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The Saturday Reader.

Vol. IV.—No. 86. FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1867. 4d or Seven Cents.

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
Of the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS
Who infested
Q U E B E C
In 1834 and 1835.

Translated for the Saturday Reader *from a French pamphlet published in* 1837.

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

"What do you desire, gentlemen?" said Cambray, in affected unconcern, rising from the sofa and crossing his arms arrogantly over his chest.

"In the name of the King, you are my prisoner," said one of the magistrates, placing his hand upon Cambray's shoulder and signalizing the others to seize him.

"What do you mean? Why am I arrested?"

"Why, Cambray, you are accused of murder. Do you remember Sivrac? You are accused of sacrilege. Were you never in the Congregational Chapel? Have you not stolen silver in your possession? Is the name of Cecelia O'Connor unknown to you? These are the grounds upon which you are arrested.

Cambray, always cool and collected, cast his eyes on the warrant for his arrest, and while it was being read, he became paler and paler at every word; nevertheless he maintained his composure throughout the entire proceedings, looking stedfastly in the face of the magistrate.

"Sivrac was my friend," said he at length, with an evident effort to restrain himself; but suddenly losing all patience, he stamped upon the floor, exclaiming, "but what is the use of all this? is it thus you speak to a free and innocent man? When you bring me before justice, I will laugh at your accusations."

During the first part of this speech his face became livid and his eyes fairly flashed with fury, but he soon masked himself with innocence and confidence; an expression of mockery gleamed in his eyes and curled upon his lips; one would have said that he already had a foretaste of the joy of seeing his enemies confuted in their assertions.

On the appearance of the magistrates, his wife had retired into another apartment, but her interest in the ordeal to which her husband was submitting, was too great not to listen to it all.

"Well then, come," said Cambray, "Come, come! let us see whether or not I am the murderer of Sivrac. Come!" and as he was preparing to depart, his wife burst shrieking into the room and threw herself towards him. Pale, trembling, her hair falling loosely over her shoulders, it was with difficulty she could respire. Mute with terror at the thoughts of his sufferings, and anticipating his despair, with imploring eyes she turned to those surrounding him; thrice did she try to find words to give utterance to her feelings, but agony had deprived her of her voice. At last a shriek burst from her pent up heart—but such a shriek—it was scarcely human, so wild was it, so touching, and so full of anguish.

"Ah, what do I see? What do I hear? What are you going to do with him?" cried she.

For a moment there was a deep silence. Cambray alone had sufficient energy to bear it. He raised her with affected solemnity, and said, "My wife, rouse yourself, be courageous, and show yourself worthy of your husband; remember you are the partner of one who never quailed in the presence of man; remember that and fear nothing. You know me well; now listen. I am accused of a crime, a most dreadful crime—that of murder—but an accusation is no proof of guilt."

These terrible words sounded like a death knell in the ears of his distracted wife, who fell back into the arms of a neighbour who had entered the house attracted by the noise. Cambray alone appeared unaffected by the mournful sight, and marched bravely to the prison, surrounded by the magistrates, and exposed to the jeers of the passers by, or the observations of those who hung out of the windows of their houses attracted by the unusual spectacle.

That evening Cambray was confronted with his accusers, and thrown into the lock-up. Shortly afterwards Waterworth, his associate, delivered himself into the hands of the authorities, resolved to share his fate whatever it might be.

So long as Cambray hoped to impose upon the public, by assuming an apparent indifference, so long did he appear quiet and submissive; but no sooner did he discover that the veil had been torn aside from his iniquitous career—no sooner did he learn the damning array of evidence against him, than he gave way to the wildest transports of rage.

During the first part of his confinement he was morose, at times ferocious and brutal in his bearing, so much so that even the witnesses who were to depose against him trembled in his sight. Not that he was afraid of death, nor ashamed of the infamous life he had been leading. No; what troubled him was, that he had been short in his hey day of success.

Cambray and Waterworth, before "this reverse of fortune," as they were pleased to term it, were people of great distinction among their friends, and were generally respected by all who knew them. The following is an account by Waterworth, who resided the greater part of the year in town, of the manner in which affairs were conducted in Cambray's house for some time before his arrest.

It is astonishing, said he, to what an extent hypocrisy and position operate on the minds of the most worthy of our citizens, and it is remarkable that the first breath of suspicion comes generally from a quarter where it is least looked for; it seems as if vice clashes with vice for the sole purpose of protecting society from universal corruption. Only a few days before our arrest, Cambray's house was the resort of people of the highest respectability. It will doubtless seem strange to you that one of his most intimate acquaintances was a person of most exemplary manners and conduct, one moreover who's position alone was a guarantee of respectability. This person could never have known the real character of his friend; indeed from positive knowledge I can affirm, that he regarded Cambray as a model of honesty and truthfulness; alas like many others he was only a dupe; under the genial smile of friendship lay a depth of villany, he would have recoiled from with horror.

The religious disposition of Cambray's wife did much towards bringing this class to the house, and it must be added that the cordial manners of her husband did much towards inducing them to repeat their visits. He did not however partake of the religious feelings of his spouse, for he possessed none, but he believed that the friendship and good opinion of his neighbours was likely to be useful to him; consequently he aped the virtue others applauded.

I do not wish to insinuate that Cambray did not believe in the existence of a God; far from this, his conduct proves the contrary, for in our iniquitous conspiracies he never failed to invoke the aid of the devil, and those who believe in an evil spirit, necessarily acknowledge a good one. The miserable wretch whose life has been dedicated to Satan, and who finds his death bed a scene of utter despair, proves the existence of one who has filled the heart of man with repentance and sorrow.

As I have already stated, we were enjoying the height of prosperity at the time of our arrest: fortune, fame and security seemed to wait at our doors, but the day of retribution had come, suspicion had fallen upon us, and in a moment all our bright hopes of the future had perished. No sooner were we taken up, than the most horrible of crimes, real or imagininary, were placed to our account, and the town accepting every detail as truthful, re-echoed with wrath and indignation; thousands priding themselves upon their perspicuity or upon their pretended discoveries circulated the most ridiculous stories concerning our secret doings in all of which we were represented as the most atrocious monsters under Heaven. The guilty too loaded us with their own misdeeds, thus hoping to escape the vengeance that belonged to them.

This unfortunate piece of business suddenly opened our eyes to the enormities of our crime; nevertheless we did not despair of escaping the rigor of the law, and of re-entering society once more, trusting that our full purses would make amends for our lost characters.

CHAPTER XIII.

First Night in the "Lock-up"—Reproaches—Criminal Reflections.

So far we have seen vice triumphant, marching with head erect, and in full defiance of justice. Here our subject changes colour a little, thoughts of the past arise, and fears for the future. Let us follow our characters in their defeat, listen to the clanking of their chains, and the imprecations of their fate.

We have unfolded the revolting details of their numerous crimes; let us now unfold the consequences thereof, and witness the tribulation of their subsequent life. We have traced them from their first offence to the depth of their villainy; let us now judge of their humiliation and punishment; for who can paint repentance and remorse?

On the evening of their arrest, Cambray and Waterworth were chained up in the same place. Behold them, one opposite the other, fastened by massive chains to the thick walls of the cell, wet with moisture and covered with cobwebs; a lamp hangs between them, and its pale and sickly light seems to regard them with a restless and defiant glare.

Their forms are languid now and relaxed, and the pervading silence, interrupted by the sighs of one and the mutterings of the other, manifests more strongly than could word or gesture the nature of their thoughts. Had any one looked into this dungeon through the only aperture that admitted daylight—had seen their flaming eyes amid the gloom—they would have believed them to have been two ferocious brutes crouched in their respective corners, each trembling in the fear of being assailed by his adversary.

"See," said Waterworth, raising his chains, which sounded with a deep clank in this subterraneous abode. "See," said he, breaking at last the oppressive silence of the place, "what I owe you, Cambray; see what you have brought me to."

"Ah! you open your eyes at last; I'll bet you are sorry for what you have done," replied Cambray, with a mocking laugh, as he gathered himself into a sitting posture.

"Heavens! what will my father say when he hears of this? What will he think? What will he do? O that I had never seen you! Cambray, it was you who enticed me to commit the acts I

have done—you who deceived me—you alone are responsible."

"What would you say, you miserable coward?" cried Cambray, throwing himself towards Waterworth as far as his chains would allow. "Would you reproach me? Hold your tongue, or I'll strangle you with my chains; hold your tongue, or I'll bury you in curses; hold your tongue, or I'll call hell to my aid. What! does it follow that because you were more timid than I, that you were less guilty? And you wish to desert me, do you? You wish to be my accuser. Is treason already on your lips! Remember, I will not remain in chains forever. Choose, then, between secresy or death."

"Cambray," said Waterworth, quickly, "you are unjust. I will not flinch, even in the presence of death itself, if by it I can save you. You know the truth of what I say—you know that I could swear to it; but would it not have been better, had there been no necessity for this? Ah, my friend, I have followed you in a career of crime; and if fate wills it, I shall die with you."

"Bah—die—bah! That may do for fools. What have we to fear? Has not luck protected us so far through what you have the weakness to call 'a career of crime,' but what I would call the road to fortune, fame, and honour. It is true our star is somewhat eclipsed, and that we are rather unlucky for the time. It is certainly bad enough to be under suspicion; but let us stand up like men, and battle bravely, and we'll soon rid ourselves of the trouble.

"The blow that levelled us came from Broughton; it was your family that betrayed us, had you taken my advice, you would have dispatched them long ago. Little, indeed, were you adapted for the part assigned you.

"Listen while I am able to tell you the object of my intentions, for I have never unfolded all. The veil is torn asunder; now we are alone, and can speak freely, for the walls of our prison are discreet, and I have no reason to hide my thoughts from you. Listen, then, and learn to know me. I have felt what it is to be poor, Waterworth; I have even been on the verge of starvation, I have experienced the pride and disdain of the rich; and I said to myself, reputation, happiness and fame are only the results of wealth. I said this; and since then, surrounded by my fellows in misery, and with but a very limited circle of acquaintances, I have never felt the sting of poverty. Why? Because, since then, the world at large has been my treasury from the entire human race. I have drawn my profits. Had I submitted to their laws, I might have died from hunger; but, as their enemy, I have triumphed over everything. Live and enjoy yourself is the only law I know; it matters not at whose expense. True it is that you now behold me stopped for the time in the glorious career I have pursued, enclosed between these four walls, and accused of crimes that may lead me perhaps to the scaffold. You weep—you tremble at the thought. Well, for my part, I laugh at it. I've plenty of courage yet; and what is better, plenty of gold—gold, Waterworth. I can buy up my jailors, break my chains, and escape. I can have the best of counsel, and the most powerful pleaders, so that I may safely look forward to the day of liberation, when I may again commence with new hopes and strengthened vigour."

"Do they know everything?" interrupted Waterworth, "have they discovered all?"

"No; I think not. I have questioned them thoroughly, and I believe I have arrived at the nature of their evidence—mere trifles—dreams based in a great measure upon their imaginations. The affairs of Parke and Sivrac; that's all."

"Sivrac! What, that frightful murder! Heavens! you were not there?"

"Oh, indeed, I was not there—was I not? True, true—an *alibi*, an *alibi*. Devil grant it, I am saved. You can prove an *alibi*, can't you?"

"I do not know, I—I was not always with you."

"What! traitor!—do you hesitate! Are you too scrupulous to save the life of a friend—the friend who has fed and clothed you—who opened to you all the enjoyments of life at a time when you wanted even its necessities. Well may you cast down your head. Hear me, Waterworth. Choose between my hate and my gold. Will you swear it or not?"

"I will swear anything, everything, Cambray. I feel like a child in your hands. There is something about you—what, I know not—that holds me faster than even the demon spirits that have besieged my soul. I have heard that there are certain wild animals that charm their prey; the power you have over me is stronger still. You are so determined. But let us not speak of what has passed; these walls may hide spies, for aught we know. I do not like to think of such scenes of horror immediately before sleep; my dreams frighten me. Heavens! what a night we have passed! What has fate in hand for us? Tell me not that man is master of his own actions; what has brought me to this condition, if not fate? Fate chains us to her chariot wheels, and all are crushed in turn. From birth I must have been singled out for crime and eternal damnation."

"Such is your story," said Cambray, "and here is my moral: It is absolute folly to commit crime, and then throw the blame on another or on Fate; our fate remains with ourselves. Had I wished I need never have been better than a mere nincompoop; but what others respected, I defied—what others worshipped, I have trampled under foot—and yet I have lived upon their gains. Such are my principles—such my desires. I could have acted differently, but I did not choose to."

"Is there anything more doleful, more melancholy, than the call of the sentinel every quarter of an hour," said Waterworth; "how can I sleep with the voice of the persecutor ringing in my ears?"

"It is unpleasant," said Cambray; "but let's have a little music, to drive away melancholy," and he began to sing and shake his chains with such violence, that the jailor, who was going his rounds for the last time that night, rushed to their cell, crying out, "Ho, there," and threatening to separate them—to put each in a different and dark cell—if they did not stop their noise.

By the time all within this abode of crime had relapsed into silence, two new arrivals made their appearance; they stretched themselves on the cold and wet stone floor, and in a short time all were fast asleep.

Next day Cambray's wife paid him a visit. He spoke to her through the massive grated door of his prison. She was very pale, and greatly changed in appearance since he had seen her—completely crushed with grief, and resigned to the Divine will.

At the time of her husband's arrest she had fainted, and her recovery was looked upon as uncertain; but her habitual suffering, hope, and above all, the astonishing elasticity of character with which she was endowed, finally re-established the calmness of her mind.

In this interview the horror of his situation recalled the fearful thoughts of the past. No longer able to control herself, she burst into tears, sobbing violently.

Providence, in uniting this young, mild and virtuous woman with a miserable bandit, accorded her the privilege of succumbing to her sufferings—of resigning a poisoned existence.

She died several months after the imprisonment of her husband.

(To be continued.)

BAILEY'S MACHINE FOR TOLLING BELLS.—This machine is wound up by a man on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning, twenty minutes before the service commences, he pulls a bell-pull, when the machine begins tolling, and does not cease till service time. The same operation is gone through at every service, and with a like result. The pull is placed at the bottom of the tower, while the machine is set under the bell required to be tolled. It can be regulated at various speeds. In the churches in which it has been introduced, it has given great satisfaction.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 98.

So saying, she went on tiptoe to the dark arch, that admitted to the little dungeon that opened out of the larger one, and looked in.

As she stood there listening, she beckoned to the warder to come to her. He came, and so near to her, that he was able to look in and see the recumbent and sleeping earl. And she whispered—

"Dear Mr. Warder, be as silent as you can while I am gone with my friend to the gate, for my lord has had no sleep for a long time till I persuaded him to lie down but now; and lo, he slept, and, I think, still sleeps peacefully."

The warder bowed; and then she said, in that same low tone as before—

"We will follow you."

At the end of the corridor they came upon the first sentinel; but he, recognising both Lady Langton and the lady in black that had so recently gone into the dungeon, allowed them to pass with only the cessation of his walk, in order to give them a good stare. Then, as they descended the steps, he resumed his walk, and they knew they were safe from him.

The warder who generally brought the visitors to Lady Langton and conducted them away, was accustomed to leave them at the foot of this flight of steps, partly because Lady Langton almost always accompanied her visitors thus far, and also because the visitors had no difficulty then in recollecting the route.

On this occasion he did not leave them, but moved steadily on before them, as if intending to go with them right to the exterior gate.

Hermia became alarmed, and whispered her fears to her husband.

"Do you think he has any suspicion?"

"No. But he knows you so well, whereas the sentinels do not."

"That is bad. But, on the other hand, his very presence with us will perhaps prevent the sentinels from taking even ordinary precautions."

"Yes. But hush! He is stopping!"

They were now close to the guard-room, and the loud buzz of voices mingled with the clang of metal, and the grounding of heavy firearms on the stone pavement.

"Now for danger one!" whispered Hermia, and received in reply a fervent pressure from the hand she had continued to hold all the way from the dungeon.

As the two ladies entered the guard-room, a non-commissioned officer saw them, and called out in stern voice—

"Silence! The ladies!"

"Pray, sir," said Lady Langton to this man, who she instantly singled out as dangerous, "can you give me news of my maid?"

"No, my lady, I cannot. Who is this other lady, I beg to ask?"

"Mrs. Gascoigne, my friend."

"She seems to feel more for herself than for your ladyship," said the man, bluntly, as he came nearer.

"Yes, because she has been telling me every day to hope and hope; and now, at the last moment, when she is again going to the king, she begins to fear she has misled me."

A burst of grief from the lady herself confirmed this theory. Mrs. Gascoigne was obliged unasked, to throw aside her veil and lift the hood from off her head-dress, to obtain relief, and this enabled the non-commissioned officer to get a sort of glimpse that told him nothing, but made him fancy had told him all, while Mrs. Gascoigne used her handkerchief freely, and seemed to sink into the earth with the burden of her sorrow.

They saw him move a little aside to allow them to pass, and hastened to take advantage of this fresh relief, and hurry on.

Suddenly the blood seemed to congeal in Lady Langton's heart, and her brain to feel as smitten with paralysis, when she heard a voice speaking as with the voice of doom—

"I must beg you ladies to stay here a few minutes, while I satisfy myself as to Lord Langton's safety."

"No need for that," said the warder; I took care of that before I brought the ladies away from him."

"All right! Pass!" said the petty officer, in a voice that implied perfect satisfaction, and showing, therefore, his caution had been essentially one of a merely mechanical kind, and not suggested by special doubts.

Oh, the secret pressure of those two hands one on another, as again the two weeping women moved on!

The second sentinel was met, faced, and passed in safety; the warder, whom Lady Langton now looked on as their best friend, still keeping with them.

"Yonder is the man I dread!" whispered Hermia, when they reached an archway which opened to what may be called the outermost circle of the Tower defences, and where they could already see in advance the last gateway—the one that, once passed, he would be free!

"STAND!" Such was the harsh summons from the man she so much dreaded. Lady Langton hardly knew which was the worst—the stern word, or the ill-omened look with which the man greeted her and her companion.

"My friend—Mrs Gascoigne," timidly said Lady Langton. "The warder——" Here she looked round for him, but he had gone, not caring, perhaps, to exchange amenities with this man, who was notorious for his evil temper.

