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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 51.

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FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

PASSING EVENTS IN EUROPE.	LOSSES AT SEA.
THE DRAMA.	HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.
THE MAGAZINES.	ALMOST A FAIRY TALE.
LITERARY GOSSIP.	PASTIMES.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.	CHESS.
HAZELEY MILL.	TO CORRESPONDENTS.
A CELESTIAL SURPRISE.	MISCELLANEA.
CRITICAL BLUNDERS.	SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
HOME.	WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.
RIZPAH. (Poetry.)	

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"BROUGHT TO LIGHT."

PASSING EVENTS IN EUROPE.

THEY are "making history" in Europe, just now; and future generations will regard the incidents of the present day there with the same interest with which we study the acts of the men who have done so much to give shape and tone to modern society, and whose influence is still felt throughout the world. It is true that the full results of recent events will only be partly developed for a time; but that the European continent is about to undergo a great and important change cannot admit of doubt. The question is, if the alterations consequent on the defeat of Austria by Prussia will be effected without a more extensive, and even more bloody struggle than has yet taken place. The real intentions of the Prussian government are in a great measure undisclosed, though no mystery is attempted on some points, such as, that Austria must cease to be a German power, and that Prussia is to be the head of the Teutonic race. This resolve, if fully carried out, will probably lead to a further dismemberment of the Hapsburg dominions; for the seven millions of Germans who constitute a portion of the empire will undoubtedly, in the end, elect to be German at the expense of ceasing to be Austrians. Although Germany has been the scene of continued internecine wars for the last thousand years, yet the whole people are intensely national, and neither wars of dynasties among themselves, nor wars of religion, could extinguish the feelings of brotherhood that is cherished by the Teutonic family for all its members, as children of one common Fatherland. Indeed, a united Fatherland has been the aspiration of German patriotism since the days of Arminius, and was never stronger than it is at this moment. The German opponents of Frederick the Great rejoiced as heartily at the victories gained by him over their allies the Russians and French as his own subjects did; and Rosbach is always considered a national quite as much as a mere Prussian triumph. It was a struggle, in their estimation, of the Teuton and the Frank, in which the Frank was ignominiously defeated. We cannot believe, then, that the Austrian branch of the race will long be kept apart from their kindred; and this will, by and bye, add another difficulty to the existing complications. Much, however, will depend on the course Prussia is really determined to pursue, and which we suspect will not be fully known for some time, for she has an intricate game to play. If she could accomplish a real union of Germany, we think public opinion in Europe would go strongly with her, notwithstanding the odious features which marked the initiation of the recent war, and the spoliation of Denmark, which led to it. But she has to contend against the religious prepossessions of the states south of the Main,

against the supporters of the old confederation, and the claims of existing dynasties, besides the Austrian difficulty. The speech lately delivered by the king to the Diet throws little light on these points, which was evidently his object. Again, Russia is exhibiting symptoms of alarm at the progress so suddenly made by Prussia, and the position she will hold, when at the head of Germany. And Russia has, in fact, cause of apprehension. It is most likely, in the first place, that the union of Germany would, sooner or later, lead to the liberation of Poland, which the Germans would desire to establish as a barrier between themselves and the colossal power of Russia. In the second place, the policy of the Czars, from Peter the Great downwards, has been to make the Baltic a Russian lake, and the seacoast obtained by Prussia will frustrate that scheme; for she, too, is ambitious to become one of the maritime powers. In the third place, when driven out of Germany, Austria will look for acquisitions of territory in the direction of the Turkish principalities, a project in which she would have the sympathy and support of the other great powers, both with the view of keeping these countries out of the hands of Russia, and to strengthen Austria, as it is not supposed to be desirable that she should sink from her position as a nation of the foremost class. These facts will insure the hostility of Russia to the aggrandisement of Prussia, and her enmity is not to be despised, notwithstanding that she does not hold the same place in European affairs that she did prior to the Crimean war. It is true, that the prophecy of the first Napoleon at St. Helena, that Europe in fifty years would be either Cossack or Republican, has not been fulfilled; yet if a Russian general of great military talents were to arise, who would proceed on Napoleon's own plan of making the war feed itself, he might, for a period at least, bow the southern nations to his yoke, with the immense hordes at his disposal, who would follow him to the rich pastures of Germany, and the countries bordering the Rhine, as to a feast. That, however, is, at most, a bare possibility or a remote contingency, and should not be considered in speculating on existing facts and the consequences that are likely to flow from them. Sufficient for the day is the good or evil thereof.

The claims of Italy on Austria, if pushed to extremities, would cast additional impediments in the way of a lasting peace, if such a thing can ever exist in this unruly world, in advance of the millennium. Italy is entitled to the Southern Tyrol, both because these Tyrolese are Italians, and because the possession of their mountain passes is necessary to the security of Italy. But Victor Emmanuel and his advisers have included Illyria and Trieste in the schedule of their demands; and it were less a loss to Austria to sustain several more defeats, and even the capture of Vienna, than to surrender her only direct communication with the ocean. Hungary would be especially averse to such a concession.

But the supposed pretensions of Napoleon are, of all, the most dangerous to the pacification of Europe, if there be truth in the last accounts that have reached us. If his demand to extend the French frontier to the Rhine be in accordance with a secret agreement between himself and Prussia, the matter might be peaceably settled, in the meanwhile, at all events. But if he is determined to use force, we cannot believe that Prussia, flushed with her recent triumphs, will submit to what he asks. To do so would be contrary to the national policy which she professes to guide her, and would render her highly unpopular with those who are her chief supporters, the German Unitarians. Judging,

then, from the motives which usually direct governments and nations, we may infer that the interference of France in the German quarrel would induce Austria to renew the war, in the hope of retrieving her losses, and regaining her *prestige*; that the dispossessed German princes would attempt to recover their dominions; that Italy would continue to hold to her engagements with Prussia; that Denmark would perhaps endeavour to get back the Duchies; and that Russia would gladly take part in the contest, for the reasons we have already mentioned. Will Napoleon consent to such a state of things, with all the risks contingent upon it? We do not conceive he will, though his past adventures in Mexico, Italy, and elsewhere, render speculations as to what he will, or will not do, nearly as idle as guessing from which quarter the wind will blow at any hour for the next six months. All that can be asserted with anything approaching certainty is, that the war is now at an end, should he keep his fingers out of the pie.

The Queen has prorogued the British Parliament in a speech containing sentiments of peace, and good will towards the United States. How the American Government and people, will respond to these kindly words, is yet to be seen. In a similar spirit, we trust. The Reform agitation seems not quite so intense as it was; yet we expect that it is not dead but sleepeth. The condition of the navy is, the while, stirring up the English mind to its utmost depths. It has been found that while the Admiralty has been busy making experiments in plating and gunnery, needful and useful unquestionably, other countries have been building iron-clad vessels so fast, that the United States and France are far ahead of England in that respect. The excuse given for this is, that the improvements and discoveries being daily made in the means of offense and defense have withheld the Government from constructing new ships, at an enormous expense, which in a few years would turn out to be obsolete and useless. The arguments advanced by the contending parties in this discussion remind one of the popular anecdote of Dean Swift and his servant. The servant, on a journey, neglected to clean his master's boots, on the plea that as the road was bad, they would soon be dirty again. The Dean answered this logic by depriving the servant of his breakfast, inasmuch as he would soon be hungry again. If the British Admiralty refrain from building an iron-clad navy until science and ingenuity have ceased to invent new methods of slaughter, and for the prevention of slaughter, they may as well convert their docks into duck ponds and their arsenals into Quaker meeting-houses.

The intelligence from other parts of Europe is not of special interest.

THE DRAMA.

NEW actors are as popular in Montreal as Mr. Barton Hill, and none more deservedly so; for besides his natural advantages, splendid figure, grace of action and expressive countenance, there appears in all his performances, evidence of determination to make what actors call "a part" of each character. He has the artistic faculty, that comparatively few strive to attain, but without which, no mere player can ever become a real actor, of sinking his own identity in that of the person he represents, and being for the time what he seems to be, if not so entirely as the greatest artists on the stage, at present, still, enough so, as to give promise of rare future excellence.

"The Dead Heart" is one of the many plays, whose period of action is placed previous to, and during the French revolution. In the prologue, we witness the indications of that coming storm which entirely changed the then existing state of things in Europe—and instilled into the minds of people ideas, the effects of whose growth and elaboration our own times have not yet ceased to witness. Mr. Barton Hill as Robert Landry, the young artist, played in the prologue with much grace and feeling, especially in the last scene with his betrothed, Catherine Duval, ere he was consigned to the Bastille. Upon being released therefrom after its capture by the populace, the manner in which Landry gradually seemed to awaken to the memory of his former life, lost by seventeen dreary years of captivity, and to his one idea of revenge upon those who had so cruelly wronged him, was very natural. The duel to the death with the Abbé Latour, the cause of his blighted hopes, and of the stern change in his nature, was very thrilling, so evident was the determination to kill his foe, though even then the young artist's noble generosity was made evident in the provision for his enemy's escape, should he himself fall. The return of his natural feelings, upon his discovery that Catherine, in marrying another, had really believed him to be dead, and that her husband had been almost as guiltless as herself, with his heroic self-sacrifice to save from the guillotine, the son whom he had been instrumental in consigning there, in his idea of vengeance, were portrayed in the feeling, dignified style necessary to carry out the idea of the character. The last scene, showing Landry, standing upon the steps of the guillotine, waving farewell to Catherine and her son, with the grouping of the various characters upon the stage, was a good picture of what may have been a very familiar sight to the public of Paris, at that date. Mr. Carden's Abbé Latour was the best impersonation we have had from this gentleman yet; there was a delightful coolness about the calculating, audacious polished scoundrel he represented, that would have been very refreshing had the weather been as sultry, as it generally is in August. Miss Lizzie Maddern played Catherine Duval very touchingly, and Miss Emma Maddern won great applause by the jaunty style of Cerisette, and her singing of an English version of the Marseillaise Hymn. Cerisette did not seem to grow very much older, in the seventeen years interval between the prologue and the first act, but we were not sorry for that. Mr. Vining Bowers distinguished himself as Toupet, the barber. His drunken valour at the capture of the Bastille, and his annoyance in the prison of the Conciergerie, when the prisoners would sing forbidden songs, together with his occasional assumption of dignified airs, and his almost immediate subsidence into himself again, were very humorously depicted, while his make up and manner were in comical accordance with the part.

In "Dot," the dramatic version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," that most of us have read and been affected by, the spirit of Dickens seemed to have entered and animated the whole company. Caleb Plummer, the poor old toy-maker, ground down by a hard master; so noble hearted, anxiously cheerful, and yet so miserable in the belief of his son's death at sea, and the knowledge that he is, in kindness, deceiving his blind daughter Bertha, whom he has kept ignorant of his poverty, was very touchingly represented by Mr. Hill, who alternately affected his audience to mirth or sorrow, and completely identified himself with the part; his make up being excellent, and his assumption of the old man's peculiarities complete. Mr. Carden, as John Peerybingle, assumed almost too much the peculiar accent of the stout Yorkshireman, but was good in the pathetic scenes, and as boisterously jolly, during the supper and dancing scenes, as could be desired. Mrs. Hill was capital as Mrs. Fielding, her speech at the supper in Caleb's cottage, was a finished little bit of acting, and she made the most of "that unfortunate crisis in the Indigo trade." Miss Emma Maddern, as Dot, was, in the words of Dickens, "as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping

house" and she sang "Auld Robin Gray" very pathetically. Miss Lizzie Maddern and Miss Reignolds, as Bertha Plummer and May Fielding, exerted themselves successfully. Mr. Giles was better than usual as Edward, Caleb's son, "come home from the South Americas," while Mr. Halford, as Tackleton, evinced proof of his ability to impersonate character, and of his possession of dry humour that was very agreeable to the audience. His dancing, in the cushion dance, was quite a feature of the performance. Miss Vining Bowers, was excessively amusing, as that most eccentric of nursemaids "Tilly Slowboy;" the manner in which the baby was handled, might have been envied by a more practiced hand. The Cricket itself, could not have found a more pleasing representative than Miss Browning, a lady new to Montreal.

"Lost in London" is the story of a touching, and we hope uncommon, episode in mining life: the serious vein predominates, but the comic is well represented in the characters of Benjamin Blinks (well played by Mr. Bowers,) a London tiger, up to snuff, a student of "Bell's Life," and proud of an uncle in the "P. R.,"—and Tilly Draggleshorpe, a merry Lancashire lass. Job Armoyd, the miner, was played very artistically by Mr. Hill, who represented the noble qualities of the man robbed by a rich scoundrel of his simple wife, and who takes her home—to die as he is about to revenge himself upon her betrayer, in a manner that drew tears from more than one of the audience. His several costumes were very good; the contrast in Job's appearance before and after the disgrace that had befallen him, the cheerful countenance, altered by care and grief, was very real. Miss Emma Maddern, as the hapless Nelly, acted with a child-like, touching simplicity, that left no one to wonder how it was she touched the hearts both of her husband Job, and her betrayer, Gilbert Featherstone. Mr. Allan Halford was very successful in his impersonation of the wild young rake, the cause of so much misery.

The subject of "Lost in London" is rather a dangerous one for dramatists of the present age to handle, but the most puritanical of mortals, when it is so well managed as in this instance, could hardly object to a play, that shows so well, the terrible punishment, following indulgence in guilt and yielding to temptation.

JOHN QUILL.

THE MAGAZINES.

LONDON SOCIETY.—The light and sparkling articles which form the staple of this popular Magazine are admirably fitted for summer reading in the country, when reclining in the shade of some pleasant grove, or strolling on the banks of the Lower St. Lawrence, drinking in new vigour with the pure sea air. The contents of the August number are unusually varied, and among the illustrations we notice an exquisite head and bust from a drawing by Gustavus Doré. An article on "Mansion House Hospitalities" reveals some interesting facts as to the penalty a Lord Mayor of London has to pay for the enjoyment of his coveted dignity. The banquet given by the present Mayor, on the 9th November last, cost no less a sum than eight thousand one hundred dollars, and the whole expenses of the day, including the charges for the procession, amounted to over fifteen thousand dollars. In addition to this, the Lord Mayor is expected, as a matter of duty, to entertain at dinner during his year of office four thousand persons. Amongst those invited to special banquets "may be mentioned her Majesty's ministers, the bench of bishops, the judges, the judges, the aldermen and sheriffs, and the members of the common council, &c. In addition to these, about one thousand persons are entertained at lunch, at dinner, and at evening parties." The writer, by way of contrast, gives the bill of fare and cost of a civic banquet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the present Lord Mayor will probably be surprised, should he look over the article, to find that eight dollars more than defrayed the cost of the provisions provided by his predecessor for the banquet referred

to. Making every allowance for the greater value of money in those days the difference between "now and then" is prodigious. We have not space to notice the other articles, and will only add, that we consider the number an unusually good one.

GOOD WORDS.—The August number of this Magazine is also to hand. Mrs. Oliphant's story, Madonna May is increasing in interest, and we are now able to appreciate the skill with which the plot is being worked out. The editor contributes a thoughtful paper on the best method of relieving the deserving poor. "Light in the Desert" is an interesting sketch. "Ruth Thornbury" is continued. The remaining articles are: "Curious Forms of Fruits," "Johanna Chandler," "More about Shetland and the Shetlanders," and "Holiness unto the Lord," by Dr. C. J. Vaughan. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," contributes a short poem.

