

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

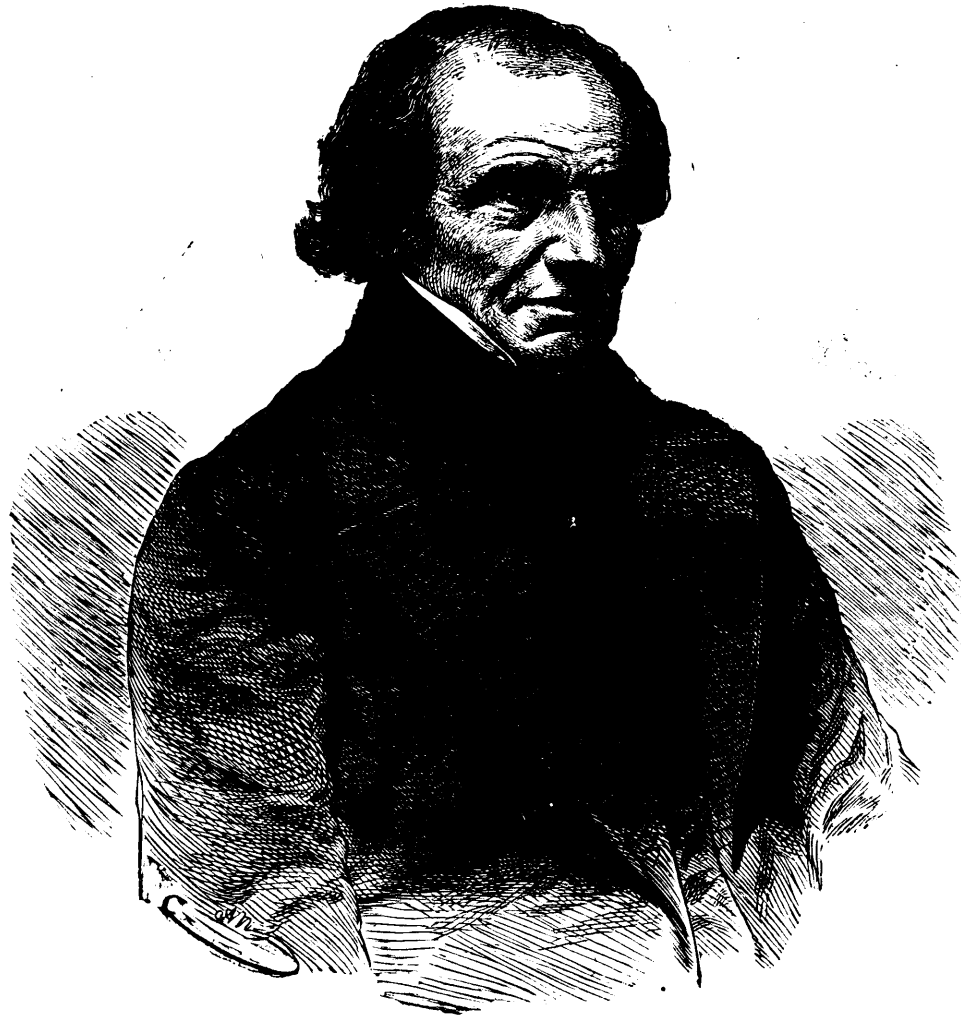
10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

ILLUSTRATED SATURDAY READER

VOL. III.—No. 78.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 2, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.



EARL RUSSELL.

THIS nobleman, more commonly known as Lord John Russell, is son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in London on the 18th August, 1792; he was educated at Westminster School, from where he went to the University of Edinburgh. His university career was not very brilliant; and judging from his literary works—the life of the celebrated Lord William Russell; a tragedy, known as *Don Carlos*; a novel, which has long been forgotten; an *Essay on the British Constitution*; *Diaries and Memoirs of Thomas Moore*; and a *History of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht*—this scion of the House of Bedford will not enrol his name in the annals of England as an author.

He first entered Parliament in 1813, as member for Tavistock, and associated himself with the liberal party. In 1819 he submitted to the House of Commons resolutions, with a view to

bring about a Reform of Parliament. In 1822 he introduced another measure of reform, and attempted to disarm the hostility of the owners of rotten boroughs by holding out to them the prospect of compensation. In 1826 he again brought forward the question of Parliamentary Reform, and succeeded in carrying the second reading of a bill for transferring the electoral privileges from petty boroughs to populous manufacturing towns. In 1828 he carried a measure for the Repeal of the Test Acts, and returning to the charge in 1830, moved for leave to bring in a bill to confer on Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, the privilege of returning members to Parliament, but was defeated in this very reasonable object by the uncompromising hostility of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to all reform. Their determined hostility drove many statesmen of spirit and intelligence into the opposition ranks, presided over by Earl Grey, and eventually the Duke and Sir Robert had to beat a retreat from the position they had

occupied with so much confidence. Earl Grey, nothing daunted by the difficulty of his position, formed the celebrated Reform Ministry; Lord Brougham on the Woolsack; Lord Althorp as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; Lord John Russell, Paymaster of the Forces, but not a member of the Cabinet. The policy of the new Government was—Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform; and they proceeded with vigour to execute their mission. To Lord John was entrusted the submittal to Parliament in 1831 the outline of the ministerial scheme of Reform; and he was successful in securing the second reading of the bill. At this stage a motion was carried to the effect that the number of members of the House should not be increased, and Earl Grey, declining to accept the decision, appealed to the country. Lord John was returned for Devon, and in the new Parliament returned to the charge, and in spite of much opposition, passed the first measure of Reform in the House of

Commons; but the House of Lords rejected the bill, and Earl Grey resigned with his colleagues. Public indignation was so highly excited, and there was such a storm, that the Duke advised the recall of Earl Grey, and persuaded the peers to allow the Reform Bill to become law.

Our space will not permit us to follow the career of Lord John in all his struggles for Reform. Suffice it that he and his colleagues abolished slavery in the British Colonies; carried the Church Temporalities Bill of Ireland; and amended the English Poor Laws.

In 1835 Lord Melbourne became for the second time Premier, and entrusted Lord John with the leadership of the House of Commons and the seals of the Home Office, and succeeded in carrying through Parliament a measure of Municipal Reform. In 1839 he exchanged the seals of the Home for those of the Colonial Department, which he held until 1841, when Sir Robert Peel returned to power. Lord John was elected member for the city of London, and as leader fought for his party for four years; but the persuasive address of Peel, the vehement eloquence of Stanley (now Lord Derby), and the conversational oratory of Sir James Graham, bore down all opposition. In July 1846, when the Corn Law question was settled, and the parliamentary tact of Disraeli placed Sir R. Peel in a humiliating minority, Lord John accepted the post of Premier, but was too weak for the place; the ministry he formed was weak, and he employed no means to add to its stability. They neither redeemed the pledges they had given, nor fulfilled the promises they had made; so that when the sugar question had been settled, and the Navigation Laws repealed, the more advanced Radicals began loudly to express their discontent. In February, 1851, Lord John's celebrated "Durham Letter" raised inseparable difficulties in the way of satisfactorily dealing with the Papal aggression, nominating Roman Catholic Bishops to English sees; he found himself placed in a minority by his own party, and he resigned; but as no other statesman was willing to incur the responsibility of the crisis, he retained his office, and when Parliament met in 1852 he made an effort to retrieve his popularity by the introduction of a new Reform Bill. But ere this measure could be discussed, Lord Palmerston, whom he had previously expelled from the Cabinet, and between whom there was no great cordiality, overthrew the ministry on a clause in the Militia Bill, and Lord Derby was again invested with the robes of office. Scarcely had he been installed when Lord John formed what was called the "Chesham-Place Alliance," which succeeded in ousting Lord Derby. Then came the Coalition Ministry of Earl Clarendon's, in which Lord John received the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he did not keep long, but was raised to the eminent position of President of the Council, and while holding that office in 1854 he introduced his Reform Bill. He was compelled to withdraw it; neither the Commons nor the public would listen to it—their attention was monopolized by the Russian war. In 1855, as soon as the conduct of the war was converted into the great question of the day, and the Coalition Ministers were threatened by Mr. Roebuck with an enquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, Lord John hastened to escape from the Cabinet, the conduct of whose members he could not conscientiously defend. He was subsequently entrusted by Lord Palmerston with the seals of the Colonial Office, and sent as Plenipotentiary to the Vienna Conference; but the part he took with the negotiations for peace with Russia proved utterly distasteful to the country, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton gave notice of a motion condemnatory of his proceedings, a motion which Lord John would not face, and he resigned. The assembled Commons witnessed the strange spectacle of a statesman who for well nigh forty years had stood in front of the parliamentary battle as the avowed champion of "civil and religious freedom" banished to the obscurity of the back benches, amidst the derision of foes, the vituperation of former friends, and the contemptuous expressions of a too mutable public.

Notwithstanding this mortifying reverse, he has been raised to the Peerage, again made Prime Minister, again forced to make way for Lord Derby, and his friends do not despair of seeing him again, though now in his seventy-sixth year, leading on the van of Reform, and fighting for the principles, whatever their worth, for which Hampden died on the field, and Russell and Sydney laid down their lives on the scaffold.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 391.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.—THE REBEL AND THE KING.

To the earl's sinister cry of "Treason!" and the movement that accompanied it, showing that he was half-prepared to give the signal to the soldiers to fire, the king responded by "Hush! my lord. We stand here to listen to him. Let him go on."

"But," continued the stranger, again disregarding the interruption, "if I do not now pay the homage due to a sovereign, I hope I best show my profound individual respect by avoiding to pay those other tributes which, belonging only to persons inferior to kings, might be esteemed from me insulting. I disclaim from my heart—from my inmost soul—the smallest desire to do that!"

"Proceed!" said the king, with a slight change of tone, as if the last few words had in some degree modified the feelings produced by the previous ones.

"I am ready when these soldiers have been marched out. There can be no listeners—none, at least, other than your most intimate adviser, and such I presume this gentleman to be."

"That is the Earl of Bridgeminster," said the king.

"He is welcome!" said the stranger, with an air as lofty and self-assured as if doing the honours of his own house and receiving a distinguished guest.

"Why do you object to the presence of the soldiers?" demanded the earl.

"I shall not object if the demand that Lady Hermia made, and which was refused, be now granted."

"What was that?" demanded the earl.

"That I am to be at liberty to warn the men concerned in the business of which I have to speak of their danger, so that they may give up the scheme if they will."

"Impossible! Quite impossible!" said the earl.

"The soldiers' presence, then, is equally impossible."

"Why?"

"They may overhear; and, as I desire and demand that at least the men I am about to denounce shall be at liberty to retire from their guilty scheme, should they do so of their own accord and without warning—as I yet trust they may before it is too late—they could not do so if their names become known to various persons."

"You come, then, prepared to specify the men by name?" said the earl.

"I do, but solely because I find it impossible otherwise to secure myself, my king, my cause, from the ineffaceable stain that such an infamous crime would fix on us all."

The king and the earl now conversed for a brief space in low tones—too low and too distant for Lord Langton to distinguish what they said.

The king was inclined to let the soldiers go away.

The earl conjured His Majesty to do nothing of the kind.

Did not the wonderful boldness, he asked, and fearlessness of the man show how dangerous he must be if he were playing them false?

Let the king look at it a moment in that light. Suppose this man to be himself a fanatic—an assassin, what a superb stroke of policy, was it not?—that brought him there to-night within a few feet of the king, possibly armed with a loaded pistol, possibly prepared, besides, to leap the

frail barrier of the red cord, and plunge a deadly weapon into the royal breast?

Again the earl strove, by the king's permission, to persuade the black masker to yield the point, reminding him that he might be armed, and that whether two or a dozen persons knew of what he was about to reveal, it could make little difference, for every one should be bound over, under the heaviest penalties His Majesty could inflict, to keep silence.

"My lord," said the stranger, "time passes. I wish to disburden myself of this perilous secret; I wish to be outside these walls; I do not breathe freely within them. No Jacobite can!"

"You, sire, are fairly warned," whispered the earl. "No more desperate rebel have I ever encountered in the course of a long life."

Seeing this private communion, the stranger said suddenly, as if guessing its meaning—

"What is it you fear? Me? Come, then! I will vouchsafe to the Earl of Bridgeminster, for Lady Hermia's sake, what I had refused and would still refuse to any but him and his princely master."

"You mean——?" began the earl.

"I submit myself to your search, on the understanding you do not touch my mask; that I should resent."

Strange to say, this seemingly fair offer did not please the earl at all. So again he whispered—

"Sire, I must, in devotion to you, absolutely refuse to be a witness or accessory to your being left unguarded in the presence of a man whom I believe to be dangerous."

"Do you still believe that?" demanded the royal lips, with something very like unroyal trepidation.

"It is not till now I have really felt a serious fear. Pray, sire, let me speak to him!"

As the king made no sign, the earl said aloud.