"Let Mrs. Gascoigne show her face!" he said. "I had a good look at the lady when she came in!"

"*So Seager said,*" whispered Lady Langton, in anguished tones.

"*Make him come to me!*" was the quick reply uttered under the breath.

"My friend is too much overwhelmed with grief, Mr. Sentinel, to understand your forms, but if you will kindly lift up her veil and satisfy yourself——"

No sooner suggested than done. The sentinel approached, shouldering his musket, and touched the weeping and abstracted lady.

A fatal touch for him! In an instant he was caught by the throat by two strong, muscular, wiry hands; and before he had a chance of calling forth his own superior strength, he was black in the face, his tongue protruding, and then, a few seconds more, and the tragedy was seemingly consummated.

Lord Langton loosed his hold, and the heavy form dropped to the ground, just as if it were composed but of so much clay.

"Steady, Hermia—steady! and we are safe. No one has seen! Quick!"

They reached the exterior gate; there was an inexplicable pause in the opening of it, but it was opened at last, and Hermia cried—

"Quick! To the king! To the king, my dear Mrs. Gascoigne. Conjure him to give me an audience to-morrow!"

Then, as she saw Christina's coach rapidly advancing to meet the fugitive, she turned and strove to calm herself, under the intense agitation of success, by speaking to the sentinel, when, lo! from the second gateway beyond there came a bright flash before her eyes—an explosion, a cloud of smoke—through which, as it cleared away, she saw the injured sentinel rising, as it were, from the grave to confront her, and she dropped, fainting and senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER CXIII.—A STRANGE TOILET.

After the first rapturous welcome of her brother by Christina, she gave the signal to her driver, who instantly drove off at a great pace towards one of the most obsoure routes within sight, and was soon quite beyond the range of eyes looking out from the Tower and its vicinity. Then she said, hurriedly—

"Quick, Stephen! off with your feminine garb. Do not mind me. See, this is Paul's suit—the gentleman in violet's suit. I shall look out at this window to watch—pray be quick!"

Lord Langton did not need a second invitation to resume a man's garb. In a wonderfully short time he touched Christina's arm, and she turned and saw another "gentleman in violet," looking like a decayed man of family.

"What shall we do with this frippery?" he asked, kicking the loose heap away from his feet.

"Here is a string, and there is a heavy stone under the seat. We shall cross the bridge presently, and can drop it in."

"Excellent!" he responded: and he soon had the bundle ready.

"Keep back, Stephen," whispered Christina. "So many people here will see us, and some may know you. Now, then; on your side there's nobody looking, and there's a place where you can pass between the houses. Don't lose a moment!"

Lord Langton quietly stepped out with his bundle, and aided by the growing darkness of the evening, dropped it over the parapet into deep water, between the sterlings, noticing, at the same time, that he was close to the mercer's own place.

In returning to the carriage, he passed a man whose eyes struck him as particularly vivid and keen, and for the moment he could not but fancy they had exhibited a sudden intelligence as they lighted upon his face.

The man said nothing, made no hostile or suspicious movement, and seemed to be merely walking about to look at the shops and the picturesque buildings of the crazy bridge.

"All well, Christina!" he said, as he got into the carriage, and was once more rapidly driven off.

It so happened that, shortly after, the carriage had to pass, at the other end of the bridge, a place that would have been very dark but for a powerful light issuing from the side of the roadway, where some repairs were going on, and more than a dozen torches were flaring away, to enable the workmen to see what they were about.

"Don't look that way!" anxiously cried Christina.

Lord Langton turned his face to the darkness seen through the other window of the carriage, and there saw a something that wonderfully interested him, and for the moment, disturbed him.

In some agitation he whispered to his sister—

"Christina, make the driver turn instantly. Remember, we have passed the bridge so as to show we were only going to the end, after a visit to the mercer's, in order to evade the difficulty of turning in the middle of the crowded bridge—remember that."

Full of wonder, Christina still did not for an instant hesitate. Putting her head out of the window on her side, she called to the coachman—

"That will do. Now turn."

"Louder, Christina! Somebody else is listening that you know not of," said Lord Langton.

"Driver, turn round. Don't you understand? I only want to turn easily round."

"Excellent, Christina! Now listen. I saw a man watching by the mercer's house, as if to pick up anything likely to affect Sir Richard or his friends politically. I noticed his keen eye, and thought he noticed me. Then I dismissed it. But just now, when you made me turn from the light, I saw the whole shadow of the coach projected on the wall of the opposite building, and there was a man hanging on underneath. I'll swear it's the same man; and if so, the event is critical. He will yet prevent my escape."

"What is to be done? Are we to fail even at this seemingly hopeful hour?" murmured Christina. "Tell us what can we do, Stephen?"

"I will tell you, my sister. I am going to submit you to a new ordeal. Had my dear, devoted, noble wife consulted me in advance, I would never have consented thus to escape, and so leave Sir Richard—your true parent in love—to incur increased danger."

"Danger, Stephen! Why, that unhappy girl, Maria, with her dying breath exonerated him!"

"Ay, but they want a victim; and if they fail of me, he will assuredly die—and on this ground that he did shelter me, even after he knew of my errand. That was the deadly injury I did him. Shall I now leave him to take all the consequences?—, the protector of my own sweet sister—the true and brave man who has resisted all the blandishments of the officials, even at the scaffold's risk?"

"Stephen! Stephen!" exclaimed Christina, in anguished tones, and wringing her hands in utter abandonment.

"But heed me, Christina. At the very time I consented to escape, I formed the resolution to do what I am now doubly resolved upon. I determined, when once free, I would go direct to the king, and give myself up to him as the price of the safety of Sir Richard"

"And would they not then sacrifice you?"

"I cannot tell. I fancy not—I hope not. But I must risk all. Nay, turn not from me. Do not weep, my own darling sister. Ask your heart—ask your conscience, is it not the right thing to do? You told the mercer to bear his fate, when it seemed fixed, rather than become infamous. Come, now, be my comfort, too."

"You are right, Stephen. But give me time for second thought, or I shall fail you."

"Nobly said! It is now my turn to speak to the driver."

He put his head out of the window, and called out in loud, clear, penetrating tones—

"We shall be too late at the palace if you do not drive faster. Push on!" Then he whispered to Christina. "Our friend in the rear will, if I mistake not leave us as soon as he is satisfied we are going to the palace."

"Why?" wonderingly asked Christina.

"To go and inform his principal of this new and startling incident in the movements of the escaped Lord Langton, for I believe he knows me."

True enough, just before reaching St James's, where the king now was, Lord Langton saw the spy stealing away—saw him almost instantly meet another, his superior. That superior was the Chief of the Secret Service, who, on his part, hurried away to give the amazing news to the Duke of Bridgeminster, his patron.

"Shall you be able to obtain admittance?" asked Christina.

"I think so."

"What! In your own name?"

"Wait, dearest, wait, and you will see."

The coach now stopped in the quadrangle of the palace, and livery servants came out to see who were the visitors, and what they wanted.

"Tell the king that the gentleman in black, to whom he once promised to give an immediate audience, no matter at what time it should be asked, now demands, as a loyal subject, the fulfilment of His Majesty's promise."

The two servants who received this message stared at the speaker, noticed his shabby violet coat, then stared at each other, and seemed inclined to laugh at the message, or to neglect it.

"Fellows!" said Lord Langton, sternly, "do you know this?"

He held out to them a ring, sparkling in the torch-light with diamonds, and though they did not, of course, recognise it as the king's, they did not doubt that that was what the speaker meant, and that they had better be careful.

With great respect they bowed, and went away to deliver the strange message.

Two minutes had passed, and the servants had not returned. Lord Langton and his sister both fancied they saw signs of movement, changes of lights, and so on, at the different windows of the palace, but they could only wait anxiously in silence.

Other two minutes have gone, and still they remain unnoticed. Lord Langton begins almost to repent that one feeling he had had of faith in the king's ultimate generosity, when he noted, these seeming proofs that the king will not even keep his plighted faith.

Presently figures hurry past them. The Chief of the Secret Service is the first. He is followed a minute or two later by the Duke of Bridgeminster, who carefully avoids even a glance at the carriage.

The fresh clang of arms, and fresh movements of armed men, next strike the ear, and shake Christina's fast ebbing courage and faith,

"Is it too late for you to slip out and try to

get away, while I remain here?" she whispered, in agitated tones.

"Hush! They come!"

"This way, if you please," said the servants, in a strangely hushed tone, as if conscious of impending trouble.

Lord Langton leaped out, gave his hand to his sister with stately grace and courtesy, that quite made the servants forget the stains and threadbare patches of the violet coat, and followed the lacquers through a corridor lined with soldiers in a hall, up a grand flight of stairs to a saloon, and there met the king, who had around and behind him a throng of courtiers and millitary officers of rank, in full uniform.

At the first moment of recognition Lord Langton knelt on one knee, then rose, advanced till quite near, and until a signal for pause was given by the Lord Chamberlain. Then he again knelt, and so kneeling spake.

"Sire, I have but now escaped from the Tower to satisfy the devotion of the noblest wife with which man was ever blessed. I have fulfilled my promise to her.

"I am ready to go back at your royal word, but I come before you now to entreat for the life and release from prison of as true and loyal a subject as your majesty possesses throughout these realms. I do humbly assure you sire, that I know more than one worthy adherent of King Ja——of—the Pretender—who hath been won to your majesty's service by the loyalty and loyally used influence of Sir Richard Constable. Sire, I, a true, though doomed servant, do entreat your majesty not to let so honest and good a gentleman be lost to you and to his country."

A dead silence followed the escaped prisoner's earnest and impassioned voice.

The king's round eyes lost a little of their stare of amazement, and drooped their lids with a look of dark and sullen displeasure.

"Come, sir," said he, at last, in a low, guttural tone, that could scarcely be heard by any but himself and his kneeling suppliant, "you fancy you have some right to ask this at our hands. Be so kind as to inform us what that is."

Lord Langton hesitated, his cheek flushed. Would he not, perhaps, gain all by venturing a single hint that none but the king need understand?

"Have I a right, then, sire," he said, in a voice lower than the king's, "to entreat at your hands a life in return for the life your majesty received at mine?"

In an instant he saw his error, for the king's face lighted up with conscious and exultant cunning. It was evidently what he had most wished to wring from him, and with no very tender, purpose, as the unhappy prisoner soon saw.

"So, getlemen," said His Majesty, "behold the hero of the black mask, who was kind enough to prefer driving us out of the country to murdering us in our coach! No doubt he thinks he can demand the life of every rebel in the country as his just reward. His *own* life he makes no mention of, doubtless, he thinks *that* ensured already."

"Sire," cried Lord Langton, rising passionately, "I confess. I *did* think once that a king's life *might* be worth two of his subjects' lives. I confess now my bitter mistake. *One* life, however, I do in your majesty's presence, and in the presence of these gentlemen, solemnly entreat and demand as the price of my service to you—the life of your loyal servant, Sir Richard Constable."

The king made a sign, and the prisoner was led away to the place from whence he had come,

That day week Sir Richard Constable was released, and the sentence of imprisonment for life was passed on Stephen Lord Langton.

CHAPTER CXIV—THE EVE OF SUCCESS.

It is a bitter evening in December, close upon Christmas time, and Humphrey Arkdale, his wife, and 'prentice sit round the cellar fire listening to the waits.

Humphrey keeps time to music by jingling some half pence he has ready in his hand for the singers. He leans back in his oak elbow-chair, his head thrown to one side, his lips repeating softly the words of the carol, while his eyes look towards Joan with a light in them, and an expression of thankful almost ecstatic hope, such as as might be in the eyes of a belated traveller who, after being beset with terrors all the long dark night, begins at last to see the dawn.

Jenkyns, waving the stick with which he is stirring a new dye over the fire, turns half round towards his master, his pale face beaming with sympathy and exultant pride.

Joan also smiles as she leans over her work, with hands clasped in reverence to the sacred words, but there is neither joy nor peace in her smile; the lips wreathe, and there only is the smile. The eyes, downcast, dry, and bright, seem at times to have no expression in them but one of apathy or heavy stupor.

But now and then, as a drunken man goes reeling home from the "George," and gives a derisive shout or groan in passing Humphrey's door, there flashes something in Joan's eyes like lightning over a leaden sky, and her hands clasp one another more tightly.

Sometimes the shouts or groans are accompanied by words which make Arkdale's cheek flush, Sometimes it is his own name—sometimes the word "inventor," coupled with some not very flattering epithets.

"Shout away, my lads," he says, softly. "By the mass, Joan, they make me feel a'most a great man already!"

Joan looked up with a cold, wondering glance.

"Do not jest, I pray you," said she.

"And do not, you, Joan," answered Humphrey, "take these things so much to heart. *I* shall brave the storm; don't be afraid for me."

Joan's lips moved slightly, as if mutely and half contemptuously, answering—

"For *you*!"

Then, with an impatient hand, she snatched her work up, and stitched with a vehemence that made the sharp click of her needle audible to her little stepson in his crib, and he smiled at the sound and kissed her cloak that covered him, for he knew it was his garment she was stitching.

Joan, as if the caress had reached her heart, rose and went towards the crib, knelt down, and laid her head against it.

She heard Arkdale go to the door as the waits ceased—heard him give them money, and wish them a merry Christmas, then the door closed, and, glancing sharply round, Joan saw that Humphrey had gone out.

Her face turned a shade more pale, and it was evident that the contempt she had felt a few moments before as to his safety, was replaced by most painful anxiety.

"Jenkyns," said she, rising and pushing back her hair, which Dick's fond little hand had pulled about her face, "surely 'tis scarce safe for your master to go abroad to-night, he's best within doors, when he's made Bolton streets what they are."

Jenkyns was busy preparing bottles for his dye, which he had set on the stones to cool. As he could not answer his mistress reassuringly, being very anxious himself, he judged it best to pretend to be too much occupied to answer at all.

Joan went to the door and drew the bolt.

"Do you know where your master has gone, Jenkyns?"

"Eh?"

Joan repeated her question.

"To get some o' Boodle's men to go along with us to-morrow."

As he spoke he jerked his head in the direction of a large, long-shaped object, covered up near the wall.

Joan, who was passing close by this as Jenkyns spoke, shivered and drew her skirt close to her, that he might not touch it, but stood still and stared at it as as if her eyes were charmed to the spot.

Jankyns looked at her and shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, mistress," said he, coaxingly, as he kit a cork to make it the right size for the bottle to hold, "let it alone. It's like burnt porridge, you know—the more you look at it and smell it, the more it'll set you agen it. Come, leave it bide—leave it bide."

She came back listlessly to her seat by the fire, but her blue eyes, full of weary yet restless passion, were drawn incessantly, as by a loathsome fascination, to the same object.

"Tell me, Jenkyns," cried she, suddenly throwing down her work—"tell me, am I asleep and dreaming, or is this all true? Do I hear my husband called such names as I and mine called Hargreaves? Has one of those vile things—those destroyer of the poor—been made under the same roof with me—at this fireside, where I dare sometimes to be happy? Has it been made here, I say, by the hands that give me my daily bread—the hands that put this ring upon my finger? Oh! Jenkyns, am I dreaming, lad—oh, am I dreaming? or is this true, true, true; and does *it* stand there finished—finished for its work?"

And she rose and stood looking at it, with her palms pressed to her temples.

"Finished, sure enough," muttered Jenkyns, adjusting his funnel in the bottle, "and a good job too, I should say. If it had been about much longer, we should 'a stood a chance of havin' our very limbs worked into it, as well as the saucepans and brooms."

Joan threw herself in the chair by the table, and laid her head on her arms.

"Jenkyns," said she, in a low, half-stifled voice, "I feel as if to-morrow would never come, or as if I should never live to see it. 'Tis bad enough to have had the thing here, growing and growing into life all this weary time, but oh! to see it dragged out into the light o' day—out before their savage eyes, in reach of their hands. They will tear thy master to pieces, Jenkyns. I know their poor desperate hearts, and oh, lad, they will—they will!"

"Come, come, mistress," said Jenkyns, "you mustn't be afeard if we aint."

"But I am; and, 'tween that and shame, my heart is a'most broken. I would he were in now—I would he were in!"

"Why, you'd do nought but rail at him if he was," asserted Jenkyns, consolingly.

Joan did not answer, but sat looking into the fire with her hands clasped in her lap.

At last Joan's eyes turned slowly from the fire to the door, but not for a minute afterwards did Jenkyns hear a foorstep, and it was yet another minute ere he recognised it as his master's, and rose to open the door.

As soon as Arkdale came in he turned and barred the door again. Without glancing directly towards him, Joan could see that he and Jenkyns looked at each other significantly, and that Arkdale touched his right shoulder and made a wry face. Then he came to the fireside, flushed but smiling.

"Well, I've secured four of Boodle's best men for to-morrow morning," said he. "And now, Jenkyns, be off, lad, for I shall look for thy ugly phiz right early."

"Get your supper first, lad," commanded his mistress, setting a plate of porridge before him.

"Do they seem pretty quietish there now?" asked Jenkyns, in a whisper, indicating with his porridge-spoon the "Royal George."

On the pretence of reaching the ale jug, Humphrey leant across and answered, in a low voice—

"Quiet! Yes; and I saw a score of hands shaking over the bench—some compact had just been made between them."

"Peaceable?"

"Very, my lad, judging by the grips of the hand they gave one another, and the growls."

Joan gave a sharp, short sigh, and turned to the fire.

Arkdale looked at her anxiously, and shook his head sadly at Jenkyns, to warn him into silence. Tossing off his ale hastily, he drew his chair close to Joan's and took her hand.

"Come, lass," he said, tenderly, "times are on the turn for thee now; thee'lt be a carriage lady ere thee know'st well where thee art. And with thy silks and gewgaws to set thee off, shall have a pack of fine gallants casting sheep'l eyes at thee, and wondering where the dence s

could have picked up such a wife in my beggarly days."

"For my carriage and gewgaws," said Joan, "if I can have a pair of stout shoes, to keep my feet dry when I go for the water, I shall be only too thankful."

"But indeed, Joan," persisted her husband, gently, "that such a change will come to us I am as confident as a man can well be; and I do think it beseems thee, as well as me, to look forward and grow accustomed to the prospect, or where wilt thou be when it comes upon thee?"