We are indebted to Messrs. Dawson Bros. for copies of the above Magazines.

We have been requested to call the attention of our out of town readers to the fact that the Third Provincial Sabbath School Convention will meet in Montreal, on the first Tuesday in September. Delegates and visitors should give notice of their intended presence at the Convention to Mr. F. E. Grafton, Bookseller, Montreal, in order that arrangements may be made for their comfort during the Convention. P prize of twenty dollars will be given to the writer of the best essay on "The Sabbath School Teacher, his place and power." The essay not to exceed the size of an ordinary eight page tract, and to become the property of the Association.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS. By W. C. Moens. New York: Harper Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.
INSIDE: A CHRONICLE OF SUCCESSIA. By George F. Harrington. New York: Harper Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.
HARPER'S HAND BOOK for Travellers in Europe and the East. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The author of "Felix Holt" was paid £4000 for her novel. Miss Evans, by the way, is in Germany, whither she has gone to escape the temptation of reading and the annoyance of listening to criticisms on her new work.

The profits of Lord Derby's version of the *Iliad*, amount to £1350, and have been invested as a prize for the pupils of the Wellington College.

Messrs. Longmans have entered into an engagement with Mr. Maguire, M.P., to publish a work he proposes writing on the Irish in America.

An illustrated Shakespeare is appearing in Paris, from the house of HACHETTE, all the illustrations being by English artists. Of M. Guizot's well-known edition of the great dramatist, in eight volumes, no less than six issues have been published.

"A History of Signboards from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," it is understood that the literature of all ages and countries has been ransacked for explanation. Some three thousand signs are treated of, and one hundred curious pictures of ancient or remarkable sign-boards are given.

Prior to the publication of Victor Hugo's last work, a great number of presentation copies to friends, authors, journalists, librarians, and others, were prepared at M. Lacroix & Co.'s house in Brussels, and a visitor who happened to call at the time describes these copies as all having small pieces of paper basted on the first page, on which was written: "To my friend— Victor Hugo." It is said that the distinguished novelist "presents" more copies of his works to literary men and to the press than any other author in Europe. As some token of the success of his last novel, we have it upon good authority that his publishers have already paid him £15,000 upon account.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- In Press, and nearly ready! The Two Wives of the King, translated from the French of Paul Féval. Paper, 50c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- A New Novel by Miss Braddon will be published shortly! What is My Wife's Secret? By Miss M. E. Braddon. R. Worthington, publisher, Montreal.
- Vol. II. of Napoleon's Life of Julius Cesar. Fine Library edition, in cloth \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Cloth. Price \$4.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mistress and Maid. A Household Story. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons. A Novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Agnes. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Maxwell Drewitt. A Novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "George Geith," "Phemie Keller," &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Miss Carow. A Novel by Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Phemie Keller. A Novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Lost Tales of Milletus. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Cloth. Price 90c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Armada. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. A new supply, just received. Price \$1.12½. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., &c. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, LL.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Gilbert Ruge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Toilers of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- Beyminstro: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clara. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York; Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new Novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a Novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c.
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Intermittents. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.I.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 26 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,
Wholesale and Retail Album Depot,
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

HAZELEY MILL.

CHAPTER I.

A BUSY place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whirr steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labours.

And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and waggons from the neighbouring villages, or broadfaced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in the prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea, with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of labourers' cottages, half-a-mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still further from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very door-step, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a footsore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or—and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered, greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards, were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail, and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family, whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their protégée as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of staunch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the country; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly, when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal kisses from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown grey in their own service, or that her father's eye, here lay the greatest difficulty of all—

Abel Weston had his hobbies as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he staunchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes rehearsed at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, and so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favoured few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions; and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent, but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must be permitted to link himself with their family, and, perhaps, infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and-by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbour seized the first opportunity of condoling with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket, and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie, on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.

"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me? Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they do despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!"

and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But, with the sound of that name, Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree, she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool, or I should have seen this long ago, and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh! no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first, Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labours.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay crossly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town, and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the missus shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something towards the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old lady, tremulously. "I shall miss ye, sadly. I wish——"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart, the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house, bidding mute farewell to the cosy chambers her willing hands would arrange no more. On the morrow, when the waggon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned, another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness?

The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realise that she was going away, and for ever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"Thee needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in

the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston ere she departed, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up-stairs, an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children abed, and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at D—, a market-town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go, and seek a service in some secluded farm-house, where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavours to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read, to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathising tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unflinching trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in sombrely, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future, which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones, now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened rencontre.

The next moment, three men, in the rough garb of the working-class, came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow, which they vainly sought to avoid, was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener, when she started up, with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her, she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old, but neatly-patched, jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste, and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards more, and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was

unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fire-side in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber-windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch, as it had sometimes been for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But suddenly a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

CHAPTER II.

Pale as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three labourers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighbourly pipe, when Katie appeared.

"To the mill to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I cannot open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Aye, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living-room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defence of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavouring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old maister and missus, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! Oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road towards Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?" Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the

light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given, the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came towards her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean *this* when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbours, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; and unconscious that when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavourably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but the absence of any evidence,—no one but Katie having encountered them,—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller: and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire, had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him upstairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public-house on the

roadside, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awaking from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head, *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists, only gave a deeper colouring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely, "when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believed me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him."

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there's no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here; I'm like Ishmael; every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage, and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people——" her voice died away in a sob.

"But I do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and fitted to a distant county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this, Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages; and Katie,

restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was always followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now laboured assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's minds, as a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flowergarden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr.—, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night, and receive some final directions.

So, gathering the wild roses and honeysuckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but flinging-to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr.—, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county gaol.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston?—he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you before this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the country town to witness the execution of these stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply: "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear, as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

A CELESTIAL SURPRISE.

A FEW weeks ago, astronomers were taken by surprise by the bursting forth of a bright star in a part of the heavens where no star of such lustre had been known to exist before. It is not often that surprises occur to astronomers; they generally know to a dead certainty what celestial events are going to happen long before the time of their occurrence. Even when the discovery of a new planet is announced, it creates no wonder; for these philosophers know well that the "discovery" is only the putting up of a tiny wanderer about our system, whose faintness and insignificance kept it in obscurity till some powerful instrument detected its motion among the heap of stars by which it was surrounded: and they know well that in all probability there are dozens more yet to be found, when diligent perseverance and still more powerful instruments are employed in the search. Neither does amazement come upon the astronomer when a strange comet visits his familiar skies: he knows that there are, to use Kepler's expression, "as many comets in the heavens as there are fishes in the sea," and he is too well acquainted with the erratic nature of these bodies to be surprised at any vagaries they may commit. But the apparition of a new fixed star is a far different phenomenon, and one which the most callous observer, astronomer or not, can scarcely regard with indifference. For the fixed stars, there can be no doubt, are stupendous suns, equalling, and in many cases doubtless surpassing, our luminary in magnitude and brilliancy: and although we cannot certainly tell, still there is at least reason for conjecturing that they may be surrounded by systems of planetary worlds like our own, and of which they are the life and light. The creation of a new star is, then, nothing less than the creation of a new sun, and surely such an event is in the highest degree important, regard it from whatever point of view we please.

The sudden apparition of a bright star is not a phenomenon without precedent, although of such comparatively rare occurrence that the annals of the past two thousand years do not furnish more than about twenty instances, or an average of about one a century. For the greater part of these we have no other authority than that

afforded by Chinese records; and in some cases doubts have been expressed as to whether the so-called "stars" were not in reality comets without tails. The most remarkable, and at the same time the best authenticated, instances of the appearance of temporary stars are those of the years 1572 and 1604, with each of which a great name is associated. The first was discovered by the famous Tycho Brahe. Returning one evening from his chemical laboratory, in the monastery of Herritzwad, and raising his eyes as usual to the well-known vault of heaven, he tells us, "I observed, with indescribable astonishment, near the zenith, in Cassiopeia, a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never before seen. In my amazement, I doubted the evidence of my senses. However, to convince myself that it was no illusion, and to have the testimony of others, I summoned my assistants from the laboratory, and inquired of them, and of all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had thus so suddenly burst forth. I subsequently heard that, in Germany, waggoners and other common people first called the attention of astronomers to this great phenomenon in the heavens—a circumstance, which, as in the case of non-predicted comets, furnished fresh occasion for the usual railery at the expense of the learned." He then goes on to describe minutely the appearance of the visitor, and the changes it underwent during the seventeen months it remained in view. It gradually rose to a brilliancy only comparable to that of the planet Venus when nearest the earth; so that it was visible to keen eyes at noon-day, and even at night, when the sky was overcast, could occasionally be seen through the clouds. The telescope was not then invented, so that after it faded below the sixth magnitude—the lowest that can be seen with the naked eye—we have no information concerning it. It is, however, tolerably certain that, even with large telescopes, no trace whatever is now discernable of any star in the spot of the heavens which it occupied. The second of these famous new stars appeared during the life of the immortal Kepler: it was not, however, discovered by him, but by his pupil, Bronowski. In brilliancy it fell short of that of 1572; not equalling Venus in lustre, although surpassing all stars of the first magnitude, and even the planets Jupiter and Saturn: but it was remarkable for the extent of its twinkling or scintillation, which excited the astonishment of all who saw it. It remained visible for about the same time as that of 1572; having been first seen in October, 1604, and disappearing about March, 1606. Sixty-four years after this, another star appeared, and was detected by the Carthusian monk, Anthelme; after several disappearances and reappearances, occurring during an interval of nearly two years, it finally vanished, and has never since been seen. With the exception of a new star, discovered in 1848, by Mr. Hind, and which attracted attention rather by its peculiar crimson colour than by its magnitude—for it was comparatively small—the past two centuries afford no instance of the recurrence of an apparition of a bright new star, although the epoch includes all the brilliant discoveries of observational astronomy that followed the birth of the telescope, and a continued and unbroken watch, precluding the idea that such a phenomenon could escape attention, may be said to have been kept over every part of the heavens. Astronomers of the present day were beginning to think they had been unfairly treated in not having the opportunity afforded them of witnessing such an event as had been manifested to their ancient predecessors, Tycho Brahe and Kepler; and it was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that they regarded the sudden apparition of the body that has called forth the present article.

The simple record of the phenomenon can be told in a few words. Somewhere about the 12th of May last a bright star suddenly appeared in the constellation *Corona Borealis*, or the Northern Crown. When it first attracted attention, it shone out with a brilliancy of a star of the second magnitude; but it did not long retain this lustre, for it so rapidly diminished in brightness that, in little more than a week, it faded below the limit at which stars are visible to the

naked eye. In this rapid declension of magnitude this star is very remarkable; no similar instance is afforded by any of the stars that have appeared during the past two thousand years, most of these having remained in view several months; the shortest-lived of them, of which we have record, continuing visible for three weeks.

To whom are we to award the palm of first detecting this celestial stranger it is somewhat difficult to say at present. It was almost simultaneously observed in England, on the continent, and in America. It seems, however, probable that, so far as our present information enables us to judge, it was first observed by Mr. Birmingham, of Tuam, in Ireland, on the evening of the 12th of May. This gentleman, adopting the readiest means of calling the attention of astronomers and the public to the phenomenon, forwarded an announcement thereof to the *Times*, but his letter was never inserted. This is a circumstance much to be regretted; for while the publication of the letter would have established Mr. Birmingham's priority of observation, it would have secured ready intimation of the apparition to those to whom, in the interest of science, such early notice would have been of the utmost, we may say, of inestimable value.* The circulation of intelligence of the discovery had consequently to depend upon postal communication, and hence arose an unfortunate delay. The star, however, was detected on the continent on the day following Mr. Birmingham's discovery, and was independently discovered by Mr. Baxendell, of Manchester, on the 15th of the month. The hue and cry was raised, and all astronomical eyes were soon turned to the strange object; recording its position in the heavens, and noting the changes of brightness which it so rapidly underwent.

The place of the star having been accurately determined, it became important to know whether any star, however small, had ever existed in the spot before. Upon searching through the various standard star catalogues, it was found that a star had occupied its position; but a star of very small magnitude; below what astronomers call the ninth magnitude, or about one-eighth part as bright as the smallest star the naked eye can detect. The absolute agreement between the place of this small star and that of the one which (although it is a contradiction) we call the new one, left no shadow of a doubt that the two objects were identically one and the same. Hence it became evident that the phenomenon was not the absolute creation of a new star, but the sudden bursting into intense brilliancy of one hitherto comparatively obscure.

We are naturally prompted to inquire what is the cause of such an outburst? But this is a question more easily asked than answered. From the immeasurable distance of the fixed stars we can gain little or no insight into their physical structure. The most powerful of telescopes show us no more of the largest star than a tiny point of light, which no amount of magnification can expand into a real disc. We have nothing to guide us to a knowledge of the structure of the stars but their simple light. All glory to modern science that it should be able to extract information from that, and from that alone. By the mere light that emanates from any source, however remote, we are now enabled, by the new science of spectral analysis, to determine the nature of the source from which such light is emitted. In a previous article, some time ago, we pointed out the principal means by which this wonderful end is achieved:

* A few days after the above date a second letter was forwarded to the same journal by the assistant at the Cambridge Observatory, at the request of the Director, Professor Adams. This letter was also rejected; at least, it never appeared. And yet the *Times* gave insertion to two other letters upon the same subject, one of which was twaddle, while the only claim the other had to notice was the name and reputation of the writer. The exclusion of the letters from the discoverer and from the Cambridge Observatory, and the insertion of those from writers who had, in this matter, so small a claim to notice, reflect little credit upon the judgment and justice of those who preside over the correspondence department of the "leading journal."

without repeating what we wrote in that article, it will be sufficient here to remind the reader, that when a beam of light is passed through a prism, it becomes spread out into a long luminous band, which is called a *spectrum*: that, if the light has emanated from some solid body in combustion, the resulting spectrum is a plain continuous ribband: that if the light in its course has had to pass through certain vapours or gases, this continuous spectrum is crossed by dark lines, due to the absorption of certain of the rays of which the beam of light is composed: but that if the light has been emitted by a luminous gas, the spectrum, instead of being continuous, consists of one or more bright lines, perfectly isolated, and with dark spaces intervening. Now, when the light from this strange star was collected by a telescope and passed through the prism, astounding indeed was the spectrum it produced. In the first place there was a continuous spectrum, like that given by the sun or any other star, indicating that the source of it was some body in a state of incandescence or combustion: in the second place, this continuous spectrum was crossed by several very bright lines, indicating that *their* source was a blaze of combustible gas: and, from the position which these lines occupied, there could be little doubt that the gas thus kindled into a blaze was principally hydrogen. Thus we are led to conclude that this star was, at the time of its greatest brilliancy, in the condition of a vast sun in a state of incandescence, surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen gas in a state of vivid combustion. Mr. Huggins, the most successful labourer in this field of observation, and the first who secured a "spectrum" observation of this star, says that, "the character of the spectrum of the star, taken together with its sudden outburst in brilliancy and its rapid decline in brightness, suggests to us the rather bold speculation that, in consequence of some vast convulsion taking place in this object, large quantities of gas were evolved from it; that the hydrogen present burnt by combination with some other element, and furnished the light represented by the bright lines; also that the flaming gas had heated to incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere."