"What you ask is clearly inadmissible, whatever your motive may be. My royal master stands here King of England, and, as king, having duties that he is not permitted to put aside for purely personal reasons. The king desires me to say that he earnestly wishes to interpose no obstacle to your performing your duty in your own way; but I, as one of His Majesty's advisers, say I cannot consent; nor do I think that you, as a man of sense—as a man of the world—ought to ask it. I am sure your own king, if I may, under protest, for a moment, use such a phrase, merely to put myself on your ground—I say your own king would not, I am certain, under similar circumstances admit an avowed enemy to a conference with all his natural guardians shut out."

"Your king, I see, is unarmed," said the stranger. "Let him arm himself. You are armed, my lord: two to one. Do you still fear?"

"I will not discuss with you! you grow insolent!" said the earl, as if eager to quarrel.

The earl's eyes began to turn to the gallery, and there was a dangerous light in them, as if he were saying to himself—

"Now or never!"

But a moment's reflection showed him he must at least temporise a few minutes longer till he could secure the secret of the plot and afterwards create sufficient excuse—sufficient provocation—for the meditated blow, which grew only the more attractive the more he dwelt on it.

This very thought changed his manner when he saw the stranger did not answer the provocation. It gave even a suavity to his manner and voice when he next addressed the stranger:—

"Do not mistake me. I quite recognise in your tone what ought to be the tone of an honest man——"

"It is an honest man, earl, who speaks to you!" said the stranger, with almost rude interruption.

"Yes, I am willing to believe it. Why, then do you not help me over these preliminary difficulties, instead of planting yourself immovably upon them?"

"I wish to deal in that spirit," said the mask.

"Why, then, not content yourself with my assurance that the soldiers in the gallery cannot possibly hear you?"

"Indeed!" said the black mask, inquiringly.

"You see the distance!" continued the earl.

"Very well. If you and your kin are prepared to let them know or risk their knowing such portions of my story as might, when heard by any one of their number, enable him to warn all the other conspirators—"

"The other conspirators!" exclaimed the king, angrily. "Do you intend to reflect on the loyalty of my guards?"

The black mask leaned a little over the red cord, and whispered, in accents that easily penetrated to the ear alike of the king and minister, the startling words—

"There is one man among those guards who has been in constant communication with his fellows of the Blues, and that man may now be in yonder gallery!"

If a bomb-shell had fallen in the presence-chamber, it could hardly have produced more alarm than did these words.

The king, with a white face, turned to the earl, who strove to seem impassive, and to smile off the fear, but could not.

The earl and the king went again into close conversation, and presently the former walked over to the stranger and said—

"You have now given us an unanswerable reason for our taking care that no one shall overhear. When I am satisfied, will you be so too?"

"Yes, only I warn you, I will take care to say things that will cause your treachery, if—"

"Treachery!"

"Nay—I only suppose against you what you suppose against me; so we are equal."

"I think we do not love each other, said the earl, in a voice too low for the king to hear.

"Could you see my face, I should not need to answer other than by a smile. As it is, I own you are right."

The stranger turned his back on the earl, and the latter walked away.

Did the earl, in thus speaking to the stranger, forget himself, and, while needing all his statesman-craft, play the boy—the mere irritable, angry, vengeful boy?

Hardly. The astute earl knew perfectly well what he was about. By that sort of experimental shot or thrust he had (so he believed) made his enemy reveal himself beyond all chances of mistake: he felt sure, now, the mask concealed the face of Lord Langton, his hated son-in-law.

He had also done some little towards creating the antagonistic feeling that even he, the most cold-blooded of statesmen, felt to be necessary before murdering him.

A minute or two passed in mute suspense; then the earl was seen to enter the gallery. At the moment of his appearance there, the king, as if by pre-arrangement, spoke to Lord Langton a sentence or two of little importance, and in a noticeably louder voice than he had used before. The earl chatted for a few seconds with Mr. Cavendish; said he had done right to give the soldiers rest for their guns, and to relieve them from their duty while he (the earl) was away from his post; then warned him once more to keep his own eyes and theirs fixed and ready for the signal to fire; smiled towards the soldiers, as if he in thought patted them on the backs, and said, "Well done my good fellows! the king and I trust you;" then descended once more to the saloon, and joined the king, after a glance at the gallery, which showed him the muzzles all pointing as before.

"Did your majesty speak in a lower tone?" was his first remark.

"No; higher!"

"Then we are quite safe. The voices of both came but as a confused buzz: plain enough as mere voice—unintelligible as words."

"Tell him so," said the king, "and let us see if the sphinx will now unride."

The earl again advanced towards the silent, stately, funereal-looking figure, and said—

"I could distinguish nothing."

"Very well. The king spoke more loudly. Suppose we now all speak less loudly; then we shall have double security. If I speak too low, remind me."

And then began Lord Langton to speak to the weighty matter in hand:—

"I have first to demand the renewal to myself personally of the pledges given to the Lady Hermia, and which alone brought me here. The first point—personal to myself—I will speak of last. I yield the second point, and will give up the names of the parties concerned, on the pledge that, if they do not after all let their plot break out into any overt act, they shall not then be molested or punished on account of this plot which I now denounce. Is that granted?"

"It is," said the earl, after a brief consultation with the king. "You pledge yourself that, neither directly nor indirectly, you will give them the least inkling of this plot being known to the Government."

"To that I solemnly pledge myself, if my demand be granted."

"I repeat, it is granted," said the earl.

"Let your king, then, say so," observed the black mask.

"We grant it," said the king.

"And I, on my part, fully acknowledge that to warn them of what I am doing is simply to put it into their power to modify their plans, and so ultimately to proceed with them to the same end."

The king bowed.

"The third, and only remaining condition, is that, as I came hither unknown, so I go away unknown; that I shall not be watched, or followed, or obstructed in any way, under any circumstances whatever, now or hereafter."

"You mean, provided—" interposed the earl.

"Yes, thank you, provided I now give, to the best of my power, a true and faithful account of the plot formed against the present occupant of the English throne. Is that clearly understood, beyond possibility of mistake, and is the pledge ready to be given to me?"

"Suppose you were to take it into your head to threaten the king, and say you would yourself go from this very place to raise the standard of civil war?" asked the earl.

"Then he and you will have to stomach the statement as well as you both can. I go free—rebel or no rebel!"

As to the king, he tried to put on a smile, and so smooth the matter over, but his face only looked ghastly instead of pleasant or genial.

"And you ask immunity beforehand, do you, for that?" demanded the earl, in a tone of scorn that almost amounted to laughter.

"No; I ask for nothing of the kind. 'Fall back—fall edge!' as an ancestor of mine said, in the civil wars of the last century, when his good faith was in question, and he had to face the possibility of the scaffold, the executioner, and the axe."

"What, then, was your demand?"

"Simply in coming here, to do you and your master a great service, that I might at least be assured that the service itself should not endanger me now or hereafter."

The quiet scorn of his reply cut deeper than the bitter scorn of the previous speech.

Unconsciously the earl found himself facing the gallery, and with arms nervously twitching to rise and give the signal, if only he could see how.

Ah! yes, the how was not at all clear; seemed, indeed, to be moving farther and farther off.

The king was the first to speak:

"I know not what you may be to the prince whom you call king, but I do not flatter you when I say that, if you served me as you seem prepared to him, I should feel myself a proud monarch to have so brave and so devoted a servant!"

"Is my condition accepted?" demanded the black mask, in a tone of unusual gentleness.

"It is," said the king.

"In the plain, literal meaning of the words, and not as words may be spoken and twisted and understood by the craft of juggling statesmen!—no disrespect to the earl of Bridgminster."

"In that sense your conditions are accepted, and our royal word sacredly and irrevocably pledged never to harm you, or allow you to be

harmed now or hereafter, on account of this interview."

"And I, having intentionally thus far desired to preclude myself from misconception, even if esteemed guilty of discourtesy, may now speak more at my ease, and protesting, once for all, against any claim of loyalty from me, under present circumstances—"

The king and earl exchanged glances, as if speculating on the hidden meaning of these last words, while the stranger went on—

"I shall, simply as a matter of courtesy and of personal and profound individual respect, not henceforward debar myself from acknowledging the fact that the prince I now address is, de facto, King of England!"

The king's face cleared considerably as he listened to this, which was said with manly dignity.

Nor was the effect diminished when the black mask added—

"Pardon me, your majesty, if I seem to remember too keenly the constant necessity for self assertion of my loyalty, for, alas! while you are great, rich, fortunate, my unhappy master sits low on the floor of adversity, dust and ashes upon his sacred head, with only a few faithful ones to comfort him. Can your majesty wonder if I desire, while it is possible, to be one of the few?"

"No," said the king, with some warmth; "but I must beg you to proceed, or I may, under the stress of your eloquence and character, turn Jacobite myself, which I suppose you don't expect or require?"

"No, indeed, your majesty," responded the stranger, with a tone that almost expressed the hidden smile.

The earl had listened to all this with extreme irritation. The king was obviously going the way that was exactly, opposite to the road he wanted him to take. So he tried a diversion.

"The gentleman," said he, aloud, "will, of course, be prepared to testify in open court what he is going to—"

"The gentleman will be prepared for nothing of the kind," was the instantaneous rejoinder. "Neither is the gentleman prepared to have any the least thing expected from him other than he has offered."

"A wilful man must have his way," ejaculated the king. "Remember the proverb, Bridgminster, and, in heaven's name, let us proceed."

In a low, monotonous tone, as if he desired to veil whatever emotion the tale he had to tell was calculated to excite, the black mask then began.

He spoke slowly, carefully choosing his words, so as to use very few of them.

And thus he spoke—

"On a certain Saturday, your majesty's hunt day, forty men, well armed—all picked men, brave, desperate, and, for the most part, honestly fanatical, therefore the more dangerous—will waylay your majesty at a convenient place, which is already fixed; will then, so the idea goes, make your majesty a prisoner, after overthrowing all opposition, and carry you off to France."

"Unless his majesty should happen to be too troublesome," said the earl, seeing his royal master too much shaken for the moment to speak.

"Exactly," responded the black mask. "They expect that trouble, and will be disappointed if they don't get it."

"And if they do get it?" queried the earl.

"They will murder him. In fact, I do not disguise from your majesty they mean murder and nothing else, or I should not have been here."

"Which Saturday?" asked the king, as soon as he could command his voice.

"The next; but they are prepared to postpone from Saturday to Saturday, week after week, if they will see occasion. They are under a man who will not let them strike till he feels sure of the blow, and who will strike then, if God and man alike challenge the deed."

"And who is this new hero of assassinations?" demanded the king.

"Sir George Charter."

"My God, is it possible!" exclaimed the king, with an agitation that surprised both the listeners.

"Why is your majesty so struck?" asked the minister. "We have long known him as a most pestilent rebel."

"Yes, that is true," said the king; "but still I did not think it conceivable that any—any gentleman of the party could be found capable of this. It shows how frightful is the danger we have escaped—even if it be yet escaped! I could understand meaner men—poor, disbanded, discontented wretches—as ready for any deed of violence, even one so atrocious as this; but Sir George Charter—It is too, too horrible!"

The king turned his face from them, and was evidently quite overpowered with emotion, but for a moment there was a pause.

"Where is the spot?" asked the earl, in a low tone.

"The precise spot where his majesty is accustomed to land, on recrossing the river, in returning from Richmond."

"It is well chosen!" said the earl. "Your majesty has then only your guard—and half of those are left behind on the other side. Forty such mere cut-throats as this gentleman describes—"

"I described no mere cut-throats," said the stranger. "There are men among them whom I would trust, apart from this terrible infatuation, with my life, my honour, my all!"

"He's little better than one of them, after all, your majesty!" whispered the earl.

"No, no," replied the king. "But go on—we must learn everything!"

"Well, sir," said the earl, loudly, "we wait for you to fulfil your compact—the names!"

"Their leader you know—Sir George Charter. The next in importance is the Earl of Stanbury."

"Stanbury!" said the king, with renewed emotion. "Why the man swore to me, in my private closet, he had given up all his rebel inclinations, and desired only our personal favour. Note him well, Bridgeminster."

The earl held tablets in his hand, and was writing. Hence the remark of the king, the vindictive meaning of which was perfectly understood.

"Sir William Larkyns I name next," said the stranger.

"What, the gouty lawyer! He one of the forty thieves!" exclaimed the earl—again trying, by the sarcasm, to irritate the informer.

"No. I was about to say that both these men, and another—Maltby, the rich brewer—are professedly hostile to the scheme, and only submit to it because they will not injure their comrades by exposure."

"Do they lend no aid in other ways?" asked the king—"say by the sanction of their rank, by money, arms—"

"And beer!" interposed the earl.

"Had I believed they did not help, your majesty would not have had their names from me to-night. I know they do help—indirectly. But I also know they did object at first."