"Next week is prospect enough for me," said Joan; "and a dreary prospect, too, with no money to meet it with, and all the town against us."

"Then there is Dick. He should assuredly be got over certain habits of his which will, in our new life, be constantly bringing the old life to the unpleasant remembrance of ourselves and others."

"At present I have as much as ever I can do to get him over the disappointment of not having a new coat, instead of this patched one, to go to school in," answered Joan, holding up the coat for Arkdale to view.

Arkdale ceased speaking to her, and set himself to studying his speech for to-morrow. Joan went on with her mending. Jenkyns wished his master and mistress good-night, and went out.

He had scarcely been gone time enough to ascend the area steps when a confused noise was heard—a noise which made Arkdale and Joan start, and turn their eyes towards the door. Humphrey rose and and reached down his hat.

"Fools!" he muttered; "would they dare lay hands on the poor lad?"

Arkdale went out. Joan went to the door and listened. A crowd had just issued from the "George." One man, with his bleared, uncertain eyes, had espied Jenkyns, and begun to hoot him, and Arkdale found all the rest following his example, and making a stoppage in the road.

"Hi, mates, hi! here's th' wizard's 'prentice!"

"Yes, my boys, and here's his master," shouted Arkdale. "Come, a free passage for the lad, and consult *me* if you want anything. I manage my own business myself, as everybody knows."

"An' a black business, too! Look at his hands, mates—look at his hands!"

This was directed at poor Jenkyns, whose hands were much stained with the dye. A volley of howls followed, in which the words, "wizard," "inventor," and the "Broombill pond," were mixed confusedly.

"Inventor! Yes, my lads," said Arkdale, "and I'll show you an invention presently that shall disperse ye a little quicker than ye came—something of a horsewhip shape 'tis."

There was another prolonged yell at this, and then a hurrying of feet from every street and alley within carshot.

Arkdale felt a touch on his arm. It was Joan.

"Come in, for pity's sake," said she. "Are you mad, to anger the poor wretches you have wro——I mean, try, Humphrey—try and pacify them. Give 'em some o' the fine reasoning you give me, that keeps me quiet, spite of every beat of my heart telling me 'tis wrong. Say something, only pacify them, for the poor wives' sakes."

"Reason with them!" said Arkdale, turning upon her almost fiercely. "Have I not reasoned with them—the thick-headed sots? Haven't I met them whenever and wherever I could—in my own home and in their homes—and talked and reasoned with them? I'll reason with them in another way now."

Joan had never seen such passion burst from him before. She clung to his arm, and turned a weak, piteous face to the crowd.

"There, get thee in," said he, more kindly—"get thee in, and Jenkyns, lad, go thou with thy mistress and keep the place safe."

"And you, master?" asked Jenkyns.

"And you, dear Humphrey?" sobbed Joan.

"I'm off to George Protts, he and Thomson offered to come to-night in case of a row. I don't care for 'em myself, not I; but who knows, perhaps the thing's not safe with such a pack as this round the house."

"Don't go through 'em, Humphrey," said Joan, drawing him towards the steps, "go round the back way. You can get over the wall; can't he, Jenkyns?"

(To be continued.)

ALEXANDER SMITH.

"LAST things" have always a tender and melancholy interest; and when it is death that has closed a series of accustomed and expected acts, the last becomes inexpressibly sad and sacred. One of these "last things" is the beautiful "Autumn Homily" which appeared in the pages of the *Quiver*, on the 1st of December, 1866, from the pen of Alexander Smith. He died on the 5th of January, having just entered on his thirty-seventh year. One reads the simple little homily now with deeper feeling; and therefore it gives out a deeper meaning. With almost startling distinctness it wears the features of his mind, and marks the design of his life. He is discoursing on autumn, and the time of life which it represents—a favourite subject with him. He delights in the season—in its bounty, its fulfilment, its repose. He holds its counterpart in human life happier than youth with its hopes, and better than manhood with its toils. He paints just such an age as might have been his own—such an autumn as might have been confidently predicted for his spring of promise and his summer of steady sunshine; for his work was done in the sunshine of a serene temper and an affectionate heart. But for him there is no harvest, and no winter. We can but gather the summer fruits of a mind which was ripening to the last. Those who knew him best owned that there was more in him than he ever expressed, of which they caught mere glimpses, and that he expressed more of his poetic nature in the intercourse of friendship than in anything he ever wrote. He had a humour behind which there always seemed a depth of pathos which was not uttered, and a pathetic tenderness through which there was ever ready to break the smile of a happy humour, and neither of these was ever fully translated by his pen. Neither did these qualities appear to the outer world, in which he moved a man much given to silence, of quick observation, and quiet unobtrusive manners, the very embodiment of common sense.

In 1852 the publication of the "Life Drama" created "a sensation" in literary circles, and called its youthful author at once out of obscurity into fame. It had been written several years earlier, in the leisure afforded by his profession, that of a pattern-designer, and, as the work of a mere lad, was, and is, one of the most remarkable productions of genius. Every paper had its article headed "The New Poet." His work was loaded with extravagant praise. He himself was everywhere welcomed, flattered, and caressed. Those who knew him in these early days can bear witness with what gentle dignity and perfect modesty he met the storm of applause. He would submit to be lionised a little, with the amused air of a good-tempered man assailed by a troop of children, who want to finger his clothes and look at his watch. To the writer of this paper he would sometimes say, with the same amused air, as if he were a mere observer, "I shall have to pay for this"—meaning the extravagant praise. "They" (the critics) "will lash me yet." He knew that they were praising him in the wrong place, and for the wrong qualities—for the qualities which would pass away as his mind matured. And when his words came true, and undue depreciation followed unbounded laudation, he held on his way with the same self-respecting and manly dignity. He was not indifferent. He could weigh and give heed to discriminating criticism, even when adverse. He was not callous even of that which was unworthy; for he was void of contempt, and of the mockery which is "the fume of little minds." But, though contemptuous words might sting him, the sweetness of his nature healed the wound at once. It never rankled.

In his domestic relations he was beyond all praise. As son and brother, as husband and father, he left no claim on his duty and affection unsatisfied. He did not think that for the sake of a divine gift he might neglect a common need, and hence a life without reproach or stain, and as nearly approaching the perfection of dutifulness as man's life may. In 1858 he married Miss Flora Macdonald, the daughter of Captain Macdonald, of Ord, in the Isle of Skye, who was buried on the same day as his son-in-law; thus leaving the daughter and wife doubly bereaved. With her sorrow, in the midst of her little ones, it is not for the stranger to intermeddle.

Above all, Alexander Smith had the faculty of friendship. He made friends, and he kept them to the end. He did not pick up people and drop them again, as the fashion is in our busy time, as if life were a railway journey, and his companions fellow-travellers for a single stage. These friendships of his were something old-fashioned and idyllic as the loves of David and Jonathan. His chivalrous admiration comes out in his appreciative criticism of his fellow-poet, Sydney Dobell. In 1854 they published a volume of sonnets together, not distinguishing their separate work; and twelve years later, Mr. Smith is pleading fervently with a disregarding public in favour of his friend. Another friend, of thirteen years' standing, who can say that he opened to him his whole mind, writes:—"His was a heart very pure and simple, and I cannot hope to have such communion with the like again." And as his heart was so was his life, and so also is his work.

Of his industry he has left ample evidence. In 1854, appointed Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, he discharged the duties of that office with scrupulous faithfulness. It has been said that these duties were far from heavy, but they had gradually increased, without bringing any increase of remuneration, and, occupying him from ten to four daily, only gave him £200 a year. All that he did, he did when the work of the day was over, or when other men were making holiday. To take his prose writing first: he was a constant contributor to one or two papers, and to several magazines. In 1863 he produced a charming volume of essays, entitled "Dreamthorp," full of quiet, reflective, dreamy poetry. In 1865 he brought out an edition of Burns, with a memoir of the poet, which is one of the best things he ever wrote; and, in the same year, two bulky volumes of sketches, called "A Summer in Skye." From these sketches his power as a prose-writer may best be estimated; and the estimate will be a very high one. For clearness of outline and delicacy of colour his scene-painting could hardly be surpassed, and some of his portraits—such as Father M'Crimmon, the landlord, and McIan—live in the memory like people one has known. His style is subdued and yet imaginative, and the rhythm of his sentences as musical as verse. In 1866 he published a novel, "Alfred Haggart's Household." The first volume of this domestic story is the best, the second was written in illness, and under the pressure of overwork. Destitute of plot, and with the very scantiest materials—an ordinary young couple, who have made an improvident marriage, and are rather perplexed for ways and means, and their two very ordinary children—its interest depends entirely on the charm of its style and its simple fidelity to nature; and—especially in the first volume—these will be found more than sufficient to delight any reader whose taste is not depraved by the craving for sensation.

Alexander Smith has left us three volumes of poetry, with popularity curiously the inverse of their worth. The "Life Drama" was overlaid with an imagery brilliant to extravagance, and which, to a great extent concealed its finer qualities. The "City Poems," which followed, in 1857, and fell comparatively flat, were much more sober in tone and colour, but showed far higher and more various power, and deeper insight into character and the play of human motives and passions. In these poems his unlimited word-power, was placed under due

restraint. He had set himself not to utter fine sounding things that signified nothing, but to subdue his language, and exalt his thought. "Edwin of Deira," his last and least known, and least valued work, is his best. He laboured at it for four years; had laboured at it for two before the "Idylls of the King" were heard of, and yet when the work of the laureate appeared it was still unfinished: he had other work to do. When it did appear, it was set down as a mere imitation, and on the surface the resemblance is remarkable enough to justify the mistake. In the "Idylls," the music of Tennyson's verse reaches its perfection, and the verse of "Edwin" is almost equally melodious, and with the same pauses and cadences. That he admired Tennyson, and, to some extent, made him his model, is no doubt true, but he reached his own measure of excellence by an independent movement in the same direction, rather than by following his master. The unlikeness of "Edwin of Deira" to the "Idylls of the King," leaving quality out of the question, is far deeper than the outward resemblance. The greater poet, aiming at little, accomplished all his aim. The younger and lesser poet aimed far too high, and accomplished but little of his loftier purpose. A tale of happy and a tale of disappointed love, a court intrigue, a tragic passion and destiny, are the materials of the "Idylls." No less a theme than the introduction of Christianity into England is the leading subject-matter of "Edwin." Of course, the choice of a lofty theme may signify nothing but supreme self conceit. Such themes are handled and profaned by folly every day. That "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" has passed into the stalest of proverbs, but the execution of this poem, though it does not fulfil, amply justifies the purpose of its writer. In it the last trace of extravagance disappears, and gives place to a purity and simplicity of diction worthy of his subject and thought. A slight account of the poem will not be out of place. Edwin, the son of Egbert, seeks shelter at the court of Redwald, the friend of his father, and like him, one of the Saxon kings, after having suffered defeat by Ethelbert.

"Fallen low,
I see a new proportion in the world."

says Edwin, relating his misfortunes, in words, giving a volume of meaning in a flash of thought. Redwald has seven sons; the flower and first-born, Regner, forms a sudden friendship for Edwin—

"The noble love that lives in noble men."

They dream together of being great kings, "giving peace" and "raising men." One fair daughter has Redwald also, whose eyes "seem to look through the surfaces of things," and for her Edwin conceives a passion, which, in his fallen fortunes, "seems unnatural as winter breeding roses." In the midst of a stag-hunt, which has swept on and left Bertha with Edwin, a little out of sight, the unexpected solitude surprises Edwin into uttering his love. The scene, amid the murmuring wood, where he kisses her hand while she sits,

"Blinded and crimson as the opening rose,
And every leaf seemed watchful eye and ear,"

is full of the most delicate charm of fancy and feeling. Then Ethelbert, hearing where his defeated foe has found refuge, threatens Redwald with war, but offers, if he will deliver up Edwin, to share with him the dismembered kingdom. While his fate is being determined within the palace, Edwin, aware of what is going on, and more than doubtful of the issue, is seated on a stone, a bow-shot from the gate, when a stranger comes to him, and acquaints him with his future success, laying on him a sign by which he is to know him again—the sign of the cross. In the meantime, Bertha's tears and entreaties overcome the caution of her father, and the messenger of Ethelbert is sent away in wrath. Then follows the open declaration of Edwin's love, and his betrothal to Bertha, before the hosts of Redwald, headed by Regner, set out to war with Ethelbert. All the brothers go with the army, leaving the old king and Bertha to wait for tidings. At length the tidings come—the field is won, but the flower of the host has perished. Regner is dead.

"The long day waned,
And, at the mournful setting of the sun,
Up through the valley came the saddened files,
With Regner's body born on levelled spears;
And, when they had laid the piteous burden down
Within the gate, with a most bitter cry
The loose-haired Bertha on it flung herself,
And strove in sorrow's passionate unbelief
To kiss dead lips to life. The sternest lids
Were met with pity then. But when the king
Was, like a child, led up to see his son
With sense of woe in woe's own greatness drowned,
With some obscure instinct of reverence
For sorrow sacreder than any crown
The weeping people stood round hushed as death."

As picturesque as the above is pathetic is the return of Edwin to his ruined city, in the re-building of which he makes the first axe ring. The people, following their king, fall to work lik ants and repair the destruction into which the invader had trampled their homes. In less than two months the town is rebuilt, with the palace in the midst of it. And then, when Regner's grave

"Had grown a portion of the accustomed world,"

Edwin goes to bring his bride. The parting and the welcome are both fine pieces of imaginative description. Deira empties itself to meet Bertha, the people spreading "thick as daisies" over the fields through which she has to pass into the town. Their domestic happiness, the birth of their child, the wise and gracious and severe rule of the king, and his sickness under a wound inflicted by a traitor, prepare the way for the reception which he gives to the Christian missionaries from Rome, with the result of his own baptism, and that of his whole people. At the close, there is hardly the same proportion kept between the purpose of the story and its actors. We hear too little of Bertha and her boy, too little even of the king. He is mixed up with the mass in the sudden conversion. Those who read the poem to its close, unless they read it for the purpose of criticism alone, long as it is, will wish it had been longer—that it had developed into the true epical proportions to which its outlines point. But then those who read epic poems to the end, and for their own sakes, are in a sad minority, and "Edwin of Deira" shorn as it is—an epic made easy—will never be widely-popular. Its writer did not reach the rank of the genius that commands the world, and only the genuine lovers of poetry can yield admiration, to humbler though not less valid claims. Among such this last poem of Alexander Smith will yet be valued at its true worth as one of the purest, sweetest, and loftiest productions of its day.

THE STORY OF THREE HEARTS

(FROM A. PETOFI.

I.

There was a knight bereft of native land,
For it was crush'd beneath the foeman's hand,
Laid waste and desolate; the fitful glare
From burning homesteads fill'd the heavy air;
The scorching flames, with their ill-omen'd light,
Sadly illumed the features of the knight.
His blood, which erst was for his country shed,
Still trickled · but, alas! in vain he bled:
That blood his nation's fortunes to restore
Served not; he lives, his country is no more!
Despised and banish'd from his home at last,
He is a branch torn by the wintry blast
From off the parent tree whereon it grew,
And wildly hurried on, the wide world through.
The tempest bore him onward, tarrying not,
But when his footsteps reach'd the sacred spot
Where erst his country's boundary stone did stand,
He threw himself upon the burning sand,
And there the last drops of his tears he gave
Unto the earth, now made his people's grave.
Tears were his only fortune now, so he
Must needs expend them only sparingly.
He then arose, to wander far and wide,
His mute grief like a shadow by his side.

II.

When weary with his wanderings, and distress'd,
Within a silent vale he sought for rest,
In a strange country, 'midst a foreign nation;
And there it was his secret consolation
That death would find him out more easily
Then if he wildly roam'd o'er land and sea.
The greatest prize upon earth's face the knight
Full surely deem'd to be death's blossom white.
For this he waited in the vale each day
Whither he came, and where he now would stay.

III.

Within that valley lived a maiden fair,
A very paragon of beauty rare;
And yet the knight her beauty could not see,
His soul saw but his country's misery.
He saw not how upon his countenance
The maid was wont to cast her timid glance;
He was unconscious of the fiery glow
That glance was wont upon his face to throw—
So pass'd the maid's sad days within the vale,
Her face grew paler than the lily pale
With the fierce pain of yearning long suppress'd;
For she, the peasant maiden, ne'er confess'd;
(Although she was of wealthy race) that she
Did love the high-born knight so tenderly.

IV.

In that same valley lived a comely youth,
Honest but poor, of humble birth in truth,
He spent his days in hopeless misery,
And would have surely perish'd, had not he
From time to time his drooping strength restored
By gazing on the maiden face adored.
Only in secret he her charms dared view
Which o'er life's gloom their magic lustre threw,
For he, who deem'd himself well off whene'er
Somewhat more fond than usual was his share,
How could he tell the wealthy peasant maiden
How with love's pangs his heart was deeply laden?
Yet he was happy and of cheerful mien,
Could he but see her at a distance e en.

V

At length the solemn hour arrived which bore
The hapless knight to that eternal shore
Where 'gainst brave nations no proud tyrant churl
His puny thunderbolts has power to hurl.
Back to his mother earth his corpse they gave,
But, ah! no stone was there to mark his grave.
The maiden's heart, with speechless grief oppress'd,
Was turn'd to stone already in her breast;
And when the heart hath lost its feeling thus,
What charms can this vain world hold out to us?
She died, born down by her great sorrow's burden,
And slept where pain was still'd, and peace her guerdon.
And the poor wight, disconsolate and lonely,
How could he live a life of sorrow only,
When she, for whom alone he lived, had died!—
He heal'd his bleeding heart by suicide!

VI.

At midnight, when the graves give up their dead,
The poor youth rose from out his narrow bed,
And wander'd forth to seek the grassy dell
Where they had buried her he loved so well.
That face now glorified he fain would see,
Whose earthly eyes had beam'd so tenderly.
Yet in her tomb he found her not; alone
Had she along the spirit pathway gone
To the knight's grave, once more to see him there;
His grave was empty, vain was all her prayer;
The knight had gone to a far land, to see
If his dear native country yet was free!

Edgar A. Bowring.

FOUND AT LAST.