But these little chink-hole peeps into Nature's vast laboratory only serve to stimulate our curiosity to gain a fuller insight into the mysterious processes there carried on. The more we know the more we find we have to learn, and the greater our desire to learn that more. Unfortunately—or fortunately, it is hard to say which, the supply of information we possess never comes up to the demand. What can we ever hope to *know* concerning a star that is many billions of miles distant from us? We may think, we may theorise, and we may infer: knowing the causes that produce certain effects within the limited range of our accurate observation, we may hence infer that the same cause will produce like effects upon a gigantic scale, and at distances beyond our observation; and we are justified in making such inferences by the knowledge that the laws of nature are irrespective of the magnitude of their operation. "We are on the right track for the discovery of truth," says a modern philosopher, "when we clearly recognise that between great and small no qualitative but only a quantitative difference exists,—when we resist the suggestions of an ever active imagination, and look for the same laws in the greatest as well as in the smallest processes of nature. This universal range is the essence of a law of nature, and the touchstone of the correctness of human theories."

To apply this argument to our subject. We know that we cannot render a body luminous without subjecting it to a high temperature; hence we may assume that the star that has lately become so brilliant has by some means become intensely heated; and modern science teaches us that what we call heat is nothing more than a certain phenomenon of motion, a motion of molecules or atoms. We all know that we excite heat by friction. Some of us may have heard that when a cannon-shot strikes a target it falls down hissing hot: a blacksmith will heat a bar of iron to redness by a few well-directed blows with his hammer; and the meteor

that darts through our atmosphere is raised to a temperature of incandescence by the friction it sustains against the impeding air. The explanation of these examples is the philosophical axiom that "when the motion of a body is arrested or impeded, the motion of the mass is converted into a motion of the atoms or molecules composing it, and *this molecular motion is heat*." Force cannot be destroyed: attempt to destroy it, and it appears as heat. The relation between motive force and heat has been exactly determined, and it is always the same. A given amount of force arrested, produces an amount of heat always corresponding to the amount of force; and, *vice versa*, a given amount of heat will always produce a corresponding amount of force. To obtain an intense heat we must expend an enormous quantity of force. If the orbital motion of the earth were suddenly arrested, it would become heated to a temperature several times as great as that required to melt iron. And since we know that there is no other means but by expenditure of stupendous force that vehement heat can be generated, we are led to the conclusion that the kindling of the recent star has been the result of some violent collision between it and some other mass or masses of matter. What such a mass or masses of matter may have been, we have no substantial grounds upon which to hazard a conjecture. It may have been that some obscure body, wandering in those distant skies, clashed with the star and set it in a blaze; or, if the star had been a sun surrounded by planets, it may have been that, from some disturbance in the equilibrium in the system, it collapsed, and the planets were dashed against their primary with a force sufficient to generate the heat of which we have seen the result. But these are speculations, and speculative philosophy pushed too far degenerates into idealism.

Although the eruption of this star is to us a matter of to-day, it really must have occurred many years ago. We see objects by the light that comes from them, and although light travels with the enormous rapidity of 183,000 miles in a second, yet such is the immense distance of the fixed stars that it occupies more than three years in reaching us from the nearest of them, and probably centuries in coming from some of those more remote. We have no knowledge at present of the approximate distance of this particular star, but we can say that it is by no means a near one; so that very probably the bursting forth we have just witnessed took place a century ago. This, however, does not affect the *suddenness* of the phenomenon; whenever it occurred, the bursting forth was really as sudden as it appeared to us to be.

A circumstance so extraordinary as the conflagration of this star gives rise to ideas upon the stability of the component bodies of the universe, which we will briefly allude to in conclusion of this paper. We are accustomed to look upon our sun as a very symbol of eternity. We never allow our minds to entertain for a moment the possibility of that sun ever failing to supply us with its wondrous store of light and heat, or ever giving off such an amount thereof as to destroy its surrounding worlds. Although we admit the probability of an *end*, we are habituated to think that that end will be gradual, as was *the beginning*. The works of Omnipotence, or, if it be preferred, the processes of nature, are usually slow and progressive; we know that countless ages have been occupied in the creation of the world to its present state, and we justly think that the progress of decay will be as long and as gradual. But a phenomenon like the bursting forth of this star annihilates the notion that nature's great works are slowly performed. Within the space of a few hours, ay, almost instantaneously,* this star, this distant sun, kindles to a heat compared to which its normal heat must have been insignificant; and if this "star condemned" was the centre of a

* Since writing the earlier part of this article we have learnt that a distinguished Continental astronomer was closely observing the part of the heavens where this star appeared on the very evening of its appearance. Up to a certain stated time he is confident no such star was visible, yet four hours later upon the same the evening star was seen.

system of worlds their destruction must have been the work of a moment. And our sun is but a little star in the immensity of the universe. Indestructible and imperishable as the solar system seems to us to be, a few hours might (by inference from the case before us) suffice for its annihilation. In the temporary outshining of the little star we have so lately witnessed, we have a warning of the probable fulfilment of the prophecy, that "the earth and all that therein is shall be burned up."

J. CARPENTER.

CRITICAL BLUNDERS.

AN action for libel of a somewhat unusual nature was lately tried in London. An evening paper, in recording the first night's performance of a certain drama, stated that the part of one of the principal actors 'was most efficiently spoken by the prompter.' The actor whose memory was thus called into question naturally considered his professional character must suffer if the statement was allowed to pass uncontradicted; and, failing in obtaining a retraction from the offending journal, sought his remedy in a court of law. The writer of the critique repeated the obnoxious statement in the witness-box, and was supported by the author of the piece; on the other side, the prompter himself and the actors engaged in the performance declared that the plaintiff was letter-perfect, and the jury awarded him five guineas as a salve for his wounded feelings.

Player and critic seldom appear thus as plaintiff and defendant; a circumstance not to be wondered at, since modern theatrical critics, it must be owned, are very chary of fault-finding, as a rule preferring to deal out praise with more liberality than discretion—the ink they use has but an infinitesimal modicum of gall in it, if that ingredient has not been omitted altogether. Once upon a time, it was very different, the dramatic writers for the press handling their pens after a less gingerly fashion than is common now-a-days. Fancy the commotion there would be in a modern green-room if the *Times* took to summing up theatrical performances in this style: 'Last night, Farquhar's sprightly comedy, the *Constant Couple*, was most barbarously murdered at Drury Lane. The lively knight was reduced by Elliston to a dull piece of affectation. Clincher was altogether lost in the hands of Bannister; it approached Farquhar as nearly as the frog in the fable resembled the ox. Miss Mellon was not thoroughly unpleasant in her representation of Angelica; but criticism has not language severe enough to deprecate the impertinence of Barrymore presuming to put himself forward in the part of Colonel Standard. We were scarcely less offended with Dowton's attempt at Alderman Sniggles; it was only not absolutely the worst thing we ever saw.' This pretty specimen of the gentle art of criticism appeared in a paper called the *British Neptune*, and great was the wrath of the actors so mercilessly castigated; their anger not being the less furious because the performance so bitterly assailed had never taken place, the sudden illness of Elliston having necessitated the substitution of another comedy in place of the *Constant Couple*. Elliston was not a man to submit quietly to such an uncalled-for attack, and he had not much difficulty in persuading his fellow-sufferers to join him in taking legal proceedings against their libeller; but, knowing he had no case at all, the proprietor of the *British Neptune* wisely compromised matters by paying all expenses, and handing over fifty pounds to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

The practice of writing critiques before instead of after the performance criticised (less uncommon, perhaps, than might be supposed), however convenient it may be, is undoubtedly a very risky practice, seeing that theatrical and musical programmes are especially liable to sudden and unannounced changes, calculated to bring the too imaginative critic to grief when he least expects it. Such was the fate of the gentleman who, years ago, wrote in the *Morning Herald*:

'We were extremely gratified on Tuesday evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, to hear that Mr. Sinclair had attended to our advice, and that his adoption of it was eminently serviceable to his professional character. In executing the polacca, he very prudently abstained from any wild flourishes, but kept strictly to the laws of melody, by which he was encored three times by the universal desire of the whole audience.' It is possible that the popular vocalist may have taken his critic's advice to heart, and resolved to forego indulging himself in wild flourishes; and if the opportunity had been afforded him, he might possibly have earned the extraordinary compliment of a triple encore. Unfortunately, neither singer nor song was heard at all that night on the boards of Covent Garden; and the critic had small reason to congratulate himself upon adopting the rule of Captain Absolute's too ready-witted man, who, whenever he drew upon his invention for a good current lie, always forged endorsements as well as the bill, in order to give the thing an air of truth.

The *Herald* seems to have had an unhappy knack of selecting gentlemen of this adventurous turn of mind. When the Piccolomini was attracting musical London to the old Opera-house by her winning portrayal of the heroine of *La Traviata*, the curiosity of opera-goers was piqued by the announcement of a rival Violetta at Covent Garden, in the person of Madame Bosio; but when the night came which was to bring the respective merits of the two great prima donnas to the test of comparison, circumstances compelled the postponement of the trial. The disappointed audience must have been more astonished than edified at the appearance next morning in the above-named newspaper of a highly panegyric criticism of Bosio's Violetta. The conscientious writer, after describing the deep pensiveness pervading the performance, declared it was not surprising that the first representation of *La Traviata* at Covent Garden should have achieved one of the most remarkable successes of the season, Madame Bosio having, by her admirable rendering of the heroine, taken a new lease of fame. Descending to details, the critic says: 'Perhaps Madame Bosio never sung so admirably as she did last night. Her first aria was sung to perfection.... In the duet with Germont, and the finale to the second act, she created a profound impression by her energy and feeling. Mario surpassed himself.... The recalls of Madame Bosio and Mario were numerous during the performance, and at the conclusion the usual ovation was paid to the lady and gentleman.' Doubtless the critic was satisfied with his production, and considered, as an exercise of the imaginative faculties, it was not bad; his editor, however, took a very commonplace view of the matter, and the following paragraph appeared in a prominent place in the next issue of the paper: 'The report of the performances of *La Traviata*, which appeared in a portion of our impression of yesterday, was altogether incorrect, the *Traviata* having been postponed in consequence of the illness of Signor Graziani; we are compelled to confide in the honour of our reporter in all such matters, and therefore we have felt it our duty to at once dispense with the further services of the writer of the pretended critique.'

A now defunct literary periodical was guilty of a comical blunder. Just a couple of days before a *Tale of Two Cities* was brought out at the Lyceum Theatre, the *Critic* informed its playgoing readers that 'the sole event of any moment which has taken place in the metropolitan theatres during the past week, is the production of Mr. Tom Taylor's dramatised version of Mr. Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, but as it has been even more unsuccessful than similar attempts to convert a novel into a piece usually are, we shall refrain from any detailed criticisms; which was wise under the circumstances. The manageress of the Lyceum thought this prophetic condemnation a little too bad, and gave the public a bit of her mind on the subject through the medium of the daily press; and being a popular actress, her complaints were endorsed by the newspapers, and some rather hard words flung at the offending weekly. The editor

of the *Critic*, however, was quite equal to the occasion. In his next number, he explained that his theatrical reporter had left a note at the office running thus: 'As the *Tale of Two Cities* has failed me, I have nothing for this week without going far afield; pray say a few words about it.' In reading this, the recipient managed to ignore the little word 'me,' and therefore supposed that the piece had been played without success; the result of this error being the concoction of the aforesaid notice. The explanation was all very well as far as it went, but it certainly scarcely justified the announcement of the supposed failure being made in such very emphatic terms. The editor thought otherwise, or pretended to do so, and actually assumed the tone of a highly injured individual, complaining that so much should have been made of what he delicately described as a 'single deviation from accuracy;' while the reporter, whose bad writing was apparently the cause of the original mistake, taking his cue from his superior officer, coolly declared he had only told the truth, 'as many wise men have done, a day too soon;' and then hastened to console his maligned editor with the assurance that if he were to devote his space to correcting the errors of fact, logic, and language daily committed by his assailants, all the space and time at his command would be occupied with the ungrateful function.

Such critical blunders as these tell their own story, but it is hard to account for the mistakes regarding personal identity into which newspaper critics have now and then fallen. T. P. Cooke must have been inexpressibly delighted to see himself praised for his performance of a part played by another actor; and Miss Faucit must have blushed with pleasure at the unintended compliment when, after playing Volunina, she saw Miss O'Neill reproached with making the character too youthful in appearance. The playbills in these cases may have misled the critics, and the theatrical 'make-up' of the actors have prevented them discovering the truth; but no such excuse is available for the musical critic who abused our great tenor, asserting that he had deteriorated in style, voice, and execution, as the said critic had prophesied he would do, if he persisted in travelling about the country singing commonplace ballads. The proof of the singer's deterioration was the manner in which he sang at a certain performance of the *Messiah*, when it happened—as it too often happens—that the popular tenor's place was occupied by a substitute; and the critic proved that he was short-sighted in more senses than one.

HOME.

A THOUSAND recollections cluster around that one word, many of them stretching away back to the days of our novitiate, when with bright golden dreams of the dim future, we enjoyed the mad romp with the winds, or took part in the exciting game. How vividly they rush before us when, after encountering much of the mutability of life, and witnessing other scenes, an opportunity is afforded of again visiting that familiar spot, endeared by the sweet memories of childhood. The accustomed haunts, where we so often rambled in search of innocent amusements, which then made up all our joys and sorrows, are still there, but oh! how changed? We can scarcely recognise the spot where stood the old branching elm under the shade of which we built our castles, and held our interesting councils, nor the projecting rock by the water's edge, upon which we fashioned our miniature boats, and proudly watched their manœuvring upon the smooth surface of the bay.

The narrow path, too, which then pointed the way our truant feet so often sought, when disobeying the kind request, "don't go to the water," cannot be found, a broader and more convenient one now forming the passage.

But still there is the same old grape vine throwing its tendrils over the garden fence, and the row of cherry trees behind which we would secrete ourselves when taking "the forbidden fruit."

The long narrow lane, too, leading back to the bush, over which we have so often travelled when driving the cows to and from pasture, still passes by the hickory grove, when many a great feat of climbing was performed.

"The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket" still hangs in the well, and the water from its brim is just as cool and refreshing as when we gathered around the curb after returning from a summer day's ramble. While we miss many things familiarly associated with our youthful memories, there are many still remaining which appear to greet us as old friends. We love to look upon them, remembering the days gone by, and call to our recollection the thoughts and feelings which actuated us in those days of sunshine, and often, while thus musing, the names of those with whom we then sported come before us, and enquiringly we ask—

"Where are the friends of my youth?
Say, where are those cherished ones gone:
Oh, why have they dropped with the leaf—
Oh, why have they left me to mourn?"

We cannot forget our young companions. Time, in its unceasing whirl, may produce wondrous revolutions, but still we remember them as the same loved counsellors they were when we formed our plans in early life.

Robert Pollok beautifully expresses this sentiment, when he says—

"Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day.
Friends in my youth, friends in my misery too:
Friends given by God in mercy and in love.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meetingspots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that uttered all the soul;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love."