"Note all that, Bridgeminster. Pity if any good points should be lost in their favour!" said the king, with bitter sarcasm. "True nobles and gentlemen, are they not—shrinking from horror at thought of firing the murderous pistol, not buying, no doubt the weapon themselves, and taking care of its temper and quality! The king thanks them! Will you, sir, proceed?"

"The Jesuit—Marney!"

"Of course! of course!" said the king. "Trust a Jesuit to find out the scent of blood, even if he does not originate the whole business. Put down the Jesuit, Bridgeminster. Who next?"

"Keyes—one of your majesty's own guards—a trumpeter!"

It was startling to see the commotion this name produced. The king and the earl again whispered together for more than a minute.

Well might the mention of that name excite the greatest dread. If one were false—one among the men to whom the king at all times confided the question of his personal safety—if one such were in the ranks, how many more

might there not be? And possibly the taint might be spreading to other of the household regiments. It was indeed an appalling incident, slight as it looked when merely introduced as "Keyes—one of your majesty's own guards—a trumpeter."

"Do you know his regiment? Can he be upstairs in the gallery now? Have you ever heard anything about him?" Such were the hurried questions put by the sovereign to the minister.

The minister, in reply, was constrained to say he knew nothing about him, but would take care to seek information the moment the king set him at liberty. The earl then asked for the rest of the names.

"There are only two others known to me of sufficient importance to mention now; but I beg herewith to hand you a list of the whole. It was difficult to obtain, and had I been less determined to free myself and my cause from the slightest danger of contamination, I should not have ventured the effort. But there it is."

The earl approached the cord, took the paper from the stranger's hand, went with it to the king, and there, forgetting etiquette in the absorbing interest of the moment, he looked over the shoulder of the king while he read.

Apparently the king saw nothing in the list to strike him, so he gave it to the earl and began to walk about, evidently absorbed in the thought of his household troops being thus tampered with. Seeing that the king, in these short paces to and fro, occasionally ventured too near the cord, the earl became doubly alarmed at his secret project—alarmed lest the sight of the king, if the soldiers should once see him, should paralyse their actions at the critical moment; alarmed, also, lest, if they did fire to his signal, the king might really get into danger.

The stranger now spoke:—

"There are two names in the list about which I wish to say a word. Scum Goodman is one of those wretches whom it were a charity to sweep from the world, with, I mean, legitimate cause. He is the only man among those who are likely to be prominent, who deserves the opinions of the Earl of Bridgeminster—cut-throat and thief. But he is no coward, and will probably, like a wild cat, endeavour, even in exposure or death, to give the last scratch. Beware of him!"

"Note him carefully, Bridgeminster," again said the king.

"The last man of whom I have to speak—Noel—" Here the stranger paused, as if meditating his words with extreme care.

"Ah! yes," said the earl. "I'm glad to have him. Does your majesty know the man?"

"No," said the king.

"Permit me, then, to congratulate your majesty on the knowledge that this Noel is the man who has printed all the libels on your majesty and your majesty's government!"

"He!" echoed the king.

"Yes, your majesty. With really extraordinary skill and daring, he has for years kept at work a secret press; and this we only discovered and broke up quite lately, when, unluckily, the man himself escaped."

"Note him, Bridgeminster."

"Ay, my lord," said the stranger, "and please also to note against the name that, while I demand that he be left absolutely free and untroubled—"

"Absurd!" almost shouted the earl, interruptingly.

"Absolutely free and untroubled!" repeated the stranger, in deep, clear, bell-like tones. "While I demand this, let it be added that I also venture to express a hope that he will not, on the contrary, be admitted to favour!"

"Favour! What does the man mean?" angrily asked the king.

"I mean, your majesty, that, but for this man's treachery to his associates, you might have gone next Saturday to your fate!"

"Is that possible?" asked the king, open-mouthed.

"It is so. I call him treacherous, because it was no scruple of honour or remorse, no awakening instinct of humanity, that caused him to

expose them. No; it was the old, eternal story—love of a woman! He told her, and through her the story reached my servant, who told me. There my story ends."

Not so, however. Details were asked for and given; the arrangements for the attack were explained; and the same topics were repeatedly gone over again, in the feverish anxiety of the king that no single fact of any importance should remain unknown.

To every question the stranger gave a frank though brief answer; so long, at least, as the questions did not seem wide of the mark.

But he soon perceived that, while the king's thoughts were exclusively fixed on the horrible plot just made known, the earl, on the contrary, seemed to be striving to penetrate the veil that covered the other plot—of the insurrection.

Then the black mask stopped abruptly, saying—

"I have answered every question that can possibly be necessary to your king's safety; I now decline to submit any longer to interrogation."

"Then let me tell you, sir," said the earl, carefully modulating his voice to the tone of greatest possible offence without show of violence, "that you thus expose yourself to terrible suspicion."

"What suspicion?" demanded the stranger, who carefully watched all the earl's movements, and whose eye had more than once followed the earl's eye to the gallery.

"The suspicion that you cannot be dealing in good faith, or you could have nothing to conceal."

"My lord, I have nothing more to say to you. We may meet under other circumstances, and then pursue such discussions on more equal terms. Were I in this presence to quarrel with you, who knows what mistakes might be made? What a calamity, for instance, were it not, to a man like your lordship, so distinguished in the rolls of honour and of *fidelity to friends*—"

The earl started, as if stung by an adder that he had accidentally trodden upon. But he kept silence, even while a dark spot appeared on his cheek, and grew larger and larger as he listened.

"What a calamity, if a gentleman of such nice honour should happen to fancy that the king was struck at instead of himself!"

"Sire," interposed the earl, white with rage to see his hidden secret discovered, and probably made valueless—"sire, the whole of the conditions promised to this gentleman were based, I believe, on the antecedent condition that he dealt truly with us—told us all that we needed to know!"

"Undoubtedly," said the king, looking, however, very uncomfortable at the prospect before him.

"And I have done so," said the stranger.

"It is false," deliberately said the earl.

"False!" echoed the stranger, and for a moment he seemed as if he would leap the barrier and— But he checked himself, and, with studied and remarkable calmness, said—

"Is it your majesty's pleasure that I go hence with insult as my sole reward?"

"Bridgeminster—" doubtfully began the king.

"Sire, I will now prove the untrustworthiness of this man. All the parties whose names he has written on this list were at the masquerade; the object of the masquerade is now happily made known to us; but, unhappily for this gentleman's credit, there were also other parties at the masquerade whose names he has carefully concealed from us. My son ventured, in your majesty's behalf, into that nest of Jacobites, and he has given me information which this stranger, if honest, would also have given.

Here the earl came nearer, and whispered to the king the name of Sir Richard Constable as one of the most dangerous of men—because popular in the city, about to become Lord Mayor, and enjoying at the confidence of the loyal party and of the Jacobites—the former, because they supposed him to have quite outgrown his early political predilections; the latter, because they knew he was secretly devoted to their cause, and waiting to serve them.

"Was Sir Richard Constable at the masquerade?" asked the king, aloud, of the black mask.

"He was; as an innocent visitor, supposing the assembly simply a masquerade."

"How are we to be assured of that?"

"You have my word. If you value it for one thing, you must not undervalue it for another. Am I now at liberty?"

There was a pause, and much whispering, consultation, and delay before the question was answered.

"Am I now at liberty?" again demanded the stranger.

The king moved a pace or two nearer to him, and said—

"I believe you have done ourselves and the state a great service, and the king thanks you, and here promises you that, if all be as you have stated, and you really have acted in perfect good faith, I pledge myself to grant you an audience at any future time, should you wish it, and with the full determination to repay you as kings should."

The stranger bowed low in silence.

"But having said that, let me ask you to consider seriously a request from my minister—that you abide here for a few days, to aid us with your counsel—to ensure us of your own safety?"

"And, your majesty, to give myself in pledge for my own honesty. I decline, and positively refuse. I shall stay no longer question."

"Farewell, then, my lord," said the king.

"Farewell, your majesty. I go in full reliance on your royal word."

"It cannot be permitted," said the earl, aloud.

"This step is absolute proof that he plays us false—is putting us on a false scent while he matures insurrection. Yes, your majesty," loudly exclaimed the earl, and seeming the while to be transported with patriotic alarm and indignation, "I see the whole plot! It is a juggle from beginning to end. The true plot is one to dethrone your majesty. I know that arms, horses, and ammunition are being collected. I know that the rebels have a desperate leader—most likely the man now before your majesty. Shall we let him go, when we have him—when we know he is playing us false? Impossible! Lord Langton, I arrest you, as a traitor, in the king's name."

"Lord Langton!" echoed the king, in astonishment.

"Yes; I challenge him, in spite of his motely disguise. He is the traitor who now brings over foreign troops—who is now consorting with and abetting every pestilent rogue and vagabond that can be found in your majesty's dominions."

The black mask's frame was evidently convulsed with some powerful emotion as he stood there dark, silent, inscrutable. Presently he said—

"Your majesty will, no doubt, know how to punish him who, worse than the murderers whom I denounce, is not content with stabbing your body. This man, this earl, stabs your majesty in a dearer part—your honour! So, your majesty, I leave him with contempt unutterable!"

Then he turned, folded his arms, and walked away.

"I ask: only to detain him," hurriedly whispered the earl. "It is vital to your majesty's throne and safety."

"Can you do it without—what—what he says?"

"Dishonouring your majesty? Perish the man who could think such a thought as that your majesty could dishonour yourself. A moment, and it will be too late."

"Try to arrest him, but not to endanger him."

Lord Langton had reached the doors, and was trying confusedly to open them.

While doing so, he heard a bolt drawn on the other side. This was done at a signal from the earl.

Lord Langton struck loudly on the door, and cried out—

"Open, in your king's name, who is in danger!"

"Danger! What danger?" cried the earl, advancing as if to lay hands on him.

"You would not understand it!" said Lord Langton, suddenly confronting the earl. "It is only that of being infamous."

"Villain. Dare you, in this very presence, tell me my sovereign is infamous! Old as I am, I have blood enough to rebel against that outrage. I arrest you!"

He put his hand on Lord Langton's shoulder, who shook him off with such violence that the aged lord was thrown down on the marble floor, to a distance of two or three yards.

Thus prostrate, he lifted his right hand high above his head, as if appealing for succour.

The signal, or the supposed signal, was taken, and in a single moment more the bold adventurer would have fallen, the target of a dozen bullets, when a piercing cry was heard, and the figure of Clarence Harvey rushed from the right side of the gallery to the centre, right across the line of fire of the guns.

"Clarence!" shouted Lord Langton, "good youth, stand back! I know my man, I am not in their line of fire!"

"Oh, master—master!" sobbed Clarence, "it is my fault that I told you of this bad business!"

"This, your majesty, is the servant I told you of. And now, after this fresh explosion on the part of your minister, does your majesty see the position? This man, in a word, is compassing my murder, while striving to hoodwink your majesty into being an accomplice!"

"Send them away—send them away, Bridgeminster!" suddenly exclaimed the king, who was evidently becoming at once confused in mind and agitated in feeling. "Send them away. If he has dealt falsely with us, all the worse for him; if truly, we owe him compensation, which assuredly he shall receive, if he ever asks it."

And so, in great confusion, the assemblage broke up; and Lord Langton and Clarence Harvey were allowed to depart.

(To be continued.)

LONDON THE GREAT IN RUINS.

The idea of an empty London is in itself strikingly impressive, opening wide the field of boundless speculation, and furnishing material for the wildest imagination. We, who are daily accustomed to the din and bustle, the gaieties and pleasures, the gains, loss, labours, and turmoil of metropolitan life, to an unceasing noise and a never ending-toil, find it extremely difficult to conceive the reverse of present affairs—to grasp with any distinctness the grand and solemn idea of an empty London, which is not, however, so absurd, so far-fetched, or so unlikely to come to pass, as one would judge it at first thoughts to be. Cities almost, if not quite, as populous and as opulent, have been so far influenced by natural or artificial circumstances, that even their very sites are now simply conjectured at, or perhaps the ruin-studded wilderness, or shepherds' village, alone mark the remains of the hoard of other days. Towns and cities must as inevitably go through birth, youth, rise, and decay, as does man. Ancient Babylon is lost in oblivion; Nineveh is lost in all but her ruins; the glories of Rome, Athens, and Carthage are departed never to return. Well may we ask: What has become of Tyre, the great prototype of modern London, as the Phœnicians are, in some respects, of modern Englishmen? Having, therefore, so many examples before her, it well behoves London to look into the causes of their downfall; but, more particularly, let her notice the influences which have made her the centre and capital of the commerce and wealth of the world. Any school-boy who reads his *Télémaque* must have learned the lessons which Mentor repeatedly endeavoured to instil in the mind of his ward—that the wealth and happiness of a city or country are occasioned and promoted by good social and political government, by an admirable situation, and by the natural enterprise of the inhabitants. All commercial cities, either ancient or modern, and none more so than London, have enjoyed these boons before they have risen to any eminence, and the loss of one or all of them soon occasions their decay. The evil government of

the Doges, coupled with the destruction of her advantageous situation by the discovery of the Cape route to the East Indies, transplanted the wealth of Venice and the great inland sea to northern ports on the open ocean. Till navigation had opened the immense fertile districts of the Americas, and the islands of the South Seas, the Mediterranean ports possessed the commerce of the civilised world, the countries on its shores, but as civilisation spread, and happier climes, soils, and fruits were discovered, Venice and Genoa no longer represented the commerce of the world, but that only of a rather large inland lake.