It was about nine or ten months since that I had met Laurence Thornton at Nice—or, rather, found him, for at that time he was extremely weak, having just recovered from a very severe illness. A valetudinarian is not the most pleasant companion that one can have; but I did my best to overcome selfishness in the matter. So I offered him whatever assistance I could give, which he joyfully accepted, in no way liking to be under the surveillance of a French nurse. He seemed to be a very strange fellow, and all that I then knew of him was that he had been travelling, and had fallen sick at Nice, when just on the point of starting for England. He was reserved, too, as to his past life, but in other respects he was extremely agreeable, with rather a *distingué* appearance, and decidedly handsome. As soon as he was able to move about, we set out for England, at his de-

sire. It was altogether contrary to his physician's advice; but his eagerness to get to his native country overcame all obstacles.

Arrived in England, we had been riding all the morning, a very sultry day.

"We'll take up our quarters at the next place we come to—eh?" asked my friend Thornton.

"Certainly, if you wish. You look rather knocked up. It seemed very foolish to me to think of riding this distance, in your weak state."

"I shall be all right after a good night's rest; and we'll finish our journey by to-morrow."

"I say, Harrington, don't you think me a very queer fish?" he asked, after some little time.

"Well," said I, humouring him, "you would be a very proper sort of fish if you would only put away your despondency, and——"

"I can't help it," he said, almost angrily; the Fates are against me!"

"I never met a coward yet but he put everything that went wrong on the heads of those mythical Fates."

"Well, what is it that plucks their dearest objects from the hands of men, just as they are about to seize on them?"

"Their own folly and indolence often," I answered, drawing a bow at a venture; "the hand of God often."

"Can't see it," he said, shortly.

"You haven't told me anything of your affairs, Thornton, but, look here. If you had a little child to take care of, and you saw it rushing greedily after all sorts of hurtful things, or taking good-things from your hands with an utter disregard of you, how would you act towards it?"

"Well, I—I'd—but let me think about it."

With that we came to the village of ——, We put up at the the only inn the place boasted of, Thornton feeling much too unwell to proceed any farther. After dinner he retired "to roost," as he termed it, but it being then only six o'clock, I felt no inclination to follow his example. I inquired if there were any scenery or anything of interest about the village that I could go and look at. Mine host asked the stable-boy, but that sleepy-looking individual only muttered something about a sow which had a prodigious number of little pigs.

I had sauntered some distance, musing on my friend Thornton and the strange sadness which seemed to possess him, when my attention was struck by a very pretty house. Examining it more closely, the house seemed to be uninhabited, so I advanced up the gravel walk leading to the hall door and rang the bell.

"I am exceedingly sorry to trouble you. Anybody living here?"

"No sir."

"Whom does this house belong to, may I ask?"

"To Mrs. Overbury, sir; but she's been gone to Florence for the last six months," the housekeeper answered.

"Oh, thank you. The house merely struck me as being very pretty, so I——" I did not know exactly what to say.

"Yes, sir; I believe it is considered very pretty—the prettiest about here—would you like to see the garden, sir?" she asked.

I followed her to the back of the house, where the garden, I supposed, was situated.

"Has Mrs. Overbury been here long?" I asked.

"About a year come next September, sir. She took a great objection to the other house on account of master dying there," replied my friend the housekeeper.

"Oh, then, Mr. Overbury's dead."

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry to say, for a kinder master never breathed."

"Mind you don't tread upon that plant down there, sir; Miss Clara would be in a rare state if it was broken."

"I suppose Miss Clara is Mrs. Overbury's daughter?"

"Yes, sir, she is. Maybe you would like to step in and have a look at the house?"

We came into the library, and I was looking at the picture of a very beautiful girl.

"That's Miss Clara; don't you think she's very pretty, sir?"

"Yes, exceedingly; and how old is Miss Clara?"

"Let me see: she was twenty last May. She spent her birthday at Florence. I was very disappointed, for you may think it rather strange, sir, but ever since she was ten years old I've made her a cake on her birthday. I didn't last time; but no matter, for the doctor said it would do her good."

"What, the cake?"

"Not the cake, sir; I wasn't thinking about the cake, but about her having to go to Florence."

"Why, is she ill?"

"Well, sir, it's more the fear of her being ill; she has had a great deal of trouble."

"Indeed! she seems rather young to have trouble. If I'm not impertinent in asking——"

"Oh, not at all, sir," she said; "only, you see, it's rather a family affair, and I should not like it to get to Mrs. Overbury's ears that I had been saying anything about it. If you would not mention it again——," and she looked askance.

"Certainly not, my good woman."

"Will you take a seat sir? for it's a long story, and you must be tired if you have walked all the way from the 'Black Lion.'

"It's no good my saying Miss Clara is very beautiful, for you can see for yourself," my garrulous friend commenced. "She had a great many admirers, and well she might have, and among them was Mr. Winfred, the youngest son of Sir Charles Manvers. He was not over rich, being the youngest son; but, nevertheless, we could all see that Miss Clara was very much in love with him. He had proposed to my young lady, and she had accepted him, but he kept waiting and dawdling about a month after, half afraid to ask Mr. Overbury's consent to their marriage, for she was a great heiress, and Mr. Overbury expected her to make a high match. At length he did, when, as feared, Mr. Overbury refused him, and, after some angry words, forbade him to enter his house again.

"We were all very fond of Mr. Winfred, and sorry that he and the master had disagreed. Miss Clara, too, would cry very much about it, and she became very sad, poor thing; but it was no good to speak to Mr. Overbury, for he was always a very determined man. She used to have letters from Mr. Winfred every now and then, but that was not much consolation for the poor young lady. About a month after Mr. Winfred's quarrel with Mr. Overbury, he met Miss Clara out with her maid, and after that they generally used to meet three or four times a week. He was too honourable to think of asking her to run away, or marry him against her father's express commands."

"But was Mr. Manver's poverty the only reason why Mr. Overbury refused him?"

"So Mr. Overbury said; but we all thought he had some other. Well, my young lady used to meet Mr. Winfred, but that did not last long, for, by some chance or other, Mr. Overbury found it out. The consequence was, that Miss Clara was sent to her aunt, where she remained about four months, when, at her, request she was allowed to come home again. Well, sir, it so happened that Mr. Winfred knew when Miss Clara came back, for, about a week after, he sent a note by a boy to my young lady with directions to give it to her maid; but Mr. Overbury, seeing the boy, asked him what he wanted. The boy, I suppose not knowing what to do, gave him the note. You may imagine his rage when he found that it was from Mr. Winfred, and, furthermore, that it was to ask Miss Clara to meet him at some place—I forget the name of it——"

"Never mind—go on."

"Well, Mr. Overbury went in a great passion to his daughter's room, and asked her if she knew anything about the note, or whether she had been corresponding with that rascal. The poor girl had nothing to say. Mr. Overbury went out no doubt, as we expected, to meet Mr. Winfred. About two hours after, he returned very pale and much exhausted, it seems. From that time nothing more was heard of Mr. Winfred, and it was believed that Mr. Overbury had—had murdered him. Sir Charles Manvers made a great fuss about it, and had some detectives down from London; but all they could do they could not find Mr. Winfred. Mr. Overbury was arrested for murder, but, there being no evidence to prove it against him, he was acquitted. From the day of the trial he was quite an altered man; and well he might be—for all the gentry about became very cold to him, and they would not visit him if they could avoid it. All believed that he had done the murder, although he was acquitted. He soon became very ill, and many of the London doctors came down, but they gave little hopes of his recovery. He had been too much worried about Mr. Winfred's affair, and that, together with the unpleasantness after caused his illness, and, in a little time, his death. Mrs. Overbury and Miss Clara were dreadfully cut up, for so kind hearted a gentleman never lived—more especially Miss Clara, she had lost both father and lover. In a little time she became almost as thin as a skeleton; consequently Mrs Overbury was extremely anxious about her. The physician advised Mrs. Overbury to move entirely away from the place, and so we came here; but that seemed to do no good. A warmer climate was then proposed, and they went to Florence, where I hear Miss Clara is already recovering, and nearly well by this time, I should think."

"Thank you, my good woman;" and I gave her something more substantial.

The next morning we set out again, Thornton, notwithstanding his weakness, rode on, only consenting to stop once in the middle of the day, to get some luncheon. I noticed how eager he seemed to be, not delaying a minute, if possible, which I construed into his impatience to see his friends. He called me a "lazy dog," in his good-humoured manner; so what could I do but drag my weary body after him?

Towards the end of the afternoon we arrived at A——. Contrary to all my friend's former impatience, we put up at the inn there.

"You don't mind me leaving you here for half an hour or so? I have given directions to your servant to see to the horses; so you've only to change your things, and we'll drive over." And with that he hastened out of the inn. It seemed rather a strange proceeding, but I was well accustomed by this time to my odd companion, so I forthwith went to change my travelling dress.

A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when Thornton came into my room in a very excited state, and threw himself down into a chair.

"Halloa! what's the matter now?" I said, as I saw him bury his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

After a little time he somewhat recovered, and told me that he had heard very bad news.

"I promised you, some time ago, Harrington, that I would tell you how I came into that place —Boulogne, I mean———"

"Don't trouble yourself about that now, Thornton. Shall I ring for something?

"I'm all right, now, Harrington; and it'll do me good to tell you the whole affair; you will be able to give me some advice, then. So have a little patience, there's a good fellow.

"Before I went away from England, I fell in love with the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. I asked her father's consent to marry her, but he refused me, saying that my poverty was the great bar to my happiness. If I had been the eldest son he might have thought about it. My temper was always very quick, and I called him "sordid," and many other insulting terms, which I bitterly repented of—the consequence being that I was no longer allowed to see his daughter. Then I felt what it was to be poor—and it might be years before I could get even a moderate income; for I was then preparing to go to London, for the purpose of studying the law. My father had given me money to pay all expenses of the first year. I determined, instead of using it for what he intended, to take a passage out to Australia, and try my fortunes at the diggings—for I had heard great accounts of them. I only told one of my father's servants what I was going to do, so that he might tell him when I had gone. The day before I went I wrote to Clara Over——"

"What!" I exclaimed, interrupting him in my astonishment, "and are you Winfred Manvers?"

"Why, how did you know my name?"

"My promise does not bind me in this case," I thought, and I gave him the whole account which I had heard, not omitting the pleasing news of Clara Overbury's convalescence.

We deemed it necessary that I should go over to Manvers' Hall first, and break the news of his return.

I was shown into the drawing-room, and, a few minutes after, Sir Charles Manvers came in —a very old, grey-headed gentleman, and rather eccentric.

"Pray be seated, my dear sir," he said, as I rose upon his entering, "pray be seated, and so I suppose you have come to dinner."

"If you will allow me to——"

"Stay? of course I will. Something original! I like something original, therefore —— Eh?"

"You misunderstand me, sir, my business is entirely different," I said, rather surprised.

"Business, eh? Those rascally poachers again! Come into the library. No later than last week I got that Timothy Saunders sent for trial."

"Pardon me, you have entirely mistaken my business," I said, I have not come about poachers."

"Do you mean to call me a liar under my own roof, sir?"

"Indeed, my dear sir, you have mistaken me altogether."

"Don't labour under such a delusion I never mistake people—in fact, I'm a very good judge of human nature."

"You had a son, Winfred, I believe?"

"Yes, indeed; and another, Thomas" I saw a tear twinkle in the old man's eye. "But poor Tom died, and Winfred was murdered—now, don't dispute the subject. I'll believe it to my dying day. I told my wife so before she died—and so I'm childless."

"But consider, he may be living. You must recollect his body was never found."

"Ah! I wish he were. But come, we'll see about these poachers."

"Supposing he is, and that you could see him," I said, hoping to dispel the poaching mania from his brain.

"Do you think there are any hopes?" he said, eagerly; and drew his chair nearer to mine.

"Yes, I——"

"God bless you! and he caught hold of my hand and wrung it nearly off.

"If you are calm, I think you might see him, perhaps—perhaps, say to-night."

I can as little describe the interview which then took place in my sight, as I can describe that which I did not see, and which occurred some little time after. I only knew that somebody came in haste from Florence; that Thornton introduced me to a young lady who was even fairer than my expectations; and that he afterwards wrung my hand, saying, "You were quite right, old boy: I was a child, hasty and thankless; but God has taught me my lesson, and now gives me my reward." H. W. A.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ALGERIA.

UNFORTUNATE Algeria! What with Arab assassinations and incendiaries, cholera, drought, and the plague of locusts, one would think her cup of misfortunes must be full; but now the earthquake has come, which is the worst of all. I will describe my own experiences of this awful calamity as simply as possible, for only the simple truth can give any idea of it.

We had been making a most pleasant and prosperous journey through the province of Oran, and were dining at a little town called Relizane, on the evening of the 4th, when the words "earthquakes at Algiers," made us start from our seats, and ask a dozen anxious questions at once. My companion had occasion to be uneasy, seeing that she had near relations in Algiers, and a pretty country-house within easy distance of it. Our informer very good-naturedly left his dinner and his companions to tell us all that we wanted to know, and I cannot do better than give his statement *verbatim*.

"I was dressing myself leisurely in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*," he said, "when all at once the floor heaved beneath my feet with a horrible, inexpressible noise, the walls were violently shaken, the timepiece was thrown from the mantle-piece to the ground, and all the bells in the house seemed suddenly and violently touched. I was in the street before I knew it, to witness a strange and never-to-be-forgotten scene. All the world of Algiers was out of doors—men, women, and children in their night-clothes—some praying, some clinging to each other, some utterly paralysed with apprehension. The shock of this first earthquake lasted seven minutes, and took place at thirteen minutes past seven, and there was another shock about half-past nine that same morning; but luckily both passed over without any more grave misfortunes than the fall of a house on the Kasbah, and some severe cracks in the walls of others. But it is at Blidah and the villages near that the worst misfortunes have reached. Blidah was shaken to its very foundations; whilst three or four of the villages near were utterly ruined, with incalculable loss of life and property."

This was our first account, an account to be but terribly confirmed by our own eyes in a day or two; for when once we reached Milianah, we were fairly within the devastated circle, and were witness of a panic not easy to forget. Milianah, a little town most superbly placed several thousand feet above the level of the sea, had itself escaped unharmed, though the shock had been felt there most severely. The pale, terror-stricken women whom we encountered in the little shops where we went to buy stamps and other necessities for our journey, gave us very exaggerated and varied accounts of the earthquake. According to one, the Zakkar, a mountain as high as Snowdon, which rises behind Milianah, emitted flames, and oscillated horribly. According to another, there were countless cracks and splits in many houses, and so on. But it was not true that the Zakkar shewed any signs of volcanic disturbance; and we took great care to ascertain for ourselves whether the houses named to us as being *lézardées* were in reality so or no. They were not.

The earthquake was not over yet. On that very day, at Milianah, as the sun was setting most gloriously over the grand plain of the Chelif, there was an indescribable tremor of the earth beneath our feet, and the solid walls around us. For the moment, I took it to be the rolling of some heavy vehicle in the street below, and looked out, but was soon undeceived by the excitement of the passers-by. This passed, however, and we set off by the diligence that evening, determining to break the journey between Milianah and Algiers at one or two stages. It is true, we were going into the very centre of danger, for danger still existed; but what were we to do? Milianah was not safe, and the road from Milianah was splendid. We felt quite as secure in the diligence as in the hotel, if not more so.

It was a starlight, splendid night; and as we rattled down from the Atlas into the plain of the Metidja, we had glimpses of astounding scenery. The road wound for miles along gloomy ravines, bristled by occasional outlines of the tall aloe and the wild cactus with its Briareus-like branches, and the horses, which were young and fresh, dashed along as if, like ourselves, sniffing danger in the air.

By midnight we were down in the plain, and halted at a little village hostelry called Bourkika. We had pleasant remembrances of this same little hostelry, having breakfasted there l[illegible] spring when all the plain around was carpeted with wild-flowers, and the village had looked a very paradise of peace and plenty. Here we had determined to stop, and alighting, made ourselves known to our good host of last year. The ladies wished for beds. Certainly they could have beds, he said, only the room was not orderly, and he was all alone, there was no woman to make a fire or do anything. We were so tired, we said, and didn't mind getting the room ready ourselves. Anything was better than going on after all the long diligence journeys we had lately had. Upon this the master called to an Arab lad to show us the room, but just as we were going off to look at it, said. "It is but fair that I tell you how matters stand. I don't sleep, and wouldn't sleep, under a roof myself. Everybody is encamped in tents, and if you stay you will be all alone in the village."

So we went on to *Blidah*, passing through such a scene of desolation as made the heart sick to witness. Mouzaiaville, El-Affroun, La Chiffa, which were such thriving-looking little French towns last year, now mere heaps of ruins, whilst here and there, a little removed from the ruins, the soldier's watch-fires lighted up long lines of tents where slept or watched the poor desolated people. Wherever we stopped, we heard terrible stories of suffering and ruin. At one place where we changed horses, a poor man came up and lent a helping-hand, who looked utterly beside himself for grief.

"My sister was taken to the hospital almost crushed to death," he said to our coachman in a heart-broken voice, "and I have never heard of her since."

"Why don't you write?"

"Write! here there is neither pen, nor ink, nor paper; and one has no heart to do anything," was the answer; then he went away.

The village, Mouzaiaville, was a mere heap of ruins, only the church remaining, and here the loss of life was terrible. A labouring-man gave the following account of the catastrophe, which is striking from its very simplicity: "I had been into my fields, and was returning home," he said, "when all at once the earth trembled under my feet. At the same instant, a cloud of dust hid the village from my eyes, whence arose dreadful cries, now stifling, now stifled by an undefinable noise as of thunder. This was the falling of the ruined houses over their inhabitants. At first, all who were safe took to flight, but soon the recollection of the wounded called them back, and men and women set to work to disinter the dead and the dying."

How awful the panic was, may be imagined by one fact, and that is, of the great proportion of young children who were killed. Mothers rushed out of their beds and out of their houses, too terror-stricken to think of the little ones by their side.

