart and head are young as ever. Sea air, physical exercise, and a well-ordered system of work, have maintained the freshness of his nature and his mind undiminished and unailing. He sleeps in a little room of the forementioned belvedere of Hautville House, upon an ordinary couch, which is also used as a seat. He rises at five, and betakes himself to his working-room, which looks more like a photographer's studio than a study. There are a few chairs and a little stove, a number of books strewn here and there, a desk for working, which he has himself built up with a stool or two and a pile of folios, and this is all. But the room has one advantage, for which a whole Pantechnicon of furniture could not compensate its occupier—a magnificent look-out upon the sea and sky.

He writes on large sheets of blue paper, with a quill, and stands at his strange desk. Like Balzac, he alters and corrects repeatedly; he polishes and erases, erases and polishes, until the lines grow to very hills of ink, capped with the long-sought word. Far different from his contemporary, the poet-historian Lamartine, under whose fluent improvisation the swift steel pen careers along the cream-laid without let or hindrance, Victor Hugo deliberates long upon his words before he writes them down, and reconsiders them when written. "He makes the pen and paper creak," said one of his contemporaries—"il fait crier la plume et le papier." Not seldom his copy bears little sketches of his creations—formless contours, that attest the inward struggles and strivings of his imagination.

He lets his scored and scattered sheets dry round about him. After the day's work he puts away what he has written, and, as a general rule, preserves the strictest silence concerning it until the completion of the whole. He receives no visitors when he is occupied with a fiction or poem; he works alone, with no other witnesses than the sea and the sky.

That these sheets of his are worth money in more senses than one is well known, and may be supported by the fact that for his last novel, the "Towers of the Sea," he was offered £4000 only for the right to publish it in a newspaper—

an offer which he declined, as he objected to its appearing in parts. There have been already eleven editions of the book in France. Of his great social romance of "Les Misérables," published in 1862, translations were sold simultaneously in eight capitals at once.

M. Hugo is a true poet, whatever can be said against him. To the author of the magnificently sombre "Notre Dame," and the "Last Days of a Criminal under Sentence of Death," one cannot justly deny "the vision and the faculty divine"—the imagination to conceive, the strength and energy to body forth conception. It is complained that if his poet's robe is ample, he wears it too theatrically—that he is at times vague, obscure, trivial, crude, insipid, etc., etc.

"Vex not the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not the poet's mind,
Thou canst not fathom it."

The things that are peculiar to M. Hugo's style of to-day are the same as those which were apparent when he first penned the famous preface of "Cromwell," which made him the head of the Romantic School. He will hardly lose them now, and we should be thankful that he lives to write for us. If we care for the prospect and the rarer air, we must make up our minds not to pant and fret too much over the rugged and irregular ascent to the summit.

"In a work by Victor Hugo," says Mr. G. H. Lewes, reviewing the "Towers of the Sea" (a translation of which has been prepared by Mr. Moly Thomas), "we always feel the presence of high aims and splendid talent. The greatest of modern French poets, he has preserved the dignity of his calling without a single derogation. His career has been stormy, or, more properly speaking, noisy; but he has moved amid the plaudits and the hisses, the shouts and the jeers, with calm and resolute self-respect, compelling by his earnestness and ability the homage of even those whom he most offended by his assaults on their prejudices and opinions. Applause has never seduced him into a prodigal waste of his power. He has not traded on his reputation. He has written abundantly, but never carelessly. On these grounds, if on only these, criticism, when most unsparing, will recognise the value of his works. He offends in many ways, but his genius condones offence."

DARLING LILY.

IN the winy, wild November,
Ere the night-fowl sung for morn,
Glowed the east with red and ember—
It was then our child was born.
Darling Lily!

All with golden-coloured tresses
Falling round her like a veil;
All with dewy warmth of kisses
On her cheek so sweet and pale,
Grew the maiden.

Milk-white fingers for caressing,
Timid eyes of trusting blue,
Heart to bless and to a blessing,
Beating over firm and true,
With love laden.

Winning, winning, always winning,
Were her little pleasant ways;
Ever was she fond of smiling,
So she spent her childhood's days,
From morn to eve.

Of woe of others ever thinking,
Both at dawn and day's light's close;
With thoughts, too, in the future sinking,
Grew she like a summer rose,
Ripe for blooming.

Pining, pining, ever pining,
Both at daybreak and at night;
On her couch of pain reclining,
Frail and faded, lily white—
Death was coming

In the windy, wild March morning,
Ere the earliest bird had sung—
Ere the sun had chance of dawning
Through the clouds that lowly hung,
Dim and cold,

On her bed, but not a-dreaming,
On her pillow white as snow,
Gone from all the joy-sight gleaming,
Gone from hope's illusive glow,
Lay our child.

Then we laid her in the ground,
But wo hope once more to see,
When the immortal trump shall sound,
Our child in bliss'd eternity.
Darling Lily!

MUSICAL ITEMS.

THE 143rd anniversary of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester terminated on September 14, at Worcester, and has been the most successful, in a pecuniary point of view, of any previously held. The various gatherings were attended by no less than 11,364 persons and the receipts amounted to £1,215 17s. 10d. No novelty was produced.

Strauss has given £60,000 for the right of giving monster concerts at the Universal Exhibition, at Paris, in May next. Verdi was offered £4000 to conduct them, but he refused. Rossini rejected, with scorn, an offer of twice the amount.

It is stated in an Italian paper that Rossini is about to write a cantata for the inauguration of the French Exhibition next year, and in the same paper it is rumoured that M. Casta is about to receive the honour of knighthood.

During the fête of the 15th of August in Paris, a poor Italian girl of prepossessing appearance, who was earning a livelihood as a street minstrel, sang, accompanying herself on the guitar, before the Café Riche, in which there happened to be at the time several members of the lyce profession, amongst others Naudia, Vigter, and Amodio. These artists were so struck with the voice of the girl—which is a sweet contralto—that in addition to handsomely rewarding her then and there, they took her name and address, and have since organised a fund to send her to school, and to provide for her musical education. It is possible that by this act of generosity a fine artist may be one day furnished to the lyric profession.

Another Swedish nightingale has been discovered by the Baroness de Senhensen, to whose patronage we owe the brilliant talent of Mdlle. Nielson. The new star is a Mdlle. Petrus Barkan, native of Gottenburg, and is but eighteen. She is now in Paris studying music under the same professors who superintended Mdlle. Nielson's artistic education.

A monument is about to be erected in Italy to Palestrina, for which a Roman committee is collecting subscriptions.

HE AND I.

"CANDIDLY, do you believe in love at first sight, Amy?"

A young man asked the question, looking up from the novel he was reading. And a young girl, probably his cousin, blushed as she replied, "She did not know."

I forget what else passed. They were only fellow-travellers in a railway-carriage. My friend, Mrs. Murray, who was taking me to her home, called my attention to some place of interest we were passing, and the young man resumed his book.

But the question recurred to me; and as I leaned back in my corner I tried to answer it for myself, and to solve a little mystery that puzzled me.

Three times had I met a gentleman, a handsome young man, tall, dark, and listless. We had never spoken, but his notice of me had attracted my attention. At a ball he followed me about, changed colour when our eyes met, but did not seek an introduction. At a concert he had stared me almost out of countenance, yet gravely, almost respectfully.

At a picnic—the last time I had seen him—he was happy, laughing and talking till he saw me, when his manner became constrained, and in a few minutes he left the party.

There was a strange fascination in his large dark eyes, and I wondered if I should ever meet him again.

He must have had some reason for noticing me so strangely, for I was not pretty. No, no! It could not be love at first sight, could it?

We arrived at The Meadows late in the evening. Mrs. Murray introduced me to her daughter Lydia, a lady some fifteen years older than myself. She was the only child at home. Mr. John was married, and had the rectory. George, the eldest son, was travelling abroad.

Mrs. Murray and my mother had been school-friends, but had been separated for years, and so were comparative strangers till they met again in society, and Mrs. Murray asked me to spend two or three months with her in the country, to recruit my strength after the fatigue of a London season.

The day after our arrival Lydia showed me over the house and grounds. Harold, Mr. John's eldest child, eight years old, came with us.

The conservatory door was locked. Miss Murray left us to fetch the key. Harold remained talking.

"I shall have this horrid old place pulled down!" he said, pulling at some ivy that clustered round the turret. He looked at me as though expecting an answer, then resumed: "Pa says, if he has it he shan't stay at the church. He shall pull this down; if he don't, I shall."

"But this is your uncle's place," said I.

"My uncle! He won't live long. My ma says uncle George is a bad man—a wicked man. Don't you think he is a wicked man?"

"No," said I, though I knew nothing of him. "Little boys—" I began impressively; but his aunt returned, and the conversation ended.

"The place would be very different if poor George were here," said Lydia, sadly.

"Does he never live here?" I inquired.

Miss Murray looked at me keenly. "Live here! No, never. He stays for a week or two sometimes."

"Perhaps some day he will marry and settle."

"Never!" said Lydia, stooping to pick a flower. "Have you not heard about him?"

"Heard what?" said I.

"I shall not be a raven, and tell you. You will learn soon enough."

Harold was standing in the doorway looking back at us. He had large brown eyes, and something in them made me fancy I had seen him before, though I knew I had not.

So there was a secret in the family—some mystery about the eldest son. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did wish to find it out; indeed I did.

I had been at The Meadows nearly a month before an opportunity occurred. Then I paid a visit to the rectory, taking my work, that I might spend the day there. Mrs. Murray, I fancied, got tired of having to entertain me, and Lydia liked to have some time to herself.

Mrs. John and I were friends, so could speak freely to each other.

"Are you engaged?" said Mrs. John.

"No," said I, fancying she alluded to an opal and diamond ring I always wore.

"Some girls are, so young. How old are you?"

"Eighteen. Not so very young."

"No, not so very young," said Mrs. John, meditatively. "I was only seventeen when I was engaged."

"That was very young to marry."

"Oh, I was more than that when I married. Mamma could not bear the idea—a second son, you know. It was not a good match then; but I always said I would marry for love. Now they are pleased enough; for poor George is really nobody; only he keeps John out of the place at present. Eventually Harold must have the estate. It is entailed."

"But there is an elder brother?" said I.

"To my husband? Yes; but since that affair of his he will never marry, and John comes next. Sad affair, that! I always pity poor George."

Mrs. John said this very comfortably, in the same way one pities a tradesman for having to reduce the price of his goods, while rejoicing in the opportunity of buying them cheaply.

"Is he very unhappy?"

As I said this I hated myself for asking it. I know if I had been right (as some would say, "commonly honest,") I should have declined to hear anything Lydia would not tell me. Like a good child I should have said, "Thank you, I must not listen. He would not like it;" but "*misère!*" as a French friend of mine used to exclaim, I am one of Eve's true daughters, and the temptation was irresistible. I yielded to curiosity.

"Well, yes;" said Mrs. John, "for the world is not charitable. Of course we know the truth, and we don't really condemn him. But he takes it to heart (perhaps to conscience, and that is as bad), though it may be a shadow, after all—it may be."

Mrs. John emphasised the last three words, and her straight lips again made a corresponding line to the faint straight eyebrows that met over her nose, and disappeared behind the set curls arranged on either side of her face.

"It is a pity he should mind a shadow—"

I spoke awkwardly, conscious of trespassing on a forbidden subject.