London, having a first-class situation at the mouth of a wide river, and being near to the coast of France, was an important trading city during the times of the Romans and Saxons. It increased, in fact, so much in wealth and population, that one of the early Saxon kings made it his capital, instead of Winchester. The king's court, with its attractions for the aristocracy and gentry, quickly added to the metropolitan importance, which afterwards was extensively heightened by the discoveries of the New World and the Cape route, and reached its present climax through the modern scientific researches which have developed the steam systems. The true cause of London's present greatness is science, which in its application has particularly favoured our island, whose soil yields in abundance the food, or rather the fuel, necessary to its development. Without the coal or iron of the country, London might and would have been rich and prosperous, like Rotterdam, Rouen, Lisbon and Cadiz; but she would not have reached, with a small population, and limited expanse of fertile country, the pre-eminence of the world's cities; nor could she hope, at the present moment, to compete with the maritime cities of America, which have the support of an immense district of rich fertile land. It is well for us to know that the secret of our success is neither the energy nor the enterprise of the people, but simply the mineral wealth, which has enabled us to manufacture, and since the working of steam-power, navigate cheaper and easier than our neighbours. Now, supposing that neither the advantageous position of London is damaged by the destruction of this port, by an earthquake, for instance, or any such natural cause, which have occurred to many cities before now, nor that the *liberty* of trade is suppressed by unwise laws and evil government, still, if our coal fails, London must fall.

This is an influence which may operate against her with a more terrible and a quicker result than has ever before been experienced. So marvellous, indeed, have been the scientific discoveries of modern times, that one could scarcely be surprised if further investigation, and another advance toward scientific perfection, may not lead to the application of means and materials foreign to our soil and to our people. If, for instance, supposing the coal-supply to be inexhaustible (which is extremely doubtful), another cheaper substance for fuel were discovered, and we had it not, or had it only in common with other nations, does any one for a moment think that the inhabitants of North America and of Hindustan, would send their raw materials here, when they could manufacture them cheaper at home? Disregarding, however, this scientific supposition, we should by no means treat our means of subsistence in the same off-hand manner; and pending the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the parliament of a last session to investigate the extent of the coal-supply, we may, without their assistance, rest assured that it is not limitless, and therefore no time should be lost before giving every encouragement to all those who by their theories and experiments may demonstrate the best means to economise it, so that the prosperity of our country may be prolonged as far as possible. Mr. John Stuart Mill deserves all the praise one can bestow on him for his true patriotism in taking in hand the interests of our prosperity, by mooted the question in the House last session; and Sir Robert Peel did equal service in the same cause, about the same time, by drawing attention to the desirability and utility of a measure being adopt-

ed to enforce the dwellers in the metropolis and in large manufacturing towns to occasion their fires to consume their own smoke—a measure which is already partially adopted in manufactories and metropolitan furnaces—and which would not only beautify and cleanse the neighbourhood, but would also occasion a material economy in the consumption of coal.

It is not so hard to believe, then, that the prosperity of London will not endure for ever. Perhaps the metropolis will continue to increase in wealth and size for several centuries more, perhaps her decline will commence sooner than we anticipate. One thing is certain, that, sooner or later, the event will happen. She has had, or is having, her day, but when that is over, she must give place to a modern usurper, even as in days long past she usurped. It would be a very interesting study to learn the causes, signs and omens, of the fall of a city, and to mark the daily results—the fruits of the gradual operation of decay. Of course, no man can witness the beginning and the end, for the period extends long beyond a generation, but history and imagination may in a great measure fill up the gap of partial experience. Let us suppose that London continues in prosperity for three or four centuries more, and that civilization, and science, and a population of seven or eight millions, have enriched and strengthened her mightily. With streets and terraces, and superb public buildings stretching through the whole county of Middlesex, and over the hills of Surrey and Kent, with untold riches and unsurpassed strength, the inhabitants will be less likely than we to believe in her decline. But signs are on the horizon; a little cloud gathers in the clear sky, and the burst of a heavy storm is but the matter of time. The fact is, the city has reached its climax; it no longer increases; and as there is no such thing as standing still, it must go back. If there are no longer any new buildings required, what must become of the innumerable builders, the hosts of masons, carpenters, bricklayers, and painters? Again, if the mechanic loses occupation, his shopkeeper does in a like degree custom. Some of the causes we have enumerated are operating on her decline. Commercial enterprise has developed itself to a greater degree in the New World; and thither flock the hungry and placeless for food and employment. The natural consequences of this exodus must be the increase of the value of labour and the decrease of the value of property. This alone is a sure sign of decay. In another generation, property is of much less value, and labour is gone down with it, for landowners and householders must do their own work for a living. An immense emigration has left numberless houses uninhabited, and these are of necessity allowed to fall to pieces, or are pulled down, to leave bare the more profitable ground they occupy. In some instances, with much labour, whole suburban streets may be metamorphosed into something approaching their pristine appearance of pasture or garden; but the majority must be allowed to decay unmolested, a tearing down of brick walls and a clearance of foundations and pavements, leaving a little fertile soil on a basement of gas-pipes, sewers, and railway tunnels.

Imagine the mountains of dust accumulated from the decay of the brick wildernesses of Shore-ditch and Whitechapel, of Lambeth and Bermondsey! High winds carry clouds of this about in all directions, which block up and bury the substantial buildings in the City and the West End, and finally choke up or materially destroy it. The Thames harbour, for all commercial purposes now useless. Misfortunes seldom come singly, and it is probable that with the loss of coal, of commerce, and of wealth, a weak or bad government may strengthen the calamity by passing obnoxious laws, and finally complete it by deserting the afflicted city for some more fortunate spot; and if social discord be not followed by foreign intervention, the inhabitants may reckon themselves particularly lucky. We can understand the sad feelings of the few remaining citizens, and their endeavours to save the grandest works with their utmost care. In the place of the busy continual murmur of life

and bustle, everything is hushed and reposed. There are no factories and workshops to ring with human voices and operations; and the innumerable railways, once burdened daily with the weight of countless tons of human and mercantile traffic, are buried and forsaken. The deserted, useless river, made picturesque by the ruins of a nation's boast, is, alas! the Thames, the silvery, peerless Thames of the poets, the busy, wealthy river of bygone days. The ruins of the mighty bridges, the river embankment, the few noble blocks of buildings on its banks, will lesson in the future archaeologist's mind the gigantic remains of Rome and Athens, and give him some idea of the genius and enterprise of his fathers. The great wonder of ancient days will sink into insignificance, when compared with the more modern one. Fancy the delight with which the oft-quoted New Zealander will sit on the still firm though damaged London Bridge, and mark with rapture the iron and stone river-ways as far up the river as his eye will carry him, with the remains of cathedrals and churches, of terraces and public buildings, boldly rising up from either side. What a fine subject for moralising! or, if he be a 'Layard,' he may excavate, and search, and find new wonders to his heart's content, as long as he likes to persevere in his hobby. After a few years, it may become one of the favourite resorts of tourists and travellers, who will lionise the ruins, and talk wisely of wealth and commerce of ancient Englishmen, of Alfred the Great, and Queens Elizabeth and Victoria; of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Wordsworth; of Watt, Stephenson, and Brunel; of Pitt and Gladstone; of Nelson and Wellington. Future archaeologists will discover some remnants of old Drury Lane Theatre, which will occasion an interminable number of learned essays on the dramatic genius of the ancient moderns. An excavation resulting in the discovery of a portion of the Library, or of the Geological Department of the British Museum, will be ample reward for years of toil and exertion, and will create as much sensation as that of Herculaneum and Pompeii in recent times. Then some enterprising genius may find his way to one of the many under-ground railways, or to a main sewer. Imagine the sensation produced by the discovery of a Milner's safe, the wranglings, disputes, and discussions concerning which part of the ruins of the Parliament Houses was appropriated by the Lords, and which by the Commons, the learned dissertations on the laws, government, manners, and customs of the people, as inferred from the remains of Somerset House, the law-courts, St Paul's Cathedral, and the public offices. Materials will be found in every direction to fire the imagination of numberless poets and historians. Many coming 'Gibbons' will reap immortality from their histories of the Decline and Fall of the City of London, students will vie with each other at the world's many universities to produce the best essays and poems on the same subject, for which prizes and praises will be liberally bestowed, scholars will sermonise, philosophers moralize. The grand old commercial city, the cradle as well as the nurse of science, will be a theme ever-fruitful and never-failing. The ancient naval glory of the nation, the deeds of Nelson and Wellington, the lonely river, once the safe harbour for a thousand ships, the noble metropolitan works and undertakings, will resound in song by numberless voices. Awe and admiration will forcibly strike the world's greatest thinkers and its bravest explorers.

With these sad reflections, we have the consolation to know that, though the city decays, the spirit of the place and of the nation will be ever fresh and living, and will be carried and disseminated by our children into all parts of the world. Even now, it is growing in America and Australia, in Hindustan and New Zealand. Our enterprise, even our language and literature, will be forlady preserved, when its authors and birth-place have fallen. The knowledge that our endeavours, though destined to come to nought after a season here, will reap a world's after a city's harvest, should induce us to increase them with might and main, so that the world may have the benefit of our vigour and

our opportunity, and that when London is but a name, it may at least be one to be used by posterity with pride, and with worthy affection

JANETS ESCAPE.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

IN a district of the western Highlands which I forbear to name, lives a decent country lass whom I will call Janet Campbell. She was left an orphan when very young, and resided with her uncle, an old farmer, who loved her as a daughter, and she loved him as a father in return. When talking together over their affairs, he sometimes joked her about her cheerful devotion to him, an old cross-grained carle, and prophesied, with meaning look and voice, that it would not be for long—that some strapping young farmer's son would soon steal her affections from him—and pictured the lonely life he would then have to lead, when she would cease to care for the old man, with his troublesome ways and advices, and turn to the flattering lad, who would say or do anything she pleased.

On these occasions Janet always assured him, with a smile, that he might rest content on that score, and that she would never leave him.

One evening he was jesting on the accustomed subject, and after her usual protestations and assurances, he said—

"Ou ay, Jehny, I ken weel enow what ye mean. I'm growing auld and doited, and ye'll marry some we'er-do-weel, that has naething o' his ain, and, as he canna tak' you to stay wi' him, he'll come and stay wi' you. Aha, Jenny, lass, I ken what ye mean; that's the way ye'll no leave me."

"It's needless to contradict yon, uncle," she answered, "or I wad tell you that's no what I mean. And as for him coming to stay here, he canna, for the place is neither mine nor his. I'll stay wi' you, uncle, as lang as ye'll let me; and I'll no marry a lad ye dinna think weel o'."

"Hoot, toot, Jenny!" said he; "marry the lad thee like best: I can trust ye, lass, to choose a guid ane. But wha's he? Ye said something about him coming to stay here. Wha's he?"

Janet blushed up to the roots of her hair. It was the first time she had betrayed herself. Her uncle, noticing her confusion, said kindly—

"Weel, weel, we'll say nae mair about the noo," and turned off to other matters.

The truth was that Janet had won the affections of a manly young fellow, whom I will call Daniel McMillan, a ploughman in the next farm, and who was in the habit of coming on moonlight nights to have a talk with her, at an hour when sober-minded people are usually in bed.

Janet had often thought of telling her uncle, who had always proved himself a kind adviser. But caste is not altogether confined to India, and, although Donald's "degree" was not below her own, she was afraid both of her uncle's disapproval and the public opinion of the district. But now he had found out her secret, she took the first opportunity of telling him all about it. Somewhat doubtful of his concurrence in her view of the matter, she was about to entertain him with a specimen of the eloquence with which love can speak for its object, but he cut her short by saying—

"I'll tell ye what it is, Janet; I'm getting auld now, and we'll soon need somebody to look after the farm for me, and of a' the lads in the place, I dinna ken ane that could do that better than Donald; sae, if ye're willing, I'll just let him ken, and he may come as soon as ye like; only I'll no let him be maister o' the house till I see ye made the mistress of it. Ye ken what that means. And, Jenny," he added, while a tear started to his eye, "you and him'll be kind to the auld man."

Janet loved and revered her uncle before, and this unexpected generosity made him still dearer to her. In a short time all was settled between the parties concerned. Janet was to be her uncle's heiress, and the wedding day was fixed at no very distant date.