But even these ruins did not present a more pitiable aspect than Blidah, which stood, though totteringly, on its foundations. It was like passing through a pest-smitten city. The dawning light shewed us nothing but lines of empty houses, and streets utterly silent and deserted. We were starving with hunger and shivering with cold, but it seemed a chance whether we should get either food or fire till our arrival in Algiers. "You might as well try, what there is to be had at the *Hôtel de la Régence*," said the coachman, "for anyhow you have a good half-hour to wait for the train;" so he sent an Arab with us to the hotel where we had fared so sumptuously, and had felt so entirely at home, last year. Now all wore a wholly changed appearance. There was not a creature in the hotel excepting one solitary waiter who lay asleep on a heap of rugs on the corridor of the first floor, and he looked pale and scared as if he hardly knew where he was. "Coffee! madam wants coffee? she shall have it," he said, shaking himself in a kind of stupor, and after groping here and there in the dark, he came back shrugging his shoulders. "I have neither firing, nor coffee, nor anything at hand," he said, "but if you like, ladies, I will conduct you to a café close by where you are sure of getting something." So we followed him to a little cabaret close by, and there we did get food and fire. There were a few working-men smoking over their glasses of hot *café noir*, all talking of the earthquake, and in niches of the wall two or three children lay fast asleep in extemporised beds. The woman of the house gave us coffee, and shook her head when we asked if she were not afraid to remain. "*Que voulez-vous? il faut gagner pain*," she said; and then she pointed to some fearful cracks in the wall, and added. "*Le bon Dieu sait il y a d quoi faire peur*."

We then got into the omnibus, and drove to the railway station. It was growing daylight,

and the first rays of the sun showed us a sad and strange scene. The little square in the centre of the town was covered with tents, and the suburb presented the appearance of an encampment. Fires were lighted here and there, and by the light of them we saw Jewesses braiding their dark hair, Moors smoking their early pipe, French ladies preparing coffee, and their half-dressed children peering out at us, half-bewildered, half-pleased with the novel scene.

We heard several different accounts of the earthquake at Blidah, but the desertion of its inhabitants alone sufficed to tell of the universal panic that it had left behind it. And no wonder, when one remembers that, in 1825, Blidah was entirely destroyed in three or four seconds, and half its population buried under the ruins. One wonders, indeed, how even the various temptations of a sunny climate, a fertile soil, and every facility of gaining one's livelihood, are sufficient to induce people to stay there.

Fortunately, in this last shock there had been no loss of life, though several houses were partially destroyed, and all were fearfully shaken. The whole population rushed out *en chemise* in the first moment of horror, and only those who were obliged returned to their houses. To add to the general despondency, a heavy rain came on; and we were told it was pitiable to see the pale, drenched fugitives who came in by rail to Algiers, some half-dressed as they had rushed to the station, others quite paralysed with terror. Algiers was, of course, only comparatively safe; but glad indeed were we to see the terraces of white Moorish houses rising above the blue sea, and the green hills of Mustapha Supérieure.

We reached Algiers and Mustapha without any mishaps, and I report this from Marseilles, where I am kept a prisoner, with other unfortunate travellers, till the snow can be cleared from the railways. The weather is intensely bitter, and remembering what a delicious climate I left behind in Africa, I half feel inclined to forget all about the earthquake, and spend all my future winters in Algeria.

WANDERERS.

As o'er the hill we roam'd at will,
My dog and I together,
We marked a chaise, by two bright bays
Slow-moved amid the heather:

Two bays arch-neck'd, with tails erect,
And gold upon their blinkers;
And by their side an ass I spied:
It was a wandering tinker's.

The chaise roll'd by, nor aught cared I,
Such things are not in my way;
I join'd me to the tinker, who
Was turning down a by-way.

I ask'd him where he lived. A stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he truged. I rightly judged
The stare said, "Where I can, sir."

I ask'd him if he'd take a whiff
Of 'baccy. He acceded,
He grew communicative too,
And talk'd as we proceeded:
Till of the tinker's life, I think,
I knew as much as he did.

"I loiter down by thorp and town,
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a lusty crown,
And here and there a shilling.

"I deal in every ware in turn;
I've rings for pretty Sally,
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.

"I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.

"The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes:
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses;

"I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanc'd
With envy at the swallows,
That through the window slid, and danced
(Quite happy) round the gallows:

"But out again I come, and show
My face, nor care a stiver;
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever."

Thus on he prattled like babbling brook,
Then I: "The sun has slept behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted: I to the Hall,
He to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub Farm.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 27, 1867.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Covers for binding the third volume of the READER are now ready, and may be obtained from the publisher, also, the first, second and third volumes, bound in an elegant and uniform style.

THE SALE OF RUSSIAN AMERICA.

WHEN a telegram from Washington informed us the other day of the purchase by the United States of the Russian possessions on this continent, the news at first appeared of a startling character, and the alarm of trumpets with which the announcement was accompanied added to the effect the fact produced. People were taken by surprise, for it is not often that transactions of this magnitude are undertaken or consummated by the American executive in such Machiavellian secrecy. Either the Argus eyes of the press penetrate into all mysteries of the sort, or the lack of reticence in their public men generally serves to convey them to the outside world. The course pursued is also contrary to the spirit of Republican institutions and to the practice of the government in similar matters. In fact, it is easy to discover the hand of Russian diplomacy in the whole business, for it has always been the policy of that nation to work in the dark, until its object, whatever it may be, has been attained.

But the surprise caused by the affair once over, the cool indifference with which it was regarded by people in England and here, must have somewhat chastened the exultation of the smart statesmen who contrived this great diplomatic feat. The intention, we are told, was to "hem in" the British possessions on the Pacific; but Mr. Seward, on the occasion, must have borrowed a precedent from the Irish soldier who captured a number of the enemy by surrounding them, or from some equally sage source. It strikes us that the hemming in process is likely to be all the other way, and that the new territory, cut off from the rest of the Republic, by the intervening British settlements, will be very much in the position destined for the latter by the astute negociators. We will not speak of the value of the purchase; that is the concern of the purchaser. But as the sterile region is not approachable to a force by land; as it is not likely to attract immigration until the more inhabitable portions of America are filled to overflowing; and as England, if she thought fit, might at any time, pour into it an army from India, before relief could come from the United States; under these circumstances, we imagine that we need not much trouble ourselves about the matter, so far as it might be supposed to imply danger to this quarter of the world. In fact, seeing that our shrewd Yankee friends are inclined to speculate in Arctic land, we can conceive no good reason why the British government should not do a stroke of business with them in that line, and pocket a few millions of the dollars which they seem so anxious to invest in rocks and ice. There are, for instance, Prince of Wales Island, Queensland, the North Pole, and numberless other hyperborean dependencies which Great Britain owns by right of discovery, and which she might be inclined to transfer to our good cousins on terms such as those lately granted to Russia. We recommend this valuable suggestion to the serious consideration of Sir Frederick Bruce and Mr. Secretary Seward.

But it is certainly strange, that Russia, that never willingly parts with a foot of territory which she anywhere acquires by force, fraud, or otherwise, should divest herself of this possession. Wild as the notion appears, it is not at all impossible that the step is connected, however distantly, with her Asiatic policy. The immense progress she has made within the last quarter of a century, and even within the last few years, in Northern, Eastern and Central Asia are among the most extraordinary occurrences of the age. She has advanced her frontier from a line running northward from the slopes of the Caucasus and the western end of the Caspian Sea to the river Oxus in Independant Turkistan, and will shortly be within a few hundred miles of Cashmere, which, though not British territory is under British protection, and is one of the Western outposts of India. We, in a former number, expressed our belief that under certain contingencies, Hindostan might be invaded by land, and shall not repeat our views on that head.

That the Cabinet of St. Petersburg may have some deep design in effecting this sale is only consistent with the past history of Muscovite diplomacy. But two centuries ago Russia was regarded as being outside the European family of nations and her Grand Duke as the leader of a horde of barbarians, thinly scattered over a sterile wilderness, in which winter reigned for more than six months out of the twelve. At present, the Czar's dominions contain eighty millions of souls, is more than double the extent of all Europe, comprises one-thirtieth of the whole superficies of the globe, and one-seventh of the land. His army is the largest and one of the bravest in the world, and the commerce of the Empire is vast and capable of unlimited expansion. How Russia became what she now is does not require to be told; she has absorbed the greatest part of Poland, large portions of Sweden, Turkey and Persia, and the whole of numerous states of minor importance. Nor does her appetite for such acquisitions appear satiated, but grows by what it feeds on; and we have no doubt, that from the extensive plateau of Turkistan, the starting point of the Tartar conquests of the middle ages, she looks with longing eyes on Persia, India and China, all of which, as well as Russia herself, were subdued and appropriated by Timour and his successors, to whom the Czar has now constituted himself heir.

THE FALL OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

WRITING on the Mexican question, some months ago, we said, in connection with Napoleon's intimation to withdraw the French troops from the country: "To say nothing of his duty to the one whom he inveigled into the enterprise, the fate of the unhappy partisans of the Empire, including thousands of Frenchmen residing in the country, ought to lie heavily on his conscience, if anything can. No one knows better than he that their lives and property would be at the mercy of their enemies, and enemies, too, who never spared a political or personal opponent." What we anticipated has partly come to pass. large numbers of French soldiers captured by the Liberals have been massacred in cold blood; all French subjects have been told that they must transfer their allegiance from France to Mexico, or depart from the land; and the savage acts which marked the contest with Spain in the war of independence are once more repeated, to the disgrace of human nature and Christian civiliza-

tion. Nor is this all that we may expect to behold; the end is not yet. When they have driven forth the foreigners, the chiefs as of old, after plundering, murdering, and exiling the friends of Maximilian, will quarrel among themselves, and revolution will follow revolution in rapid succession, deluging the country in blood, and consigning to poverty and misery its unhappy people whom the sword has spared. And this is the work of statesmen and governments, of those whom the world delights to honour, offers incense, and who rule the destinies of great nations! Louis Napoleon, first, by his mad incursion into Mexico, and, secondly, by his cowardly flight from it, has been the primary cause of the evil; and Secretary Seward's intrigues, and the policy of the American government, are responsible for the rest. Between them be it, and great reason they have to be proud of their handiwork. Yet if public crimes were judged by the same standard that private crimes are, neither party would go unwhipt of justice. But mankind are wonderfully merciful to delinquents in high places; the plea of policy covers all their transgressions. We reverse the ancient rule, and forgive them because they know what they do. There is, however, a tribunal at which we are taught they will find less favour.

As for poor Maximilian, it is to be regretted that he should longer continue the struggle in which he has been engaged to so little good purpose. He has failed as greater men have failed before him, in an effort beyond his means and strength to accomplish; but he has been beaten but not disgraced, which is more than can be said of the other chief actors in the scene. If he was not able to command success, he can, at all events, console himself with the reflection that he deserved it. The fate that is evidently in reserve for Mexico will prove his best justification in the eyes of his contemporaries and posterity.

The United States have driven the French from Mexico: what will they do with their far from reputable and very unmanageable *protegée*? Will those who compassed the overthrow of the Empire look calmly on, while the country is turned into a shambles in which one of the many contending parties at eternal feud with each other shall be slaughtered to-day and its opponents to-morrow. Such was wont to be the case in former times, when they had less to fight about, than before Napoleon's intervention added new elements of confusion to their already distracted condition; and we may guess how it may be for years to come, if they are left to themselves. The Americans may talk of the jealousy with which European nations regard the growth of the great Republic, but they may rest assured that not a voice would be raised in censure against the annexation of Mexico to the Union; and we really cannot perceive what other course they can in common justice pursue. They have rendered the pacific mission of Maximilian ineffectual, and they cannot play the part of the dog in the manger without dishonour as well as sin.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Henry Kingsley will commence in the next number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a serial tale, entitled "Mademoiselle Mathilde." We hear that the plot of the story will be laid partly in England and partly in Bretagne, during the eighteenth century, and that Dr. Johnson and other literary characters will figure in it.

A sixth edition of "New America" in London, has been published. This edition contains a new preface, in answer to the criticisms of Father Noyes, also a portrait of Miss Eliza Snow, Mormon poetess and Brigham Young's spinster-wife.

Mr. Gerald Massey has again taken up his favourite subject of the Shakespeare Sonnets, addressing a long communication on his well-known theory of their production to the *Athenæum*.

Mr. W Carew Hazlitt says the Athenæum is about to publish, in parts, a "Handbook to the Popular, Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration." It is a great field to cover; but the first part (which is just out) encourages a hope that the labour will be very well accomplished. We shall wait and see.

A Bibliographical curiosity is come to light in a curious list published in the last number of the *Bookseller*. A work by Sir Richard Steele is there mentioned, of which no mention is made in any bibliographical work, or by any biographer or writer on Steele. It is entitled—"Sir Richard Steele's Account of Mr. Desagullier's New-invented Chimneys, 1715-16." It is very strange that the writings of Steele have never been collected and published; but such is the fact. Steele, we believe, dabbled in bricks and mortar. Did he try the new-invented chimneys at the Hovels at Hampton-Wick, and then give the world the benefit of his experiences?

The Imperial Court at Paris has just reversed a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce with reference to the sale of Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer." Just a year ago, M. Millaud, the proprietor of *Le Soleil*, made a contract with Messrs. Lacroix & Co., M. Hugo's publishers, by virtue of which he acquired the right to print the romance in question in the *feuilleton* of his journal, in consideration of certain payments,—M. Lacroix & Co., at the same time covenanting not to sell any copy of the work (until its completion in the *Soleil*) under the original price of eighteen francs. On the 25th of April, however, the *Evenement* announced that, pursuant to an arrangement with M. Hugo's publishers, they were enabled to offer the three volumes of the "Travailleurs de la Mer" as a premium to all subscribers for six months. The six months' subscription to the *Evenement* being only 22f., M. Millaud contended that Messrs. Lacroix & Co. must have sold copies of the novel to that journal at a price far below what was stipulated, and that therefore the contract had not been fulfilled. The Tribunal of Commerce dismissed M. Millaud's action, on the ground that the Messrs. Lacroix had nothing to do with the terms on which the *Evenement* chose to supply the work to its readers; but the Imperial Court, thinking that the facts show an indirect evasion of the terms agreed on, has reversed that decision, ordering Messrs. Lacroix to repay to M. Millaud the sum of 15,000 f. received, declaring the latter released from the payment of the rest of the purchase-money, and saddling the former with all the costs, both of the original hearing and the appeal.

ETHEL.

Sweet Ethel, the gleam of thy dress is
The lode-star that leads me to-night
Where the moon-shimmer touches thy tresses,
But scarcely can make them more bright.
And now like a suitor beholden
To mercy, if mercy may be,
I come with my heart all unfolden,
My queen, before thee.

She stands at the outermost portal
And rosily welcomes me in:
A beautiful spirit immortal,
Too fair for humanity's sin,
The firelight behind, as before her
The sheen of the starlight, falls faint.
What wonder I kneel and adore her,
'Oh, exquisite saint'

Shine out, happy moon, o'er my maiden,
Smile, stars, over woodland and lea,
And, Night, be thy bosom o'erladen
With blessings for all, as for me:
For a word that oblivion can never
Blot out, has been whispered through tears,
And this shall be sacred for ever
'Mid all the long years.

H. Savile Clarke.

Rising Ground.—There is something exquisite in an American's reply to the European traveller, when he asked him if he had just crossed the Alps, "Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin ground."

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Fourth.

VALENTINE HAWKEHURST'S RECORD.

Continued from page 104.

CHAPTER II. — MATTHEW HAYGARTH'S RESTING-PLACE.

I found the house at Dewsdale without difficulty. It is a stiff, square, red-brick dwelling-place, with long narrow windows, a high narrow door, and carved canopy, a house which savours of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; a house in which the short-faced gentleman might have spent his summer holidays after Sir Roger's death. It stands behind a high iron gate, surmounted by a handsome coat of arms; and before it there lies a pleasant patch of greensward, with a pond and a colony of cackling geese, which craned their necks and screamed at me as I passed them.

The place is the simplest and smallest of rural villages. There is a public-house—the Seven Stars; a sprinkling of humble cottages; a general shop which is at once a shoemaker's, a grocer's, a linendraper's, a stationer's, and a post-office. These habitations, a gray old church with a square tower, half-hidden by the sombre foliage of yews and cedars, and the house once inhabited by the Haygarths, comprise the whole of the village. The Haygarthian household is now the rectory. I ascertained this fact from the landlord of the Seven Stars, at which house of entertainment I took a bottle of soda-water, in order to *sonder le terrain* before commencing business.

The present rector is an elderly widower with seven children; an easy good-natured soul, who is more prone to bestow his money in charity than to punctuality in the payment of his debts.

Having discovered thus much, I rang the bell at the iron gate and boarded the Haygarthian mansion. The rector was at home, and received me in a very untidy apartment, *par excellence* a study. A boy in a holland blouse was smearing his face with his inky fingers, and wrestling with a problem in Euclid, while his father stood on a step-ladder exploring a high shelf of dusty books.

The rector, whose name is Wendover, descended from the step-ladder and shook the dust from his garments. He is a little withered old man, with a manner so lively as to be on the verge of flightiness. I observed that he wiped his dusty palms on the skirts of his coat, and argued therefrom that he would be an easy person to deal with. I soon found that my deduction was correct.

I presented Sheldon's card and stated my business, of course acting on that worthy's advice. Could Mr. Wendover give me any information relating to the Haygarth family?

Fortune favoured me throughout this Dewsdale expedition. The rector is a simple garrulous old soul, to whom to talk is bliss. He has occupied the house five-and-thirty years. He rents it of the lord of the manor, who bought it from John Haygarth. Not a stick of furniture has been removed since our friend Matthew's time; and the rev. intestate may have wrestled with the mysteries of Euclid on the same old-fashioned mahogany table at which I saw the boy in brown holland.

Mr. Wendover left his books and manuscripts scattered on the floor of the study, and conducted me to a cool shady drawing-room, very shabbily furnished with the spindle-legged chairs and tables of the last century. Here he begged me to be seated, and here we were over and anon interrupted by intruding juveniles, the banging of doors, and the shrill clamour of young voices in the hall and garden.

I brought all the diplomacy of which I am master to bear in my long interview with the rector; and the following is a transcript of our conversation, after a good deal of polite skirmishing:

Myself. You see, my dear sir, the business I am concerned in is remotely connected with these Haygarths. Any information you will

kindly afford me, however apparently trivial, may be of service in the affair I am prosecuting.