Mrs. John looked up at me. "I thought all the world knew his history," she said; "quite romantic it is, and sad. You know he was a surgeon. Before his father had this property left him by his brother, the boys were brought up to professions. My husband to the church, to take this living. George chose to be a surgeon, so he became one; and clever, too, I believe—very clever. Well, he had good expectations, so was in a good deal of society; and in the course of his practice met a young lady whom he liked; in fact, fell in love with. I suppose she returned the affection, for they were engaged (this was before I was married). Well, Miss Chester, Colonel Chester's daughter, was rich; at least, her father was rich; the estates were left by will in this way: if Colonel Chester died without boys, but leaving a daughter, that daughter might inherit; but, if there was a son, all landed property was to go to the son, however young; and only some dower to be paid to Miss Chester. An unlucky kind of arrangement, wasn't it? Well, Colonel Chester had but this one daughter till he married again; then he had one son. Well, that child was born after George was engaged to Miss Chester; and when it was a year, or perhaps eighteen months old, it became ill—some childish illness, and—the child died."

I echoed Mrs. John's interjection, "Well?"

"Well? don't you see. George had attended it; was it not awkward? George had never been a favourite with the Colonel, and he became suspicious, and had his prescriptions looked at, and the matter judged by other physicians; for Colonel Chester is an old man, and just mad at losing the child. They said it was right enough, quite right—medical men always hang together, you know—but the child had not died of any acute disease; it had died of an over-dose of medicine. It was, of course, the chemist's fault, but—you see how it stands—awkward for poor George."

"He could not help it," said I.

"My dear, he was there three times a-day to see the child (and Miss Chester), and the child died; the little child died. The world is not charitable!"

"Nor are you," thought I, but I only said, "And Miss Chester?"

"Her father told George what he suspected of him. He, of course, gave her up on the spot. I don't know what became of her. George will never marry, impossible; but he wanders about like a ghost, and I do pity him. It was a great temptation for a young man without means. He had not succeeded to The Meadows then, you know. It was a great temptation."

"A little child!" said I.

Mrs. John seemed surprised and half-alarmed at the distress I could not help feeling, so probably betraying; in justification of herself, she added: "It was very awkward for him—very—and people will judge; and, my dear, the fact remains, whether it was the chemist or not," said Mrs. John, before taking up her baby from the sofa where it had been sleeping. "The fact remains," said Mrs. John, stroking baby's ruddy cheek and fat arm, "though babies live through a great deal, *this little child died!*"

Two shadows fell across the window. Mrs. John had turned to take her baby to the nursery, and did not observe them till she was just leaving the room. Then she said—"Talk of an angel, and you are sure to see its wings!" She stood in the doorway a moment, and nodded and smiled before closing the door and retiring. Her husband entered the room by the window that

opened to the lawn. After him came another gentleman. I looked up, and recognised the mysterious gentleman of the concert, the ball, and the pic-nic.

"Ah, Miss Christensen!" said Mr. John: "let me introduce you to my brother George. This young lady is at your house, George, with your mother."

Mr. Murray bowed, and his colour changed as he watched me collect my work and materials, and prepare to leave the room.

"Pray don't let me frighten you away," he said. "I shall be home soon."

They were such common-place words, but my face crimsoned, and I was glad when Mrs. John came in. She was smiling most affectionately, and apparently had forgotten the conversation that I would have given anything not to have shared. She noticed my confusion, but did not know I had met him before; nor did she notice that his hand trembled when at parting it touched mine, but it did. I knew now whose eyes I had recognised when I saw Harold.

When I returned home, Mrs. Murray was expecting her son, for his man and luggage were there already.

"It is just like him," said Lydia; "he comes and goes like Will of the Wisp; perhaps you may induce him to stay a little longer this time."

Again I blushed.

"Did I offend you, dear?" said Lydia kindly, and she passed her arm round my shoulders, and we walked up and down the terrace together.

"No," said I, "not in the least; if I influence Mr. Murray at all, it will be to drive him away."

Then I told her of our meetings, but of course I was careful in what I said. "He is very strange and moody at times, my dear; you must not notice him."

In the evening he came home; but he was not strange or moody, and during the whole six weeks he stayed I found him rather the reverse—pleasant, kind, considerate. He was always waiting on his mother, going about with Lydia, and rather avoiding me, still in a kind, gentlemanly way. So matters went on, till one evening I stood on the lawn with baby in my arms. It was a glorious sunset; the brothers returned from their walk, and came to my side. Mr. George Murray had a rosebud in his hand, and held it to the child. The little thing laughed and talked at it in baby fashion, and stretched out her little hand to take it from him. Her hand touched his. He trembled, dropped the bud, and turned away. Mr. John was good-natured, and, I believe, sincerely fond of his brother; he took the child from my arms, smiled sympathisingly at George, and ran into the house to his wife, who had been spending the whole day with us. Mr. George looked very handsome with the sunshine lurking in his soft glossy beard, the rest of his face in deep shadow from the broad brim of the felt hat he wore pressed close on his brow. I was sorry for him, but I did not dare break the silence, though it was awkward, and we were quite alone. We came back to the house side by side; as we passed the drawing-room window we heard Mrs. John's cold voice say precisely,—

"Any one would think they were lovers!"

He looked keenly in my face. I am afraid a blush was there. He passed on to the library: and when I rose the next morning I heard that he was gone. Lydia was distressed and out of spirits. We wandered together over the house and grounds, and walked with Mrs. Murray to the rectory, where she always spent the first days of George's absence. When we returned, I went with Lydia to her brother's room to put away the many pretty things she had arranged to welcome him when he came home.

"He has not stayed so long for years," said Lydia, as she disconsolately collected the pipes that had been left scattered on a side-table. "I can't think what sent him away again so suddenly, poor fellow!"

I did not speak; I dared not tell her Mrs. John's remark then. So I sat, idly looking from the window, and Lydia busied herself with the dressing-table. There were some papers there, left all together just as they had been

sorted out to take. Mr. George must have gone off in a hurry at last, and so have forgotten them. Lydia looked through them listlessly, saying, "Perhaps I must send them on?" Suddenly her hand stopped turning the crisp leaves, and an exclamation burst from her lips. I rose and looked over her shoulder. In her hand she held a small square paper, that might once have been a leaf in a sketch-book. On it a girl's head had been roughly drawn in pencil. The hair waved off the temples, the eyes looked up anxiously, pleadingly. The lips were slightly apart. Round the throat a little ribbon was tied, and on the ribbon hung a small locket. Beneath the drawing the letters D. C. were written, and these two words, "Kyrrie Eleison." It was not an artist's sketch; it was the drawing of a hand that loved. Lydia held up the sketch, and placed her finger on the looking-glass before us. The reflection was reproduced in the sketch. I turned away, for it was my own reflection that I saw, and I was sorry to have stumbled on another of his secrets. But my heart bounded, and a new life seemed to come to my soul. Lydia put her arm round me and kissed me.

"My dear, a red rose; mind, a full, rich crimson rose, from the second standard in the large conservatory, and



your long white dress.' It was Lydia that spoke; she had come to bid me good-bye for the afternoon. She was called from home, she said. I must excuse her and try to amuse myself. A bright bloom was on her cheek, and she looked quite young again, though she was dressed soberly in black with only a violet ribbon to relieve it. Those delicious hours of solitude, if solitude it could be called! No, no; it was life! new life! a happiness too great to realise—luxurious; a holy future, in a sweet uncertainty and shadowy brightness. One figure, one face, in a thousand reflections, precluded the idea of solitude. I was accompanied by the future. The evening came so quickly. I must dress for Lydia's return. The rose was plucked. I was fastening it in my hair when she came softly to my room. She had been crying, though evidently she tried to compose herself.

"My dear," she said, drawing me down to the sofa at her side; "do you think we are responsible for the evil we unconsciously bring on others?"

"Certainly not," said I, my mind going to George and his mistake.

She leant her head upon my shoulder, and a tear dropped on my hand, as she whispered.

"I have done you a real wrong. I have been a Judas to you, and betrayed you by a kiss!"

"I did not know myself or my weakness; actually I was ill. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. John thought I had taken cold. Lydia knew differently. When I was recovering she told me it was Miss Chester's portrait I had seen; D.C. was not Dora Christensen, but Delicia Chester. It was my resemblance to Miss Chester that had brought me so much notice from Mr. Murray. I hated myself for the mistake, and my hatred only increased the evil. For weeks I lay ill at The Meadows.

Lydia would blame herself for showing me the portrait. But we both felt that there is a mystery in sequence—circumstance must follow circumstance. One link cannot be severed in the chain of fate. And the weary days of illness and convalescence passed on; and after a time my mother took me across the Channel to Dieppe. We were *en route* for Geneva; but I was weak, and we waited at Dieppe for a few days to rest. We used to watch the steamers come in. It was the autumn, and there were not a great many passengers. As the boat neared the shore the day before we intended to leave, I recognised a pair of dark eyes looking up at me. Mr. George Murray was on board. I fainted. When I recovered, Lydia was bending over me, and though we were in an open carriage in the public road, she kissed me as she said,

"Silly girl!"

We did not leave Dieppe that day. In the evening Lydia and I walked out together, to have a chat, she said, about old times; but that seemed scarcely her intention, for when we were alone together she was unusually silent. We were on the pier. I sat down to rest, and Lydia, with some unintelligible excuse, left me. I leaned against the parapet, watching a boat come in. The tide was dead ahead; the wind only a cross wind, so the task of bringing her in was not an easy one. It was only a fishing-boat; four men were in it; each had an oar; still, as they passed the crucifix at either side, each raised his hat and signed the cross upon his breast, and seemed to breathe a prayer.

"Do they lose or gain by that act?"

I started so when I heard the question. It was Mr. Murray who put it.

"They lose a wave," said I. "It is a question."

"They believe they gain. It may be superstition; still I think there is some reality in their idea. The loss is a gain. The boat is a trifle longer in getting in;—each man is nearer to his home."

I did not understand, for my brain was stupid, and I felt ashamed at seeing him again: but he said no more about the boat or the men, though we watched them out of sight. Then he sat down at my side. I felt his brown eyes on me;

but what passed next I can never write. It is only for him and me. The minutes passed on, each bearing away a pain from my heart. He told me he had come to Dieppe on purpose to see me, and with the remainder of his life endeavour to banish the remembrance of the mistake that had cost me so much. And I could only weep and weep, till Lydia came back to put his hand in mind, and ask if I would be her sister.

It is all told now. A month after, we left Dieppe, and were married by special licence before he took me home to The Meadows his wife. Mrs. Murray was glad to welcome me, and have her eldest boy near her, happy—though Mrs. John was not so pleased as she might have been. And George and I talk freely of the past; and I, too, have learnt to sympathise in Miss Chester's sorrow, when she wrote those two sad words beneath the sketch Colonel Chester permitted him to make from her a few days before her death.

Some day I am to travel, and stop in Madeira, to visit the English cemetery and see her grave. Still he carries the sketch; but the mystery is gone between us, and we are very strangely happy—He and I. He does not tremble at my baby, though often I see the little fingers twine round his; indeed, I think he likes to feel the strange soft touch of baby's cheek against his own.

M. B.



"You know the present Lord Langton perfectly?"

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 126.)

CHAPTER XXX. THE UNKNOWN HUSBAND

It was unfortunate for Paul (as we shall by-and-by discover) that just at this moment of time the earl—or, as we shall continue indelicately to call him, Daniel Sterne—became very much engrossed in affairs of his own.

"What were they?" demanded the mercer, anxiously.

Sir Richard noticed, in his own secret mind, the absence of the earl's thoughts for some days, and then suddenly a period of busy and constant pre-occupation. He did not come in when expected at the table; he exhibited strange anxiety on little and seemingly unimportant matters; he became more reserved with Christina and the mercer; and then all at once he disappeared, with no other explanation than that he should be away for some days.