Before the auspicious day arrived Janet's uncle was taken ill, and in consequence the ceremony

was postponed. Misfortunes never come singly, they say, and before he got well again he had lost his farm, so there was an end of his prospects. The uncle retired to a small cottage in the neighbourhood. Donald, unwilling to make his bride stoop to be the wife of a ploughman, emigrated to Australia, with the determination that he would not offer his hand in marriage till he could offer with it an honourable competence. And Janet remained with her uncle, his nursing companion.

Janet and her lover did not lose sight of each other, as many in similar circumstances have done, but a constant correspondence was kept up between them from the time they parted.

After a few years the old man's health began rapidly to decline, and feeling his end approaching, he bequeathed all his property and his money, which amounted to £200, to Janet. This state of matters was duly notified to Donald in her next letter. In due time an answering letter arrived from Australia, sympathising with her uncle in his affliction, and advising Janet, in case of his death—which, however, he sincerely hoped was not near—to come out and join him; that he was in good employment, and hoped soon to be his own master, which he would be all the sooner, if she came out; for, with the money she would bring, added to what he had already saved, he could purchase a respectable freehold, on which they could live in happiness and contentment, with peace and plenty around them.

A few months after this, the old man died, and Janet, according to Donald's advice, sailed for Melbourne. Instead of transmitting her money in the usual way, she concealed it about her person, as one ignorant of the ways of the world would be most likely to do. She had written beforehand to Donald, noting her ship and the time of her departure, so that he might be waiting to receive her at landing. In due course she arrived safely at Melbourne; and now begins the romance of her story.

Her lover, as she expected, was waiting to receive her, and met her on board with the most affectionate greetings. As she was leaving the ship with him, the captain—noticing, I suppose, something sinister about him—whispered in her ear—"Beware how you trust yourself with that man." Janet, however, blinded by affection, saw only his apparent fondness and the near realisation of her brightest hopes, and heeded not the caution.

After spending some hours in Melbourne, towards nightfall they started for Donald's location in the country. At his suggestion, they went on foot part of the way—vehicles, he said, were very expensive, and they would use that means of transit as little as possible.

Donald beguiled the way with descriptions of the country and the manner of living; and judiciously mingled with his narrative odd tales of travellers who had been robbed and maltreated—some of them on that very road—till she was fain to cling closer to him for security. He noticed the effect with satisfaction, and continued talking in the same strain. At length, she timidly inquired if money had been taken from any persons lately.

"Weel, Janet," he said, "it's no lang since mair nor an affair o' the sort happened."

"Oh, Donald," said Janet, "what'll we do?"

"Hoot, ye needna be fear't," he answered; "for, after a', considering the country we're in, it's o' comparatively rare occurrence;" and he smiled assuringly. "Yet," he continued, "if ye have money, and are fear't about it, I'll carry it for ye—indeed, I think ye had better gi'e me it, and it'll relieve ye o' foolish fears."

Janet hesitatingly took from her dress the £200, and handed it to him.

"And now," he added, "we're near the place where I said we could hire a conveyance; so we'll ride the rest o' the way."

By this time they had arrived where the road crossed the Yarra Yarra, and when they were at the middle of the bridge, he suddenly seized her and flung her over.

A shriek—a plunge—and it is over! That, most likely, was Donald's thought; but it was not the fact. Janet's home in the old country

was on the coast, and in her girlhood she had acquired the art of swimming, which now stood her in good stead. Though somewhat stunned by the fall, as soon as she came to the surface she instinctively struck out and swam. It was night, and her brain was in a whirl of terror and confusion, so she swam at random, not knowing where to direct her course; but, after floating a considerable way, she struck the bank, and crawled out in a state more dead than alive.

She sat for a while, striving to realize her situation. After collecting her senses, and being somewhat recovered from exhaustion, she got up with the intention of endeavouring to find her way back to Melbourne. She wandered about for a long time without meeting with a road or path of any description, bewildered, and in terror at every step, lest she might again meet him who would have been her murderer.

At length she was gladdened by the sight of a lighted window. Hope grew strong within her again; here she would at least have shelter and protection, and she almost flew towards the house. She knocked at the door desperately. For a while there was no sound or movement within; but at last a shrill female voice called out—

"Who's there?"

"Oh, let me in—let me in," cried Janet. "I ha'e lost my way, and I'm deeing wi' fright!"

"Na, na," was the answer, "ye canna come in here, and at this time o' night."

Janet, in her desperation, strove to force open the door, but she could not, and again had recourse to entreaties. After a while the woman seemed touched, and unbarred the door, saying—

"Weel, ye're Scotch, like myself at any rate, and I canna let ye screech at my door that way a' night. But, tak' my word for't, ye wad be better oot than in here."

Janet, however, was only too glad to enter anywhere—anywhere, from the fear that assailed her, and hurried in past the woman, who shut and carefully barred the door again. When she came into the apartment, and saw Janet's pale, scared face, and her clothes all dripping wet, she said, with some concern—

"Whaur ha'e ye been—what has happened ye, lassie?"

Janet briefly related her story. When she was done, the woman shook her head, and said, half to herself, "I much misdoubt if he hasna had a han' in this." Then, turning to Janet—

"It's at the risk o' baith our lives, lassie, that I took ye in. If my man comes and finds ye here, he'll fell us baith as fast's he wad fell a cow. He was a decent lad when I married him; but he's ta'en up wi' bad company noo, and turned unco wild in his way. Och-hey, what a life he leads me!" And she sat down and began to cry.

Janet looked on, in silent wonder and fear, not knowing what to say. But presently the woman looked up, and added—

"He'll maybe no come hame the night, for he sometimes stays awa' twa or three days and nights together. But I'll keep a look-out, and if he comes ye maun hide in that press. And she pointed to the piece of furniture in question, which stood in a corner of the room.

She had scarcely done speaking, when her practised ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps. She hastily concealed Janet in the press, and locked it, and then opened the door, which was already assailed by impatient knocks. Janet's place of hiding was a crazy article, and through the seams she saw three men enter, and, to her horror, one of them was her quondam lover. They sat down at a table, and she heard him order the woman, whom he called his wife, to bring them food, and be quick about it. When they had finished the meal, the woman brought out bottles and glasses, and the men began to drink, and talk over what they had done during the day and night, Donald boasting that he had got through the best night's work he had ever done in all his born days; and he drew out and laid on the table the £200. The others expressed their delight in no measured terms, and Donald took up the money and put it in the pocket of an old coat that hung on the wall, which seemed to be their bank for the

time being. The woman soon retired, apparently to sleep, and the men sat and drank, and talked about their good luck, and laid new plans for future work. By-and-by the liquor began to take effect, and, one by one, they slept the heavy sleep of the drunkard.

The faint glimmer of morning came in through the window. Janet's nerves were strung to a fearful pitch—she would have given worlds to be out and away; but she was locked in. She thought of breaking open her frail prison, but the noise would awake the men. She felt the lock, it was of simple construction, and the bolt slid back at the pressure of her fingers. She cautiously pushed open the door, and looked and listened, the men still slept heavily. Quick and noiseless she crept out, took the coat from the wall, and opened the door and fled.

The fear of pursuit added wings to her flight. She got out of sight of the house as soon as possible, and then ran straight on. In a short time she fortunately struck on a road; she did not know where it led to, but, not daring to stop, took the turning that led her farthest from the scene of the night's adventure, and pushed on in the hope that it would soon bring her to some place where she could find protection and assistance.

She had not gone far when a boy, with a horse and gig, came up, driving at a furious rate.

"Where does this road lead to?" cried she, as he came up.

The boy, without stopping, shouted a name she did not know. She called on him to stop. He slackened his pace, and called back—

"I am going for a doctor, woman, and have no time to wait."

"I am wandering," said Janet, hastily. "I have lost my way, and want to go to Melbourne."

"I am going there," was the answer. "Take a seat here, and I'll give you a lift."

Janet gladly availed herself of the offer, and in an hour's time she was rattling along the streets of Melbourne. When they stopped she gave the boy a sovereign, and thanked him very earnestly. She then made her way to the harbour, found the ship she had come out in, and told the captain what had happened, showing him the coat, and found in it money to the amount of nearly £700. He advised her to put the case into the hands of the police, and offered to look after it for her. She told him that she could not do it, that her heart was breaking, and that would kill her, for she could not forget what Donald had once been to her. She said she did not feel safe a moment, and wanted to go back to Scotland at once. The captain kindly looked up a vessel that was on the eve of sailing, and took a berth in it for her. She would not go again on shore, and felt unsafe even on board, till the sails were spread, and the sea rolled between her and the land.

In a few months Janet was once more at her native home. Outwardly everything was the same as when she left; but inwardly, how changed! An age seemed to have passed over her. She was young in years, but old in sorrow. The hope of her life was blasted, and joy and light-heartedness were gone for ever.

Her story soon flew round the district, and her acquaintances came to learn the truth of it from her own lips, and offer their sympathy.

Among those who came was Donald's mother. Janet told her tale, and showed his mother the coat, which she had brought home with her. The poor woman took it in her trembling hands, and looked at it for a while. She then dropped it on the ground, and closing her eyes said, with a choking voice—

"Ay, ay, it's my son's coat; ane that I gied him when he was gaun awa'; and it's made o' guid hamespun that I wrought myself. Wae's me, wae's me! this'll bring doon my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave!"

Janet clasped the stricken mother in her arms, and they wept together.

Janet now lives with her, and calls her "mother," and morning and evening, when they kneel before the throne of mercy, they mingle their prayers, and often their tears, for the prodigal son in the far off land.

ARTHUR'S WIFE.

I'm getting better, Miriam, though it tires me yet to speak;
 And the fever, clinging to me, keeps me spiritless and weak,
 And leaves me with a headache when, at length, it passes off;
 But I'm better, almost well at last, except this wretched cough!

I should have passed the live-long day alone here but for you;
 For Arthur never comes till night, he has so much to do!

And so I sometimes lie and think, till my heart seems nigh to burst,
 Of the hope that lit my future, when I watched his coming first.

I wonder why it is that now he does not seem the same;
 Perhaps my fancy is at fault, and he is not to blame.
 It surely cannot be because he has me always near,
 For I feared and felt it long before the time he brought me here.

Yet still, I said, his wife will charm each shadow from his brow,
 What can I do to win his love, or prove my loving now?
 So I waited, studying patiently his every look and thought;
 But I fear that I shall never learn to please him as I ought.

I've tried so many ways to smooth his path where it was rough,
 But I always either do too much or fail to do enough;
 And at times, as if it wearied him, he pushes off my arm—
 The very things that used to please have somehow lost their charm.

I thought he'd care about the babe. I called him Arthur, too—
 Hoping to please him when I said, I named him, love, for you!
 He never noticed any child of mine, except this one,
 So the girls would only have to do as they have always done.

Give me my wrapper, Miriam. Help me a little, dear!
 When Arthur comes home, vexed and tired, he must not find me here.
 Why, I can even go down-stairs. I always make the tea.
 He does not like that any one should wait on him but me.

He never sees me lying down when he is home, you know,
 And I seldom tell him how I feel, he hates to hear it so;
 Yet I'm sure he grieves in secret at the thought that I may die,
 Though he often laughs at me, and says, "You're stronger now than I."

My slippers, Miriam! No, not those; bring me the easy pair.
 I surely heard the door below; I heard him on the stair!
 There comes the old, sharp pain again, that almost makes me frown;
 And it seems to me I always cough when I try to keep it down.

Ah, Arthur! take this chair of mine; I feel so well and strong.
 Besides, I am getting tired of it—I've sat here all day long.
 Poor dear! you work so hard for me, and I'm so useless, too!
 A trouble to myself, and, worse, a trouble now to you!

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 2, 1867.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

CRIMINAL REVELATIONS.

A CANADIAN CHRONICLE OF CRIME.

The next number of the
SATURDAY READERWill contain the first chapter of
A THRILLING NARRATIVEOf the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERSWho infested
QUEBEC

In 1834 and 1835,

Translated from a French pamphlet published in
1837.

THE STARTLING EXPLOITS

Of this gang are connected with one of the most
exciting chapters in

CANADIAN HISTORY.

Every one should

READ THE SINGULARLY INTERESTING
NARRATIVE.

Agents will please send in their orders early.

In connection with the above announcement,
we desire to say that a careful enquiry has
satisfied us that the facts of the narrative are



Gladstone as a young man.

strictly correct. Many old residents of Quebec, speaking from recollection, have confirmed the details, although it must be borne in mind that the disturbed state of the country from 1834 to 1837 would prevent the numerous outrages taking that hold upon the public mind which they would naturally have done in quieter times. The trial of the principal culprit took place in 1837, when he and several of the gang were sentenced to death. This sentence, however, was subsequently commuted to transportation for life. The real names are not given in some instances; but strange and exciting as are the revelations of this "Canadian Chronicle of Crime," they may be accepted as the main and absolutely true. So far as we can discover, the copy of the pamphlet from which our translation has been made is the only one known to be now in existence,

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

R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

THE CLUB SYSTEM.