The Rector. To be sure, to be sure! But, you see, though I've heard a good deal of the Haygarths, it is all gossip—the merest gossip. People are so fond of gossip, you know,—especially country people: I have no doubt you have remarked that. Yes, I have heard a great deal about Matthew Haygarth. My late clerk and sexton,—a very remarkable man, ninety-one when he died, and able to perform his duties very creditably within a year of his death—very creditably; but the hard winter of '56 took him off, poor fellow, and now I have a young man, —old Andrew Hone—that was my late clerk's name—was employed in this house when a lad, and was very fond of talking about Matthew Haygarth and his wife. She was a rich woman, you know a very rich woman—the daughter of a brewer at Ullerton, and this house belonged to her—inherited from her father.

Myself. And did you gather from your clerk that Matthew Haygarth and his wife lived happily together?

The Rector. Well, yes, yes; I never heard anything to the contrary. They were not a young couple, you know. Rebecca Caulfield was forty years of age, and Matthew Haygarth was fifty-three when he married, so, you see, one could hardly call it a love-match. [*Abrupt inroad of bouncing damsel, exclaiming "Pa!"*] Don't you see I'm engaged, Sophia Louisa? Why are you not at your practice? [*Sudden retreat of bouncing damsel, followed by the scrambling performance of scale of C major in adjoining chamber, which performance abruptly ceases after five minutes.*] You see Mrs. Haygarth was *not* young, as I was about to observe when my daughter interrupted us; and she was perhaps a little more steadfast in her adherence to the newly-arisen sect of Wesleyans than her husband, as a Church-of-England man, could approve. But as their married life lasted only a year, they had little time for domestic unhappiness, even supposing them not to be adapted to each other.

Myself. Mrs. Matthew Haygarth did not marry again?

The Rector. No; she devoted herself to the education of her son and lived and died in this house. The room which is now my study she furnished with a small reading-desk and a couple of benches, now in my nursery, and made it into a kind of chapel, in which the keeper of the general shop—who was, I believe, considered a shining light amongst the Wesleyan community —was in the habit of holding forth every Sunday morning to such few members of that sect as were within reach of Dewsdale. She died when her son was nineteen years of age, and was buried in the family vault in the churchyard yonder. Her son's adherence to the Church of England was a very great trouble to her. [*Inroad of boy in holland, very dejected and inky of aspect, also exclaiming "Pa!"*] No, John; not till that problem is worked out. Take that cricket-bat back to the lobby, sir, and return to your studies. [*Sulky withdrawal of boy.*] You see what it is to have a large family, Mr.—Sheldon. I beg pardon, Mr.—

Myself. Hawkehurst, clerk to Mr. Sheldon.

The Rector. To be sure. I have some thoughts of the Law for one of my elder sons; the Church is terribly over-crowded. However, as I was on the point of saying when my boy John disturbed us, though I have heard a great deal of gossip about the Haygarths, I fear I can give you very little substantial information. Their connection with Dewsdale lasted little more than twenty years. Matthew Haygarth was married in Dewsdale church, his son John was christened in Dewsdale church, and he himself is buried in the churchyard. That is about as much positive information as I can give you; and you will perhaps remark that the parish register would afford you as much.

After questioning the good-natured old rector rather closely, and obtaining little more than the above information, I asked permission to see the house.

"Old furniture and old pictures are apt to be suggestive," I said; "and perhaps while we are going over the house you may happen to recall some further particulars relating to the Haygarth family."

Mr. Wendover assented. He was evidently anxious to oblige me, and accepted my explanation of my business in perfect good faith. He conducted me from room to room, waiting patiently while I scrutinised the panelled walls and stared at the attenuated old furniture. I was determined to observe George Sheldon's advice to the very letter, though I had little hope of making any grand melodramatic discovery in the way of documents hidden in old cabinets, or mouldering behind sliding panels.

I asked the rector if he had ever found papers of any kind in forgotten nooks and corners of the house or the furniture. His reply was a decided negative. He had explored and investigated every inch of the old dwelling-place, and had found nothing.

So much for Seldon's idea.

Mr. Wendover led me from basement to garret, encountering bouncing daughters and boys in brown holland wherever we went; and from basement to garret I found that all was barren. In the whole of the house there was but one object which arrested my attention, and the interest which that one object aroused in my mind had no relation to the Haygarthian fortune.

Over a high carved chimney-piece in one of the bed-chambers there hung a little row of miniatures—old-fashioned oval miniatures, pale and faded—pictures of men and women with the powdered hair of the Georgian period, and the flowing full-bottomed wigs familiar to St. James's and Tunbridge-wells in the days of inoffensive Anne. There were in all seven miniatures, six of which specimens of antique portraiture were prim and starched and artificial of aspect. But the seventh was different in form and style: it was the picture of a girlish face looking out of a frame of loose unpowdered locks; a bright innocent face, with gray eyes and marked black eyebrows, pouting lips a little parted, and white teeth gleaming between lips of rosy red; such a face as one might fancy the inspiration of an old poet. I took the miniature gently from the little brass hook on which it hung, and stood for some time looking at the bright frank face.

It was the picture of Charlotte Halliday. Yes; I suppose there is a fatality in these things. It was one of those marvellous accidental resemblances which every man has met with in the course of his life. Here was this dead-and-gone beauty of the days of George the Second smiling upon me with the eyes and lips of Philip Sheldon's step-daughter!

Or was it only a delusion of my own? Was my mind so steeped in the thought of that girl, was my heart so impressed by her beauty, that I could not look upon a fair woman's face without conjuring up her likeness in the pictured countenance? However this may be, I looked long and tenderly at the face which seemed to me to resemble the woman I love.

Of course I questioned the rector as to the original of this particular miniature. He could tell me nothing about it, except that he thought it was *not* one of the Caulfields or Haygarths. The man in the full-bottomed Queen-Anne wig was Jeremiah Caulfield, brewer, father of the pious Rebecca; the woman with the high powdered head was the pious Rebecca herself; the man in the George-the-Second wig was Matthew Haygarth. The other three were kindred of Rebecca's. But the wild-haired damsel was some unknown creature, for whose presence Mr. Wendover was unable to account.

I examined the frame of the miniature, and found that it opened at the back. Behind the ivory on which the portrait was painted there was a lock of dark hair encased in crystal; and on the inside of the case, which was of some worthless metal gilded, there was scratched the name "Molly."

How this Molly with the loose dark locks came to be admitted among the prim and pious Caulfields is certainly more than I can understand.

My exploration of the house having resulted only in this little romantic accident of the likeness to Charlotte, I prepared to take my departure, no wiser than when I had first crossed the threshold. The rector very politely proposed to show me the church; and as I considered that it would be well to take a copy of the Haygarthian entries in the register, I availed myself of his offer. He despatched a maid-servant to summon his clerk, in order that that functionary might assist in the investigation of the registers. The girl departed on this errand, while her master conducted me across his garden, in which there is now a gate opening into the churchyard.

It is the most picturesque of burial-grounds, darkened by the shadow of those solemn yews and spreading cedars. We walked very slowly between the crumbling old tombstones, which have almost all grown one-sided with time. Mr. Wendover led me through a little labyrinth of lowly graves to a high and ponderous iron railing surrounding a square space, in the midst of which there is a stately stone monument. In the railing there is a gate, from which a flight of stone steps leads down to the door of a vault. It is altogether rather a pretentious affair, wherein one sees the evidence of substantial wealth unelevated by artistic grace or poetic grandeur.

This is the family vault of the Caulfields and Haygarths.

"I've brought you to look at this tomb," said the rector, resting his hand upon the rusted railing, "because there is rather a romantic story connected with it—a story that concerns Matthew Haygarth, by the by. I did not think of it just now, when we were talking of him; but it flashed on my memory as we came through the garden. It is rather a mysterious affair; and though it is not very likely to have any bearing upon the object of your inquiry, I may as well tell you about it,—as a leaf out of family history, you know, Mr. Hawkehurst, and as a new proof of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction."

I assured the rector that I should be glad to hear anything he could tell me.

"I must premise that I only tell the story as I got it from my old clerk, and that it may therefore seem rather indistinct; but there is an entry in the register yonder to show that it is not without foundation. However, I will waste no more words in preamble, but give you the story, which is simply this—"

The rector seated himself on a dilapidated old tombstone, while I leaned against the rails of the Haygarth vault, looking down upon him.

"Within a month or two of Matthew Haygarth's death, a kind of melancholy came over him," said the rector. "Whether he was unhappy with his wife, or whether he felt his health declining, is more than I can say. You must remember that my informant was but a lad at the time of which I speak, and that when he talked to me about the subject sixty years afterwards he was a very old man, and his impressions were therefore more or less vague. But upon certain facts he was sufficiently positive; and amongst the circumstances he remembered most vividly are those of the story I am going to tell you.

"It seems that within a very few weeks of Matthew's death, his wife, Rebecca Haygarth, started on an expedition to the north, in the company of an uncle, to hear John Wesley preach on some very special occasion, and to assist at a love-feast. She was gone more than a fortnight; and during her absence Matthew Haygarth mounted his horse early one morning and rode away from Dewsdale.

"His household consisted of three maids, a man, and the lad Andrew Hone, afterwards my sexton. Before departing on his journey Mr. Haygarth had said that he would not return till late the next evening, and had requested that only the man (whose name I forget) should sit up for him.

"He was punctiliously obeyed. The household, always of early habits, retired at nine, the accustomed hour; and the man-servant waited to receive his master, while the lad Andrew, who slept in the stables, sat up to keep his fellow-servant company.

"At ten o'clock Mr. Haygarth came home, gave his horse into the charge of the lad, took his candle from the man-servant, and walked straight upstairs, as if going to bed. The man-servant locked the doors, took his master the key, and then went to his own quarters. The boy remained up to feed and groom the horse, which had the appearance of having performed a hard day's work.

"He had nearly concluded this business when he was startled by the slamming of the back door opening into the court-yard, in which were the stables and outhouses. Apprehending thieves, the boy opened the door of the stable and looked out, doubtless with considerable caution.

"It was broad moonlight, and he saw at a glance that the person who had opened the door was one who had a right to open it. Matthew Haygarth was crossing the court-yard as the lad peeped out. He wore a long black cloak, and his head drooped upon his breast, as if he had been in dejection. The lad—being, I suppose, inquisitive, after the manner of country lads—made no more ado, but left his unfinished work and crept stealthily after his master, who came straight to this churchyard,—indeed to this very spot on which we are now standing.

"On this spot the boy Andrew Hone became the secret witness of a strange scene. He saw an open grave close against the rails yonder, and he saw a little coffin lowered silently into that grave by the sexton of that time and a strange man, who afterwards went away in a mourning coach, which was in waiting at the gate, and in which doubtless the stranger and the little coffin had come.

"Before the man departed he assisted to fill up the grave, and when it was filled Matthew Haygarth gave money to both the men—gold it seemed to the lad Andrew, and several pieces to each person. The two men then departed, but Mr. Haygarth still lingered.

"As soon as he fancied himself alone, he knelt down beside the little grave, covered his face with his hands, and either wept or prayed, Andrew Hone could not tell which. If he wept, he wept silently.

"From that night, my sexton said, Matthew Haygarth faded visibly. Mistress Rebecca came home from her love-feast, and nursed and tended her husband with considerable kindness, though, so far as I can make out, she was at the best a stern woman. He died three weeks after the event which I have described, and was buried in that vault, close to the little grave."

I thanked Mr. Wendover for his succinct narrative, and apologised for the trouble I had occasioned him.

"Do not speak of the trouble," he answered kindly, "I am used to telling that story. I have heard it a great many times from poor old Andrew, and I have told it a great many times.

"The story has rather a legendary tone," I said, "I should have scarcely thought such a thing possible."

The rector shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating gesture.

"In our own day," he replied, "such an occurrence would be almost impossible; but you must remember that we are talking of the last century—century in which I regret to say the clergy of the Church of England were sadly lax in the performance of their duties. The followers of Wesley and Whitefield could scarcely have multiplied as they did if the flocks had not been cruelly neglected by their proper shepherds. It was a period in which benefices were bestowed constantly on men obviously unfitted for the holy office—men who were gamblers and drunkards, patrons of cockpits, and in many cases open and shameless reprobates. In such an age almost anything was possible; and this midnight and unhallowed interment may very well have taken place either with the consent or without the knowledge of the incumbent, who, I am told, bore no high character for piety or morality."

"And you say there is an entry in the register?"

"Yes, a careless scrawl, dated Sept. 19th, 1774, recording the burial of one Matthew Haygarth, aged four years, removed from the burial-ground attached to the parish church of Spotswold."

"Then it was a re-interment?"

"Evidently."

"And is Spotswold in this county?"

"Yes; it is a very small village, about fifty miles from here."

"And Matthew Haygarth died very soon after this event?"

"He did. He died very suddenly, with an awful suddenness, and died intestate. His widow was left the possessor of great wealth, which increased in the hands of her son John Haygarth, a very prudent and worthy gentleman, and a credit to the church of which he was a member. He only died very lately, I believe, and must therefore have attained a great age."

It is quite evident that Mr. Wendover had not seen the advertisement in the *Times*, and was ignorant of the fact that the accumulated wealth of the Haygarths and Caulfields is now waiting a claimant.

I asked permission to see the register containing the entry of the mysterious interment; and after the administration of a shilling to the clerk—a shilling at Dewsdale being equal to half-a-crown in London—the vestry cupboard was opened by that functionary, and the book I required was produced from a goodly pile of such mouldy brown leather-bound volumes.

The following is a copy of the entry:

"On Thursday last past, being ye 19 Septr, A.D. 1774, was interr'd ye bodie off onne Matthewe Haygarthe, ag'd foure yeres, remoov'd fromm ye Churcheyarde off St. Marie, under ye hil, Spotswolde, in this Co. Pade forr so doeing, sevven shill."

After having inspected the register, I asked many further questions, but without eliciting much further information. So I expressed my thanks for the courtesy that had been shown me, and took my departure, not wishing to press the matter so closely as to render myself a nuisance to the worthy Wendover, and bearing in mind that it would be open to me to return at any future time.

And now I ask myself—and I ask the astute Sheldon—what is the meaning of this mysterious burial, and is it likely to have any bearing on the object of our search? These are questions for the consideration of the astute S.

I spent my evening in jotting down the events of the day, in the above free-and-easy fashion for my own guidance, and in a more precise and business-like style for my employer. I posted my letter before ten o'clock, the hour at which the London mail is made up, and then smoked my cigar in the empty streets, overshadowed by gaunt square stacks of building and tall black chimneys, and so back to my inn, where I took a glass of ale and another cigar, and then to bed, as the worthy Pepys might have concluded.

(To be Continued.)

A TRIP TO SADOWA.

BEFORE leaving for Moravia and Bohemia, I remained a few days in Vienna, to see whether the improvement in this vastly increased city had been at all delayed by the recent war, and also, as far as it was possible for a stranger to find out, to learn the state of feeling amongst the people at the present time. I should say that both the Londoner and the Parisian, on first visiting Vienna, must be somewhat disappointed with it. Vienna has played always so prominent a part in continental affairs, and so much is always said of its society and grandeur, that one is naturally led to expect a city covering a large area, with streets as handsome as those in Paris; but the very first morning's walk through Vienna proves such not to be the case. The streets, crooked and narrow, much resemble some of those in our own city, but are very badly lighted at night, and many of them without foot pavements; but within the last half-dozen years Vienna has become a fast improving city. The inner ring of fortifications, which used to encircle the city, has now been removed; the ditches filled up, and replaced by boulevards, as in Paris, with paved streets on either side for the carriages, and parts reserved in the centre for riding and walking. The trees, which have only been planted some months, appear to be growing very well, and help to make both houses and boulevards attractive. Of the Austrian people generally one cannot speak too highly. I have ever found them a civil, obliging, and warm-hearted people: and not only did I notice this amongst the upper classes, but also with such as railway officials, officers on board the steamers, &c.—the very class that in some countries seem to take a delight in being uncivil, and in inventing instead of removing obstacles. But I must not run on any more about Vienna and its pleasant inhabitants, or we shall never proceed on our journey.

The first place I booked for was Brünn, ninety-four English miles distant, and nearly due north of Vienna. After the battle of Sadowa, and until about the beginning of September, it was garrisoned by the Prussians, and made the headquarters of the southern division of that army. Brünn is the capital of Moravia, with a fast increasing population, at present of about 50,000 souls. It is very prettily situated, partly in a pretty valley, and partly on the slope of two hills. On the most westerly of these hills is the castle of Spielberg, formerly the citadel of Brunn, but when its fortifications were destroyed by the French, it was converted into a state prison. Brünn is of considerable importance as a manufacturing town, and is justly celebrated for its cloths and woollen goods; in fact, it is the Leeds of the Austrian empire. But here the machinery is almost altogether worked by water power, so that, instead of being black and dirty, Brünn is so clean that it quite resembles a German watering-place.

To get from Brünn to Olmütz I determined on deserting the railway—which would have entailed a round of some very considerable distance—and on going direct by the mail-coach. The Austrian mail-coaches are very comfortable and roomy, only carrying four inside and one on the box with the driver. The distance was only forty-three English miles, though we were travelling exactly twelve hours. The whole of the country between Brunn and Olmütz consists of undulating downs, almost without trees or hedges, so that the cold along this road in winter is extreme, and there is no shelter whatever. Even at this time of the year, in the middle of the month of October, the cold wind was so sharp that I gladly borrowed a horse-cloth to wrap around me. About ten miles from Brünn, and two miles to the south-east of the Olmütz road, is the far-famed field of Austerlitz, on which was fought the battle of the second of December, 1805, a battle that determined the destiny of Europe and the success of the First Napoleon.

The country through which I passed was all more or less in a cultivated state, either ploughed up for next year's wheat, or planted with beetroot for the sugar manufactories, of which in this country there are a number. On reaching Olmütz, I found it to be a small but strongly-fortified place, and owing to a slight rise in the centre of the town, it is quite picturesque, in spite of its being in the middle of an almost treeless plain. Olmütz, one of the strongest fortresses in Austria, is situated on the river March, or as it is called in the Moravian language, Marawa, with a population of some 12,500 inhabitants. Besides being a fortified town, Olmütz contains several religious, literary, and charitable institutions. Formerly it was the capital of Moravia, but it has now given place to the manufacturing and more wealthy city of Brünn. In 1758 the Prussians besieged Olmütz, but without success; and this is, perhaps, the reason why here the Austrian garrison were this year left in peace.