"The madman!" exclaimed the mercer to his daughter, when he heard of this; "the madman! He is going to work, after all, at this precious business of rebellion, civil war, murder, and anarchy! God protect me and you, Teena, for having harboured him!"

Christina remonstrated, and said she felt sure that he would not do this without taking some important step to guard his friend from even the suspicion of connivance.

The mercer listened, but refused to be comforted. He knew better than his daughter what ferocious, blood-thirsty stuff Governments were then made of, and how the merest thought of fear of intended attacks on the dynasty

would paralyse all generosity or human emotion.

But was the earl really leaving his friend in this dread uncertainty?

Nothing of the kind. He had been for some days endeavouring to discover whether or no Lady Hermia remained in London, and at last had learned that she was not, but that the earl and family had gone to the baronial seat in Lancashire. Then it was that Lord Langton left Paul to his fate, and strove to obtain some insight into the future of a fate dearer than Paul's would be—his own and Lady Hermia's.

Let us now leave him to his own contrivances and take a sudden leap from London to Lancashire, and inquire after the doings of the Lady Hermia.

The house—white, palatial, cold—stood low, on a flat Yorkshire glade. As the moon shone on its face in the middle of the night, it looked like a lovely spectral palace that would vanish at sunrise.

Within, there was silence—deep and unbroken; without, there was the eloquent murmur of a ripening harvest, the murmur of orchard trees brushing together softly, as if in fear of bruising their rich burdens, and of cornfields shivering as with dreams of the sickle.

Overlooking the western garden was a little terrace, where every night, when the weather was fair, a solitary figure came, as it comes to-night, to sit by the terrace wall, with its coloured coats of arms and its busts in sunken niches, of the long line of the Bridgewater family. It is a woman's figure, with large queenly arms, and great eyes that seem always to look beyond the boundaries of these fair lands for something they can never find.

Round her neck is a cord of plaited silks, doubtless the work of her own fingers, to which

hangs the half of a tiny gold coin. To-night the cord is twisted round those fingers, the coin is in her hand, and her eyes gaze on it with a passionate intensity, as though they strive to read in it the story of the hidden years.

Ripe fruits fall in the fragrant darkness, and she shudders at the sound.

The odours of dying roses steal up towards her, and her face sickens of their smell.

The setting of the rich corn is heard on the breeze—and lo! the white grand arms are stretched forth yearningly in the darkness, as if to catch at the robes of summer, thus rustling and preparing to depart.

Year after year have they been thus stretched forth, as if to hold back Time—wrestling with him in soul as Jacob wrestled with the angel—demanding by way of blessing that the desire of that solitary heart shall be gratified.

But still year after year the fruit has rotted and dropped, the roses told the same sickening tale, the corn been bound into sheaves, and borne away.

Year after year has she sunk down upon the wall, and cried, in unendurable anguish of soul as she cries now—

"Father of Mercies! When will this end? My husband! my unknown lord! Release me, or I die!"

Where on this same night of September, is the other half of that broken coin?

Not many yards off, lying on the breast of a strange-looking man—tall, stately, ghost-like, as he moves about, half shrouded in the twilight and the shade of the trees.

The stateliness of his walk does not, however, disguise the extreme precaution with which he moves along the dark walks and alleys—choosing always the darkest, and those in which the thick vegetation offers the greatest facility for a step aside into their denser covert.

At last—as he approached the end of the walk where he now was—his step rose and fell so silently that, had anyone noticed his coming, they must have fancied it was a disembodied spectre—the flowing garb—the half light—the hour—the gliding movement and the absolute soundlessness of his step were so remarkable.

The walk begins to grow less wooded at the sides, and presently he sees before him a double row of noble orange trees, not yet gone into their winter quarters; and through them comes gliding, with step and gesture almost as supernatural as his own, a lady.

His very heart seems suddenly to refuse to beat, as he asks himself the question—

“Hermia? Is it?”

Yes; he recognises the peculiar mingling of the graceful and the stately, which had so forcibly struck him at the theatre, before he knew who it was.

What shall he do?

Surely he has thought all that out before coming here?

Yet if so, why is he thrown into such confusion? He stops, half turns, as if fearing she might enter the walk where he is; then, moving irresolutely to one side, where there is a thick and tall hawthorn, he stands under its dark branches (which have been hollowed out to give room, and to make a canopy), as if to watch.

She advances towards him. Can she have seen him?

He advances towards her, wondering at what moment she will notice him, and whether she will be alarmed.

Both pause, while he even yet is uncertain whether she has seen him—or, at least, he would be, but that she has made no start, shown no sign of fear; therefore, he concluded, knew not of his presence.

Why this pause?

It was on account of a new incident. At the same moment both had heard voices, not far off engaged in earnest, low, but seemingly animated discourse, so continuous was the buzz.

Lady Hermia goes back to the terrace, and to a seat in a secluded corner, where the passers-by are not likely to see her, or she to be disturbed by them.

Lord Langton, after listening intently for a moment, to learn the direction of their approach, steals round the hawthorn, choosing the side nearest to Lady Hermia, and there he waits— anxiously, but hopefully.

Hopefully? Yes. Before everything else, he wants to know what is the position of things here—what his wife is thinking of—what doing, what schemes his father has in his busy brain, and also his brother. Above all, he wants to know whether his wife is, as he fears, devoted to the new dynasty, and therefore quite unprepared to sympathise with him in the fulfilment of his dangerous mission. Some at least of these questions he hopes now to clear up.

That most sad, most fatal contingency—his wife looking on him as a rebel and traitor—had not till quite recently occurred to him: but now that he was obliged to think of it, it appeared truly appalling.

The mercer, in spite of his reticence as to all that had passed in his interview with Lady Hermia, had not been able to conceal from Lord Langton that she was hostile to all Jacobite schemes.

Well, he is here now, and he will discover the truth if he can, however bad it may be, before he commits himself too far to retreat. May he not have to face a woman who is not only politically hostile, but who has ever been nourished in hatred of himself?

The voices come nearer. Will he be able to distinguish what they say?

One is much louder, younger-sounding, and altogether more frank than the other. But it is the one which is the least heard that Lord Langton listens to the most eagerly.

It is—so he believes—the Earl of Bridgeminster, the father of Lady Hermia.

But who is the younger man? Some instinct, before he can hear any one complete sentence, warns Lord Langton against that younger man.

Had such contingency been possible under the circumstances, his heart would have whispered him—

“This is a lover of the Lady Hermia, and he is now pressing his suit.”

And though—knowing what he did—such a thought was even then quite inadmissible, an inexplicable feeling of jealousy, of anger, of roused pride, and almost of violence rose in his mind, and had to be calmed by an effort of self-control before he could satisfy himself he was in a fit condition to listen to the talk that now became quite easy to follow.

“As to your rank, Sir Charles,” said the elder figure, a grave-looking personage, who walked very slowly, and seemed glad to take the arm of his companion, “as to your rank, that’s but a slight difficulty. My services to my king entitle me, at any moment, to ask that my son-in-law be ennobled. Your family is as ancient—I may say more ancient—than my own; so I see no need for your scruples in that matter.”

“Then, my lord,” said the younger man—who seemed to the earl not very young either; he guessed him between forty and fifty, but, of course, was quite unable even to guess with any accuracy under the half darkness—“we go back to the old question, Is there any hope for me?”

“What think you, yourself?”

“You mean as regards the Lady Hermia,” said Sir Charles, with a certain sharpness of tone.

“Yes,” was the quiet reply.

Lord Langton noticed from behind the tree that the two men had stopped, as if simultaneously to look in each other’s face, and wait for the issue of this question.

Sir Charles paused, and began to play with the cane he held in his hand, striking with it at the gravel, and sending fragments flying right into Lord Langton’s face, whose hot blood started to his brow as if it had been an intentional insult.

“Well, my lord, if I were a very young man, I might prefer to delude myself, and say, ‘I spy some hope—that I must wait, take time, be patient, and so on.’ But not being a young man, I prefer to deal with realities. I regret to say, then, that the Lady Hermia’s conduct and attitude towards me has been too specially marked, and too specially unfavourable.”

“How—how is that?” demanded the Earl of Bridgeminster. And the tone boded ill for Lady Hermia’s peace of mind, if she was in any way inclined to have a will of her own.

So thought Lord Langton, behind the hawthorn tree, even while, with a little laugh, he in his heart defied the earl her father, and all his possible machinations.

“I will tell you, my lord, with entire candour. At first—or rather, I should say, not at first, but after I had cautiously avoided everything like the appearance of a personal aim or object, and made her see I did so—I got on very well. We became really intimate. I found her in a state of profound melancholy, and the voice of a friend seemed to bring her to a new life. We read together, walked together, rode together, and it was only when I thought I had established a safe position, and began to drop a word or two—very quiet ones, I assure you—that she made me see what a fool’s paradise I had been in, by a look, a stern word, and then prompt withdrawal out of my way. Since then I have, I own, scarcely cared to pursue the matter further.”

“I thank you, Sir Charles, for this very kind, very frank explanation. Now listen to me. You still wish the marriage, if it can be brought about?”

“Most certainly—most anxiously—most determinedly!”

“And you are not like many weak men of my acquaintance—scared by trifles?”

“What may you call trifles, my lord?”

“Suppose she said she didn’t care for you—never should care for you! Have you so little knowledge of women’s ways, so little confidence in yourself, that you would, for such a woman’s reason, throw up a match which unites our houses, our wealth—makes them, thus united,

irresistible in the Government, and places your children in the very first rank of English nobles, able to command even a dukedom. With such vast wealth, and such a political position as I now myself can secure with your co-operation, would you resign all that for the sake of a woman’s morbid fancies?”

“Do you ask me whether, if she would marry me—but only with that kind of preliminary understanding as to our mutual relations—whether I would then marry or resign her?”

“I do ask you that?”

The voices had been growing so indistinct during the last few sentences—for the speaker had resumed their walk, and had turned to go back the way they came—that Lord Langton was obliged to more and follow them, and he greatly dreaded he should lose the answer. He stole from his covert, glided along a few yards in the same direction as themselves, and then stopped, just in time to hear all he needed to hear.

“What do you say?” demanded the Earl of Bridgeminster. “I perceive you hesitate. That is well. But now?”

“Well, my lord, I don’t want to mislead you, nor land myself in a false position. You open a serious vista. I have been looking down it, to see whether it goes—what it leads to. However, life teaches this, if it teaches anything—the necessity for wise men to compromise. I do, Lady Hermia, I am sure, only simple justice, when I say she would never compromise my honour.”

“Sir Charles!” gasped the earl, as if stung by an adder. And again he stopped, as if in violent indignation.

“My lord, I honour your feeling, and I have the profoundest possible respect for your beautiful daughter; but if you put things to me in a business like way, I must return them to you in a corresponding fashion. In brief, I am satisfied. If the Lady Hermia will marry me, I shall esteem myself the most fortunate of men, and I shall wait patiently for her love after marriage. Her respect I have already!”

The earl’s anger passed away as suddenly as it had come.

“I am truly glad of this, Sir Charles,” he said, “for now I can open my whole heart to you, and explain matters that must at times have appeared exceedingly incomprehensible. Why has my daughter, with her rank, wealth, beauty, and intellect, had so few lovers? That question at once merges into another—Why has she always refused to have any lovers? For that is the simple truth. No gentleman has ever been near her long, and ventured to try to draw nearer, without the same kind of repulse that you have experienced.”

“What does it mean?”