But, alas! they are now scattered to the "four winds of heaven," and many of them have passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns; and as the memory of them steals over those that are left, the heart grows soft, and the eye dim under their soothing influence. A small marble slab, with their names engraved thereon, standing in the little quiet graveyard, just at the head of the bay, where the willow loves to grow, bending mournfully over them, points their last resting place. On many of them we read that significant sentence "gone home," as if they possessed no place called "home," while here they witnessed, with us, the changes incident to life, but are now entered into the full enjoyments of a "home" where change is never known, and where they enjoy the sweet companionship of friends from whom they are never more to be parted. When we remember the promises of him who said, "I go to prepare a place for you," we cannot question the reality of that sentence we read on the tombs of our early friends; and sometimes when the world feels cold around us, and there appears nothing to live for, we almost wish that we too could "go home." If to us the associations of our earthly homes are dear, and fondly remembered, we anticipate much greater enjoyment when we enter that "home in heaven," where sorrow, death nor parting ever enters, and where the ties which unite us are strengthened by the friendship of angels.

IONA.

Belleville, C. W., August 3rd, 1866.

INCREASE OF THE EARTH.—Some very curious speculations have lately been put forward by M. Dufour concerning the increase in size of the earth. Will it be believed that our globe is increasing in bulk year by year, owing to the quantity of meteors (falling stars) which are projected into it from the regions of space? M. Dufour has made calculations showing that the earth sustains an annual increase equal to 114,400,400th of its weight. It appears that nearly two cubic metres meteoric dust fall upon every acre of the earth's surface in the course of a single year. It is stated that in some parts of England this meteoric dust may be found in accumulations nearly a foot deep.

Commerce.—A cord that binds bodies of nations together, but which has often slipped on to their necks and strangled them.

RIZPAH.

II. SAMUEL XXI. 10.

It is growing dark.

At such a sunset I have been with Saul,
But saw it not. I only saw his eyes,
And the wild beauty of his roaming locks;
And, oh! there never was a man like Saul!
Strong arm and gentle heart, and tender ways,
To win a woman's very soul, were his!

How he would take my hand and look on me
As if I were a child, and whisper "Rizpah!"

Why should I weep? Was I not loved by Saul!
And Saul was king of all the Land of God.

"God save the king!" But hush! what noise was
that?

O Heaven! to think a mother's eyes should look
On such a sight! Away! vile carrion-beast!
Those are the sons of Saul! poor Rizpah's sons!

O my dead darlings! O my only joy!

O sweet twin treasure of my lonely life,
Since that most mournful day on Gilboa,
Torn from me thus!

I have no tears to shed.

O God! my heart is broken; let me die!

Gilboa! David wrote a song on it,
And had it put in *Jasher*. "Weep for Saul!"

Armoni used to sing it to his harp.

Poor blackened lips

I wonder if they dream,

My pretty children.

Come, Mephibosheth,

Here is your father; say "God save the king!"

The Gibeonites! ah! that was long ago.

Why should they die for what they never did?

No, David never would consent to that!

Whose son is he, this youth?

Dost know him, Abner?

Ha, ha! they shout again "God save the king!"

Was I asleep? I came not here to sleep.

O poor old eyes! sorrow has made you weak!

My sons! No, nought has touched them. Oh! how

cold!

Cold, cold! O stars of God, have pity on me,

Poor lonely woman! O my sons, Saul's sons!

Kind stars, watch with me, let no evil beast

Rend that dear flesh. O God of Israel,

Pardon my sins!—My heart is broken!

J. R.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 381.

CHAPTER V.—ESCAPED.

MR. DUPLESSIS rode homeward through the warm May evening, slowly and musingly. He had done a good day's work, and was disposed to be satisfied with himself and all the world. It was a short three miles from Belair to Lilac Lodge, if you took the straight road through Normanford; but Mr. Duplessis chose, this balmy evening, to take a longer route, that led him through unfrequented country ways, and quiet lanes, made shady by the rich foliage of overhanging trees. A genuine spick-and-span cavalier of the modern school, he would have looked far more at home in Pall Mall or the Park, than he did on those lonely Monkshire roads, where there were few signs of life, save here and there a cluster of lime-burners' hovels, or a batch of tired labourers returning from work.

Scarcely twenty months had elapsed since Mr. Henri Duplessis was first seen at Normanford, but during that short space of time, he had contrived to put himself on the footing of a welcome guest at more than half the best houses in the county. The Spencelaughs had brought him with them on their return from a continental tour, and it was soon known throughout the neighbourhood that he had been instrumental in saving the baronet's life at the risk of his own. He had come to stay a month at Belair; but before the term of his visit was at an end, he

had decided on taking up his residence in the neighbourhood for some time to come. The Monkshire streams were famous for their trout; there was capital hunting in the next county, only a dozen miles away; there was no scarcity of people worth knowing, at whose tables, thanks to the baronet's introductions, he was a coveted guest; and last, though not least, perhaps, in the estimation of the Canadian, within the circle of his Monkshire acquaintance there revolved some half-dozen young ladies, all rich, and all charming—combined attractions, which act as the lamp does to the moth on the susceptible hearts of gay young bachelors (gay and young still at eight-and-thirty) of limited income and expensive tastes. But did the income of Mr. Duplessis come within the meaning of such a term? Nobody about Normanford could exactly tell. All that was known respecting him was, that he was of good family—on that point we may presume that Sir Philip Spencelaugh had satisfied himself; that he had taken, furnished, for a term of three years, that elegant cottage ornée commonly known as Lilac Lodge; that his establishment comprised a couple of women-servants, a groom, and a valet; that he kept two horses, a hunter and a cob; that he was eminently good-looking; that his clothes were of the newest fashion; that he attended church regularly, and was liberal with his money for charitable purposes; and that, finally, he was declared by young and old to be the most delightful company in all Monkshire.

Mr. Duplessis, in his moth-like eagerness to incinerate himself at the shrine of beauty (with riches combined,) had selected for that purpose the brightest lamp of all those which lighted up the Monkshire firmament. What his fortune had been, so far, we have already seen; and so long as there remained the slightest prospect that he might ultimately succeed in his purpose, the fervency of his devotion would doubtless remain unimpaired. And in this he was not, perhaps, altogether selfish; for putting aside the fact that Miss Spencelaugh was the greatest heiress in the county, Mr. Duplessis was quite capable of appreciating her goodness and beauty, and of estimating them at their full value; and, for my own part, I believe, that his affection for Frederica was as deep and sincere as it was in his nature to feel for any one, or anything, except himself and his own interests. Should circumstances, however, go utterly against him at Belair, I think he was quite capable, without too much of a headache, of turning his attentions to some other quarter, where they might, perhaps, be looked upon with more kindly eyes—say, in the direction of Miss Cumworth of Cumworth Manor; or towards the sole daughter and heiress of old Antony Tiplady, the great manufacturer of East-tingham.

Mr. Duplessis coming after a time within sight of Lilac Lodge, while yet some distance away, could see Antoine standing, napkin in hand, gazing earnestly up the road. It was a sign that dinner was waiting; so Mr. Duplessis shook his horse's rein, and cantered up to the gate. Jock, the groom, was in attendance, and Antoine proceeded at once to serve up dinner.

Lilac Lodge was a small, low, white, two-storied building, with a broad verandah running round three sides of it, and with a stable, paddock, and servants' entrance at the back. From the verandah, a lawn of smoothest turf swept gently down, interspersed with flower-beds of various shapes and sizes, to where a sheltering hedge of laurel and holly shut in the little precinct from the vulgar gaze. The main entrance was through an iron gate, from which a sinuous gravel-path ran up to the front of the cottage; but there was a side-wicket which was more commonly used.

Mr. Duplessis ate his dinner in solitary state in his pleasant little dining-room, waited upon by the assiduous Antoine, who rarely allowed any other servant to approach his master. But then Antoine was more than a servant—he was M. Henri's foster-brother and humble friend; and another friend equally staunch, true, and devoted to his interests, the Canadian would not have found, had he sought the round world over. He was the faithful depositary of all his master's secrets; he

rejoiced in his successes, and sorrowed over his misfortunes, with a sincerity that had no tinge of selfishness in it. Though of the same age as his master he looked half-a-dozen years older. He had a round, good-humoured, but somewhat sardonic visage, crowned with a mop of short, black, stubby hair, which stuck out in every direction, and which had further burst out on his upper lip in the shape of a stiff moustache. His cheeks and chin were blue-black, from the frequent use of the razor; and his large flabby ears were ornamented with small circlets of gold. He was very supple and active, and moved about the little house with a stealthy, cat-like pit-pat which was particularly distasteful to the two English women-servants, and added not a little to the dread with which they habitually regarded him; but advancing years were bringing corpulence with them, and Antoine's mind was troubled thereby. Round his neck he wore a black ribbon over a broad turn-down collar, and always carried a large, old-fashioned silver watch, worn in an old-fashioned fob, with an old-fashioned ribbon and seals. This watch, with its appendages, was Antoine's fetish of respectability—a word which he held in great veneration. He talked both English and French indifferently well, but the latter better than the former; and it was in the French language that he and his master generally conversed when alone. Finally, the leisure hours of M. Antoine were devoted to the manufacture and consumption of innumerable cigarettes of a mild nature, and to the perusal of French newspapers of ancient date.

As soon as Mr. Duplessis had finished his dinner, he lounged out into the verandah, where the attentive Antoine had already placed an easy-chair, and a small table with wine and cigars. It was a clear starlit evening, cool and refreshing after the hot day.

"Sit!" said Mr. Duplessis with a wave of his hand, as he proceeded to light a cheroot; and Antoine, in obedience to his master's wish, seated himself some distance away on the edge of the verandah, which went down by two steps into the garden.

"Smoke!" said Mr. Duplessis; and Antoine manufactured and lit a cigarette. The two smoked in silence for a few minutes, and then Mr. Duplessis spoke.

"Thou must write to Clotilde to-night, my child," he said; "I promised her that thou shouldst do so. The girl is breaking her heart at thy neglect."

"Yes, Monsieur Henri, I will write, if you wish me to do so," replied Antoine with a grimace. "Ah, bah! what a fool the girl is! She knows I care nothing for her; why then, cannot she let me alone, and try to forget me?"

"But, Antoine thou must try to love her."

"Love her, my faith! She has the temper of a tiger-cat. She would put a knife into me before we had been six months married."

"I tell thee, pig that thou art, that thou must make love to her. She is useful to me, and I cannot afford to spare her just yet. As to marrying her, or not, afterwards, that is thy business."

"It shall be as you wish, Monsieur Henri. I will write her to-night, and tell her that I adore her, that I am her slave for evermore. But there is a little English *mees*, a miller's daughter, whom—"

"Silence babbler!" said Mr. Duplessis. "What are thy miserable love-affairs to me. Listen while I speak to thee of something far more important."

"Yes, Monsieur Henri; I attend."

"Before six months are over, I shall be married to the richest and most beautiful young lady in all Monkshire."

"Ah, Monsieur Henri, that is indeed good news!" exclaimed the emotional Antoine, as he flung away the end of his cigarette, and rushing up to his master, seized him by the hand, and kissed it several times with fervour. "It is news that makes glad the heart of foolish Antoine. When Monsieur began to grow melancholy, and to lose faith in his planet, did I not cry: 'Courage! The day of good fortune will come at last.' And now it has come; but Monsieur,

when he becomes a great rich milord, will not forget his poor, faithful Antoine?"

'Never, Antoine Gaudin, while I live, shall thy fortunes be dissevered from mine. Whether rich or poor, we will sink or swim together. But I am no rich milord yet, no ever may be one, perhaps; for as the English have it; "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."'

'Ah, no, Monsieur Henri; I will not believe that. You will marry the rich and beautiful Mademoiselle, and live happily ever afterwards.'

'I hope thy prophecy may come true Antoine,' answered the Canadian with a laugh. 'If I could but forget the past,' he resumed more seriously; 'if I could but think of it as an ugly dream, instead of the wretched reality it is, how happy I could be!'

'It is only a dream, Monsieur Henri,' replied Antoine. 'It never can be anything more than a dream now. But when Monsieur is married, he will be rich; and money is the seal of silence, and Van Goost is as secret as the grave.'

'Yes, Antoine, if this marriage ever does take place, there is much in my past life that I might well strive to forget. I shall reform, my child; I shall become a model country gentleman; I shall preserve my game, and convict poachers; I shall subscribe to the Monkshire hounds, and study agriculture scientifically; I shall give largely to the different charities, and never spend above one month out of the twelve away from my estate.'

'Oh, Monsieur Henri, but consider how *triste* it will be to live ever among these damp fields! One can enjoy life in Paris; one can even contrive to exist in London; but in the country here, one might as well be a cabbage, for anything there is to see or do.'

'Stupid! dost thou think that when I am married I will lead this miserable sort of life? Thou shalt see, my friend, what thou shalt see; but should thy days be wanting in excitement and variety, why, marry Clotilde, and, by the garters of Nebuchadnezzar, thou wilt never complain of being dull again!'

Antoine shook his head solemnly, and lit a fresh cigarette.

'Thou hast seen the world of men and women, Antoine,' said his master after a pause; 'thou art somewhat of a judge of beauty. What is thy opinion of Miss Spencelaugh?'

'Oh, the beautiful Mademoiselle!' exclaimed Antoine, with animation, as he drew his shoulders up to his ears, and placed the tips of his fingers over the region of his heart. 'How truly charming she is! What eyes! fire stolen from Olympus. What lips! sweeter than Hebe's own. What swimming grace and majesty of movement! Juno's self come down among mortals. What hair!'

'Cease thy heathenish catalogue!' exclaimed Mr. Duplessis impatiently. 'She is beautiful—that is enough. And she is as good as she is beautiful. When in her presence, I can't help feeling what a pitiful vagabond—what a mean, sorry rascal, I am. Can it be possible that she will ever stretch forth a lily hand to lift such a one as me from the nether pit of his own black nature? Ah, no, no; it is not possible!'

Antoine was alarmed; he began to fear for his master's sanity, for the Canadian spoke with an intensity of feeling quite uncommon with him; and then, was it not monstrous for any reasonable being to depreciate himself in that ridiculous way? Antoine crossed over to where his master was sitting, and stooping over him, stroked him gently on the back, as he might have done a sick child. 'Ah, Monsieur Henri,' he said, 'such words frighten me. Do not say them again, I pray of you. Your stomach is out of order; to-night you must take two pills before you go to bed. Mademoiselle is very beautiful, without doubt, but neither too beautiful nor too good to become the wife of my dear master!'

'Thou art an excellent fellow, Antoine,' said Mr. Duplessis sadly, as he rose and began to pace the verandah—'but these things are beyond thy comprehension. I love this girl,' he went on—'yes, love her for herself alone, as I never thought this selfish heart could love any one; and, by Heavens, when she is all my own, I will

do my best to make her happy! I will teach her to love me as I love her; I will forget the past; and walking through life with her pure presence by my side, I will strive to—'

Mr. Duplessis ceased abruptly. There was the sound of a footstep on the gravel outside the garden gate. The nimble Antoine disappeared silently among the evergreens; but before he could reach the gate, Mr. Duplessis heard the well-known hail of the country postman, and presently Antoine reappeared with a letter in his hand.

'A pretty time of the night to be receiving letters!' exclaimed the Canadian.

'A break-down on the railway, Monsieur Henri; hence the delay,' exclaimed Antoine.—'From Montreal,' he added in whisper, as he handed the epistle to his master.