In the coach there was no other passenger besides myself, so that instead of being deposited at the door of the post-office, I was at once driven to the "Goliath Hotel," which was in the market-place, and according to the driver's report, the principal hotel in the town.

The arrangements in this *gasthof* were peculiar

in the extreme. The bedrooms were farmed out to the chamber-maid, the salle à manger to a waiter, whilst a third person had contracted to perform the duties of shoeblack and valet. Another peculiarity in the Moravian hotels is that the sheets are sewn on to the two mattresses, the upper of which, filled with feathers, is in lieu of blankets and counterpane. I cannot say that I prefer this upper feather bed to the English fashion of blankets and counterpane, as, be the temperature what it may, there is no regulating the amount of clothing; besides which, this mattress is invariably too short to cover one's feet.

Olmütz is nearly surrounded by pleasant public walks, which, prior to the war, were shaded by avenues of fine old trees; but last June they were all cut down by the engineers and taken away, leaving the walks very bare and desolate.

For Pardubitz, I had to start by a train advertised to leave Olmutz at midnight. As usual, the hotel omnibus conveyed us to the station a good half hour or more before the train was even due; but, to my surprise, on our arriving there the booking-office was still closed, and, on inquiry, the official simply replied that the train was late seven quarters of an hour—as he expressed it in German—and that it was usually an hour or so behind time, owing to the number of extra military trains on the line.

The nights, although only the middle of October, were bitterly cold, and I found myself sitting in my thin summer overcoat surrounded by passengers so enveloped in furs as to make it difficult to discover either their features or nationality. Shortly after I had taken my seat in the train, I had occasion to refer to my Bradshaw, which at once attracted the attention of one of my furry companions, who proved to be an Englishman, and in connection with a very well-known English firm. He was living at Bohemia, for the purpose of supplying the flax-growers in Bohemia and Moravia with the necessary machinery and steam engines for working up their flax into a rough but saleable form, ready for exportation. For some few years previous to the war he had resided in the little town of Trautenau, not far distant from the Prussian boundary. At the commencement of the war he went away, but, unfortunately, left his office full of designs and models of engines and machinery, &c. When the Prussians entered the town, some of the soldiers broke into his house and laid hands on all his things, smashing and destroying all that was no good to them, or too heavy for them to take away, so that all his designs—many of considerable value—were broken up or torn up in sheer wantonness. This gentleman also told me that whilst the Prussians were marching through the main street of this town, one of their officers was wounded by a stray shot. The Prussians immediately suspected that this shot had been fired by one of the townsfolk, and revenged themselves by taking many of them prisoners. One of the first houses they entered was a little inn. The landlord promptly denied that he had fired at the troops; but, in spite of this, he was ordered to be placed in irons, upon which an English mechanic—be it spoken in his praise—knowing the landlord to be innocent, backed his denial; but, instead of his evidence being received, the unfortunate mechanic was ordered into irons for contumacy, and his hand was chained to the landlord's foot for some two or three weeks. These, and many other such interesting incidents of the war did my friend tell me; but at Pardubitz Junction I had to bid adieu to him, and take another train for Königgrätz, some twelve or thirteen miles to the north, on the Josefstadt Railway. The town of Königgrätz is about a mile and a quarter to the east, whilst Chlum, with the small hamlet of Sadowa, a couple of miles farther on, is four miles due west from the station. To find the way from the station to the battlefield was by no means a difficult task. The hill of Chlum, with its church-steeple and cluster of trees, stands considerably above the surrounding downs. The first three miles I walked along the Prague road, until I came to a little cluster of neatly-made black wooden crosses, each marking a separate grave. This, evidently, must have been a hot corner. Hence I took my way through the village of Rosberitz, and then by a rough cart road up to Chlum church. The whole country within a radius of one and a half miles from this church was dotted with graves, those of the soldiers being marked with black crosses, to distinguish them from the mounds of earth that covered the dead horses.

The road up to Chlum is still scattered with old knapsacks, sword-scabbards, and other such military appurtenances; but everything that could in any way be again made use of, had long before this been carried off by the military or peasantry. Some of the country had been already ploughed up and sown with wheat; but the graves had not only been preserved, but carefully made up by the ploughmen. All around Chlum village these graves appeared in larger clusters, presenting a very melancholy appearance. The village consisted of a church and some twenty cottages scattered about the hill. Several of the wooden c-es had been demolished by fire, leaving only their ruined chimneys standing. Neither had the church been spared; nearly all the windows were smashed by the shots, and several round shot had penetrated the roof. At Chlum I was unable to gain much information from the peasantry, as few of them understood German, and of the Bohemian language I was, of course, perfectly ignorant. But, though unfortunate in this respect, I had with me the full account of the locality, and the events that took place thereat, written by Dr. Russell for the *Times*, and this account I found marvellously correct—at least, as far as it referred to the topography of the country—and I could hardly have believed it possible for any one not having previously been over the actual ground to have given so perfect an account of it.

At the church, the aged sexton did the honours, and allowed me to enter and clamber up the old staircase to the steeple, whence I got a first-rate view of the surrounding country. In this church a considerable number of Austrians were taken prisoners; there being but one entrance, the Prussians had only to guard the door, and the unfortunate Austrians were caught like mice in a trap, and resistance was out of the question. After the battle, this church was filled with the wounded of both armies, and at the time of my visit it had neither been reconsecrated, nor had its walls been purged from the blood-stains. Before the battle, the villagers had ample time to escape and take up their quarters in Pardubitz, or villages even farther off. The old sexton's house had been left untouched, and, with a keen eye to business, he had set up a sort of wooden shanty, for visitors to refresh themselves with bread, cheese, and questionable beer He had even gone so far as to start a visitors' book. From Chlum to the Sadowa wood I passed by some more cottages in ruins, and over some fields with the trampled corn still rotting on the ground, just as it had been left after the troops had trodden it down on the 3rd of July. The Sadowa wood is on the left of the Prague road, about a mile from Chlum church. An English officer told me that the last of the dead bodies had only just been buried, after having lain for weeks on the spot where they fell. Letters, note-books, regimental lists and orders, lay strewn about the wood. Some of these letters had evidently been written just before the battle, and were full of hope, cheering up the ancient couple at home, or promising a speedy return and lastly fidelity to some fair sweetheart in the north.

This wood extends half a mile on the left of the Prague road, and a short distance-beyond it is the little hamlet of Sadowa, consisting only of a roadside inn and some half-dozen houses. Sadowa, (pronounced Sadova) is quite a misnomer for the battle, as in that hamlet, I suppose, not a single shot was fired. More properly it should have been called the battle of Chlum; but, as it is, the Prussians talk of it as Sadowa, whilst the Austrians, when they do allude to it, which is seldom, call it the battle of Königgrätz or Chlum. The superiority of the Prussian rifle over that of the Austrian is by many people considered sufficient to account for the Austrian defeat at Sadowa; but I am inclined to attribute the Prussian superiority more to their numbers than to their needle-rifles. The battle was brought to a close the moment the Crown Prince's division were in possession of Chlum hill; and, if the information I received from several sources is to be relied on, the Crown Prince's division met with little or no resistance in their advance on Chlum, and for this simple reason, that the Austrians had no more men to bring to the front; and it is very doubtful whether there ever were as many men by some thousands on the field as stated in the official accounts. As to disaffection amongst the Italian regiments, I believe there is no truth at all; and the report that shouts of "Viva Garibaldi!" from these regiments were heard during the battle, is as absurd as it is untrue; as it must be remembered, in a battle, each one fights for his own life, and it is by no means easy to inform the enemy that you wish to change sides.

This most disastrous battle to the Austrians was only surpassed by a still more disastrous retreat. With their clothes still wet from the heavy shower of the morning, without either food or drink all day, those blessed with a strong constitution dragged their weary limbs as best they could towards the pontoon bridges, hoping to cross the river above Koniggrätz; whilst the weaker, unable to continue their hurried march, gave in, and actually died in the corn fields from sheer fatigue and hunger. Many of the infantry perished in endeavouring to cross the pontoon bridges; for such was the rush, that many were pushed off the bridges into the river, and drowned.

But enough of so sad a history. Let us, in conclusion, hope that the continental nations have learned a salutary lesson from this short but sanguinary battle; and though, perhaps, a selfish wish, may we—as long as we can do so with honour—keep out of such fruitless and unprofitable bloodshed.

A. B.

VENETIAN TALES.

THE three following stories are really Venetian, being part of a collection made by George Widter and Adam Wolf, two travelling Germans, who noted down the talk of old women and girls in the more obscure villages in the Venetian territory about twenty-five years ago, and recently published them in a periodical review devoted to certain branches of literary archæology.*

To the learned in popular stories such tales are chiefly interesting, so far as they furnish material for that species of archæological investigation in which the connexion between various nations is sought in the resemblance that exists between their traditions. Our choice in making known the three following tales has, on the other hand, been determined by the fact that there is about them something different from the stories within the reach of the ordinary reader, although the erudite will find in them points of contact with many traditions of Germany. We should observe that though we have told the stories in our own way, instead of simply translating them, we have not modified the incidents in the slightest particular.

I.

Once upon a time lived a mighty king, who had a lovely wife, but no children. The deficiency vexed him to such a degree as to force from him a declaration that, if the Evil One himself gave him a son, the bantling should be right welcome. Shortly after the utterance of this conditional promise he was honoured with a visit by a distinguished foreigner, whom he entertained hospitably in his castle. In the course of conversation, the lack of an heir to the throne was mentioned, and the stranger made a most liberal offer, saying that the king should have two children within the course of a year, if he would present him with one.

Finding that no reasonable objection could be made to this proposal, the king closed with it at

* Jahrbuch für Romanische und Englische Literatur.

once, and before a twelvemonth had passed, his queen had blessed him with a pair of twins, a boy and girl, both as beautiful as the day. He was so highly delighted, that the contract he had made nearly faded from his mind. However, before another twelvemonth was gone his memory was refreshed by a visit from the stranger, who asked which of the children he was to have? The king, with a dismal face, made the awkward confession that he would rather not part with either The boy was necessary as heir to the throne, and the girl was her mother's pet; so what was to be done? The stranger—who, of course, was the Evil One, but who clearly made good the proverb, which states that he is not so black as he is painted—was touched by the king's solicitations, and told him that he would let him have both the children for five years longer. At the end of that period, he would assuredly return.

On rolled the five years, and back came the stranger, to find the king more unwilling than ever. Hard words were spoken on both sides, till at last a compromise was effected. The stranger was not to return until the girl had completed her sixteenth year, and the king was then to give her up without resistance.

Years glided dismally away, and the father's spirits became lower and lower as he approached the sixteenth anniversary of his daughter's birthday. His increasing melancholy attracted the notice of his son, a youth of singular precocity, who did his best to learn the truth, but failed in every attempt. At last the boy bethought himself of his tutor: a priest of imminent piety: who, as soon as he had heard his pupil's report, at once proceeded to the royal sufferer.

"I have sold my daughter to the——," was the brief but pregnant confession of the melancholy king.

The priest was not courtier enough to dissemble his opinion that transactions of this kind were highly improper, but he comforted the mourner with the assurance that the case was not quite hopeless. If he only knew the exact time at which the hateful visitor was expected, he would be on the spot and prove a match for all the mysterious strangers in the world.

The specified birthday arrived, and so did the visitor: but he found the priest at the princess's chamber door, clad in all the insignia of his holy office. He durst not enter the room. An altercation ensued, which ended in the retreat of the enemy: not, however, without a declaration that he would bide his time.

As long as the worthy priest lived, the girl was well protected, and throve exceedingly, but when at the end of two years he died, she fell sick and did not long survive him. While on her death-bed, she entreated her father not to bury her at once, but to allow her to lie for a week in the church, under a strict guard. With this wish the king complied, and the princess was laid on a magnificent bier erected in the church, while a sentinel was placed at the door.

On the very first midnight, a frightful event occurred. The princess, starting from her coffin, shrieked aloud: "Where is my abominable father?" and without more ado seized on the sentinel and tore him to pieces. In the morning the church door was open, the princess was quiet in her coffin, and the remains of the sentinel lay scattered in various directions. Intelligence of these awful facts spread far and wide, and a second sentinel was not easily to be obtained. Lots, however, were cast for the appointment of a person to fill up the undesirable vacancy, and the victim thus selected was a young soldier who was in the habit of paying his devotions every evening to an image of the Holy Virgin. After fervently praying, he set off for the church, and met on his way an old woman, who, asking the cause of his melancholy, and learning the danger with which he was menaced, urged him to present himself at the altar of the Madonna when he had entered the church, and to close the rail behind him.

With this advice he complied, and when midnight arrived the princess again raised herself from the coffin. "Four-and-twenty hours have passed," she said, "since I have drunk human blood. Where is my abominable father, that I may tear him to pieces for his dastardly promise?" Again she raged about the church; but, not perceiving the sentinel, returned to her coffin without doing further harm.

The sentinel was terribly frightened, but the king, convinced that he had got the right man in the right place, persuaded him to keep guard another night. Again the young man performed his habitual devotions, and again he met the old woman. The incidents that now occurred were nearly identical with those of the previous night, only the indicated spot of refuge was the confessional, and the deceased princess was more violent than before. It may be taken as a general rule that, in the popular stories of all nations, the second of three adventures is generally as similar as possible to the first.

The king found some difficulty in persuading the young man to perform the awful duty of guarding the princess for a third night; but his entreaties, and still more his representation that the safety of a soul was at stake, ultimately prevailed. On his way to the church, after he had prayed with unwonted fervour to his protectress, he met, not the old woman, but a stately lady, who went with him into the building, and told him to hold in his left hand a bottle of mixture which she gave him, to take the monstrance from the tabernacle, and hold it in his right hand, and thus armed to sit down close to the high altar. She also warned him of the novel circumstances for which he was to be prepared.

After the departure of the stately lady, the sentinel awaited the signal of the midnight hour in great uneasiness. At the last stroke of the clock the princess again arose, with fire darting from her eyes and mouth, cursing her father more bitterly than ever, and seeking with increased violence a victim for her wrath. Presently four men made their appearance, who seized her violently, and standing two on each side of the church, tossed her backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock. At the end of this strange performance, they spread a carpet over the altar-steps, and, flinging the princess upon it, were about to chop her to pieces with a huge sword. Warned that the time for action was now come, the sentinel flung the monstrance, containing the Host, at the impious four, and they all vanished, leaving the the princess gasping at his feet.

Folding the carpet, the sentinel laid the princess gently upon it, and touched her with the contents of the bottle till she fell into a profound sleep. On the following morning the king found his daughter and her guardian, neither of them awake. Causing them to be raised gently, he had them conveyed in a four-horse carriage to his palace, where he assigned to each a separate apartment. Scarcely had the princess awoke, when she called for her father and mother, who were anxiously watching at the foot of her bed, and expressed her delight that, after her long and heavy sufferings, she could once more embrace them. Next, she called for her deliverer, vowing that she would have no other husband.

On that very day the princess and the sentinel were married; and in grateful remembrance of their deliverance from peril, the image of the Madonna was placed on the altar of the chapel in the royal palace.

II.

An old man was once blessed with a gawky son, who united within himself the by no means incompatible qualities of tallness of stature and unwillingness to work. Tired of seeing him do nothing, the old man put to him the plain question: "Will you work on your own account, or will you go to service?" The latter of the two alternatives was accepted by the son, and the father told him that if the Evil One himself consented to engage him, he (the father) would feel perfectly satisfied.

One fine day, off they both went together in quest of a suitable place, and met on the road a person of singularly gentleman-like appearance, who inquiring the object of their journey, obtained a correct answer.

"I want a porter," said the gentleman, "and this young chap looks stout and hearty. What wages shall you want, my lad?"

"Threepence-halfpenny a year," was the modest reply.

"Nay, you shall have tenpence, and very little to do," returned the generous stranger. "Your only duty will be to open and shut the door, and woe betide you if you peep in!"

The situation was accepted, and the young porter was surprised to observe that although numbers of people, many of them high in station, and even his own grandfather, went in at the door at which he stood, nobody ever came out of it. At last he guessed the quality of his master, and when a year had passed, he gave notice that he was about to leave. The gentleman, knowing that he would have to look out for another porter, was very unwilling to let him go, and endeavoured to change his purpose by showing him a large chest full of gold, and telling him he might take out as much as he pleased. The porter, however, would have neither more nor less than his due; and, taking the tenpence agreed upon, stalked merrily off, and did not stop until he came to a poor man who solicited alms.

"Take twopence-halfpenny," said the man of property, "then I shall have twopence left for tobacco, twopence-halfpenny for bread, and threepence for wine." A second beggar received the same pittance as the first, which reduced the prospects of the philanthropist to three ha'porth of tobacco, and bread to an equal amount, and twopenny worth of wine. A third beggar, relieved to the same extent, caused the tobacco to be struck off the list; the remaining twopence-halfpenny, mentally appropriated to the purchase of bread, was soon bestowed on the fourth mendicant, who received the usual donation, the donor remarking at the same time that he would henceforth be relieved from the trouble of calculation. When a fifth beggar appeared, the man of charity could only inform him that there were no effects, and that most probably he himself would become a beggar in his turn. Delighted with the obviously good disposition of the penniless lover of mankind, the mendicant declared that he stood in no need of his bounty, but, on the contrary, would bestow on him any three gifts he pleased to name.

The late porter at first fancied that the beggar was joking; but, being assured to the contrary, he chose, as desirable gifts, a gun that would never miss its mark, a fiddle which would make everybody dance, and a sack into which every one would be compelled to leap at the command of its owner.

Enriched with his new property, the young porter proceeded on his journey till he saw a bird, which was flying high above his head, and would, he thought, serve as a satisfactory test of his gun. But as he was about to fire, two friars came up to him, and laughed at his attempt to make a musket do the work of a cannon: one of them offering to jump into the adjoining thicket, clad in Adam's earliest costume, and pick up the bird if the marksman succeeded in bringing it down. Down came the bird indeed, and the friar, who had undertaken to pick it up, faithfully kept his promise; whereupon the marksman took up his fiddle, and forced the two ascetics to dance. The one who had remained in the road did not fare so ill; but his brother in the thicket tore nearly all the flesh from his bones.