THE Publisher of this Journal, resolved to extend its circulation largely, offers additional and very liberal inducements for the formation of Clubs. At the foot of this notice will be found a list of valuable works forming a small library in themselves, and it is believed that there are but few towns or villages in Canada, in which an active friend of the

READER, may not obtain a sufficient number of subscribers, to entitle him to the whole list, free of cost to himself. Where, however, the whole list may not be readily obtainable, a very slight exertion will entitle our friends to select from it in the following proportions. We may add that the books are all new copies, and well—many of them elegantly—bound.

Any person obtaining 3 new subscribers and forwarding subscriptions in advance will be entitled to select one book from the list.

5 New subscribers, cash in advance, 2 books	10	"	"	1	"
	15	"	"	2	"
	20	"	"	3	"
				10	"

or a set of the Mount Royal edition of the Poets, comprising Moore, Burns, Scott, Milton, Thomson, Goldsmith and Beattie, Cowper, Pope, Wordsworth and Shakspeare (2 vols.); in all eleven volumes, printed on toned paper, profusely illustrated, and elegantly bound in green cloth, full gilt. Published at \$11.00.

40 new subscribers, with cash in advance, will entitle the getter-up of the club to the complete list, comprising 25 elegant volumes;

LIST OF BOOKS.

D Israel's Curiosities of Literature, complete edition. Fireside Stories and Sketches. By W. & R. Chambers.

Good Words for 1861	Bound volume
" 1862	"
" 1863	"
" 1864	"
" 1865	"

Habits of Good Society.

Garnett's History of Canada, 2 vols.

Don Quixote, complete in 1 vol.

Gil Blas.

Arabian Nights Entertainments, complete in 1 vol.

Shakespeare, complete in 1 vol.

Biographies of celebrated Canadians.

Moore's Poetical Works, elegantly bound.

Burns " " "

Scott's " " "

Milton's " " "

Thomson's " " "

Cowper's " " "

Pope's " " "

Goldsmith's and Beattie's " " "

Wordsworth's " " "

Shakespeare's " " 2 vols.

Huynan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated.

If preferred the publisher will mail a sixth copy of the Reader free for one year to the forwarder of a club of five new subscribers, with cash in advance, or

To the forwarder of a club of seven new subscribers, cash in advance, a copy of Christie's History of Canada 6 vols., published at \$6.00.

GLADSTONE.

THE Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, was born in 1809, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a classic scholar. He entered Parliament in 1832, and joined the Conservative ranks, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, who, in 1835, successively appointed him a Lord of the Treasury and Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In 1841 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and a Privy Councillor; and on him it devolved to explain and defend in the House of Commons the commercial policy of the Government, of which he was a chief stay. Of popular and conciliatory manners, a ready and self-possessed debater, and well versed in commercial affairs, he rendered himself peculiarly acceptable to commercial men. In May, 1843, he became President of the Board of Trade. He had repeatedly, in and out of Parliament, distinguished himself by the largeness of his views and the liberality of his Toryism. He had also acquired considerable reputation by his speech on the abolition of negro apprenticeship, in which he defended the West India proprietors from imputations which had been cast upon them; his "Church Principles considered in their Results" (1841), and "The State and its Relations with the Church" (1841). In his notice of these works, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord Macaulay makes the following allusion to the author:—"Mr. Gladstone is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents. It would not be at all strange if he were one of the most unpopular men in England; but we believe we do him but justice when we say that his abilities and demeanour have obtained for him the good-will and respect of all parties." In January, 1845, Mr. Gladstone resigned office, in consequence of a difference of opinion from the government on the course proposed to be adopted in regard to the Maynooth Grant. He voted first in favour of the grant, then against it, and when out of office, and the Government announced its intention to increase that grant, he voted again in its favour. Neither was he quite consistent on the subject of the Jew Bill, for he opposed Mr. Dwyer's motion in 1841, gave his silent support to a similar measure when proposed by the Government in 1845; and in 1847, just after his election for the University of Oxford, had the courage, in reply to Sir Robert Inglis, to speak in favour of that bill.

In the early part of 1845, Mr. Gladstone published his "Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation," exhibiting in elaborate detail the beneficial working of the tariff of 1842. Here again was a sacrifice of personal and party ties, which was only equalled by that which was subsequently incurred by Sir Robert Peel. Not only were his father and brothers thorough-

paced protectionists, but the Duke of Newcastle, by forbidding further access to his pocket-borough of Newark, deprived Sir Robert Peel of his Chief Secretary for the Colonies throughout the memorable struggle of 1846. At the General Election of 1847, however, Mr. Gladstone was fully compensated for the temporary exclusion from the House of Commons, by becoming the successor to Canning and Peel as the representative in Parliament of the University of Oxford, and subsequently, like Peel, ejected from it. How entirely Mr. Gladstone appreciated the honour of being M.P. for Oxford University, may be judged from his dedication to his Alma Mater of his most important work, in the following appropriate terms.—"Inscribed to the University of Oxford, Tried and not found Wanting, through the vicissitudes of a thousand years, in the belief that she is providentially designed, to be a fountain of blessings, spiritual, social, and intellectual, to this and to other countries, to the present and future times, and in the hope that the temper of these pages may be found not alien from her own." This hope stood some chance of remaining unfulfilled; for the "Low Church" Anti-Tractarians, inspired by several consecutive triumphs in the University, vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone, on the ground of opinions enunciated in this very work, and sent Mr. Round, in conjunction with Sir R. H. Inglis, to supplant him. Mr. Gladstone, however, beat his opponent by a large majority. In the Parliament to which he was elected, he managed, by his extreme conscientiousness, to displease alternately both sections of his supporters—the Liberals by his opposition to University Reform, and his speech on Mr. Disraeli's motion for the relief of the agricultural interest; and the Conservatives, by declining to take office with Lord Derby in February, 1851, and inflicting on his Government the only material defeat they had met with throughout the session of 1852.

We have now to approach an episode in Mr. Gladstone's public career, which has won for him "golden opinions from all sorts of people"—and which, we hope, will not be "cast aside" by his alliance with John Bright. We allude to his noble endeavours to ameliorate the condition of thousands of Neapolitan subjects, cabinet ministers, ambassadors, and half a parliament, who were then groaning in galleys and dungeons, subjected to treatment of the most oppressive character, because they had striven to support a constitution by which King Ferdinand had sworn to abide. It appears that in 1850 Mr. Gladstone visited Naples for the purposes of recreation, when he became acquainted with circumstances of oppression on the part of the Government, which he sought to redress, viz. that nearly the whole of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies (the Chamber itself having been abolished) were either in prison or in exile. This statement appeared to him to be incredible, until a sight of the attested list of gentlemen who were then imprisoned or expropriated, satisfied him of its truth. On pursuing the investigation further, he ascertained, beyond doubt, that there were at that moment from twenty to thirty thousand political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples, that many of these gentlemen were of eminent station and unimpeachable loyalty, that few or none of them had been legally arrested or held to trial—nevertheless, they were exposed to the greatest suffering, sickness, hunger, suffocation, and irons, in short, that the government was "the negation of a god erected into a system." Having verified with his own eyes, and satisfied that rumour had for once been greatly exceeded by reality, Mr. Gladstone, with strong prejudices on the subject of non-interference in the affairs of foreign nations—since expanded into the opinions of the Manchester school—"peace at any price"—determined to make an effort to obtain redress for those unhappy victims of a blind and savage despotism, and immediately on his return wrote a letter to Lord Aberdeen, describing what he had witnessed, and calling for his lordship's interposition, private or otherwise, between the Government of Naples and its victims. Lord Aberdeen's remonstrance having proved ineffec-

ture, Mr. Gladstone published, in 1851, an indignant letter on the subject. This brochure created a profound sensation throughout Europe. From eighteen to twenty editions were sold in a few weeks, whilst the newspapers of the time multiplied its revelations a million fold. Copies were presented by Lord Palmerston to all the Continental ambassadors for transmission to their respective courts, and such a storm had now gathered over the head of King Ferdinand, that he was fain to consent to some relaxation of his tyranny. When the Coalition Cabinet was formed under the auspices of the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and soon proved himself the most formidable champion of the Government. After the expulsion of Lord Aberdeen and the elevation of Lord Palmerston to the Premiership, Mr. Gladstone continued for a very brief period to enact the part of Finance Minister, until the Ministry resigned upon Mr. Roebuck's "Sebastopol Committee." Lord Palmerston wanted to give the go-by to that committee; Mr. Gladstone voted for it, for he wanted to have the judgment of Parliament upon the question. Lord Palmerston stopped the judgment of Parliament at that time, but Lord Palmerston sent a commission to the Crimea, the commission came home, and made a report; that report received the approval of the country.

Mr. Gladstone's abilities as a finance minister, his qualities as a debater, his profound classical attainments, and his singularly powerful oratory, combined, make him one of the foremost men of the time, and perhaps, with the exception of Lord Derby, there is not his equal in the British Parliament. It will remain to be seen whether his persistent support of John Bright's views on Reform will not fulfil Lord Macaulay's prophetic saying already quoted: "It would not be at all strange if he were one of the most unpopular men in England."

A GAME OF ÉCARTÉ.

We were in France, in pleasant lodgings, at a short distance from the Channel coast. My party consisted of my daughter Margaret, then in her teens, small, clean-limbed, and, though I say it, pretty, an ancient governess, good Miss Chalker, fresh in mind though faded in person, and myself. Of our fellow-lodgers I make no account, as they took no visible part or share in what occurred afterwards.

Our landlady, Madame Dupuis, was a woman of forty-eight or fifty, long, of warm temper, vain, and jealous of women younger than herself, of plausible and pleasant manners, but with tact and shrewdness, not to say cunning. She had one grown-up son, Louis, the sole survivor of a large family. Possibly, she might entertain for him an ordinary amount of motherly love. She kept him under, and compelled him to remain quite in the background. She was the figure that met the lodger's eye, the head of the department, the commander-in-chief.

Her husband was rarely seen. A casual visitor, making only a short stay, would not have been aware of his existence. Occupied in his trade all day at a distance, or in his workshop at the back of the house, he wore the clothes of a journeyman, while she was splendid in her caps and gowns. As a member of the household, he was reduced to zero—a cipher of the smallest account. All the share he was allowed to take in the concern, was the making out of the weekly bills. Presenting them, was Madame's business. As an inmate, his place was in the back kitchen at meal-times, and up the attic by night. During the rest of the day, when he had no work to do, he either hid himself in some unknown corner, or else went to the cabaret—the soul-abasing cabaret. If by chance you stumbled on him, he shrunk away, as if visibility were no part of his birthright. When he absolutely could not escape, and you insisted on speaking to him, he was apt in his replies, quiet in demeanour, remarkably well behaved, strikingly submissive.

But fancy a woman bringing her husband to this pass, after marrying him for love!

During the early part of our residence, everything seemed to go on smoothly. I should never have suspected anything wrong. But women make confidantes of one another; and, in the course of time, Madame Dupuis, to relieve her mind, entrusted Miss Chalker with the secret that she and her husband cordially hated each other. If Miss Chalker looked in at their supper-time, to say a civil word before going to bed, she mostly found the pair at daggers drawn, giving deep and deadly stabs with their envenomed tongues. The son entreated her to make peace; which she did as well as she could. But after a peace had been signed and sealed, the peace-makers retiring, had often the disappointment of hearing the fray recommence. Madame would have the last word, and would give the final thrust.

One morning, Miss Chalker informed me that the discordant pair had had overnight a dispute of unusual violence. Taunts had passed between them, defiance, threats, a challenge—to what effect exactly she could not say, her imperfect knowledge of French preventing her from closely following their passionate volubility—but she was sure something serious was meant. "But for the guillotine," said the woman, "and the disgrace to Louis, I should have murdered you long ago." "But for the family honour," retorted the man, "I should have committed suicide."

Miss Chalker, fearing untoward events, began to wish us out of the house, and proposed looking out for other quarters. I felt no apprehension of any catastrophe, knowing that violent people all the world over, often say more than they mean. I did not see madame till the afternoon, when she wore her usual look and manner. The storm that had raged the previous night had left no outward trace or token. Thinking that perhaps it might do good if I got the belligerents to meet under the restraint of strange eyes, I invited the family to spend the evening with us—madame, the modest son, and the ignored father—in company with two or three neighbours. My little entertainment was accepted by all and for all—which I had scarcely anticipated.

They came. Madame seemed just a little excited. Dupuis as unobtrusive and as patient as ever. Cards were to be the staple of our pastime. While making the preliminary arrangements, madame, to my astonishment, said, "Come, Dupuis, to begin the evening, let us play a game together—us two. It is a long time since we have played; and we can't tell when we may play again. The stake may be next to nothing. We are playing for love this time, you know," darting at him a significant glance. "I have been reckoning on a game of *écarté*."