Mr. Duplessis muttered a malediction below his breath; all his finer feelings had been put to flight by the inopportune arrival of the postman; he was his cynical calculating self again, such as Antoine always remembered him to have been. He waited with what patience he could command till Antoine had lighted the lamp and closed the shutters; and even then he dallied awhile with the letter before opening it, examining the seal and the postmark, and the curious crabbed writing of the direction. When he did open it, it did not take him long to read; but when he had spelt it through to the last syllable, he seemed for a moment or two as though he could not take in the full import of its contents: so he read it over a second time; and when he had made sure that his eyes had not deceived him, he flung the letter across the table, and turning on Antoine with a face from which all colour had fled, he said in a hoarse whisper: 'Read!' and then passed quickly out into the solitude of the garden.

Antoine picked up the letter, and read as follows:

MONTREAL, May 2.

Marie has escaped. I am on her track, and hope to find her either to-day or to-morrow. No time to say more. Will write you full particulars by the next mail.

Antoine having mastered the contents, spread the letter out on the table, and stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at it in blank dismay.

'Poor Monsieur Henri! what a terrible blow for him!' he muttered to himself. 'But, bah! why do I frighten myself? She is no match for Van Goost, and without doubt he has coaxed her back again long before this.'

Mr. Duplessis coming in next moment from the garden, Antoine repeated to his master the assurance he had found so comforting to himself.

'It must be so, Monsieur Henri,' he volubly added, as Mr. Duplessis shook his head in dissent. 'You know well how crafty and fearless is that Herr Van Goost. Yes, my faith! as bold as a thousand lions, and as crafty as the good Gentleman in Black. He is not a man whom Antoine Gaudin would like to have in pursuit of him; and *La Chatte Rouge* herself will find that it would have been better to stop quietly where she was, rather than exasperate him by a vain attempt to get out of his clutches.'

'It's like my cursed luck,' said Mr. Duplessis bitterly, reverting to idiomatic English, 'to be bowled out in this style, just at the moment that fortune seemed to be shining her brightest on me!'

'Ah, Monsieur Henri, do not lose courage, I pray you!' exclaimed Antoine pathetically. 'You have no occasion to fear anything. Grant that *La Chatte Rouge* has escaped—grant even that Van Goost fails to find her. What then? She does not even know whether you are living in Europe or America; much less, that you are snugly hidden away, like a dormouse, in this quiet English retreat, as utterly inaccessible to any search of hers as if you were locked up with the man in the moon. As far as she is concerned, you are dead and buried.'

'Thou dost not know her as well as I do, Antoine, else thou wouldst not speak so confidently. In craftiness and duplicity, Van Goost himself is as a child compared with her. The

news that cursed letter has brought me hangs like a millstone round my neck, and will do so till the next mail shall bring me further tidings—either good or bad; for to know the worst would be less intolerable than this suspense.'

'But look you, Monsieur Henri, even supposing *La Chatte* were to discover that we reside in this damp paradise—and by miracle only could she become possessed of such information—why, even in that case, I do not think she would come near us, or let us know where she herself might be. Would she not rather say to herself: "Let him go his way, and I will go mine; and let us meet no more on earth?" Say, Monsieur, would it not be so?'

'Do not delude thyself with such an idea, my poor Antoine. She would beg her way bare-foot for a thousand miles to wherever I might be, rather than miss the opportunity of blighting me with her hateful presence. But if she does come, let her beware. Let her not try to step between me and the golden apple that is ready to drop into my hand; for I tell thee, Antoine, that I will sweep her from my path at every risk, even if she or I should perish in the attempt!'

'Those are bright brave words,' said Antoine with a meaning smile; and as he spoke, he drew a long ugly-looking knife from its sheath, hidden away below his vest, and plucking a hair out of his moustache, he held it up to the light for a moment, and then deftly severed it with the blade,

'Put that villainous-looking thing out of sight,' said Mr. Duplessis with a shudder. 'I feel a devil tugging at my heart when I look at it.'

'Tis but a pretty plaything, Monsieur Henri, which I always keep by me,' said Antoine with an evil smile; 'a toy, a trifle; but such as it is, it is always at my master's service—always.'

CHAPTER VI.—TACTICS AT BELAIR.

When Frederica Spencelaugh promised her uncle that she would give Mr. Duplessis an opportunity of pleading his suit in person, she did not see the full danger of the concession she was making; nor was she, indeed, just then in a mood to care for anything beyond the one bitter fact, that she was deserted by the man she loved. As days and weeks passed on, the first sharp agony of her wound began to wear itself away, leaving in its stead a dull aching pain; and, whether sleeping or waking, the constant sense of some great and irreparable loss. Then, too, for the first time, she learned the meaning of the word 'nerves.' She grew morbid and melancholy, and would sit alone for hours, brooding, ever brooding; and when the ghostly solitude of her own thoughts became utterly unbearable, she would order *Zuleika* to be saddled, and would gallop far away over the breezy downs, or by the lonely shore, in a vain search for her old joyous self, only to return home weary and dispirited, sick of the glaring sunshine, and the rude ocean breezes, in which there was no sympathy with the dark misery gnawing at her heart. But to the world, Frederica was the same fearless proud-spirited creature she had ever been—clear-eyed and heart-whole; and except that her head drooped a little wearily now and then, and that her colourless cheek had a slightly worn look, such as had never been there before, there was nothing to tell of the struggle within.

Not many days were suffered to elapse before the rash promise she had made was recalled to Frederica's mind; and although she would have given much to revoke it, yet seeing how impossible it was for her to do so, she was far too straightforward and fearless to shrink from the consequences of what she had done; but she soon gave Mr. Duplessis to understand, and that without saying a word on the subject, that the advantages which he would gain from her promise would be trifling indeed; and had not the Canadian been a man of exemplary patience, he would probably have been disgusted by the coolness of his reception, and have 'cried off' before many weeks were over. But Henri Duplessis was not easily balked when he had set his heart on anything.

His object, after Sir Philip had told him, with

garrulous eagerness, that Miss Spencelaugh had promised 'to try to like him a little', had been to seek an interview with Frederica, and with all the warmth and passion, real and simulated, which he could summon for the occasion, to lay himself, metaphorically, at her feet, and, if possible, to wring from her a further promise of one day becoming his wife. But when he saw one time after another, how persistently Frederica refused to give him the desired opportunity; how, by no scheming, would she allow herself to be left alone with him for a minute; and when at last it dawned on his mind that the promise she had given had been given entirely out of deference to her uncle's wishes and not in the least degree through any regard for himself; and that if he persisted in these violent attempts at commonplace love-making, he should frighten his bird beyond recall; he wisely determined to change his tactics, and to win his way to her regard through her intellect, before laying siege to the fortress of her heart.

Mr. Duplessis, while admitting the full difficulties of the task before him, never allowed himself to despair. His experience of the sex had unconsciously led him to form such a good opinion of his own qualifications, that he was not troubled with any doubts as to his ultimate success in the present instance. He was acute enough to perceive, what no one else suspected, that the shadow of some old love still lingered in the heart of Frederica; but he wisely kept his knowledge to himself, trusting to time and his own efforts to pull down the image of his unknown rival, and set up that of Henri Duplessis in its place. From the day on which he decided to change his mode of action, he no longer sought for opportunities of finding Frederica alone; and when Lady Spencelaugh once or twice attempted, good-naturedly, to make such occasions for him, he shrank from accepting them, and seemed unaccountably to have become as shy and retiring as his lady-love herself.

When, on the other hand, Miss Spencelaugh and he met in the presence of others, and better still, if there were only a third person present, and especially if that third person were Miss Craxton—ex-governess at Belair; middle-aged, snuffy, but still delightfully sentimental, and at present on a visit to her old pupil—then would Mr. Duplessis exert himself to the utmost to dazzle and fascinate Frederica.

Although the richest young lady in all Monkshire, Miss Spencelaugh had seen but little of London society, for the baronet and his wife had lost, years ago, all relish for town-life; and what little company visited at Belair was not of a kind to possess much interest for Frederica, chiefly consisting, as it did, of middle-aged country squires and their wives, with perhaps an insipid daughter or two, just emancipated from the boarding-school. Young gentlemen, wanting neither in manners nor education, were not more scarce in Monkshire than anywhere else; but after one or two of them had tried their fortune with the heiress of Belair, and had been repulsed; and when a rumour ran through the bachelor ranks that Miss Spencelaugh had bound herself by an oath never to marry, they fought rather shy of the solemn dinner-parties at the Hall, and carried themselves and their attraction to quarters where they were more likely to be appreciated. But, indeed, had any of the robust young squires of Monkshire—university-men many of them, with their honest homely country training overlaid with a thin lacker of London fast life—been foolish enough to enter into the list with Duplessis, they would soon have had cause to regret their temerity in so doing; for Mr. Duplessis had a hundred advantages on his side, such as no young man of twenty, however accomplished he might be, could hope to rival. In the first place, there was his age; and a man's age, up to a certain point, if properly managed, is an advantage rather than the contrary in a love-chase, especially if the Diana of whom he is in pursuit has to be won through the intellect as much as through the heart. Then, again, Mr. Duplessis had the advantage of a wide experience of the world. He had travelled much, and had seen life in various forms; he was an excellent linguist, and had supplied

an originally good education by sundry accomplishments picked up in different countries; and he knew how to present his knowledge in its most attractive guise before others. To all this, add the fact, that he was eminently handsome, and that his style was pronounced to be irreproachable, and it will at once be seen that Mr. Duplessis was not without reason on his side when he expressed his firm belief in the ultimate success of his suit.

That the Canadian was possessed of many attractive qualities, Frederica had been made aware from the day on which the Belair party had made his acquaintance so opportunely among the Pyrenees; and as time wore on, the friendly bond between the two assumed that easy, bantering, thrust-and-parry character which seems to be educated so naturally from the collision of two bright and well-polished intellects; which is essentially of the world, worldly; which rarely or never touches any of the deeper chords of feeling, nor desires, indeed, to do so; which is very ephemeral, and easily broken, but very pleasant while it lasts; and is, in fact, such a gay and sparkling apology for genuine friendship that many easy-hearted individuals prefer it to the real article, as less troublesome, and by no means so exacting. So long, then, as the friendship between them—if friendship it could be called—moved pleasantly along to light music, so long did Miss Spencelaugh take pleasure in the company of the accomplished Canadian; but at the first whisper of love, the sunlight of laughter died out of her eyes; she turned on him in all her dark and haughty beauty, and shuddered as though a serpent had stung her.

It was not merely that Frederica's heart was already given to another; there was something beyond that—one of those nameless unaccountable antipathies, which caused her whole nature to rise in revolt against the idea of ever becoming the wife of Henri Duplessis. And yet, in the face of this antagonistic feeling, she had given that rash promise to her uncle! She had given it during the first sharp pain of her bereavement, while utterly indifferent as to whatever might happen to herself; how bitterly she regretted it afterwards, no one but herself ever knew. But when Frederica perceived that all lover-like advances on the Canadian's part had entirely ceased; that he no longer sought for an opportunity of finding her alone; and that his demeanour in no wise differed from that of any other gentleman who visited at Belair, she concluded, not unnaturally, that seeing how distasteful his suit was to her, he had silently abandoned it; and grateful to him for his forbearance, she began slowly, and almost unconsciously, to unbend towards him; and by degrees the intimacy between them came to assume its old easy laughing character, which was precisely the point to which Mr. Duplessis was desirous of bringing it, and from which he began to work afresh.

It was the old easy intimacy with a difference, as Frederica was not long in discovering; less bantering and satirical than of yore, but with more of the earnest feeling of real friendship, at least on the part of Mr. Duplessis; and based on a pleasant communion of intellectual tastes hitherto unsuspected by Frederica. It was strange to discover that Mr. Duplessis's favourite authors were hers also. His acquaintance with Dante, and Goethe, and Schiller, exceeded her own; and in English literature he was certainly much better read than she was. Then there were other happy points of contact between them. Mr. Duplessis, like Frederica, was passionately fond of sketching from nature, and wielded a free bold pencil, which seemed to rub in, with a few easy rapid touches, effects which only by much slow, painstaking study could she adequately shadow forth. What more natural, under these circumstances, than that they should occasionally find themselves among the beautiful Belair woods, sketching some picturesque nook together, with obliging little Miss Craxton to play propriety between them. Then, again, Mr. Duplessis was an admirable amateur-musician, and had a clear ringing tenor voice, which he knew how to use with excellent effect; and music, in such a case, is full of

dangerous fascinations, and has tones of hidden tenderness all its own, which can reach the heart that no other language avails to touch.

The health of Sir Philip Spencelaugh waned slowly as the summer advanced, but he still clung as ever to his pet of a scheme of a union between the man for whom he had contracted so singular a liking, and Frederica. He saw, with a sort of querulous satisfaction, that Frederica no longer displayed any signs of distaste for the company of Mr. Duplessis; and he was only dissuaded from urging his niece to name an early day for the marriage by the Canadian himself, who knew well that the baronet's persuasions would have an effect precisely the opposite of that which it was intended they should have, and would utterly freeze those pretty tender buds of liking which he saw creeping forth from day to day, and which he hoped, by patient and judicious cultivation, would one day culminate in the perfect flower of love. So the baronet, with some difficulty, was induced to keep his own counsel, and that of Mr. Duplessis, as far as it was known to him. He would sit for an hour at a time with Frederica's hand in his, patting it softly, and murmuring below his breath: 'Good girl, good girl,' and gazing with anxious eyes into that bright proud young face, which, when in his presence, always softened into a tenderness such as was rarely seen upon it at any other time.

Beyond the precincts of Belair, the news, unfounded as we know, spread quickly, emanating from what source no one could tell, that Miss Spencelaugh was positively engaged to Mr. Henri Duplessis, and that the marriage was to take place before Christmas—spread to Normandford and Eastingham; and thence, in an ever-widening circle, from one country-house to another, till it was known throughout the length and breadth of Monkshire; and so, after a time, it travelled up to town, and came to be discussed in west-end drawing-rooms, and to be a topic for brief comment at chance meetings in the crush on aristocratic staircases.

Such was the position of affairs at Belair, at the time when one of the most important characters in our history makes his first appearance on the scene.

To be continued.

LOSSES AT SEA.

IT is still to be proved whether iron or oak is the most buoyant and suitable material for ships, and whether the vessel of Benbow's time, or the mass of metal that now bears our English thunders over the waves, is to be the sea-conqueror of the future. The recent deplorable fate of the *London* has led to many such enquiries, and the thoughts to which it has given rise will long continue to ferment in the minds of our ship-builders and ship-buyers. In seeking greater speed and increased steam-power, we may perhaps have rather lost sight of other qualities equally valuable, and equally needful for the safety and comfort of our sailors. Following out a train of thought into which the late calamity has led so many Englishmen, let us briefly recapitulate a few of the chief shipwrecks and other losses at sea during the last century.