“Ah, Sir Charles, I am about to tell you a great secret—one only known to two or three living persons. You know well enough that was a time when all English statesmen were obliged to live in perpetual anxiety as to the future of the English crown, the issue just then seemed so uncertain. At that time I, who had held high office under the Stuarts, was, for one, still devoted to the old cause, and believed they would come back and overthrow the new family. Overtures were made to me—most honourable ones—on the part of his present Majesty, but I could not conscientiously accept them. On the contrary, I, at that moment, allied myself with one of the most determined of the Jacobite adherents. I am going to surprise you! Sir Charles, my daughter, while a child of ten years of age, was married secretly to the son of the Earl of Langton, who was himself but little older!”

“Is it possible, sir?” exclaimed Sir Charles.

“It is, unhappily, true,” responded the earl.

“Then is the present Lord Langton actually the husband of the Lady Hermia?”

“In a sense he is. Listen, my dear friend. You know, as a question of history, when I found it necessary to change my politics, I was not going to excuse the change in any way. I glory in it. I assert it was the most painful thing I could do, to make such a change, and to make it suddenly and swooping, the instant

I became convinced change was necessary at all. "Yes, I accepted the office that had been previously offered me, transferred my loyal devotion from King James to King George: and I have had my reward—not in my sovereign's gratitude only, but in the growing contentment and peace of the State!

"You can, my dear Sir Charles, understand all the rest. The children, of course, were not permitted to meet for some years, and then they were as effectively divided as if some raging sea lay between them. The Langtons hated me, and did their best to blacken my character and motives throughout Europe. I did not love them, after the great change I have spoken of, and after I had heard their comments upon it. See, now, my daughter's position! She knows nothing of this man, cannot possibly have any personal affection for him, hates his cause—thank God for that—but is weak enough to cherish towards him morbid and sickly ideas of devotion, fidelity, and so on, merely on account of that fantastic, foolish ceremony."

"This is, indeed," said Sir Charles, "an awful revelation. I confess I do not understand you at all. What possible solution favourable to me can you be meditating? I see none."

"Indeed! Let me whisper, Sir Charles, that I think I see many solutions. At present I shall speak of only these:—the tender age of the children; the uncertainty of our marriage law when its history is carefully gone into *with a view to our own wants and objects*; and above all, the fact that the Langtons are Catholics, while we are Protestants!"

"Ay, but, my lord, let me ask you one question. Do you conceive that any of these solutions are practicable without the consent and co-operation of the Lady Hermia?"

"You touch me nearly there, I confess. I think it just possible the marriage might be annulled in spite of her; but I own I am not prepared to go so far. No; we must do it with her consent, or not at all."

"And by what influences?"

"Her dislike of his cause—her perception that she cannot accept him as her husband without breaking for ever with us—and above all, the moral certainty I now have, and which I have made her share, that he is taking the exact step that will most surely ruin him in her estimation—that is, by again raising the detestable banner of civil war. He is in England at this moment—has for the moment escaped observation—may even now be coming hither secretly to seek an interview with my daughter!"

"Are you keeping close watch?"

"I am; close as it is possible to keep without exposing my secret wishes and thoughts to my daughter or my dependents here."

"Death—an obscure death—I hope and believe, before he reaches a prison. I have planned all things to secure that end."

"And if not?"

"If not," said the earl, slowly repeating the words, as if he took a kind of luxurious enjoyment in them, "if not—then the Tower—Westminster Hall—back again to the Tower—and there the bright axe—the short shrift, and—the traitor's grave! Farewell, Lord Langton!"

If the listening Lord Langton had needed any fresh evidence of the almost devilish malignity with which he was viewed by his noble father-in-law, he had it now. There was quite a joyousness in the tones of the aged earl's voice—his step danced with a certain elasticity of spirit—and the "Farewell, Lord Langton!" came at the close with a sense of delicious rest and contentment.

Lord Langton shuddered; not at his own danger, but at the glimpse he had had into the heart of one of the most ancient and, so to say, "illustrious" of the English statesmen.

Then he turned to seek once more the Lady Hermia, while reviewing and marshalling in order all the many, and for him painful and suggestive, facts he had just heard.

She was no longer on the terrace; she had probably gone back to the house. Could he dare, even in his slight disguise, to seek her there?

He must, and quickly. He had only time to shape the method. How?—how?

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

By what art or audacity had Lord Langton managed to be where we have seen him—that is to say, in the very pleasure-grounds of Bridgminster Castle, and the most private parts of those grounds?

Simply through a little tact, the expenditure of a little money, and a good deal of secret determination that he would be there, no matter at what cost.

He had thus managed it. Presenting himself to one of the lackeys—a footman, whose face he rather liked—he asked whether it was possible for a stranger to get a glimpse of the beautiful gardens, which he had heard of, when at the other end of Europe.

"Impossible! Quite impossible!" was the servant's reply. "The family is all here; and they won't allow nobody to come now anigh 'em."

"Ah, well, I'm sorry," said the stranger, looking wistfully towards the little gate close by, which the servants alone used, and at the same time putting a half-crown into the man's hand. "I'm very sorry," he added, while his fingers jingled the money in his pocket. And the lackey thought he heard gold clinking.

So thinking, how could he help but wonder whether the stranger was rich enough, and generous enough, to give him a piece of that gold if he had been inclined—which he wasn't; Oh, no!—to have let him in.

And then, somehow, before he had quite decided the question in his own thoughts, the stranger decided it for him, by saying—

"Come, I see you are a good fellow; I shouldn't like to go back were I came from and say, I had failed to see the 'Earl's Gardens,' as I find they are called in the neighbourhood, on account, I suppose, of their extreme beauty and costliness. So look you, here's a guinea for you. Let me in at that gate, show me how I can get out without having to look for you, and I'll promise you no one shall see me. I'll keep in the retired walks, and draw back the moment I see man, woman, or child approaching."

"Well, I don't like to refuse; but mind, I might lose my place if you make a mess of it."

"I'll take care; trust me," responded Lord Langton.

And so it was settled. The footman showed the visitor that he could, from the inside, undo the fastening, and then, when he drew the gate close after him, it would remain fast.

This occurred early in the afternoon. An hour or so later the servant strolled in the direction of the gate, to see if his acquaintance had gone, or if he was still hanging about. He saw nothing of him.

But later still, when it was getting quite dark, and just after Lady Hermia had come into the castle, through the terrace door, and her father and his friend had followed in a few minutes by the same entrance, the lackey was surprised and alarmed to see the stranger actually walk up to him—as if he, too, had come from the same direction as the earl, his friend, and Lady Hermia, and meant to follow them in.

He stared a moment at him, as if astounded by his impudence, and then grew white in the face—angry, and insolent.

"I say! What's this? How dare you, sir, come this way into the castle?"

"My good friend, don't be alarmed! I shall soon explain. I came here, as I told you, to see the gardens; and I was going away when I happened to overhear some getlemen say the Lady Hermia was here."

Well, what's that to you?"

"I will tell you, and you will see that it will be something to you. I am a diamond merchant, and, as a man of business, always have my eye on business, even in the midst of pleasure."

"Now, hark you! Let me whisper in your ear. If I make any sales, you'll have two-and-a-half per cent.; and my sales, I can tell you, amount to something."

"Eh! Do they? Well, come. I liked the look of you before; and if that's your game, I can help you. I'm a little sweet on her maid. Slap up creature, I can tell you! Lots of sav-

ings—splendid wages. All Lady Hermia's cast-off brocades, and silks, and so on; and we mean to make a match some day. But I ain't in a hurry, She is! That makes me laugh. I enjoy the fun. Well, I'll go to her, and see if she can manage to persuade Lady Hermia to see you."

"That is the very thing!"

"Your diamonds—are they very tip-top—finest water, and all that sort of thing?"

They belonged to one of the proudest of English families, and a family that I have heard Lady Hermia took some interest in. It is even possible she might know some of the jewels, as they are of rare beauty. Though I myself am from the Continent; from France, latterly. Tell her so."

"Oh, I'll tell the maid all that; and she'll make still more of the story. Wait you here. I don't think I'd tell my business, if I could help it, to the earl, for he hates the very sight of strangers, and would make a row if he caught me talking to you like this."

"Do what you like with me! Put me where you will!"

"Would you mind going into the servant's 'all, and saying you're an acquaintance of mine! Nobody goes there. That's our castle—inside the castle, as we say—and we allow no interlopers; leastways, none of our betters are ever expected to come there, and they know it, and don't come."

"My friend, I am delighted at your good sense, spirit, and wit. What is your name?"

"Halgernon Sherbrok."

"Algernon Sherbrok! Thanks. Haste, then, my worthy Algernon. Stay! Here's a bit of a calculation for you. If I sell to the extent of a thousand pounds, two-and-a-half per cent. will be just twenty-five pounds for you. If I don't sell, but get a good chance of selling, by not being disturbed, I'll give you five guineas all the same, and wish myself better luck next time."

Delighted with his visitor, the flunkey went off to seek Jemima Seager, the maid, poured the whole story into her ear, and found her strangely puzzled and thoughtful afterwards.

Whatever her thoughts were, she did not confide them to her proffered lover, but went to seek the Lady Hermia, saying—

"I'm sure she won't see him. Is it likely? Not but that she wants some jewels for special purposes, to complete sets and things of that kind; for ever since that robbery when all her jewels were carried off, and the thieves caught just when they had begun to pull the ornaments to pieces—and some of them were lost—ever since that she's often been talking to me about trying to replace the missing gems; so if this stranger can help that way she might—Ah, well! I don't think she'll see him!"

Algernon went back for a moment to tell his new friend he feared he would be disappointed, and then returned to wait for Jemima and her answer.

She was impatiently waiting for him.

"My lady will see this man, if you are sure he's a decent, respectable person, who won't annoy her. She likes to meet people from abroad! She wouldn't have seen him but for my mentioning that! Come, do make haste! Hark! Don't you hear her bell?"

When the diamond merchant received the message he seemed to bow his head for a moment, as if in deep respect, while he was only murmuring—

"Now! now! Bob, beware! It is not now, for any purposes but these—to see her—speak to her—judge of her—and, if possible, warn her of what I have heard, without her suspecting me! Beyond that I must not go!"

With sedate step, erect form, proud look, as if he expected every instant to confront the earl, her father, he followed the lackey, who tried to talk, but found his new friend as suddenly silent and inaccessible as if he had ascended in thought a thousand miles above him.

At the threshold of the door he paused for an instant, seemingly to allow the footman to precede him for a few steps, but really to take one

long, deep breath, and summon one last stern resolve not at present, under any temptation, to let Lady Hermia know who he was. Then he entered.

A superb bay, divided into a centre and two sides, occupied the whole end of the room, opposite the end where Lord Langton entered. Coloured coats-of-arms here and there sparkled, like wondrous jewels in the growing light of the moon. The glass chandelier, in the centre of the lofty and beautiful apartment, was lighted, but the curtains of the windows were not drawn. Lady Hermia had been sitting, as was her custom, in that bay, watching the waning light of the sun and the waxing light of the moon, and not leaving it, even when the servants came to light the chandelier.

She was thus sitting, in the seat of the bay, even when Lord Langton entered, her elbow resting on the sill, her eyes gazing through an open casement towards a distant part of the sky, where a single star had emerged some time before the appearance of the moon, as if to mark the close of the beautiful day, and to reveal the coming night that was to compensate for the lost beauty by a successor as beautiful. On that star her eyes had long been fixed, and so engrossed was she with it she had scarcely even noticed the radiance of the larger luminary that had been gradually filling the glades of the park with its tender light.