"But why, madame, choose *écarté* now?" I asked. "We might have a round game, or two or three whist-tables. You can have your *écarté* afterwards by yourselves, while we are counting our winnings and the servant is bringing in supper."

"At *écarté* you know *the lover goes out*," she said, addressing her husband rather than myself. "If the game is not sweet, at least it is short. It will soon be over. I want it over. You are not afraid of me, Dupuis?"

"Not I, indeed. Here are the cards. Let us cut for the deal."

"Yes; but not with those cards. You have had them in your hand for the last two minutes. Louis, step to the bookseller's and bring back with you a couple of fresh packs. They will be wanted for others as well as for ourselves."

The unopened packs were soon on the table. Dupuis pushed one to his wife. Madame opened the pack, and cut.

"The nine of diamonds!" she gaily exclaimed. "The ten of clubs," said Dupuis, coolly. "The deal is mine. I do deal. The trump card; the king of hearts. One! I mark it."

"Will you give cards?" asked madame, after looking through her hand.

"No," said Dupuis, glancing at his own.

"Very well, then. There!"

"There; and there; and there—and there! Two by cards and one by my king makes me

three," said Dupuis, quite quietly. "Not a bad beginning. I mark them. You can open the second pack. The deal is yours. Ah! The trump card is the five of spades! Capital! I don't want to ask for cards. Here is the king of spades, which makes me four. And here are the queen and the knave of spades, with more if I wanted them. The game is mine. Madame Dupuis goes out."

"Will you like another game," I asked, "now you are in luck? Shall I take her place?"

"No, I thank you. I have done all I wished in the way of *écarté*. I am ready for a round game, or for anything you please."

Madame rose, pale and impassive, from the seat where she had been so signally and so speedily defeated. It is not often that such a run of cards on one side occurs; still it does occasionally happen. No skill of the player can stand against it.

"I had just as soon it should end as it has," she muttered, "as go on longer without one of us losing." Then, turning to her husband, she added, "You have won. Never fear. I do not shirk my debts of honour."

During the whole of the rest of the evening there were no more single combats at cards.—We all participated in the play. And we had no quarrelling—not even snaps and snarls delivered in an under tone. Madame was at times a little absent. Dupuis occasionally repressed a slight chuckle; but it was scarcely perceptible. Over the supper-tray, we talked of the natural beauties of the neighborhood, in the course of which, madame asked my daughter, "Miss Smithson, have you seen Cape Blanez yet?"

"No," said Margaret, "I should much like to go there. The sea-side is always pleasant."

"That depends on circumstances," I interposed. "It is a bleak country and a wild coast. You may go miles without finding the shelter even of a tree."

"Which makes it all the more romantic," rejoined madame. "There is a charming walk along the shore, round the foot of the cape, returning by the top of the cliff. It is many a year since I have been there. How I should like to see it again!"

"Oh, please papa, do let us go!" urged Margaret. "You, madame, Miss Chalker, and myself, make four, and will fill a carriage. It will do us all good! Won't it, madame?"

"I—I hope so," she hesitatingly answered.

"Let us fix the day, then," continued Margaret, with girlish impatience to carry out the project. "The weather is fine. Shall it be tomorrow?"

"But," I observed, "it is a question of tide as well as of sunshine. It ought to be low water at the time of our arrival. Have you the Calais tide-table in the house, madame?"

"I was looking at it at a neighbour's, this very morning. The tide serves admirably."

"And then there is the matter of provisions. You will find absolutely nothing to eat there, and the Blanez air makes most people hungry."

"As to that, we are already provided. A cold veal-pie, a lobster, a tart, some cheese—all which are in the house—will be as much as any of us will want."

The morning was bright and fine, with a fresh breeze blowing from the south-west. The carriage had to wait some minutes at the door.

The last person ready to start, who ought to have been the first, was Madame Dupuis herself. She came down in unusual splendour, quite unnecessary for a ramble amongst the cliffs—in her smartest cap, her handsomest shawl, and her best silk gown. On your bantering about it, and comparing her showy toilette with our own second-best travelling attire, she gravely replied that she could not wear them on a more proper occasion, that she could not tell when she might put them on again; and that it was useless to leave good clothes moulding in wardrobes, perhaps for other people to wear. During the drive, she made several frivolous pretexts for stopping, and we reached the coast at Sangatte (where the submarine telegraph from Dover comes out) considerably later than I had reckoned upon.

From Sangatte, our walk round the cape was to begin. It was agreed that Miss Chalker,

who could not bear much fatigue, should remain there at the little inn, and superintend the laying out of the dinner. She had a newspaper and a book, and would stroll on the beach while we were absent. Margaret, Madame Dupuis, and myself, were to do the Blanez in its entirety, doubling its foot and climbing over its shoulder. Margaret was delighted at the prospect; while, strangely enough, madame, who had expressed her desire to come, now that she was here showed herself indifferent, careless, passive, hardly noticing the objects around her.

We set off (I having to urge upon her that the day was advancing), proceeding along the beach towards the south. The cliff, first of clay and gravel, gradually rose and rose, until it changed its character to chalk, which still rose loftier and loftier, its face becoming more and more vertical. It was a striking and inspiring scene. The breeze, which was ahead of us, had freshened almost to a gale, the voice of the waves were increasing in loudness. High up the cliff were tufts of wild cabbage, where no mortal hand could gather them, while the raven croaked and the sparrow-hawk screamed from ledges where their nestlings were secure from every human invader. From Sangatte, the beach grows gradually narrower, and our distance from the breakers had become inconsiderable. We had now walked more than half the distance to the turning-point where we were to mount the cliff and return.

All the while, Madame Dupuis did nothing but lag and loiter, picking up shells, gathering seaweed, rearranging her shawl, and taking off her shoe to shake out the sand which was not there. We were at the point where the cliff is highest and the ebb tide strip of shore between its foot and the breakers the narrowest, when a broken wave spread itself within a few yards of our feet.

"Did you notice that, madame?" I exclaimed, a sudden light breaking in upon me. "The tide is rising fast! With this wind, it will rise faster and higher than usual. We are later than we ought to be, and you were deceived as to the time of low water."

"Perhaps I might have made a trifling mistake," she answered, with cold indifference.

"The mistake, madame, is no trifle. Walk a little quicker, if you please. It is a serious, possibly a fatal mistake."

"Ah! Really?" she replied, apathetically, as if the matter were all one to her.

"Walk quicker, I beg of you, instead of lounging along in that listless way. Come, Margaret dear; there is no time to lose. We, at least, must make all the haste we can."

"Is there any danger, papa?"

"No; not exactly danger. That is, not yet. But we must not be afraid of wetting our feet. Do you see what you have brought us to, Madame Dupuis? We are caught in a trap by the rising tide. We cannot go back to Sangatte. If we stay here, as you seem to wish, we shall be surely drowned. Our only chance is to push on immediately to the coast-guard's station at Le Cran, an outpost of the village Escalle. If we can only get round that furthest buttress of the cliff, we are safe. Exert yourself, as you value your life."

"I don't value my life. It is not my own. I gambled it away."

"Have you lost your senses, Madame Dupuis?"

A ribbon of dry ground had hitherto remained between the cliff and the sea, leading to a chaotic mass of fallen blocks, round which we might have walked half an hour ago, but over which we should now have to clamber. While I was speaking, an advancing wave covered this dry strip knee-deep with water, and did not retire. There it remained, waiting for other waves to swell it. Our position was now clear to my mind. By hesitating, I might lose both my companions. Certainly, I should have to choose which I would save, my daughter or Madame Dupuis.

"Margaret, my dear," I said, feigning to make light of it, "we must take things as they come. They say salt-water never gives cold. We will walk through this as far as these rocks. Follow us instantly, Madame Dupuis."

The brave girl took my arm without flinching, and we waded together through the heaving pool. We reached the rocks; and then still greater difficulties began. But first we turned round to see if Madam Dupuis was following us. Instead of that, there she stood motionless on the very spot where we left her, at the foot of the white cliff, smooth and perpendicular as a wall, with the waves already bathing her feet. We called and beckoned; she did not stir, made no visible acknowledgment.

On then we went, scrambling over the chaos of rocks, hoping to cross them before it was too late. They were boulders varying in size from a beer-barrel to a roomy cottage, heaped in confusion where they had fallen from the cliff—an avalanche of stone, with the earth between their interstices washed away by the rains and the waves. So far from lying close together, they were separated by deep and yawning gaps. Sometimes, it was as much as we could do to step across the intervals from one rock to another. Some were slippery with mantling seaweed; others were rougher than rasps, from their coating of barnacles and the disintegration of the stone itself. We had often to climb on our hands and knees, I helping my companion to the next step, and then following myself. All this with the consciousness that the sea was continually rising, to cut us off!

At last we reached the top, breathless and again looked back after Madam Dupuis. There she was still, with the water up to her knees. We shouted, we waved our arms; but no sign or answer was given. Margaret, scanning the long slope of rocks, suggested: "If we climbed higher towards the cliff, and waited there till the waters ebbed?"

"No, dear child; it cannot be. Such a night would kill you. We must descend again, and get round that buttress, as I said. A few minutes more, and the thing is done!"

The thing was not done, though. One false step, and then—a broken leg, a sprained ankle; the very thought turned me clammy cold. But the consciousness that, in losing presence of mind, I should jeopardise not only myself, but what was dearer than self, speedily set me right again.

"Softly; no hurry! That's a good girl. The more haste the worse speed. Capital! Why, you're as steady as old Time."

"But we have lost sight of Madam Dupuis. Poor thing! What will become of her?"

"Her only chance is that we should do what we are doing. Bravo! We have at last got down from the last of the rocks. Give me a kiss, child. Thank God, we are out of that mess! Straightforward now on a solid bottom. Never mind the water. More or less wetting makes little difference to us now. Not too near the cliff. That stone must have fallen this very day. A few yards more, and—good girl!—here we are safe!"

At the bottom of an earthy chink in the cliff stood two douaniers or coast-guards, looking out attentively. They came forward to meet us.

"We have been watching you," said the elder. "You had not a minute to spare. Come up to the station. We can give you a drop of brandy."

"But there is still a lady behind," I said, "Come both of you with me, and rescue her."

"Is it possible!" the same coast-guard exclaimed, preparing to start instantly; but the younger man shook his head in silent refusal.

"I will go alone," said the other. "I can swim. I have already saved lives."

Without further parley, he was gone, stalking through the rising waters. He climbed the pile of boulders; he was at their top; he disappeared behind them. Then came a moment of intense anxiety. We could not speak; our lips were parched with thirst. Instinctively we held out our hands to catch the clear spring water that trickled from the rock, and drank with an enjoyment never felt before. It was breathing fresh air after suffocation.

There we remained, unconscious of our wetting, straining our eyes at the mass of boulders whose ruggedness we knew so well. The young-

er man remained standing behind us, but said not a word, perhaps for shame.

"What a while he is gone! Why does he not come back? Are they both lost? I was wrong to allow him to go alone, after having placed my child in safety. If anything happens, I shall never forgive myself." Such were the thoughts that crossed my mind.

"There he is!" cried Margaret. "I see his cap between two great stones. He is rising slowly. Now I can see his head and shoulders. He is stooping; and, look! he is helping madame over the rocks, much in the way that you helped me. What a relief!"

She came, sure enough—thanks to the gallant fellow—but drabbled, draggled, more dead than alive, her shawl gone, her finery limp. When he first caught sight of her, he told us, the water was already up to her armpits. He swam to her, and she refused to stir. "Leave me to die," she said. "I must die." He had to drag her away by force. It was only when he got her on the rocks that she moved forward of her own free will.

At the guard-house, after a dram, she revived; so much so as to be able to proceed on foot, with our assistance and that of her rescuer, over the cliff down to Sangatte. Miss Chalker happily had been under no anxiety, not expecting us much before the actual time of our arrival.—Madame was got to bed at once. The wind and the long walk over the hill had pretty nearly dried and drained her. Our coast-guard friend sat down with us to dinner at once; and—didn't he relish his well-earned meal and the glasses of hot wine (to keep the cold out) that washed it down! Miss Chalker agreed to remain that night with Madame at Sangatte, while Margaret and I returned, to prevent exaggerated accounts from reaching M. Dupuis. Next day, we would fetch madame home.

We found M. Dupuis in bed. I went up to his attic. He was fast asleep. I woke him.

"Monsieur Dupuis," I said, "I regret to tell you that an unpleasant accident has happened to madame. We were caught by the tide at Blanez, and might have been drowned. Madame remains at Sangatte; but we hope to-morrow—"

"Very good!" he said, in a dreamy way, and laughing slightly. "I understand; I know all about that. You are come to break it to me gently. But you need not have troubled yourself; I can bear the loss." He laughed again, turned over on his side, and resumed his slumbers.

Early next morning, Margaret and I lost no time in re-conveying Madame Dupuis—nearly re-established in health, though sorely tried in habiliments—to the presence of her un-disconsolate husband.