The loss of the *Royal George*, a fine 110-gun ship, in 1782, not in a storm, not by fire, or in the shock of battle, but in a sea calm and without a ripple, excited a great interest in England, and roused Cowper the poet to the production of a ballad that is still read. In her last cruise, the *Royal George* having sprung a leak, was ordered into dock to be examined, and to have some of her copper sheathing removed. She was to be "careened" at Spithead—that is, to have her guns removed to one side till the damaged part rose above the water. At 6 a.m. on an August morning, the work was begun; and at ten, to remove some more copper, she was lowered another streak. A great part of the crew (nine hundred men) had just sat down to dinner, when a sudden gust of wind coming, forced the vessel lower on her side; the sea poured in at the open ports, and she sunk in eight minutes. Admiral

Kempensfeldt, who was at the time in his cabin, perished, and so also did two hundred and sixteen bumboat women and children who were on board. Of twelve hundred persons in the vessel at the time, about two hundred and ninety were saved by boats, which were kept off for a few moments by the whirlpool round the sinking ship. The *Lark*, a victualling sloop alongside the *Royal George* at the time, also sunk in the eddy, and several of her men were lost. Soon after the catastrophe, numbers of dead bodies appeared floating round the ships at Spithead. The *Royal George* had been condemned, and had only a few months more to float.

Another calamitous and historical wreck was that of the *St. George*, ninety-eight guns, one of the fleet sent into the Baltic, in 1811, to convoy merchantmen, Admiral Reynolds commander. The *St. George* had been injured by a collision, and was being brought home by two men-of-war, when she went ashore near Cape Ryssestein, on the coast of Jutland. Her guardian-vessel the *Defence* (seventy-four), first grounded, and went to pieces in half an hour, all her crew perishing but five seamen and one marine, who were saved on spars. The *St. George* took ground upwards of eight hundred fathoms from land, as she was trying to anchor. No boats could reach her from the shore, and those lowered from the ship were instantly lost. Only twelve men were saved, and these escaped on planks. When they left, Admiral Reynolds and Captain Guyon, who had refused to leave the vessel, were lying dead on the quarter-deck, surrounded by some five hundred of the crew. Fatigue and cold had struck them one by one. About fifty men were still alive, and their cries could be heard till dark. A part of the mast was cut away, and a raft was also formed, but in vain. Two days afterwards, the gale abating, boats were put off to bring ashore the bodies of the admiral and officers, but the deck had been washed away. Between thirteen hundred and fourteen hundred lives were lost with these two vessels.

The *Earl of Abergavenny*, a noble first-class East Indiaman, of twelve hundred tons, sailed from Portsmouth on February 1, 1805, with other outward-bound vessels, under convoy of the *Weymouth* frigate. The weather was unfavourable, and the wind strong against them. The very first night, the sheep-dog and the flock—the frigate and the convoy—lost sight of each other, and till day broke were out of each other's reach. This was an ominous beginning, but the sailors no doubt attributed it all to sailing on a Friday, and turning the ship's head, ran for Portland Roads. There was less hurry in those days, and no steam to force a vessel through opposing sea and wind. It was a comfortable, easy-going age; and the captain of an Indiaman, laden with precious goods, and bound for a long journey, thought nothing of a few days' delay. On Tuesday (there must have been rough work between Friday and Tuesday), the Indiaman having a pilot on board, a calm, grave man, who knew every rock, light, and headland, beat along the Dorsetshire coast, and bore up for Portland Roads; but ebb-tide setting in fast, and the wind being slack (misfortune on misfortune), she suddenly drove on the shambles, a rock of the Bill of Portland. There was no alarm at first—no thought of not getting off at the turn-tide—no fear of ever having to take to the boats; so for an hour and a half no guns were fired to signal the shore-people. At four, she made much water, which gashed terribly fast upon the pumps. The crew worked hard, endeavouring to bail her at the fore-hatchway, but with little success. In the midst of all this anxiety and excitement, at five, the carpenter went below, and searching about and sounding, returned with a pale, scared face, and reported a great leak, that no pledgets or art of his could stop. Then, and not till then, the huge wounded ship spoke, groaned forth her alarm and distress, with discharges of twenty cannon. Ceaselessly, too, the pumps went on; but at six o'clock the loss seemed certain; more leaks were discovered; and to crown the horror and misery, the wind, as if exulting at mischief, rose to a furious gale. Night, too, had come, and hidden shore and sea. The vessel was settling down fast. At seven, more guns were

fired, to call for boats to take off crew and passengers, and king's and Company's troops, who were on board. The *Earl of Abergavenny* was laden with gold. She had seventy thousand pounds in specie, and a cargo of porcelain and other rarities, valued at two hundred thousand pounds. All that must go now, if the one hundred and sixty sailors, fifty passengers, thirty Chinamen, and two hundred recruits, could only be saved. Wordsworth, the captain, was a mild, thoughtful man—called "the philosopher" by his friends; and he keeps his head during all this growing danger, in the hopeless, baffling darkness. At eight, the captain tends the purser, the third-mate, and six seamen ashore, to save the valuable papers and despatches. Now, this fortunate third-mate, had been loitering on shore with the first-mate when the vessel left Portsmouth, and had been forced by the greedy boatmen to pay forty guineas for a boat to join their ill-starred ship; now they would give one hundred and forty guineas to get clear and safe out of it. One boat of brave Dorsetshire fishermen beat out to them, and clinging for a moment by rope and boat-hook, took off five passengers, and swept off with them securely.

About nine, the water had risen above the orlop deck. The crisis approached, and Captain Wordsworth, in his calm and collected way, had to fulfil a painful duty, and inform the passengers that they must soon perish. The crew, hitherto calm and orderly, broke through all discipline in the despair of that moment, demanded drink; they would die delirious and happy; but the officers withstood the brutal and unworthy craving, and stood armed, with their backs to the spirit-room. Just before the ship staggered in its death-throes, and began to sink, Mr. Baggett, the chief-mate, said to Captain Wordsworth: "We have done all we can, sir—she will sink in a moment;" to which the captain calmly replied: "It cannot be helped—God's will be done." He refused all entreaties to save himself, and when last seen, the brave man was clinging quietly and imperturbably to a rope. About eleven, the ship gave a sudden shock and sank backwards, falling first on her beam ends, in twelve fathom water. Between eighty and ninety persons were at the time clinging to the tops of the masts, and were afterwards taken off. In the agony of the last hour, the sailors had forgotten to get the boats out. At half-past eleven, the shore-boats were hailed by the men still in the shrouds, whom, however, they did not, for some reason or other, try to save. The number lost in this terrific wreck was three hundred. The cargo of treasure and porcelain was estimated at two hundred thousand pounds. Nothing was saved but some despatches for India, and some valuable prints consigned to General Lake. Captain Forbes and three privates, taken from the wreck, died in the boat that rescued them before they could reach Weymouth, although that place was only two miles distant. Some time after, the spar-deck of the unhappy vessel floated up, with many trunks and light goods.

The *Kent* East Indiaman was destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March, 1825. This fine ship of 1350 tons, had on board a crew of 158 men, 364 soldiers, 20 private passengers, 43 women, and 66 children. The vessel was set on fire by the light from the lamp of an inspecting-officer, which caught some spirit from a stove-dish in the hold. Three out of the six boats belonging to the *Kent* were soon swamped, but the most perfect discipline was maintained throughout the whole time of danger; the officers with swords drawn, superintending the departure of first the women and children, and then of the soldiers and crew. The captain of the *Kent* was almost the last man to drop from the spanker-boom into the boat—nor would he leave his ship till he heard the guns, whose tackle had burst in the advancing flames, explode in the hold, into which they had one by one fallen. Fourteen men who clung to the chairs till the masts fell overboard were saved by a Liverpool vessel. The flags of distress were seen waving amid the flames till the masts fell like stately steeples, and the fire reaching the magazine, the charred timbers were blown into the air by a tremendous explosion. Eye-witnesses describe

the half burnt vessel as resembling an immense caldron or basket-work of fire, the blackened planks dark against the flame. Fire was springing from the hatchway, and storms of sparks were scattering to the wind. One man was seen by the sailors of the rescuing boats bound to some spars that were under the ship's counter. He was so close, that as the stern-frame rose with every swell, he was jerked upwards and suspended above the water, only to be scorched by streams of pure flame that shot momentarily from the casings of the gun-room ports. On these occasions, the man screamed with agony, till the surge came and buried the stern-frame in the waves. Just as the boat reached the sufferer, the fire snapped the cord that bound him to the spar, and he sunk and was seen no more. It was supposed that the spar had caught some rope to the keel or rudder-irons, while the other spars had drifted away. It is supposed that above eighty-one individuals perished in the luckless *Kent*.

The *Ocean Monarch*, one of the Boston and Liverpool packets, left the Mersey at daybreak on August 24, 1848, with a crew of 30 men and 366 emigrants and passengers. About 12 o'clock, a yacht from Beaumaris saw the vessel between Orme's-head and Abergely. Mr. Littledale, the owner of the yacht, was standing with his friends admiring the splendour of the ship, when, to their horror, she suddenly put up her helm, as if she was about to return to Liverpool. Then up went a flag of distress, and a moment after, furious flames broke out from her stern and centre. The yacht could not run alongside the burning vessel because of the sea that was running, but she lowered a boat, and saved thirty-two persons. The Brazilian steam-frigate *Affonso* also came to the help of the *Ocean Monarch*, as well as several other steamers. The flames were now so threatening that the crew all rushed to the forepart of the vessel. Women with children in their arms jumped into the sea, and men followed. As the fire advanced, driving all before it, the passengers and crew collected on the jib-boom, clinging in clusters as thick as they could pack, and even huddling one upon another in their paroxysm of despair. There was no discipline possible, and the passengers ran distractedly about quite uncontrolled, and hurrying to the most dangerous places. To add to the horror, just when the rescue was near, the foremast fell with a fearful crash, and with its burning spars on the shrieking masses crowded on the jib-boom, which it struck into the water with all those that had taken refuge on it. The captain threw spars to float those overboard, and then being pressed by the flames leaped after them, and seized hold of some floating wood. Several men struggling for the same hold, he swam off to another plank, and there remained till the yacht picked him up. The Brazilian frigate, out on a pleasure excursion with the Prince de Joinville and the Duke and Duchess of Aumale on board, came up an hour and a half after the yacht, and anchored to the windward of the burning vessel. Her sailors making fast a rope to the *Ocean Monarch*, sent her boats backwards and forwards to save the endangered wretches who lay between the pursuing fire and the expectant sea. A Bangor and a New York steamer also arrived to help in the same good work. The yacht remained till the unhappy bark was burned nearly to the water's edge. The men and women were so close together in the water that the boats could not approach the ship so near as was necessary. Many lives were lost from this singular cause. The brave stewardess perished in attempting to save the powder, which, after all exploded. The fire left the figure-head and solid timbers of the stem untouched; but the upper works were cleared to the water's edge as clean as if a carpenter's saw had levelled them. As the water stole in, and the burning ship settled down, large volumes of flame rushed forward hissing and crackling. Of the 396 passengers and sailors, 218 were saved, and 178 lost—the majority killed by falling masts. This fire was supposed by the steward to have originated in a careless passenger having made a fire in a wooden ventilator which ran from the third deck to the captain's cabin, mistaking it for a chimney. The captain,

however, attributed it to the passengers smoking near crates of earthenware, which was packed in exposed straw. Water was instantly thrown upon the fire, but almost immediately after part of the vessel burst into flames. The anchors were instantly let go, to keep the ship to the wind and the fire to the stern. Two boats were also got out, but the cruel fire came on the rest before the lashings could be either loosened or cut.

Losses at sea have been and will continue to be, but their number may be reduced by forethought, care, and increased study of meteorology. Passenger-vessels must not be overloaded; fire annihilators must be always carried; too great speed must not be sought, to overtax the engines; dead-weight must be prudently distributed. No reckless selfish greed of base men hasting to be rich must be allowed to render our merchant and emigrant vessels less fit than they used to be to safely brave the dangers of the treacherous element in which our brave sailors get their living, and too often meet their death.

HOW I GOT MY VICTORIA CROSS.

"YOU want to hear how I managed to get the V. C., do you, old fellow? Well, send over to the Buttery for another tankard of beer, and I will tell you all about it; it's dry work talking, and your Brasenose malt is perfection.

"Now for my story:—

"It was near the close of a glorious summer day in the plains of India, if you know what *that* means; the sun had just gone down blood red in a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in my tent, and not a breath of air was stirring. I had only just returned to camp after a pretty hard day's work, and had fallen asleep on my cot, booted and spurred as I came in. I had at that time, as you may remember, the command of a body of Sikh horse which I had raised myself, and was, moreover, Acting Deputy Quarter Master General, and Head of the Intelligence Department to the Cis-Nurbudda Moveable Column under Major General Sir George Percy, K. C. B., so had work enough on my hands. On this day I had been in the saddle from daybreak till late in the afternoon, scouring the country for miles in advance of the column, and had wound up by a hard gallop of half a dozen miles with a troop of mutineer Sowars at my heels. Imagine my disgust at being roused up by a big black-bearded Sikh orderly, with, 'Sahib, the General sahib wishes to see you immediately in his tent.' I jumped up, soused my head in the big brass basin which we Indians carry with us everywhere, pulled on my blue *Meersai*,* and rushed off to the General's tent, not in the best of humours. As soon as I entered, however, I saw there was something serious the matter, and I had not been routed out for nothing. The General was seated at his camp-table looking very grave, and with an open letter in his hand. By his side were Colonel A—, second in command to J—, his Adjutant General. Sir George handed me the letter as I came in. 'Read this, Llantaine; it has just been brought in by a disguised Sepoy from Shahranpore.' It was from Major L—, who had long been beleaguered in that place with the officers, women, and children of his own regiment and a few fugitives from neighbouring stations. It was written in Greek characters, and ran as follows: 'Only twenty men fit for duty, provisions very short; we cannot possibly hold out more than five days longer.' Few words and simple, but full of awful meaning.

"The difficulty is this,' said the General, turning to Colonel A—, 'Shahranpore is, you know, only some thirty miles to the eastward, and we might reach it in time to save them, but then we must leave Bharaghur to itself for at least a week, and I don't know in what state they are there, or how long they can hold out; the number of Europeans there is three times as great as at Shahranpore, and they have a large treasury and magazine in the fort. Llantaine

has sent six spies at different times with letters to Bharaghur; the two first came back with their ears and noses strung round their necks, and the others never came back at all. All our information goes to show that the enemy are in great force round the place. I dare not divide our small force; if we march to relieve Shahranpore, we risk losing Bharaghur, and as this letter shows, if we attempt to relieve Bharaghur, Shahranpore must fall into the enemy's hands, and there will be Cawnpore over again. What do you advise, A—?'

"The Colonel's face worked strangely, and when at last he answered, it was in a thick husky voice.

"My wife and children are at Shahranpore, General, but the safety of Bharaghur must not be risked.'

"There was silence for some minutes, and as we looked at each other, our faces gathered blackness.

"By God!' exclaimed Sir George, 'this is a fearful position to be in. I'd give a year's pay to know how things really are at Bharaghur.'

"By this time my mind was made up.

"All right, General, write a cheque, and give me till noon to-morrow, and if I'm in luck you shall have the information you require.'

"What do you mean, Llantaine? You won't get any one to go to Bharaghur after the way your poor devils of spies were treated.'

"I don't want anyone to try, General; if the thing is to be done at all, I must do it myself.

"It's only twenty miles from here to Bharaghur as the crow flies, and I know every inch of the country, as I had charge of this district for two years before the row began.'

"Nonsense, Llantaine, you'll get cut to pieces as sure as fate, and do no good either. We must think of some other plan.'

"He either fears his fate too much, General—you know the rest. If the niggers are to have my scalp, they may as well take it now as a year hence. Anyhow, I'll risk it.'

"There was a little more discussion, but as no better plan could be hit on, I carried my point and left the tent, to make my arrangements. Colonel A—followed me out.