The merchant bowed profoundly the moment he entered the room, then advanced till he had reached, and even passed the chandelier, for the Lady Hermia merely moved a step or two towards him, and then stopped—perhaps, because of his markedly prompt advance.

Whatever the motive of this movement, the effect was clear: the light of the chandelier was behind the merchant, and directly in front of the Lady Hermia. He saw her well, she saw him only indistinctly.

The first words Lord Langton heard were at once satisfactory and unpleasant.

"Seager," said Lady Hermia to her maid, "you can stay."

This was satisfactory as tending to fortify the earl in his resolve; but decidedly unpleasant, as suggestive of special difficulties in having to suit whatever he had to say to two hearers, so absolutely unlike one another in every respect as Lady Hermia and her maid.

Without a word said on either side, the earl took a morocco case, which, during the last few days, he had caused to be made in the fashion of a jewel-seller, and then he said—

"If your ladyship will permit me" and went to a little occasional table that stood near, lifted it gently, and with so much of the air of a nobleman doing an act of courtesy to a queen that the maid became more thoughtful than ever about this said diamond merchant. As to the Lady Hermia, she, too, noticed the kind of graceful dignity with which the slight act was performed, but concluded it was merely a sign of that superiority which foreigners so often exhibited over her own countrymen in such matters.

"I do not know," began Lady Hermia, in a tone that was, in spite of its strength and dignity, tinged with so deep a melancholy as to invest her speech with a kind of pathetic music, "that I need anything in your way; but you are a stranger. I hear you have come from abroad, and we live here so far out of the world that your visit to us must have inconvenienced you. At all events, you will permit me to offer you the hospitality of the castle for the night."

"Oh! no, your ladyship!" And the tone of those few words had a striking harmony with that which had just been heard. "I—I am deeply obliged, but it is impossible. Business, my lady, is a hard master. I must be far from here before I sleep."

He then, noticing her eyes gravely and earnestly fixed on him, lowered his head to the little table, and began to spread out the jewels he had to offer.

"My maid tells me you have purchased some of these from an English family of distinction, and that it was possible I might know them. What family was it she referred to?"

"Lord Langton's," said the merchant, almost curtly. For a moment there was no response, but when Lady Hermia spoke again she found it impossible, even after that pause, to conceal the agitation she had experienced, and which was so palpable in the tremulousness of her voice as she went on.

"Lord Langton's! Indeed! Which of them, pray?"

Selecting four or five of the very finest and largest gems, the merchant pushed them with his fingers a little apart, and said, simply—

"These!"

She took them up one by one, looked at them as she had never in her life before looked at any worldly treasure, and when she had thus examined and laid down the last, she drew a profound breath, and seemed struggling to prevent it from being heard by the merchant as a profound sigh.

"And what is the value of these five jewels?"

"Pardon me, your ladyship, if I say before I mention the price, that I act only as an agent for another, and therefore if the price I have to mention seems to you large, I can only personally regret my inability to deal with the matter according to my own views.

"Really!" said Lady Hermia, "you are a strange merchant. You frighten your possible customers at the very onset. Surely you came in the hope of achieving some result?"

"Some result, certainly!" said the merchant, in a tone so peculiar that Lady Hermia's eyes instantly sought his, but he had turned his face from her.

"Well, sir, the price?" she said, a little impatiently.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds!" said the merchant, carelessly.

"Twenty-five—! Pooh, the man's mad!" said Lady Hermia, with a laugh.

"He certainly cannot want to part with them, my lady," said Seager, venturing then for the first time to speak.

"And if divided?" asked Lady Hermia.

"Then, they would necessarily be more," was the reply.

"This diamond—how much?"

"I will learn from my principal, if he will divide them, and immediately let your ladyship know!"

"Then, it is clear you do not mean to make a customer of me to-night!" said Lady Hermia, and, as she said this, she shifted her position, and managed to get, for the first time, a good view of the merchant's face.

Its first effect was to make her again draw near to the table, and busy herself in the examination of the gems, in a long and almost embarrassing silence, while the merchant occupied himself by writing memoranda in a note-book.

"You, perhaps, expect to be able to restore these jewels at your own price to the Langtons?" said Lady Hermia, again looking up.

"That is precisely my view—nay, I may say, it is also my wish."

"You know the present Lord Langton personally?"

"Slightly. I have seen him, of course, while obtaining these very valuable jewels, and I have heard much of him."

"Bad or good?"

"I should say bad, if he be measured by his chances and opportunities; good, if estimated by that very vain and illusory thing—aspiration."

"Do you know that he is at present likely to make everything go in the bad direction, by raising the rebel standard?"

"Does he think it the standard of a rebel?"

"I do!"

The clear, ringing, lofty tone in which this was said, the flashing indignation in the beautiful and most brilliant eyes, and the quiet, collected strength and dignity of the attitude of Lady Hermia, were something indescribable.

The merchant bowed, and said no more. Provoked apparently at his silence, Lady Hermia, after a renewed examination of the jewels, said—

"So dangerous a character as I find this rebel lord is likely to be ought to be known. Can you describe him to me?"

"I fear not, your ladyship—not well. I am ill at operations of this kind. I am no poet, no novelist, no artist—only a plain diamond merchant."

"Is he tall or short?"

"About my height, I imagine."

"Stout or spare?"

"Neither."

"Oh, the happy man!"

Was this said in sarcasm? The diamond merchant could not help giving Lady Hermia one of those eager, searching glances, which she had already detected on its road more than once.

"The face dark or fair?"

"Fair."

"Fair!" This was said not only with surprise, but, the merchant fancied, half in disappointment. "You mean, perhaps, scarcely so dark as your own?"

The merchant smiled, as he answered—

"Oh, my lady, I am considered, I believe, very dark. Lord Langton is just as decidedly fair. But I must no longer encroach on your ladyship's time and patience. I beg to express for this favour my profound gratitude; and if I may not hope to conclude a bargain for the jewels on the terms—"

"The terms!" interrupted Lady Hermia.

"Why, you would ruin me! Twenty-five thousand pounds!"

Again Lady Hermia laughed, but this time the laugh was genial, almost kind. Her looks and attitude were also strangely demonstrative, though in a delicate, refined, lady-like way, of a desire that he would not go so soon.

Seeing, however, he was busy replacing all his diamonds with scrupulous care in their places in the case, she walked to the casement, and looked out, and there stood, as if lost, in contemplation of the beauty of the night—unless, indeed, it was that she was rather lost in a tangle of hopes and fears that, somehow or other, this diamond merchant had caused to spring up.

Seeing him put the case in his pocket, and aware that in a second or two more he would be gone, she roused herself to advance once more towards him, and the difference of the tone of her voice as she now spoke was quite marked.

"Do you think it likely you may come across Lord Langton?"

"It is possible, though not at all desirable after what I have heard from your ladyship," said the merchant, avoiding anything like a continuous look at her face.

"Allow me to explain," she continued, "the interest you excited in me by the mention of this unhappy gentleman's name. Many, many years ago, our families were friendly. I have not forgotten that, whatever others may do, and because I have not forgotten it, I ask you—merely as a question of good feeling, of—of—humanity—to warn Lord Langton that his present course must lead to irretrievable ruin, whereas—whereas I—I think he might, perhaps, succeed, by time and patience, in making his peace with the powers that be. That is what I wanted to say to him through you, or any friend of his."

"Friend! Lady Hermia, diamond merchants and proud English noblemen are seldom friends. I sometimes fancy I have no greater enemy in the world than this very lord, about whom your ladyship desires me to be so much interested."

"As you please," said Lady Hermia, drawing herself proudly up. "I see, sir, I did you wrong. You are a diamond merchant!"

Delicious was the scorn that Lady Hermia threw into these last words. The diamond merchant, so far from being offended by them, seemed to revel in them. His dark face lighted up; his eyes gleamed with pleasure. He looked at Lady Hermia for the moment as if he were half capable of the impudence of thanking her for her opinion of him.

But darker thoughts succeeded. The previous words of that fatally-significant phrase, "I do!" as expressing her conviction of his being a rebel, rankled in his heart, and overshadowed his whole future; so he turned to her, intending to say his last words, with a stern though deeply-respectful countenance.

"Should I meet Lord Langton, and tell him

what your ladyship has commissioned me to say, I think, from what I have heard, I could guess his answer, and that I might, therefore, almost deliver it in advance."

"Indeed!" said Lady Hermia; and again the sense of mystery revived, as to who this strange man could be.

"He would say, I fancy, that when he undertook, at the desire of his king—"

"The Pretender, Mr. Merchant, in this house!" said Lady Hermia.

"Very true, your ladyship; but I fancy he would call him his king. May I proceed?"

Lady Hermia gave no answer, but stood aloof, her face half turned away, as if just now she was more engrossed to listen than to look.

"I was saying, your ladyship, that I fancy he would say that, when he undertook, at the desire of his king, this desperate mission, he did it knowing all his danger. Nay, worse than that, that he had, at that moment, a mission of his own—a private one—but personally dearer to him a thousand times than the cause of kings and dynasties could be; that he sacrificed everything—his command in the French army—to be able to obey that call of nature and of God. He told me that, my lady," said the diamond merchant, pausing, and with an entire change of tone, "when he made over to me all these jewels."

"Did he? Proceed!" murmured Lady Hermia, no longer able to control her agitation.

"Where was I?" said the diamond merchant, with a smile that was belied by the tremor of his voice. "Oh, I remember! It's difficult, of course, for a man like me to throw myself into the feelings and views of a man like Lord Langton."

"Oh, you do it very well, Mr. Merchant!" said Lady Hermia; and for a few seconds Mr. Merchant was so much puzzled by the tone, and by his inability to understand its meaning, that he did not obey the invitation to proceed.

At last he managed to say a little abruptly, almost huskily—

"I was only, I think, going to let him conclude—in what I conceive to be his manner—that no earthly temptation should make him swerve from the fulfilment of his pl-dge."

"Yes—yes," said Lady Hermia; and it was with inexpressible anguish the merchant saw the bright tears standing in those superb eyes. "That is just what I fancied. Ruin in the name of duty! Ruin to himself! Ruin to— Sir, I wish you a good evening."

Thus, abruptly checking herself in the middle of a sentence, did Lady Hermia speak. And the pride of a daughter of one of the proudest of the English great families, shone out now in her whole behaviour.

The diamond merchant, however, seemed absolutely indifferent to that, which would have paralysed most men.

He ventured to draw nearer to her, to stand upright before her, to gaze steadily in her noble, but stern features, which grew more and more awful in their repellent beauty, as she noticed these things; and the two, thus standing, the merchant spoke his last words—

"Lady Hermia, I know not whether chance has, or has not, befriended me this evening, so as to enable me to render your ladyship some return, however slight, for the great honour done me in this prolonged audience; but here the matters stands:—

"While I wandered in the grounds, a trespasser—having found an open gate—I was accidentally made a party to a conversation between two gentlemen, that struck me as of a startling nature. To what lady, or to what gentleman, the conversation referred I am, of course, not in a position to say. But I fancy the lady must be a relative, or, possibly, a friend of yours. By the conversation occurring in the privacy of your own grounds, at all events I can commit no wrong by repeating its substance. Efforts are to be made to obtain a divorce from some marriage, said to be imperfectly carried out, and another gentleman—"

"Did you hear his name?" demanded Lady Hermia, interruptingly.

There was a pause, as if for reflection, before the answer came, in these words—

"I almost think I did, though I feel delicate about names. I might, as a diamond merchant, so misunderstand these things."

"Yes—the name?"