Both, as might be expected, were highly incensed, and informed the police of the nearest town, that a dangerous magician was practising his tricks in the neighbourhood. As soon, therefore, as the ex-porter of the Evil One showed his face within the walls, he was summoned before the commissary, and contrived to wait on that important functionary exactly at dinner-time.

The commissary was grumpy. "Stop till I have done my dinner," said he.

"That I will certainly," said the courteous vagabond, "and to make the meal more agreeable, I will accompany it with a little music." Accordingly he struck up a tune, which made not only the commissary, his wife, his children, his maid-servant, his usher, and his cat, but even the tables and chairs, the plates and dishes, join in a lively dance.

"Go to the devil!" was the first ejaculation of the commissary when he had recovered sufficient breath to say anything; whereupon the adventurer once more set off and went his way, till he met his old master.

"Jump into the sack," he cried, opening wide the untempting receptacle, and with this command the Evil One was forced to comply. The sack, with its precious contents, he took to the nearest smithy, informing the master of the establishment that he wanted him to hammer out a lot of iron.

"Take it out, and I will go to work at once," said the smith.

"No; I want to have it hammered in the sack."

"Do you? Then I have only to tell you that I don't choose to hammer out what I can't see."

Without wasting more words, the adventurer took up his fiddle, and fiddled the smith and all his workmen into compliance.

"Will you hammer now?"

"Yes," answered the smith, "if Old Nick himself is in the sack."

"That," returned the young fellow, "is actually the case."

"Pity you did not say so at once!" retorted the smith. "I would have gone to work without making any fuss, and a world of trouble would have been saved. However, here goes."

The blows of the sledge-hammer having been bestowed with sufficient liberality, the crestfallen fiend was liberated from the sack. The expression of his countenance was by no means agreeable, and he warned his former porter that, if he had an opportunity of repaying him, it would not be thrown away.

Elated with his last success, the adventurer again set off, and met a pretty peasant girl, by whom he was not a little smitten. He asked her to become his companion on his travels, and, on meeting with a refusal, told her that she would be forced to accompany him, whether she liked it or not. The reply to this assertion was a sound box on the ear, which incensed the adventurer so greatly that he not only opened his sack and wrathfully told the offender to leap into it, but closed it with so much haste that her head emerged from the orifice, and she could call lustily for assistance. Off he ran as fast as he could, with the sack on his shoulder, and the shouting head sticking out of it; but he was now so hotly pursued by the peasants, who were attracted by the noise, that he threw down his burden and betook himself to his gun.

By shooting down one of his pursuers, he was soon ahead of them all, and succeeded in reaching a village in safety, though out of breath. Here he met an old woman in tatters, and asked her to procure him, if she could, a night's lodging. Answering that she was willing to do so, she led him into a majestic palace, the rooms of which were all brilliantly lighted, while in the grand hall a table was superbly laid out, though not a person was to be seen. The solitude was just to his taste. He was heartily pleased to regale himself with the dainty viands and choice wines, and then to rest in a bed, which he found in a small ante-room.

Waking at midnight, he saw the great hall filled with gentlemen, clad in cloaks and huge periwigs, who danced about with solemn faces, until at last they vanished, and he then found himself in a sea of fire. "I must get out of this," he exclaimed; and as a troop of cavalry passed through the hall, he leaped out of bed upon a horse that had no rider. The animal dissolved beneath him, and he sank down, down, down, till he reached the gate at which he had stood as porter, little more than a year before, and which was now opened to him by his successor.

III.

At Cogolo, a village at the foot of the mountains, a new church had been built, which, though otherwise admired, was found too large for the old steeple. A meeting was accordingly held on the subject, and the very natural proposal was made that the old steeple should be pulled down and a new one erected in its stead. This plan the villagers regarded as too expensive, and they accordingly listened to the following speech, gravely delivered by the schoolmaster.

"Men of Cogolo,—If you wish your steeple to be larger, feed it liberally, and I will answer for its increase in bulk. Only look at our priest. He came to us in skinny condition, and you see what a portly man he is now. It stands to reason that what is good for the priest must be good for the church likewise."

Moved by this discourse, the villagers brought together their whole domestic store of sausages, and hung them all around the steeple to its very summit, making the venerable pile of masonry look more like the establishment of a pork butcher conducted on a colossal scale than a portion of a sacred edifice.

Those who suppose that the schoolmaster was a blockhead like the rest, are mistaken. He was very ill paid, and his scheme was contrived to supply the deficiencies of his salary. At nightfall he proceeded to the church, and, under the shelter of darkness, removed the topmost row of sausages, leaving a portion of the masonry uncovered. The peasants, who assembled in the morning to ascertain the result of their liberality, were in ecstacies.

"Look!" cried one, "the steeple has already begun to eat, and it has grown a good span above the sausages already!"

The bare part of the masonry was again covered by the peasants with a fresh supply of sausages, and was again uncovered by the schoolmaster; and the two operations were repeated for several days and nights in succession, sides of bacon being contributed when the sausages were exhausted. Having sufficiently stocked his cellar with savoury provisions, the schoolmaster at last addressed the villagers thus:

"Men of Cogolo,—You perceive that the steeple increases in height, but not in breadth. Now, if it grows any taller, it will perhaps prove to be too high for its foundation, or may even be blown down by the wind."

So the steeple was fed no more, and the villagers remarked with pride their brilliant success in supplying bacon and sausages as a substitute for bricks and mortar.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

500 and Ha' row (a philanthropist).
50 " vie (an adjective).
1500 " a turn (a county in England).
1 " sour sup (counterfeit).
101 " a rent (a Scottish lake).
100 " throe (a Trojan hero).
50 " are ten (everlasting).
550 " for if (an Irish town).

The *initials* read downwards will name a celebrated astronomer.

LOGOGRIPH.

Complete, I'm an article commonly found.
In the palace as well as the cot;
Behead me, I head you, without the least doubt,
Whatever your age, sex, or lot;
Behead me again, I'm conducive to health,
I think that a good enough clue;
Curtail and behead me, and without I mistake.
The remainder will stand well for you.

ANAGRAMS.

Titles of Books.

1. Tell the secret art.
2. All creamy holes.
3. Lord H can seal.
4. George's faithful pet at Lee.

CHARADES.

1. In days gone by, my *first* was found
Of mighty use on hunting-ground;
And by it on the battle plain
Many a valiant man was slain.
Without my *last* no plant could grow,
Or flourish on this sphere below;
My *whole's* an article of food,
And for the sick is very good.

2. My *first* is an animal; my *second* a shred; and my *whole* is a flower.

3. My *first* may be seen in a book; my *next* is an insect; and my *whole* is a show or display.

4. My *first* is a part of your face; my *second* a letter; and my *whole* is used at breakfast, dinner, tea.

5. My *first* is a woman; my *second* a man; and my *whole* is a man.

ENIGMA.

Voiceless am I, yet let not that
To our acquaintance be a bar;
You candidly appeal to me—
I'll tell you what you are.

Folks say I never think, but that
Is scandal, I suspect;
Believe it if you like: I know
I really do reflect.

Hard truths I tell, yet am I frail,
And folks that hate me know
That if I tell too much, why they
Can kill me with a blow.

I don't think I'm a favourite
With men except at morning,
But ladies love me morn, noon, night,
When they're themselves adorning.

You ask me. I must answer true,
For truth itself am I;
Deceive yourselves, you can't cheat me,
For know I never lie.

"Jade that you are," said Helen,
"Why tell me such a story,
False, lying thing!" so smashes me,
And gone is all my glory.

ASTLEY H. B.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. I have a cistern which can be filled by one tap in 25 minutes, by another in 20 minutes, and it can be emptied by a third in 12 minutes:—how long would it take to fill it if all three taps were left open?

2. Find five numbers in arithmetical progression the sum of which is 25, and the sum of their fourth powers, 9669.

C. BRADBURY.

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &c.
NO. 84.

Decapitations.—1. There, here, three. 2. Clinch, inch, chin. 3. Stone, tone, one.

Square Words.—1. G E A R. 2. O D E R.
E B R O. D O Z E.
A R E A. E Z R A.
R O A R. R E A L.

Charades.—1. God Save the Queen. 2. Perseverance.

Anagram.—Ay, tear her ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the vacant air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.
Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast the holy flag
Let every threadbare sail.
And give her to the God of storms
The lightning and the gale.

Riddle.—Madam.

Enigma.—The letter O.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Decapitations.—All, Bericus, Alto, H. H. V., Argus, Camp, 1st and 3rd Polly, Geo. B., 3rd Violet.

Square Words.—Both, Argus, H. H. V., Violet, Niagara, Alto, 1st Polly, Geo. B., W. W.

Charades.—Polly, Bericus, H. H. V., Violet, Argus, Niagara, Alto.

Anagram.—Polly, Violet, Bericus, Argus, Niagara.

Riddle.—Bericus, Geo. B., Niagara, Polly, Argus.

Enigma.—Alto, Polly, Argus, Bericus, W. W., Camp.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last—Den, who answered all.

A French paper tells a story of a soldier who, while serving under Peter the Great nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia, and whose last expression was, "It is ex——." In the summer of 1860 some French *savans* found the stiffly frozen body, and gradually thawing it, actually restored animation, when the soldier concluded his sentence, with —"ceedingly cold."

Napoleon sent for Fouché, and in a great rage, told him he was a fool, and not fit to be at the head of the police, for he was quite ignorant of what was passing. "Pardon me, sire," said Fouché, interrupting him, "I know that your majesty has my dismissal, ready signed, in your pocket." This was the case; it need not be added that Napoleon instantly changed his mind, and kept his minister.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

E. R. S.—Charles Dibdin was born in 1745, and died in 1814. At the early age of sixteen he made his literary *début* in London by writing an opera called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, of which he afterwards became musical master. Dibdin composed upwards of 1200 sea songs, among the happiest of which are *Poor Jack* and *Poor Tom Bowling*. He retired from public life in straitened circumstances in 1805, when government granted him a pension of £200.

George B. F.—We are afraid it would offend many of our readers, so must decline it with thanks.

Newcastle.—The Vulgate is the only translation of the Bible acknowledged by the Roman Catholic Church to be authentic. It was translated from the Greek of the Septuagint.

C. H. S.—The papers mentioned have not found their way to Montreal as yet; nor do we think it likely they can be procured unless specially ordered from London or Paris. The translation for which we are obliged will appear in an early number.

W. H. Tate.—Sheridan is said to have written the best comedy—the "School for Scandal," the best opera, the "Duenna," and the best afterpiece—the "Critic in the English language."

H. C. Wiss.—Porcelain is so-called from the Portuguese word "porcellana" a cup or vessel.

M. S. G.—The tradition of the eleven thousand virgins is as follows: When Conan with eleven thousand warriors founded the kingdom of Armorica, or Brittany, in the fourth century. Dionatus, king of Cornwall, despatched Ursula his daughter with eleven thousand of the elite of the British virgins to be their wives. The fair adventurers being cast ashore by a tempest among the Picts, and declining their addresses, were all barbarously murdered.

Ada Z.—We regret that we cannot accept the story; our principal objection is that it is too long. Do not however be discouraged, but cultivate the talent you evidently possess. If you will favour us with your address we will return the MS.

Oddorp Pettifogger is derived from the French words *petit vogue*, of small credit or reputation.

Worn to a Shadow.—Daniel Lambert, an Englishman who died in 1809, is supposed to have been the heaviest man that ever lived; he weighed seven hundred and forty pounds.

May.—Respectfully declined.

A. B.—Many thanks for your kind letter; we hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you frequently.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

M. Sainte-Claire Deville found that a solution of fluoride of calcium in hydrochloric acid was quite as suitable as fluoric acid for engraving on glass, and it did not possess the injurious property of causing dangerous wounds like the latter substance.

There has lately been on trial at the chief office of the London District Telegraph Company, in Cannon Street, a telegraph instrument which appears to be the nearest approach to simplicity and perfection hitherto available for public or private use. It is a printing instrument, producing letters printed in ordinary type by means of pressing small keys bearing the respective letters. It is worked by a combination of clockwork and electricity, and has now been in use for some weeks without a single derangement.

Madame Guerineau, sister of the eminent traveller, Lalande, has placed 4,000 francs in the hands of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, President of the Society of Acclimatisation, to be awarded by the Society to the traveller who shall have been most instrumental in improving human food by discoveries and researches in the animal and vegetable world.

The Prussian Government have resolved not to despatch an expedition to the North Pole, which, it was believed, would have been organized this spring.

Prof. Agassiz, who has lately been engaged in examining the fish of the river Amazon, states that he has not found one fish in common with those in any other fresh-water basin, that different parts of the Amazon have fishes peculiar to themselves; and as an instance of the teeming variety of the Amazon, he adds, that a pool of only a few hundred square yards showed 200 different kinds of fish, which is as many as the entire Mississipi can boast. In the Amazon itself 2,000 different kinds exist, a great proportion of which are most excellent eating. Several are extremely curious, one especially, which has the power of walking or creeping on dry land, and of worming its way up the trunks of trees.

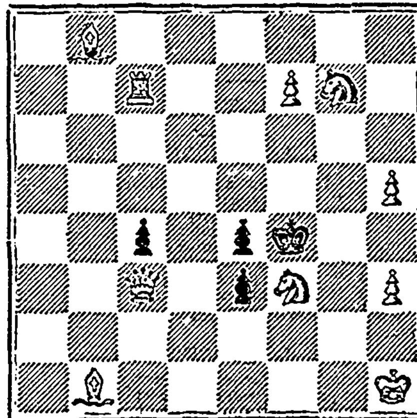
CHESS.

The *Illustrated London News* says: "We have refrained from speaking of the Chess gathering until something definite was announced by its promoters. At present all we know is, that the chief French players are in hopes to organize a grand Chess meeting of all nations, to take place in the International Club of the Exhibition. It is proposed to have a grand handicap tourney open to all the world, a problem tourney, and a match by telegraph between three of the most eminent French players, seated in Paris, against three of the most distinguished English ones, seated in London. For this amicable and interesting contest the Emperor of the French has promised, we hear, to give a handsome prize, in the shape of an object of art. For the rest we can say nothing until the programme now, we believe, in preparation reaches us."

PROBLEM, No. 65.

By Geo. E. Carpenter, Tarrytown, N.Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 63.

White.	Black.
1 K to K R 3.	P moves.
2 B to Q 8.	K or P moves.
3 B to Q Kt 6.	K or P moves.
4 Kt to K Kt 5 Mate.	

The following game was played, some time ago, in Bermuda, between Dr. D. (White) and the Hon. M. G. K. (Black).

(Muzio Gambit.)

White.	Black.
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 P to K B 4.	2 P takes P.
3 Kt to K B 3.	3 P to K Kt 4.
4 B to Q B 4.	4 P to K Kt 5.
5 Castles.	5 P to Q Kt 4.
6 B to Kt 3.	6 P to Q R 4.
7 Kt to K 5.	7 Kt to K R 3.
8 P to Q 4.	8 P to Q R 5.
9 Q B takes P.	9 P takes K B.
10 B takes K Kt.	10 B [illegible] B.
11 K Kt takes B P.	11 B to K 6 (ch.)
12 K to R sq.	12 Q to K R 5.
13 Kt takes R.	13 P to K Kt 6.
14 P to K R 3.	14 P to Q 4.
15 Q to K B 8.	15 K B to his 7
16 Q to K B 7 (ch.)	16 K to Q sq.
17 Q takes Q P (ch.)	17 Q B to Q 2.
18 Q takes Q R.	18 Q B takes R P.
19 Q takes Kt (ch.)	19 Q B ret. to his sq, covers (ch,), and dis. mate.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

The most Attractive Course for Ladies.—The course of true love.

The Burglar's Companion.—How to bone anything locked up. Use a skeleton key.

Wanted to Know.—If a man toasts the girl of his heart, is that a reason why he should be debarred from any but her?

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have a lot of them.

How to Avoid Drowning.—Always keep your head above water.

Odd.—That rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves.

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

Why ought a fop not to object to being horse-whipped?—Because it would be making him smart.

What is the difference between a looker-on at an auction mart and a mariner?—One sees the sale, and the other sails the sea.

Editors, however much they may be biassed, are fond of the word "impartial. A Connecticut editor once gave an "impartial account of a hailstorm."

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very tipsy, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine-cellar into your book-seller."

A Student at a veterinary college being asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to you to cure, what would you advise?" promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell us?

Incidental Remarks.—Why is the profession of a dentist a most anomalous one?—Because the more he "stops" the faster he gets on.

An Important Legal, Moral, and Social Question.—Is being tender to another man's sweetheart or wife a "legal tender?"

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business?—When he's giving a swimming lesson.

Exceptional.—In a parish school the master was examining a class in orthography. "Spell and define floweret," said he. F-l-o-w-e-r-e-t, floweret, a little flower."—"Wavelet."—"W-a-v-e-l-e-t, wavelet, a little wave."—"Bullet."—"B-u-l-l-e-t, a little bull," shouted urchin number three.

Why is a hotel ghost like a policeman?—Because it is an *inn-spectre*.

"What are you laughing at?" said the priest to some giggling girls at the church door. "Nothing at all, plase your rivirence," was the reply of one of them. "Nothing!" said he; "what is nothing?"—"Shut your eyes, your rivirence," retorted the girl, "and you'll see it."

Mr. Young supplies a better version of the story of the Scotch student in theology, taken from Dean Ramsay:—"A simple country lad," he says, "went up for examination previous to his receiving his first communion. The pastor, knowing that he was not very profound in his theology, began by asking him how many Commandments there were, to which he cautiously replied, "Aiblins (perhaps), a hunner." The pastor, of course, told the youth that he must wait and learn more. On his way home he met a friend, and on learning that he, too, was going to the manse for examination, shrewdly asked him, "Weel, what will ye say, noo, if the minister speers how mony Commandments there are?"—"Say! why, I shall say ten to be sure." To which the other triumphantly replied, "Ten! Try ye him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner, and he wasna satisfied." This story was related to the Dean by a minister of the Established Church who had the names of place and persons."