"God bless you, Llantaine, and bring you safe back,' said he, wringing my hand: and as I looked at him I saw the tears standing in his eyes. It took me rather aback, for the old fellow was no great friend of mine, and was a regular Tartar, to boot.

"All right, Colonel, never say die. I shall live to plague you yet, I hope.

"I sent at once for my Rissaldar,* and in five minutes he was in my tent.

"I am going for a ride to-night, Shere Singh, let your son with Bulwunt Singh, and four other good men be ready in an hour, and look you, see that they are well mounted, and their arms in good order.'

"They are always ready for work, sahib,' said the old Sikh, as he saluted and went out.

"I slept like a top for nearly an hour, and awoke feeling game for anything. Tattoo was beating as I rode off with my small party, and the moon did not rise till nearly midnight, so we had good three hours of darkness before us. For the first ten miles we rode hard along the high road which crossed a large barren plain, destitute alike of village and trees, and here I knew we were not likely to come across any of the enemy; but after that the country became cultivated and thickly peopled, and we were obliged to make our way as best we could, skirting villages, feeling our way through large topes,† in many of which we saw fires burning, and not a few horses picketed. It was evident enough that the rebels were strong in cavalry, and had scattered them well over the country between us and their camp.

"At last, we arrived, without any adventures, within half a mile of Bharaghur. The enemy were apparently in very strong force all round the Fort, and their watch-fires were blazing in every direction. It was manifestly unsafe for us to go on any further, so I halted my men

in a dense patch of jungle, with strict orders not to move on any account unless discovered and attacked, until my return, unless, indeed, I were absent more than three hours, in which case they were to make the best of their way back to camp. I left my horse, of course, with them, and stripped, keeping on only a waistcloth, in which I stuck my revolver, and stole off, sabre in hand, towards the north face of the Fort opposite to which we were, as I knew that the only entrance was on that side. Favoured by the darkness I crept along under cover of mounds and bushes, until I gained the north-east angle of the ditch; the entrance to the Fort was nearly at the other end of this face, but I could not get opposite to it, as the Sepoys had a strong picket there, and their sentries were pacing up and down to within a few yards of where I was. Here, then, it became necessary for me to take to the water. Crouching beneath a bush, I took off my sword and left it there, but kept my 'Colt' on, as I knew from experience that it would stand any amount of wet. Now I was all ready, and had nothing to do but to get into the moat; but somehow I was rather backward in going forward; the water looked horribly black and ugly, and by no means inviting. I knew that crocodiles were as thick as thieves there, and it now occurred to me for the first time how extremely probable it was that one of them might take a fancy to me. Never before had I fully appreciated the deep wisdom of old Falstaff's reflections on honour,—honour pricked me on, sure enough, but would it pull me through if one of the scaly gentlemen down below should lay hold of my leg? The idea was by no means pleasant, and I must admit that I funked horribly. But it was now too late to draw back, and the more I looked at the water the less I liked it, so at last, with something between a curse and a prayer, I dropped quietly in. Ugh! how fearfully cold it felt, though the night was warm enough. I am a tolerably good swimmer, and struck out manfully, but I seemed to be crawling through the water. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte' was by no means true in my case; I had some three hundred yards to swim, and by the time I had got half-way I was, if possible, in a greater funk than when I started. I swam with my beard over my shoulder, expecting every moment to hear the rush of some huge mugger,* or to see its horrid jaws rising above the water. Every ripple startled me, and I could hear my heart thumping against my ribs. At last I reached the other bank safe and sound, scrambled up it sharp, and being lucky enough to find the European sentry a little less ready than most of them with his rifle, succeeded in persuading him that I was not "a nigger," in time to escape lead or steel. In a couple of minutes I was surrounded by half the garrison, and had told my story. It was received with a wild hurrah, which startled the gentlemen on the opposition benches not a little, and brought down on us a shower of bullets, which luckily did no damage.

"Tell Sir George,' said the old brigadier, 'that we have lots of food and ammunition, and can hold out for a fortnight if necessary; but stop, I will give you a note to him.'

"After taking it, and a peg of rum, I was ready to start again. As I was saying 'good-bye,' one of the rifles sang out—

"By the bye, Llantaine, if you should get knocked over going back, the General will be in as big a fix as ever; you had better let one of us go with you, two fellows are better than one, and I am your man.'

"Just then a Sepoy stepped out of the crowd.

"Let me go with the sahib, a black man may get through where a white one cannot.'

"He was an Oude man, a 'Pandy,' and a Brahmin, but had stood by his officers like a man, and looked like one who might be trusted; so I accepted his offer at once, and he stuck a copy of the brigadier's letter into his turban. A shake of the hand all round, a chorus of 'God bless you,' and 'Good-bye, old fellow,' and we were both in the water, swimming like fishes. Strangely enough I did not mind it a

* Loose tunic much worn by Indian officers at Service.

* Native officer of Irregular Cavalry.
† Clumps of forest-trees.

* A crocodile.

bit going back; the danger seemed to me to be all over, and I was as jolly as possible. Just as we were nearing the other bank I heard a sudden exclamation from my companion, 'Dekho, sahib, dekho!' and turning my head, caught sight of something black above the water. The next moment a shrill sharp cry of agony rang through the still night air. To my dying day I shall never forget the wild despairing face and outstretched arms which rose for a moment high above the water, and then slowly disappeared as my poor comrade was dragged down. I could do nothing to help him! his death-shriek roused the peeps, and in another moment a shower of bullets splashed in every direction around me. I pulled myself out of the ditch faint and sick at heart, and scrambled up the bank, but by this time the mutineers were fully aroused, and torches glared on every side. Suddenly the Fort batteries opened fire briskly, and were at once answered by the guns on the opposite bank; rifle, musket, and matchlock joined in the chorus; drums beat to arms throughout the rebel camp, and all was confusion. Hoping to escape unperceived in the row, I ran towards the trees where my horse was tied up, but was intercepted half-way by a lot of Sepoys. My revolver was handy, and I fired into them right and left, but the next minute a bullet hit me in the leg, and I shared the fate of the Black Mousquetaire, who, the legend tells us,—

Went down with a groan and a frown,
And a hole in his small clothes the size of a crown,

the only difference in my favour being that my small clothes escaped damage, having parted company with me a couple of hours before. I managed to stagger on to my legs, but only to be sent to grass again with a sabre cut over the head. Of what followed I have but a very vague idea. I remember as I went down a trampling of horses, and hearing the war-cry of my Sikhs, "Ah gooroo Jee, Ah gooroo Govind," a clash of sabres, pistol-shots, a whirl of horses' hoofs all round me, and then the blackness of darkness.

"When I came to myself we were riding along full speed over the open plain, and old Shere Singh and another were supporting me on either side. At daybreak we halted for a few minutes on the banks of a tank while the horses got breathed a bit, and I had my wounds washed and bound up. By the time that was done I felt pretty well again, and looking about me, missed young Runjeet Singh, and asked his father where he was.

"He is with his fathers, sahib," said the old Sikh, calmly; "he died like a brave man, fighting for you and the great company whose salt he had eaten."

"I was sorry for the youngster, for he was one of the best men in my corps, and old Shere Singh's only son. On we rode again, keeping our horses up to their speed, for we were being followed pretty close by a troop of Irregulars, and it was quite a toss up whether they ran us down or not. Just as the sun rose, and when we were only some three or four miles from camp, they all but overtook us, and two or three bullets came whizzing about our ears, the Sowars were gaining on us at every stride, and things looked very fishy, when suddenly a turn of the road brought us face to face with another strong party of cavalry. I thought for a moment that it was all over with us; the next instant a ringing cheer told me that we had met friends, and I found myself in the midst of a squadron of my own Sikhs; hard behind us came the enemy, yelling like fiends, and as they turned the corner, pulled up, and crowded together, undecided whether to advance or turn back. Small time had they to make up their minds; our fellows charged down on them furiously; tired men and horses had little chance against fresh ones, and the shock was irresistible. Being myself *hors de combat*, I looked on quietly, and never in my life did I see men so cut to pieces; our fellows rode through and through them, and had they been allowed to follow the fugitives, scarcely a man would have escaped. But I wanted to keep

"* Look, sir, look."

them in hand, so sounded the recall rigorously. Back they came; old Shere Singh growling savagely, his sabre covered with blood.

"If the sahib had only let us go on, we would have followed the scoundrels to the very gates of Bharaghur, and sent all the Mussulman dogs to hell."

"In half an hour more, we were safe in camp, and I went straight to the General's tent. He had evidently been up all night, and looked worn and haggard. Colonel A. and the Adjutant-General were with him. My story was soon told, and the Brigadier's note delivered. The General was in ecstasies.

"Not a bad night's work, Llantaine," he said; "but it's precious lucky the mugger did not swallow you, instead of that poor devil of a Pandy."

"No mugger in his senses would attempt to 'take in' the Head of the Intelligence Department," said Colonel A., with a spasmodic attempt at a joke, and I left the tent.

"Your name shall go in for the V. C.," sung out Sir George as I was leaving; "and it shan't be my fault if you don't get it."

"He was as good as his word, and in due time, red tape permitting, I got my Cross.

"Within a week Shahranpore had been relieved, and the mutineers who were rash enough to show fight in front of Bharaghur got such a thrashing as they did not forget in a hurry. I was not engaged in either affair, as the cut on my head gave the doctors lots of trouble, and at last sent me home on sick certificate."

ALMOST A FAIRY TALE.

"IT all came from a hatful of beans."

"What came of a hatful of beans?"

"This," said he, pointing to a jolly black-timbered farm-house, of such pretension that it earned for its owner the title of Squire Bligh; though, to tell the truth, he had no more right to it than any of his neighbours.

But there was such a wealth of treasure in that house that it guaranteed respectability; and no one ever entered the doors without feeling, as Miss Matilda Tomkin, a lady who read all the periodicals of the day, observed, that you had caught a glimpse of the luxuries and appliances of Oriental life.

"Who is Squire Bligh?" I asked.

"Who was Squire Bligh, you mean," returned my friend. "Sit down, and I will tell you the story."

So I sat down, and he told me as follows:

"Nigh forty years ago, there was a widow living in this place who had an only son named Jack."

"Yes," I interrupted; "and he was an idle good-for-nothing lad, always in mischief, and an anxiety to his mother."

"Who told you so?" asked my friend.

"No one," said I; "go on with the story."

"He went on doing little or nothing, until he was a great fellow of seventeen or eighteen, his chief work being to take the horses down to water for the farmers round—this he did not object to, as he could ride down to the river, and ride up again. One fine evening in the spring he was returning with the horses as usual, when, as he passed a certain stile, he heard some one call to him,—

"Jack!"

"Here I be," said Jack, stopping the horses, and looking in the direction from whence the voice came. "Hoy!" he ejaculated, in a tone expressive of astonishment and gratification, as his eye fell upon the neat little figure of the girl who had been taken to help in the dairy.

"What be you doing here, Nelly?"

"Waiting to see you, Jack."

"That's kind, at any rate, and it's not many would do it; but I'm a ne'er-do-well, and no one need trouble about me," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"That's just what I came to tell you," returned the little maiden.

"Then you don't care about me?" said he, with a little vexation in his tone.

"Care! why should I, for a lazy fellow like you? I should think not!"

"But you might, Nelly."

"Might, indeed! I mightn't do anything of the sort. At any rate, I don't."

"Then what did you come here for?"

"To tell you you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"There's plenty to do that," returned the lad.

"Yes; but you don't heed them, and you might heed me, Jack. Won't you begin to work a bit?"

"I don't know what to begin at."

"Your mother's a nice bit of garden, Jack."

"I've nothing to put in it," answered Jack, despondingly.

"Nonsense," said Nelly; "what a faint heart you have. I'll give you a lot of beans to begin with. You put up the horses, and I'll be back in a minute."

So Jack put up the horses, and waited for Nelly. Presently she came tripping along, with her apron full of something.

"Here," said she, "hold your hat." She poured the beans into it; and he went home.

Next day Jack took a spade, and worked away diligently for two hours.

"What's come to thee, lad?" said the widow, as he came in, all flushed and hungry, to his dinner.

"Nelly Giles is a good lass," quoth Jack; "and if ever I get rich I'll marry her."

"Thee get rich!" said the Widow Bligh, and she held up her hands deprecatingly.

"Strange things happen sometimes," returned Jack; and he resumed his digging with renewed energy. All that afternoon he dug away as though his life depended on it.

The next day he planted his beans. He had evidently turned over a new leaf, and the widow and her neighbours thought the lad was bewitched, as perhaps he might have been. At any rate he had set to work in earnest, and he soon found plenty to do, the farmers being nothing loth to give employment to one who, despite his idleness, was a general favourite.

Nelly alone held aloof. Jack was getting beyond her patronage; he had suddenly become more manly, and seemed as if he had grown half a head taller all at once; and Nelly turned shy, and it was all he could do to get a stray word from her now and then.

It was clear that she would have nothing to say to him, which Jack thought rather hard after all the trouble he had taken to please her; and the more he pondered over it the less he could understand it, Nelly used to be so friendly. "Perhaps if I were a rich man she might give a thought to me," said Jack; and so he determined to go elsewhere, to seek his fortune, and return and make Nelly his wife.

When he went to say "Good-bye" to her, he did it in rather a blundering way.

"Maybe I shall find you married when I come home again, Nelly," said the poor lad, looking wistfully at her.

"Maybe you will," retorted Nelly, "if I find any one I like whilst you are away."

And so they parted, and both repented their speeches when it was too late to recall them.

"Well, what is to be is to be," soliloquised Jack, endeavouring to find consolation therein; "but Nelly's the only woman that shall ever by my wife."

When Jack was gone, Nelly went very often to see the Widow Bligh, and was a great comfort to her; and their conversation always turned upon Jack.

A year passed away, and no tidings came of him. Then another, and the two women did not talk so much now, but they sat quietly at their work when Nelly could spare time from the dairy, and it was a consolation to them to be together.

At the beginning of the next year Nelly was summoned to her home in a distant county. Her mother was dying, and as she did not come back, the Widow Bligh was left to bear her trouble alone; and through the spring and into the

summer she watched and watched, and every morning as she opened her shutters and let in the daylight, she wondered whether that day would bring her son home, and every evening as the daylight faded away she said, 'He may come to-morrow'. And at length the 'to-morrow' came, and a handsome sailor walked up the village-street into his mother's cottage; and soon the news spread abroad that Jack Bligh had come home with bags of golden guineas.

"But that was not, of course, true. The first person that Jack asked after was Nelly Giles; but he could hear nothing of her.

"'Never mind her, Jack,' said the widow, who was quite content, now that she had her son, and indeed did not care much for a rival, 'she's not worth thinking of.'

"But Jack was not of his mother's opinion, and he was scarcely sorry to go away again, for the old place seemed very dreary without Nelly.

"This time he was able to write to his mother occasionally, for he had brushed up his writing; and it was a proud day for the widow when the schoolmaster came in to read her son's letters.

"A second time Jack Bligh came home; and this time a hired carriage, laden with boxes and packages, stopped at the widow's door, for Jack was prospering.

"But nothing had been heard of Nelly, and Jack could not bear the sight of the 'fine things he had brought, for he had intended the most of them for her.

"'It's all through those beans,' thought poor Jack, 'that I came to go away.'