"Was Sir Charles—I did not hear the surname. He was to have higher rank; and he was prepared not to be too scrupulous as to the lady's feelings, provided only, on any terms, she consented. I beg Lady Hermia a thousand pardons for venturing, in my imperfect manner, to repeat such a conversation, and still more anxiously do I hope to be excused for venturing to think the matter of any interest to you. I have the honour to wish your Ladyship good night."

"Good night, good night!" said Lady Hermia, hurriedly, and as if engrossed with the new theme raised by the diamond merchant's communication. "Seager, show the gentleman out; and, see that every hospitality be shown to him, that he will permit us to offer. Good night, Mr. Merchant!"

"Good night, my lady!"

To be continued.

THE OCEAN WAIF.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

There was a pretty sharp row about that evening's upset, and I believe the captain apologised to Major Horton about it. I don't think the old soldier thought any the less of the captain on account of it, for they kept very good friends; but I never, during the next four days, once saw the ladies on deck alone; while, as for Hicks and his party—well, I have seen a few ill looks pass in my time, but I never did see anything quite to equal some of them as were sent from that party after the gray-bearded old major.

We were a crew of eighteen men—all told—four of 'em being fresh hands, shipped at Sydney; and on the fourth night after the upset, it being our watch, Tom and me leaned over the bulwarks together, talking quite low, for Hicks' party had a table and chairs close by, and were sitting smoking and drinking.

"Jack," says Tom to me all at once, for he was a deep, quiet chap, always thinking, and putting this and that together—"Jack," he says, "there's something up."

"All right," I says; "what is it?"

"Them four chaps as shipped at Sydney."

"Well, what about 'em? They're regular swabs anyhow."

"They're a bad lot," says Tom; and then Hicks' party got up, and came sauntering along towards us.

"I watches my chance," says Tom in the same tone; "and the next time as he come under, down goes the harpoon, and I hit him slap. He pulled hard enough, but I had him; and arter so much salt tack, a bit of fish is first-rate, if it is only bonito."

"Eh?" I says, for I couldn't make him out.

"Keep dark," he says; "they're a-coming back."

"You know," says Tom, going on again, "all you have to do is to look sharp, and aim straight: any fellow could do it; and if the skipper'll let us, we'll— There," says Tom, "they're gone down now, and our watch is up; so let's turn in."

Only that I knew 'oother way, I should have said as Tom had been splicing the mainbrace; and I followed him down, and turned into my hammock close aside his, hardly knowing what to make of him.

"Now, I tell you what," says Tom, beginning again, "there's something up, my lad."

"Well," I says.

"How came them six passengers to be so thick with Rudd, and Johnson, and Brock, and Perkins?"

"How should I know?" I says. "Why, what an old mare's-nest hunter you are, mate."

"I've been reckoning 'em up, Jack, for above a week; and I knows a little more than they think for; and now I just want to get one more knot undone, and then I shall lay it all afore the skipper.—You're asleep, ain't you?"

"No, I ain't," I says, rousing up, for I had been next door to it.

"Well, I tell you what," he says, "they mean that gold—that's what they mean!"

"What, their own?" I says, getting interested; for though I chaffed him, I thought a good deal of what Tom Black said.

"No, no," he says—"the treasure; and I'm blest if I don't think as them three chests o' theirs is all on 'em dummies.—Now, then, what d'yer think o' that, lad?"

I was so took aback for a bit, that I didn't know what to think; so I says: "What makes you think so?"

"What do they want to be such good friends with them four chaps for, when nobody else is there; and not know 'em when somebody's a looking on?"

I didn't say anything.

"What do they want to know so exactly where the ship is, and to get her place marked on the chart for?"

I didn't answer.

"What do they pretend to know nothing about the sea for, and always call every sheet and bit of tackle by the right name, and have their sea-legs as soon as they come aboard?"

I didn't say nothing.

"I tell you what it is, Jack Cross," he says, "it's my belief as there'll be a fight afore long, and p'raps a change o' skippers; and if so, why, the Lord ha' mercy on them two poor gals."

"Tom," I says, growing quite husky, "surely not quite so bad as that."

"Mate," he says, "there's fifty thousand pound worth o' gold in them little boxes, and what some chaps would do for that—"

"What's the matter?" I says in a whisper for he'd stopped short.

He didn't answer, but leaned over and clapped his hand across my mouth, and of course I lay still as could be, listening.

After a minute, he takes his hand away, and says: "There's some devilment up, Jack Cross, and I'm hanged, mate, if I don't think it's on to-night."

He spoke so huskily, too, and seemed so warm, that I could feel my heart go 'thud, thud,' like a pump.

"Why, what's up?" I says.

"Mate," he says, "there's two o' them Sydney chaps in the watch as relieved us; and when I stopped you, I know I heard some one a-stealing up the companion-ladder."

"Phew!" I says very softly. "What shall we do?"

"Let the captain know," says Tom.

"If we can," I says; for something struck me that if it was as he said, we should be stopped.

"Ah! if we can," he says; and we slipped out quietly, and were both ready in a minute.

"Hadn't we better rouse up these chaps?" I said, for there was half-a-dozen down besides us.

"Wait a bit," says Tom: "p'raps it's only a hum after all."

So we stole under the hammocks to the ladder, and as I was first, I crept up, raised my head above the combings, and looked round, but did not see anything particular; so I crawled quietly on to the deck, and waited for Tom. He was aside me in a moment, and we were beginning to feel rather foolish, and to think we had both of us better go down, when, as we knelt close under the shade of the long-boat, we heard a bit of a scuffle aft, and then there was a faint cry, and a heavy plunge in the water, and then another cry, but fainter.

"Hush!" says Tom, grasping my arm; and then several dusky figures ran by us, seemingly bare-footed, for you could hear the "pad, pad" of their feet on the deck, and directly after there was another short scuffly noise—the sound of some one trying to shout with a hand held over his mouth—and then another splash in the water.

"Come on," says Tom; and I followed him, and we crept along by the bulwark, and then darted down the cabin stairs, stopping a moment to listen, and then we heard them closing the hatch we had come up, and there was the sound of rope being piled on it.

We were at the bottom in an instant, when I was seized by the throat, and a voice growled, "Who's this? What's the ship's course altered for?"

"Look out, Mr. Smith," hissed Tom. "mutiny! They'll be here in a moment."

"Damn nonsense," roared the old fellow, pushing by us, and running on deck, and as we banged at the captain's and Major Horton's door we heard a gurgling cry, an oath, and a heavy body fall. Directly after, there was a rush down the stairs; and as Major Horton's cabin door opened, some one struck me a tremendous blow on the head, and I fell, but was conscious enough to see the major, with a light in one hand and a pistol in the other, send one fellow down; to hear the piercing screams from the two poor girls, whom I could not help, and then to hear the sound of shots and oaths, and blows in the captain's cabin, for a few moments, and then all was still—except the shrieks of the poor girls; while directly after more lights were brought, and I saw lying across a chair, with his head and legs upon the floor, the body of the poor old major; and then all seemed to be blank for a bit.

The next thing I recollect was hearing Hick's voice giving orders, and I heard him say: "Over with him," and then there was the sound of a heavy body being dragged along the floor of the next cabin, and then I heard the head go "bump, bump" up the cabin stairs, then scrape along the deck; and then came a heavy plunge in the water.

"That's the poor skipper," I thinks to myself, and just then somebody walked right over me, and into the cabin, and I saw it was Hicks.

"Serve this old beast the same," he says, and Phillips and Johnson takes hold of the poor old gentleman's legs, and drags him along, and as they knocked the chair down, there was a cry from the inner cabin.

"Silence!" roared Hicks, dashing the butt-end of his pistol against the door, and then I felt the body drawn over me, and the warm blood drip on my face, and smear across it, as it was dragged along. Then followed the "bump, bump" of the head up the stairs; and the creeping rustling noise on the deck, and then a splash told me the poor old gentleman was gone.

Now, just then I was in a sort of sleepy, dreamy state—half-witted, I may say. I could see and understand all that passed, and yet did not seem either in pain or afraid. I remember thinking that it would be either my turn or else Tom Black's next, for I supposed he was knocked on the head too, and lying in the captain's cabin; and I remember, too, feeling very sorry for those two girls, and then two fellows caught hold of my legs, dragged me up the cabin stairs, across the deck, and then I felt some one give me a bit of a heave, and felt the shock as I struck the water, and then it was as if new life rushed through me, and as I rose to the surface, I struck out, and directly after felt the ship's side.

I suppose that one of the first things they must have done, and the thing which poor Tom and I heard, was to pitch the man at the wheel overboard; for the ship was rolling in the trough of the sea, very gently, for there was no breeze on; and very fortunate this was for me, as I was able to swim along the side and climb up to the rudder-chains, where I had just strength enough to lash myself with my handkercher, when I turned dead-sick again, and nearly slipped back into the water. But, somehow or another, in a half-stupified way, I managed to cling where I was, getting my legs well twisted round; and there I hung, drenched with the sea, shivering with the cold, but getting brighter and clearer in the head, which I now found was badly cut: but it soon stopped bleeding, and you may well suppose mine were not pleasant thoughts, holding on there under the stern of the ship—cold, and sick at heart, and waiting for the morning.

CHAPTER V.

If any poor wretch ever longed for the coming of daylight, I was that poor fellow, as clung there, feeling so weak and bad at times that I

could have cried like a child, but after a bit I thought of my bacon, and got a bit in my mouth and it did seem such a comfort. Being quite clear in my head now, and only in pain—pretty sharp pain, too, from the cut—I could think of all the events of the night without getting muddled and confused, as I did at first when I tried to, and now it seemed all clear enough, and just as poor Tom thought, for it was a deep-laid plot to get the treasure, and one which had succeeded only too well. And then I began to think about how many had been killed, and I counted up—two of the men in the watch; old Smith, the mate, the skipper; the poor old major, and Tom Black, sir. and then I wondered whether they'd killed the poor girls; but at that same moment I thought about Hicks and Phillips, and a regular shudder, and a sense of going half mad, ran through me, so that for a few moments I felt half blind, as though blood ran to my eyes, and that's how I felt every time I thought of those two scoundrels.

The more I thought of the bloody deed of the past night, the more impossible it seemed; for though we used to hear tell of such things, and the old-salts knew many a pirate yarn, yet it didn't seem to belong to these times, and I almost fancied I was making a fool of myself.

But there was no decent about it—worse luck—and soon I began to count up how many chaps were left, and I reckoned there'd be eight, "and not one of 'em as would turn pirate, I'd swear," I says to myself. And then I wondered what they'd do with them, for they were all caged up safe in the fore-castle. "Why, they'll shove them in one of the quarter-boats with the ladies, and cast them adrift," I says.

Morning at last: first, a faint light; then, a red glow, and then, with a rush, up came the sun, seeming to make every wave a mass of jewels dancing in a flood of red gold, while the sky looked so assuring and sociable, that it seemed impossible that such a bloody deed should have been done in the darkness. Every warm ray served to cheer me up, and give hope of life, till I thought again of what was to become of me. Was I to be shot, or to fall off for the sharks, or be drowned, or what? But another glance at the warm sun and the bright sky cheered me on again; and I thought I'd wait till they sent the rest of the crew off in a boat, and then I'd swim off to them, and risk the sharks.

And now there seemed some moving about, for the rudder was shifted, and the ship made some way; but, directly after, it fell calm, and she swung round, so that I got the full glow of the sun, which began to dry me a bit, and warmed my stiffened and chilled limbs. Then I could hear them dashing water about, and swabbing the decks, as busy as could be.