Yet would he have been any nearer had he stayed at home in idleness?

"Fifteen years had passed away, and Jack had prospered so well that he decided upon giving up his sea-life and settling in his native village. So he took the jolly old farm and filled it with his foreign curiosities, and the Widow Bligh presided over it in great state."

"And did Jack marry?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me," said my friend. "For a long time he did not, although his mother pointed out more than one girl in the neighbourhood, who would make him a good wife—at last he did."

"Oh!" said I, with a kind of sigh.

"Wait," continued my friend.

"One morning a pale thin woman entered the village, and when she was opposite the old black-timbered house, she asked of a waggoner who was passing, whether the Widow Bligh was still living?

"'Ay,' replied the man, 'she be.'

"'And has Jack come home?'

"'Jack, indeed!' said the man. 'Squire Bligh's come home, and he lives in that house there.'

"The poor woman looked up at the substantial dwelling of the lad to whom she had given the hateful of beans, and her heart died within her.

"'He'll not care for the like of me,' said she to herself, as she turned to go away again.

"But the shock had been too great for her toil and travel-worn frame, and she had not taken many steps before she sank down on the ground.

"The waggoner ran to her assistance. He raised her head, pushed back her bonnet, and shouted to the astonished squire, who happened to be returning from his morning's stroll.

"'Measter, measter! if here beant Nelly Giles!'

"This was on a Saturday, and how it all came to be arranged so soon, or whether the Squire even asked Nelly, I don't know; but the next Sunday at church the bans we put up, and in less than three weeks the Squire and Nelly were married. And they live at the old farmhouse to this day, and the Squire changed its name to the 'Bean Farm,' and so it's been called ever since. And they've one daughter, as bright a lass as need be. She does not wear little white linen caps and short petticoats, as her mother used to do; but, for all that, the Squire says she's the very image of what Nelly Giles was when she gave him the hateful of beans."

"And where had Nelly been all those years?" said I.

"Up far away in the north with her father. He was a poor weak body, and she couldn't leave him till he died, and then she travelled down to see if Jack had come home; for of course she knew that Jack liked her, and would never marry anyone else. Only, you see, she never expected him to prosper as he had done."

And this was the story my friend told me, and somehow it wove itself into my mind in connection with the fairy legend, and I mingled fiction and fact until I brought myself almost to believe that I had seen the hero of bean-stalk celebrity. For did he not owe his prosperity to a hatful of beans? And had he not left his widowed mother in her little cottage whilst he went into far-off lands to bring home gold and treasures? And did not they end their days in affluence just like Jack and his mother in the time-honoured story? JULIA GODDARD.

PASTIMES.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Railway Stations in Canada.

- 1. Lone Girls — Great Western,
2. Plod in Sand — Grand Trunk,
3. Sun Nic but no jolting — Great Western (Toronto Branch),
4. Lest we can — Grand Trunk,
5. We run by — Great Western,
6. Lean Tom — Brockville and Ottawa,
7. Bar Hall Gun — Welland,
8. Vell A, Suit L? — Grand Trunk,
9. Do for 10 — Ottawa and Prescott,
10. Lady Sin — Port Hope and Lindsay,
11. N saw L done — Grand Trunk,
12. Ode to saw — Great Western,
13. On Josh's N — Grand Trunk, Province Line District.

The initials, transposed, will reveal the name of a Dramatic authoress. R. T. B.

DECAPITATION.

A word of four letters: Reversed I am a snare; beheaded I am a trade; beheaded and transposed, a vegetable substance; beheaded and retransposed, an animal; without my last I indicate equality; without my last and reversed a violent act; my whole is a fraction. L. P. C.

CHARADES.

- 1. I am a word of three syllables; my first means to hurt, my second is a metal, my third is often met with at sea, and my whole is sometimes carried away by my third.
2. I am a word of four syllables; my first is a personal pronoun, my second is a female name shortened, my third is a verb, my fourth is an exclamation, and my whole is an American river, much spoken of during the late war.
3. In olden times my first was often burned, And by my whole rod; were to serpents turned; Upon my second sailors love to roam To foreign lands, and bring rich treasures home. Should my second sink beneath the waves. Beheaded, it may save from watery graves; Beheaded again—nor wonder it should be. The end of my second—in port you may see.

REBUS.

- 1. A noted German historian.
2. A musical movement.
3. Perfectly clear.
4. A son of Erin's Isle.
5. To exalt.
6. A town in Kent.

The initials, finals, and fourth letters in each will name three English admirals,

ANAGRAM.

Denur Tottun Anet eh slei— Ti si bumsire, ti si ont hated, Rof eh aggurlet ta mites ot siaro, Dan vobea mih eth urdil ekiss Ear tho biwt slih yerif hetarb.

ARITHMOREMS.

- 601 and roker = a king of Spain.
1001 " Bura = a part of Italy.
1100 " or tray = a snire in Scotland.
501 " seen a K = an English author.
55 " ago nine E = a celebrated poem.
100 " O grub O = a town in Canada.

The initials transposed reveal the name of an English poet. MIGNONNE.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREMS, &c. No. 49

Arithmorems.—1. Martin Luther. 2. Alfred the Great. 3. Lewis Camoens. 4. Samuel Johnson. 5. Matthew Paris. 6. Christopher Columbus. 7. David Hume. 8. Sir Isaac Newton.

Charades.—1. Snow Bound, a winter idyl, by John Greenleaf Whittier. 2. Reward-war-red-drawer. 3. Pan-can-van-wan-man-fan-Dan-Nan-Ann.

Riddles.—1. Hoose-shoe. 2. An egg.

Anagram.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory, Borne through their battle fields, thunder and flame, Blazoned in song and illumined in story, Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame! Up with our banner bright, Sprinkled with starry light! Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore, While through the sounding sky Loud rings the nations cry, Union and liberty! one evermore!

Arithmetical Questions.—70 lbs. Tea, 130 lbs. Sugar.

The following answers have been received: Arithmorems.—Argus; Whitty; Ella; Grove; H. H. V.; Geo. B.

Charades.—J. A. W.; Geo. B.; Peewit; H. H. M.; Ella.

Riddles.—Whitty; Ella; H. H. V.; J. A. W.; Peewit; Argus.

Anagram.—J. A. W.; Argus; Whitty; Grove; Ella; Geo. B.

Arithmetical Question.—J. F.; Argus; A. Knight; H. H. V.; Geo. B.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue, Dido; J. C.; Alpha.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

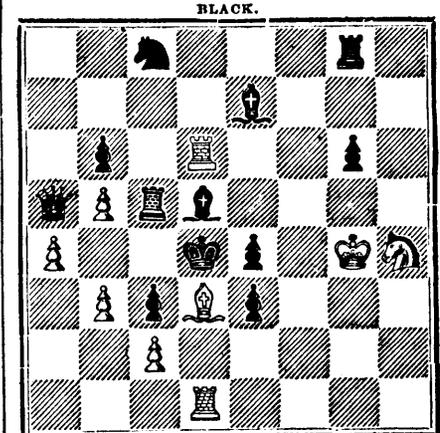
I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C. W.—No 1 has a second solution as follows: 1. R to B 6th, 2. B takes Kt, or, 2. B to Q 6. (ch.), according to Black's play, 3. E or B mates. No. 2 appears below as an Enigma.

T. M., BROCKVILLE.—Your kindness is fully appreciated.

X. L., KINGSTON, C. W.—There must be a mistake in the position, because Black's K is standing in check from the Kt; please send an amended copy.

PROBLEM No. 39.

A curious and ingenious end-gamo. BY E. B. COOKE, HOBOKEN, N. Y.



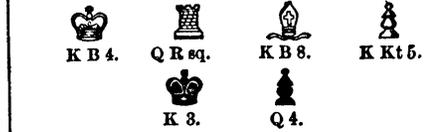
WHITE. White to play and draw the game.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 37.

- WHITE. 1. B to K Kt 5, 2. B to K B 6, 3. Q Mates. BLACK. K moves.

ENIGMA No. 16.

BY I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C. W.



WHITE. White to play and Mate in four moves. BLACK. Any move.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 14.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K B 7, 2. Q or B Mates. BLACK. Any move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M.—Thanks! for your considerate forethought. Will see that you get the bound volume.

McN., Co. GREY.—Respectfully declined.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Prussia was originally a Province of Poland, and became an independent state in 1663. Frederick I, Elector, assumed the title of king, and on the 18th January, 1701, put the crown on his own head, and also on that of his consort.

L. P. C.—Please convey our thanks to "Papa."

S. S.—The London establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company is at present at 4 Fenchurch street, E.C., but we believe it will shortly be removed.

M. H.—We can suggest no better plan than to close your book after you have read for about an hour, and then write down from memory all that you retain of the facts, arguments, or opinions of the author. You will find this plan, if persevered in, strengthen your memory, render you more attentive as you read, promote correctness, and give you increased facility in composition.

DANDRUFF.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for removing dandruff or scurf: After brushing your hair thoroughly, apply the yolk of an egg, well beaten, to the roots; then wash away the egg with warm water, and rub your hair dry with a coarse towel.

ALPHA.—Your communication should be forwarded to one of the daily papers. We do not consider it the province of the READER to discuss questions of the character you have raised.

C. A.—"Arpeggio" is used in piano music, to denote that the notes of the chord before which it is written are not to be struck simultaneously, but in quick succession; *ppp* denotes a very low or soft sound, softer than pianissimo.

L. C.—"Quebec" means "take care of the rock;" it is an Algonquin term.

P. A. R.—"Hoping for Aye" is respectfully declined.

GOSHIP.—The designation "Young England" was given to a number of persons of rank in England, who, some thirty-five years ago, were engaged in an attempt to revive the manners of mediæval times. Their motto was "Let wealth and learning, laws, and commerce die, But give us back our old nobility."

B. C.—It should be pronounced As'su-ë'rus.

J. E. T.—When David, to save his life, was compelled to flee from the presence of Saul, he sought refuge in the cave Adullam, where he was soon joined by a number of malcontents. Mr. Bright compared certain Liberal members of the Imperial Parliament, who were dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone, to David in the cave. Messrs. Horsman and Lowe were the original Adullamites, and they, with the malcontents who joined them, caused the downfall of the ministry.

R. T. B.—Many thanks. We will endeavour to act upon your suggestion.

MISCELLANEA.

AN asylum for lepers is to be erected at Jerusalem.

IRON was first made in Virginia as early as 1619.

IN the year A.D. 120, a military forge was erected at Bath.

COAL IN CHINA.—It is stated that the finest steam-coal in the world is that found near Peking. At that place a coal-field exists of no less than three hundred miles in extent.

ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD EXTRAORDINARY.—A civet cat can live 10 days without food, an antelope 20 days, an eagle 28 days, a badger 30 days, and a dog 35 days; a crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three months, a bear six months, a chameleon eight

months, and a viper ten months. Spiders, toads, tortoises, and beetles will maintain abstinence for an indefinite length of time.

THE English residents in China have taken the first step towards securing telegraphic communication with England, by way of Siberia. It is expected that in a few months London and China will be brought within ten days' communication.

LEMON SPONGE.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, dissolve it in a little boiling water; then take the juice of eight lemons, and put sugar to your taste. Whisk it together until it becomes a sponge; then wet the mould, and put it in; when set, turn it out. The mixture ought to be nearly cold to whisk well.

FIRST ADVICE TO A MARRIED COUPLE.—First, there must be no anxiety about a livelihood. Whatever the income on which you can rely, resolutely live within it, resolutely keep a surplus ahead, resolutely keep out of debt. This is the first condition. There is no enjoyment at home, or of the thousand beautiful things in this world, with the anxiety of poverty. Live poor, work hard, forego all luxuries, and any attempt at elegance, until you have achieved the practical independence of an honest and assured subsistence.

A DAINY DISH.—Locust fritters is a novelty that the most fastidious *gourmet* must acknowledge. The recipe for preparing this dish is given by a correspondent to the *Akbar*, an Algerian journal, and is as follows:—"Take the locust gently between the finger and thumb of the left hand; cut it in two with a knife, and pour into the animals, inside a small quantity of good rum; let them stand two days, and then cover with a fritter paste, and fry them; sprinkle with sugar, and pour into the dish a small quantity of Burgundy." No fear of this dish becoming popular here.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

IN order to lessen the chance of breakage in railway axles, a French engineer, M. Lucas, proposes that the axle should be made of a number of separate bars, only welded together at the extremities, thus giving greater ease under such strains, and rendering it highly improbable that all the bars should break at once.

COAL OILS.—It is stated that American manufacturers, especially those employing fine machinery, have found, by a thorough system of tests, that coal oils as lubricators are superior to sperm oils in the ratio of 100 to 94, a discovery extremely satisfactory, from the great difficulty heretofore of obtaining regularly a grade of sperm or whale oil of uniform density, free of gum and foreign mixture.

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

NEW GALVANIC BATTERY.—A modification of the Bunsen battery has been devised by M. Gerardin, which seems both economic and highly effective. The zinc element is replaced by iron turnings, which are immersed in common water, a plate of iron being thrust into them, for the purpose of forming the positive pole. The porous cell contains a solution of perchloride of iron, to which nitro-hydrochloric acid has been added. The negative pole is formed with gas retort graphite, which has been pulverised, then agglomerated with paraffin. A very large amount of galvanic power may be obtained with a battery of this kind, at a small cost.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

FALSE wit, like false money, only passes current with those who have no means of comparison.

THE speaker who was "drawn out" measured eighteen inches more than before.

WE may always joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

A CONTEMPORARY has discovered that the Boots at an inn is especially bound to keep sober; "tight boots" being very objectionable.

Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?—Because she'd (h') Adam.

"PARTY TIES."—White chokers.—*Punch*.

THE HEIGHT OF PATIENCE.—A deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sun-dial.

BENEVOLENCE.—A very benevolent old lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of hose for a fire-engine.

THE WEEK'S WAR.—The Prussians used their needles and the Austrians their pins. And that's all.

AN AFFAIR OF LETTERS.—An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G; that the two which contain nothing are M T; that four express great corpulence, O B C T; that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N C, and three excite our tears, yet, when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L E G.

SURE TO HARROW UP THE SOLE.—Peg ends inside one's boots.

THE man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

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

JUGGED HAIR.—Get up very early in the morning and dip your head in the water-jug; you will thus have jugged hair to perfection.

AN ICE CREAM.—Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, stir gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss; you will soon have a nice cream.

A DEAN of Theodore Hook's acquaintance was very fond of getting a substitute for church duty. One day Theodore asked, "Why's the dean like England? D'y'e give it up?—eh? Because he expects every man to do his duty."

"MAMMA," said little Nell, "ought governess to flog me for what I've not done?" "No, my dear child; but what do you ask for?" "Cause she flogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

A Paris paper apologises to its readers for being compelled to make an erratum, it having placed four marriages under the mercantile heading of "declarations of failure."

GOOD CASE.—A deceased chief justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech:—"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel are unintelligible, the witness incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

Mr. Durham, of Largo, was an intimate associate of Mr. Henry Erskine's and in some degree shared his powers of humour. They met accidentally in London when Erskine remarked that he could not ask his friend to dinner, as he was penting his house for the reception of a second wife. "Weel, weel," said Durham, "ye may pent away, Harry, and ye may also re-pent."

A COMPLIMENT.—On examining some new flowers in the garden of the Rev. Sidney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed—"Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."