"That's to get rid of the blood," I says; and soon after I hears a good deal of noise, and talking, and swearing; and then there was a pistol-shot, and directly after a splash in the water; and after a bit I saw a body float along, and knew the face as that of a mate as had been in my watch—a good man and true—and while I was looking sorrowfully at him, there came a sharp rush in the water, and then he was dragged under, and I saw him no more; but at the same moment from above my head I heard a faint scream, and the whispering of voices, and then the closing of a window.

The sound of those voices revived me, so that I roused up, or I believe I should have slipped into the water, I felt that sick and dizzy, and then the sharks would have had another meal. I suppose I was weak from loss of blood, and besides, I had never seen any horrors before; while there had been enough during the last few hours to upset any poor fellow. I must have gone; for I had tied my handkercher round my head, because the cut was painful.

By and by, I heard the boat lowered, and splash in the water; and after a bit, as if they were putting in provision and water, I heard her push off, and made ready for a swim, or else to shout to them. So I leaned out as far as I could and watched till she came in sight; for I dared not let those on deck see me; but when at last I did see her, my heart seemed quite to sink, for

there were only six men in her, and the young ladies were not there; while, after a bit of stoop of the faces, I made out as it was the cook that was left behind.

"Poor gals, poor gals!" I muttered to myself, and I shrunk back in the chains, and sat there thinking, and giving up all hope of going with the boat, for I didn't feel as if I could; and so, without seeing me, the poor chaps rowed away, and at last got to be quite a little speck.

The heat of the day came, and still it was calm; then the evening, and I'd sat there with nothing to keep me up but a bit of tobacco; and now I knew it would soon be sunset, for the sky was getting all glorious again. I had not heard any more of the young ladies, though I faced once the window opened; but from where I was I could not climb up, nor yet see; and so I sat and waited, meaning to try and climb on deck when it was dark, for I felt famished.

Every now and then, I could hear the fellows shouting and singing, and it was evident that there was plenty of grog on the way. This set me thinking again about Hicks and Phillips, and I could feel now as nothing was too bad for the villains; and I tried whether I could not climb up to the window where the ladies were, knowing all the time that I, single-headed, could do nothing. But I soon found out that I could not manage it, and made up my mind to wait till it was dark, when perhaps they could hang on something to help me.

I was sitting waiting for the night, when all of a sudden I heard the window-glass up above me dash out, and the little pieces fell spattering into the water; and then I know, for a few moments, I went mad, and frothed at the mouth. Shriek after shriek, and the noise of struggling; prayers for mercy, help, pity; and all in the most heart-rending tones; the knocking together of furniture and breaking of glass; and still above all those pitiful cries for help, there came the angry voices of men and oaths; once I felt sure, blows; and still the cries continued, and all at once ceased. Then there was the loud banging of a door, and noise and swearing on the deck; and all the while I was holding my head tight against the side of the ship, to keep it from spitting, for it seemed as though my brain must burst my skull.

After a bit, I heard a loud wailing sob, and such a bitter cry as brought the pitying tears coursing down my rough cheeks, and that seemed to do me good, and I tried to make her as I cried hear me. But I could not, and then I listened again and I heard a choking voice say "God! Father, forgive us, for we cannot live!" and then it was quite dark, and I heard in the stillness of the night those two sisters bidding one another good-bye, so sweetly and lovingly, and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, for a horrid chill ran through me, and I knew they were going to jump in. "Stop, Stop!" I cried at last, in a voice that I didn't know for mine.

"Who spoke?" I heard from above me. "Hush?" I whispered, leaning out as far I could—"hush! it is me—John Cross." And then I heard a sound as if some one had fallen on the ground. A few minutes after I heard the voice again.

"Pray—pray, save us! For Heaven's sake, help!"

"Yes, yes!" I said; "but speak low, or we shall be heard.—Miss Mary?"

"Yes," cried the voice eagerly.

"Is there a rope of any kind there?"

There was silence for a minute, and then she said: "No!"

"Are you listening?" I said.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then take the sheets from the cots, and tie them tightly together, and then fasten one end to the table: tightly, mind."

I waited while I could hear her busily toiling, but in a few moments the voice whispered despairingly: "I can never tie them tightly enough."

"Never mind," I said; "only tie them, all you can, and, together, and lower them down."

Soon after, some bright white was lowered from the cabin window, and hung down, swaying

backwards and forwards; and at last, after many tries, I reached it. More and more came down, till there was far more than I wanted, when I made the knots fast, and whispered to her to draw up. "Now," I said, "as soon as it is tight, twist all you have round the table-leg, and hold on."

In a few minutes, I found the sheet-rope would bear my weight, and directly after, I was holding on by the cabin-window, with those two poor girls clinging, crying to me, and begging me to save them.

I felt most mad, as I looked at them by the light of the cabin lantern. Hair torn down; dresses half dragged from their shoulders; while, right across the face of Miss Mary, was a mark as of a blow, while her poor lip was cut and bleeding.

"Oh, pray—pray, save us," she cried, putting her poor hand on mine, as I clung there.

"As I hope God may save me," I said; "or I'll die for you."

And then there was silence for a few moments; and if I had dared, I should have kissed the soft hand that nestled against mine so trustingly, but I thought it would be cowardly, and I did not.

"And now," I whispered, "I'm going on deck."

"Ah! don't leave us," sobbed Miss Madeline.

"It is to try what I can do to get you away," I whispered; and then the poor girl, who seemed half fainting, sank down, kneeling on the floor, and her sister leaned over her, and said to me: "We'll pray for you, Cross."

"Then I shall succeed," I said, for I felt that I should; and so I left them, feeling nerved to have done anything in their defence.

I soon was over the poop, and crawling close under the bulwarks, when I found that the man by the binnacle-light was fast asleep, for the ship made no way at all. I stopped in the darkness for a few minutes, listening, and could hear voices in the fore-cabin; and it was evident there was a good deal of drunkenness and carousing going forward. Half-a-dozen stanch, well-armed fellows could have secured the ship, I felt sure, as I opened my knife that hung by a lanyard to my waist, and then shoving it open in my belt, I crawled to the skylight, and looked down into the passengers' cabin, where I could see Hicks, Phillips, and two more playing cards, while another lay on the bulkhead asleep. It was a good thing I had no pistol in my hand, or I should have had that Hicks's blood upon my head then.

I crept away from the skylight and under the bulwarks again, though it was as dark as pitch, and began making my way towards the other boat as hung from the davits; when all at once, some one had me by the throat, and tried to turn me on my back; but I was too quick, for I had my knife against his ribs in a moment, and hissed out: "You're a dead man if you stir."

That was sharp practice, for we were both on our knees close against the bulwarks, and I could feel his hot breath right in my face, as he must have felt mine. Just then, he gave a bit of a shift, and my knife pricked him, for I meant what I said then; but the prick made him start so that he a bit got the better of me, and had tight hold of my hand which held the knife.

"Now, you murdering, piratical scoundrel," he hissed between his teeth; and I began to feel that if I didn't look sharp I should have the worst of it. "Now give up the knife, you dog, or I'll strangle you, if it's only for poor Jack's sake."

"Hullo!" I says in a whisper, slackening my hold.

"Hullo!" he says in a whisper, slackening his hold.

"What, Tom, Matey!" I says.

"What, Jack, old lad!" he says; and I'm blessed if we didn't hug each other like two great gals.

"Why, I thought they'd knocked you on the head," I says.

"Why, I see them pitch you overboard," he says.

"Yes," I says; "but I got on the rudder-chains."

"Ah!" he says; "and in the tussle I was knocked down; but I got down below after, and got in that empty water-cask. I ain't been out quarter of an hour."

"Who's on deck?" I says.

"Only that chap at the wheel," he says, "for I've been all round."

And then we had a whisper together for five minutes, which ended in our creeping up to where the boat hung.

"There's water in her," says Tom.

"And there's safe to be some biscuit in the locker," I says.

"But," says Tom, "hadn't we better stop in hiding? We shall be starved."

"Tom, mate," I says; and then I whispered to him about what I'd heard and what I'd seen, when he stopped me.

"Hold hard, mate," he says; "just see if the boat-hook and the oars are in. I'm with you."

Everything was in its place; and then cautiously we undid the ropes, and began slowly to lower down the boat, meaning to fasten the lines at last, and slide down. The blocks ran easy enough, but on such a silent night, do what we could, there was some noise; and at last one of the wheels gave such a chirrup, that the noise in the cabin stopped, and we stopped too; and directly after, some one came up the cabin stairs and on deck; and as we cowered close together under the bulwarks, holding on to the ropes, and trembling lest we should let them slip ever so little, Hicks—for I knew his step—walked close by us right forward, and then back on the other side, where he kicked the man by the wheel savagely, and spoke to him once or twice, but there was no answer, and then muttering to himself, he went below again.

"That was close," said Tom, for he had almost brushed against us; and then we each took a long breath, and amidst a good deal of noisy talk, the boat kissed the water, and we lashed our ropes fast.

"Now, if we only had some more frog," said Tom, "I wouldn't care."

"Don't stop, mate," I says; "there's lines in the locker, and p'raps they've something in the cabin."

"All right," says Tom; and he slid over the side, and was in the boat in a moment; but not without rattling one of the oars, and I trembled again for fear he should have been heard. But all was quiet, and the next moment I was beside him; and as we couldn't unhook the boat, I cut the ropes fore and aft, and then Tom slowly worked her along and under the cabin window where those demons were sitting; then past the window of the captain's cabin, round the rudder, and then there was a joyful cry, for I had fast hold of the sheets hanging down.

"Make her fast with the painter, Tom," I said; and up I went, and next minute stood between those two poor creatures, both of them clinging to me in that sad way—it was pitiful.

"Hush!" I said—"not a sound," and then drawing up the sheet, I just looked at the knots, and made it fast round Miss Madeline, for Miss Mary would not go first. Poor girl, she tried all she could to help me; and so, she creeping out herself, I lowered Miss Madeline down into the boat, and the shaken sheet told me all was right.

"God bless you for this," whispered Miss Mary, as I made the sheet-rope fast round her. "Be kind to us, for we are in your hands."

I didn't say anything, but I did kneel down and kiss her hand that time. She was a deal more active than her sister; and in another minute, I had her lowered down into the boat, and Tom cast off the sheet.

"Shy down some blankets," he whispered; and I dragged those out that were in the cots, and threw them down, and the pillows too. On the table was biscuit, cheese, meat, and cake, and these I slipped into a pillow-case, and lowered down. In the lockers, too, were biscuit-tins, and two wicker-covered bottles; and these I lowered down, for I felt safe now, knowing how soon I could slip down, and that the ladies were out of danger; for I knew, if discovered, pursuit would be vain in the dark. So, as fast as I could, I lowered down cases of preserved

meat, and wine, and everything of use that I could find in the lockers, when, giving a glance round, I thought, now I'll go. I thought the sheet-rope might come in, though, as an awning, so I stooped down to untie it, meaning to slip it round the leg after, and slide down with it double, so that I could then loose one end, and draw it after me. It was hard work, though, for the knots had been strained, and I kneeled at last, and tried my teeth; but they were no good; and I pulled my knife out of my belt, cut the knot, drew up enough so as it should give double, and was passing it round the leg, when I heard a noise, started up, and leaped on one side, just as Hicks stood in the door, and fired at me. He had lowered his revolver to cock for another shot, but he had not time, for I was on him in an instant, with my knife driven deep into his throat and chest; and then, as he fell with a wild gurgling cry, I wrenched out the knife, dragged to the door, and was out of the window, just as Tom was climbing up by means of the boat-hook, for he could not reach the sheet.

"Back," I says—"back quickly, and cast off the painter; and while he was getting out of my way, I had time enough to see Hicks give two or three clutches at the carpet, and then lie still. The moment after, I was in the boat, and with one tremendous shove, sent her yards away from the ship, as it were into a thick bank of darkness.

"Lie down," I whispered to the ladies; and Miss Madeline crept to her sister's feet, while Tom and I got out the oars, and as quickly as possible paddled away, not daring to make a sound, for there was a noise on board, and three or four shots were fired at random out of the cabin window. Then we could see them on deck, and some one fired a pistol off again; but the bullet never came near us.

"They're going to try and launch a boat, I expect," said Tom with a chuckle; "and there's the dingy, as 'll hold two comfortable; and as for the long-boat, I don't think they'll get her over the side to-night."

"Pray—pray, row fast," cried Miss Mary. "Can't we help?" and she moved forward as if to get to an oar.

"God bless you, no, miss!" I said in a whisper; "we'll bend to it directly." And then we paddled a little further off, till I thought they couldn't hear the oars in the rowlocks, when we both bent to it, and rowed stroke for stroke for a good hour, and all on right through the thickest darkness I ever saw, and long after the lights in the cabin window of the good ship *Southern Star* had disappeared.

All at once Tom stopped, and threw in his oar.

"What is it?" I says.

"Matey," he says, "I haven't had bit nor sup since tea last night; and I think we shall work better after somethin'."

I hadn't thought of it before; but I knew how weak I felt, and so I pulled in my oar too, and Tom pulled up one of the biscuit-tins, and found the cheese and a bottle.

"Lend me your knife, Jack," he says, and my hand went naturally enough to my belt; but the moment after I shuddered, and told him to break the cheese, pretending I could not get at it.

Just as we pushed off, I could see by the cabin lights that Miss Madeline had crept down at her sister's feet; but on feeling now in the dark, I found they were sitting side by side; so I got one of the blankets over them, and then, after a deal of persuading, managed to get them to take some of the biscuit and cheese, and some wine. Tom and I took a sup each, and put our biscuit and cheese on the seat by us, and made ready for a start again, eating as we went on, and then rowing as true as we could, so as to keep the boat's head the same way; and without any more stoppage, for we knew what trouble those poor gals were in, starting as they were at every splash we laid down to our work, and rowed on, hour after hour, right away into the thick darkness.

"MATCHLESS MISERY!"—Having a cigar, and nothing to light it with.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREMS.

BEASTS.

1. 741 and *O ore!*
2. 1,001 "*Opa! push top.*
3. 101 "*sore horn.*
4. 50 "*hen tape.*
5. 56 "*nor wee.*
6. 302 "*Ha! H. N.*

BIRDS.

1. 1,051 and *go fan.*
2. 100 "*O aunt.*
3. 1,001 "*Pat rang.*
4. 600 "*rook weep.*
5. 601 "*A. ran.*
6. 1,100 "*roar not.*

ENIGMA.

Brave Nelson's successor in naval command,
The first in the rank of those heroes must stand,
Who are now to pass under review. Then bring forth
That once highly revered god of the North,
Who flourished in Denmark some centuries since,
As a warrior, a poet, a priest, and a prince.
Then turn your attention to Marathon's field,
And think on that chieftain whose sword and whose
shield
Proved the bulwark of Greece, which the proud Per-
sian foe.
Led on by oppression, had sought to lay low.
Mantines and Leuctra shall also maintain
The rights of their champions, though ranked with
the slain;
While Athena holds forth an illustrious son,
Who at Salamis fought, and the victory won.
To these you must add an Assyrian queen;
Their initials point out, and 'twill quickly be seen
That the blue of Heaven still claims your regard.
Now ponder—success will your labours reward.

CHARADES.

1. My first will drive my second well, I ween,
Tho' it by mortal eye was never seen;
My whole at morn, at noon, or by the moonlight
pale
Is seen on many a lovely hill or dale.
2. My first is found in every ship
That sails upon the sea;
The volunteers stood in my next,
When halted on the sea,
My whole's a bird to most known well,
What is it now? I pray you tell!
3. On my first, in sunny eastern lands,
The pariah takes his rest;
My second is a useful grain,
And cometh from the west;
My third is what most men do want,
And sometimes one hath stole;
Most often, when on folly bent,
He contemplates my whole.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete I am in the Church; beheaded I
am in the sea; transposed I am far from the
truth.
2. Complete I am a fish; beheaded I become
a small stream; again behead me and I am un-
well.
3. Complete I am used by barbers; beheaded
I am a snare; curtailed and transposed I am
an animal.

ARITHMOREMS.

BRITISH WORTHIES.

1. 1,808 and *an hen, Joe.*
2. 1,212 "*won at A.*
3. 2,001 "*sore as Thor.*
4. 1,706 "*see o'er A.*
5. 1,051 "*one fee A.*
6. 650 "*Joan the Gy.*
7. 1,102 "*keep Sarah's W.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 59.

Puzzle.—Who give in a trice give twice.

Rebus.—Intemperate—temperate—temper.

Charades.—1. Look before you leap. 2. Plea-
sure. 3. Sol-ace.

Anagrams.—1. Craig Street. 2. Sanguiaet
Street. 3. Saint Paul Street. 4. Lemoine
Street.

Arithmorems.—1. Geoffrey Chaucer. 2. Percy
Bysshe Shelley. 3. Oliver Goldsmith. 4. Wil-
liam Cowper. 5. Joseph Addison.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

AN immense deposit of sulphur has been
discovered in the Island of Saba, in the West
Indies.

AN Austrian chemist has invented an electric
bullet which explodes on entering a body with
the effect of lightning.

A RIFLE, the invention of a Mr. Thomas
Wilson, of Birmingham, on the breech-loading
principle, is said to be a great improvement on
the Prussian.

A FIRM of Scotch warehousemen in London
have in their employ a knitter who has dis-
covered the art of knitting two stockings at one
time on the same pins. When finished, the
stockings are drawn away from each other.

THE Scotsman states that a gentleman residing
in the neighbourhood of the river Esk has, after
repeated observation and experiment, discovered
that the solid refuse of shale used in the manu-
facture of paraffine oil is a perfect purifier of the
filthiest water.

THE LIDNER GUN.—This gun, which has just
been tried in the presence of the Emperor of
Austria and a special commission, has given the
following results:—In the space of five minutes
a single gun fired forty shots, which all per-
forated an oak plank an inch and a-half thick
at a distance of two hundred paces. An im-
provement on the Prussian musket has there-
fore been obtained; for the latter, at two or three
hundred yards, only inflicted wounds which were
cured in three weeks.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE RIGHT BAND FOR A WEDDING PARTY.—A
hus-band.

A PASSING THOUGHT.—The great difference
between the young and the old is this—the
young have the world before them, whilst the
old are behind the world.

A GOOD IDEA.—"I wish I could prevail on
neighbour Rinder to keep the Sabbath," said
good old Mr. Jones. "I tell you how to do it,"
exclaimed young Smith—"get somebody to lend
it him, and I'll be bound that he'll keep it. He
was never yet known to return anything that
he borrowed."

A NOTICE TO A CORRESPONDENT.—The *San
Francisco News Letter* is very severe on a poeti-
cal correspondent. It says:—"the best line in
your poem is—

'Ri tol iddy diddy dol, whack fol de riddy dode ray.'
But we have grave reasons for believing it is
not original. We have seen something very
like it before."

"MARRIAGE," said an unfortunate husband,
"is the graveyard of love." "Yes," replied his
wife, "and you men are the grave-diggers."

A TALL, thin, *square-built* gentleman was seen
walking down the street a few days ago, when
all of a sudden he was observed to *turn round*.

WANTED, the receipt which is given when a
gentleman "pays his respects."

A BRAVE MAN.—One who isn't afraid to wear
old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

WHY are the English people like the act of
reasoning? Because they are a *racy-hossy-
nation* (ratiocination).

A GENTLEMAN was always complaining to his
father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last,
papa-in-law becoming weary of these endless
grumbings, and being a bit of a wag, replied:
"Well, my dear fellow, if I hear of her torment-
ing you any more, I shall disinherit her."

SWINGING A CAT.—A friend once visiting an
unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his
kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of
the apartment. "Why, you have not room to
swing a cat?" "My friend," was the serene,
unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a
cat!"

WHAT is the difference between an auction
and sea-sickness? One is a sale of effects, the
other the effects of a sail.

WHAT two fish will make the best apple pie?
Cod-ling.

WHY should young ladies make good rifle
volunteers? Because they are accustomed to
bare arms.

SUGAR.—The man who, on account of the
high price of sugar, attempted to sweeten his
coffee with his wife's smiles, has concluded to
fall back on the "granulated juice of the cane."

SOME mischievous wags, one night, pulled
down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's
door; in the morning it read, "All sorts of
turning and twisting done here."

AN excellent bull is attributed to an Irish cor-
oner, who, remarking on the recent excessive
mortality in his county, said he could not ac-
count for it, but it was a fact that great numbers
of persons had died this year who had not died
last.

AN editor of a Yankee paper writes to his
subscribers:—"We hope our friends will over-
look our irregularities for the past few weeks.
We are now permanently located in the county
gaol, with sufficient force to insure the regular
issue of our paper in future."

A PARTY of friends were dining not long ago
at a certain limited hotel, in a fashionable quar-
ter, to which they had been attracted by the
high reputation of the cook. The bill was so
enormous in proportion to what they had had—
it was so outrageously and humorously extra-
vagant—that they summoned the manager, and
ventured on a gentle remonstrance. The honest
fellow did not defend himself or his prices at all;
he merely said, with rather a piteous shrug,
"Gentlemen, you have no idea how difficult it
is to return ten per cent. to the shareholders."

IN ancient days, says a contemporary, the
people of Grimsby formed an admirable notion
of the wisdom required for corporation honours.
The burgesses assembled at the church, and
selected three of themselves as candidates for the
mayoralty. The candidates were conducted, with
a bunch of hay tied to each of their backs, to the
common pound, in which they were placed blind-
folded with a calf; and he whose bunch of hay
was the first eaten by the calf was thereupon
declared mayor for the ensuing year.

UNCOMMON IMPUDENCE.—The passengers in a
first-class English railway carriage, on arriving
at the terminus, were addressed by the guard with
the customary request, "Gentlemen, show your
tickets." Among them was one man rather
showily attired. He produced a ticket of leave.

A SOLDIER'S CON.—The late Field-Marshal
Lord Cornubere, known in the Peninsular
War as Sir Staplyton Cotton, was in command
of the troops employed in the reduction of Bhurt-
pore in 1826. A general officer, who served
under this distinguished soldier during the
operations, put the following riddle to his
brother officers at mess the night before that
famous fortress was stormed:—"Why is the
Commander-in-Chief certain to carry Bhurt-
pore? Because *Cotton* can never be *worsted*."

ONE AT A TIME.—Dr. Thompson took occasion
to exhort his man David, who was a namesake
of his own, to abstain from excessive drinking,
otherwise he would bring his grey hair prema-
turely to the grave. "Take my advice, David,"
said the minister, "and never take more than
one glass at a time." "Neither I do, sir," says
David—"neither I do; but I care unco little
how short the time be atween the twa."

A young lady reprimanded her shoemaker for
not following her directions respecting a pair of
shoes she had ordered, and, among others, insisted
that they were not fellows. Crispin replied that
he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her,
well knowing the modesty of her disposition, and
that she was not fond of fellows.

THE Culpespepper *Observer* (American) has the
following:—"Wanted at this office, an editor
who can please every one. Also a foreman who
can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's
advertisement to head the column."