By unlucky chance, he was standing at the door, after indulging in a longer morning snooze than was his wont, just as our carriage drove up. On beholding the apparition of his wife, a blue-blank pallor overspread his face.

"You look astonished to see me," she abruptly remarked. "Perhaps you think it was my fault?"

"It certainly was your fault, madame," I said, losing temper. "It was not your fault that we were not all lost; and it assuredly was not your fault that you were not lost yourself."

"Do you hear?" she sharply asked her husband.

"Hum! Yes. I believe Monsieur Smithson. Very sorry for it, very sorry indeed. If it is not your fate to be drowned, you will die by some other death. That's all."

"I ask you, did you hear what Monsieur Smithson said?"

"Yes, treasure of my life, I did hear. And I suppose that explanation is all the winnings I am to expect. Our game turns out a game 'for love' after all. Are you to begin again; or—"

"Monsieur Dupuis," I interrupted, "instead of rambling on with this strange talk, you had better go and fetch the doctor. Your wife needs medical advice, after the fatigues of yesterday."

He went away, but not, I think, to the doctor. Madame Dupuis rapidly recovered.

In a few days, the conjugal bickerings were

renewed with greater bitterness than ever. We soon agreed that it was far from pleasant to remain under a roof where evil passions were constantly at work. We consequently installed ourselves elsewhere, and thought no more of the Dupuis couple and their quarrels.

Several months afterwards we heard that M. Dupuis's body had been found on a distant and desolate part of the coast, where it had been stranded by the waves, with no clue as to the time, or place, or circumstances of his death.—Little doubt he was sick of his life. Madame Dupuis closed her lodgings, and then left the neighborhood. Our coast-guard is still alive and well. When he comes to dine with us, he not only brings with him a sea-side appetite, but also wears a silver medal suspended at his button-hole.

THE IRISH MULE-DRIVER.

I WENT away once to the wars for a frisk,
Attach'd to the big baggage train, sure,
But what with the toil and starvation and risk,
Faith, I'll not go campainin' again, sure;
Uphill, and downdale I was drivin' of mules
From the top of the morning till night, sir;
Oh! such trouble to take, surely kings must be fools,
When the journey but ends in a fight, sir.
For aatin' and dhrinkin' and sleepin' enough
'Tis myself that I always found partial;
But these things were scarce, while the fightin' was
tough,
From the Private up to the Field Marshal.
'Twas only the docthors I found did contrive
In the best of condition to be, sir;
High and low, right and left, 'twas the word "be
alive,"
The mitit we saw an M.D., sir.

M.D. was the signal for clearing the road
When the baggage got stuck in some by-way;
M.D. had the best of good quarters allow'd,
And carried all things in his high way;
While others were starving, M.D. had his feed,
While others were thirsty, he drank full.
"Oh," says I, "sure if Providence only decreed
To make me an M.D. I'd be thankful!"

The war being done, we were bid to embark,
The ships full as ever they'd howld, faith;
I made on my trunk, in big letters, a mark,
And strutted aboard then quite bowld, faith;
The letters I put on the box was M.D..
The mitit the skipper espied it,
'Av coorse, the best cabin for you, sir," says he:
I nodded, and never denied it.

We sail'd in the fight and 'twas all right and tight
While darkness and silence surrounded;
But in daylight, with spaakin', while breakfast was
makin',

I fear'd that I might be confounded.
Some officers look'd at me, sour as a lime,
With suspicion, or somethin' akin to it,
But I never open'd my mouth all the time,
Unless 'twas to put something in to it.
With the best of good living and jolly good berth
The days pass'd away to my liking;
I ate, drank, and smoked, like a lord of the earth,
Throughout ev'ry bell that was striking;
With a book in my hand I would nod when they spoke,
As if study, with me, was the main trick,
So, at last, through the ship it was pass'd, as a joke,
That the M.D. was rather eccentric.

But, as bad luck would have it, a fayver broke out,
And they call'd upon me for to cure it:
'In fayver," says I, "there is always great doubt,
And the life of man—who can insure it?
I'll give up to none in the dhrivin' of mules,
And they're obstinate bastes, to be sure, sirs,
But I can't dhrive a fayver,—so don't be such fools
As be axin' o' me for a cure, sirs!"

"Why, a'nt you a docthor?" they all of them cried.
"The dickens a docthor am I, dear."
Then why, on your luggage, M.D. have we spied?"—
"Because they're my right to apply, dear."
"M.D. manes a docthor!" they join'd in one cry,
"Or titles are not worth a stiver!"—
'If M.D. betokens a Docthor," says I,
"They stand quite as well for Mule Driver!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

PICTURES OF INDIA.

"OF THE COUNTRY."

PICTURES of India twenty-five years old are, to all intents and purposes, as good now as ever; and it is on this account that I hail a book in which the writer fearlessly admits that she cares nothing for information, and yet lets you see through her eyes those little traits of eastern life which strike a sensible, simple-minded person.

I have long had a great desire to see India, and have turned over many volumes of writing about it with a sense that I was reading only the opinions other people had formed about the place, and these sometimes so grand and statesmanlike, that they did nothing towards helping me to a sight of the place itself. But when I opened the book *Up the Country*, I felt at once that I was with one who looked and told you what she was looking at; who listened, and told you what she heard—though with an avowed ignorance of Hindustani, and an expressed indifference even to the proper spelling of the sounds which represented the names of the places she visited. Here, think I, is an intelligent ignoramus like myself; one who knows how little she knows, and is not afraid to enjoy herself, in proper disregard of all the regulations which people are expected to look and talk.

Miss Eden was the sister of the governor-general, and travelled with an army. She assisted in entertaining generals and princes; still, she had a human, not an official eye, and simple people can look through it without being dazzled or shy.

My extracts need not come in any particular order, for you can open the book anywhere, and go on, or backwards, if you please, without any conscientious regret at having missed the thread of the narrative. Miss Eden travelled in great state; troops lined the road as they walked to the quay at Calcutta from Government House. This respect was received as a matter of course, "though I think," she says, "a long walk through troops presenting arms is trying to everybody." Afterwards, they had thousands of soldiers and others about them; but at first they went up the river in steamers, and took a small retinue for convenience's sake. "I think," said the superintendent of the servants, "Captain K— behaved very ill to us. He said that, between the steamers and the flat, he could lodge all the servants that were indispensably and absolutely necessary to us; so I only brought one hundred and forty; and now he says there is not room even for them." The voyage up the river gives, as her experience of India, that it had "the most picturesque population, with the ugliest scenery ever put together."

Circumstances bring her into the society of rajahs and the like. In speaking of some who had never seen an English ball before, she says: "They think the ladies who dance are utterly good-for-nothing, but seemed rather pleased to see so much vice." That is satire which will fit a good many people beside native princes. We get some idea of the way in which these potentates heap riches on their own bodies, when we learn that, though the wages of the coolies who trudge about with boxes on their heads are about six shillings a month, a rajah will wear an ornament in his turban worth some six thousand or seven thousand pounds, to say nothing of other valuable properties about his person. But the native servants have a fine eye for good things, and apparently combine, with a humble manner, extraordinary impudence and a profound contempt for the rights of property. On one occasion, Miss Eden went with her brother to a state entertainment at a rajah's. The cloth laid down for them to walk on when approaching their seats was of scarlet and gold, costing a pound a yard. Some of the servants who accompanied them were so over tempted by it, that, she says, "without the slightest respect for time or place, the instant we had walked over it, they snatched it up, and carried it off." This was all the worse, as it seems it would have been a perquisite for the establishment. But the offenders were picked out, and discharged. The

spot, however, was famous for thieves. It was here that Major B—, being encamped, had every scrap of his wife's clothes stolen while she was in bed, so that he had to sew her up in a blanket, and drive her to Benares for fresh things.

I must pass by the description of the entertainments given by the king of Oude, noticing only two things: "The throne is gold, with its canopy, and umbrella, and pillars covered with cloth of gold, embroidered in pearls and small rubies. Our fat friend, the prince, was dressed to match." Afterwards, there was an illumination, with ill-spelt compliments in English, including: "God save George Lord Auckland;" upon which a native attendant with pride asked Miss Eden afterwards: "Did Ladyship see God save the Lord?"

As no doubt with all those who travel in India, or in any country where there is a striking contrast between the people and the visitor, our author passes from the comic to the tragic side of things with most natural simplicity. There is no straining after paradox in this. Children, who are the least self-conscious of us all, often mix their tears and smiles; and their emotion is always genuine. Miss Eden speaks of a famine: "The dust at Cawnpore has been dreadful the last two days. People lose their way on the plains, and everything is full of dust—books, dinner, clothes, everything. We all detest Cawnpore. It is here, too, that we first came into the starving districts. They have had no rain for a year and a half; the cattle all died, and the people are all dying or gone away. Many who came from a distance die of the first food they touch. . . . G— and I walked down to the stables this morning before breakfast, and found such a miserable little baby, something like an old monkey, but with glazed, stupid eyes, under the care of another wretch of six years old. I am sure you would have sobbed to see the way in which the little atom flew at a cup of milk, and the way in which the little brother fed it." She took charge of this child.

We hear much of the gigantic and seemingly almost impenetrable heathenism of India, and have a floating sort of notion that the creed of the Hindus, though notorious for its idols, is held by men who are subtle in thought and keen in argument; so much so, that they not unfrequently baffle Christian missionaries. Miss Eden feels frequently the strangeness of this position brought out by the small congregation on Sundays, in which a few English soldiers "looked so respectable," while around them were twelve thousand souls obedient in everything save this, which was of the highest moment. But the awe of this thought is sometimes rudely broken. She says in one place: "This is an absurd country. Captain N— has a pet monkey, small and black, with a long white beard, and it sits at the door of his tent. It had not been here an hour when the durwar and elders of the village came on deputation to say, that it was the first of that species which had ever been seen at Bareilly, and they begged to take it to their temple to worship it. He did not much like trusting it out of sight, but it was one of the requests which cannot be refused."

The author of *Up the Country* frequently notices the curious relation in which the European stands to the native. An instance is given a page or two after the story of the divine monkey. The author is speaking of a corps of Irregular Horse. "The regiment is made up of families. . . . They are never punished, but sent away if they commit any fault, and they will do anything for their chief if their prejudices of caste are respected. But there has been some horrible tragedies lately. . . . One young officer persuaded his uncle, Colonel E—, to order them to cut off their beards. . . . The instant they heard the order, they drew their swords, and cut him to pieces." Observe, their beards were not cut off; but the mere expression of the thought that they should be touched with the scissors, caused these terrible warriors to kill their colonel on the spot. "There was great difficulty in bringing the regiment into any order again." And yet these men were docile almost beyond belief. The whole corps was

commanded by two Europeans—only two, a major and a young adjutant. The major said that "the officers came to him every morning, and sat down round him, and shewed him their Persian letters, and took his orders like children." By this time, we may suppose that the regiment was in what was called "order" again. But is not such "order" really the deepest "disorder?" Must there not be a wholly new and fresh action set up in such Indian society as produced these fierce and gentle soldiers? They are strange, "disorderly," out of gear with true humanity, not because they can be both fierce and gentle, but because they are so wholly removed from and ignorant of, that power of learning new things, that sense of inquiry which is the real characteristic of mankind in its true position as intelligent creatures.

The effect of this curious and abnormal state of life is deeply felt by many Europeans, specially as they often have to live alone for long periods among people so widely severed from them. Miss Eden tells us that Captain N— said, that "towards the end of the rainy season, when the health generally gives way, the lowness of spirits that comes on is quite dreadful; that every young man fancies he is going to die, and then he thinks that nobody will bury him if he does, as there is no other European at hand. Never send a son to India, my dear M—." That is her moral.

And now that suspicion is deepened by the Indian Mutiny, her "moral" has lost none of its force. I should say, send them to India with fresh notions of tolerance, and another method of treating the natives. The author tells us of some instances in which an officer has gained a curious complicated sort of influence. There is the famous Captain Skinner, the father of "Skinner's Horse." He built a mosque and a church, and kept a native harem. "His brother, Major Robert Skinner, was the same sort of melodramatic character, and made a tragic end. He suspected one of his wives of a slight *ecart* from the path of propriety—very unjustly, it is said—but he called her and all his servants together, cut off the heads of every individual in his household, and then shot himself. His soldiers bought every article of his property at ten times its value, that they might possess relics of a man who had shewn, they said, such a quick sense of honour."

The incessant sight of turbaned natives and their ways, was infinitely wearisome to our author. Speaking of some fakcers at a great Sikh festival, she says: "They never wear any clothes, but powder themselves all over with white or yellow powder, and put red streaks over their faces—like raw materials of so many Grimaldis."

A large portion of the book is taken up with the description of Simla and the Hill Country, which proved a Siberia to the natives from Calcutta. We have also much about old Runjeet Singh, who was "exactly like an old mouse, with gray whiskers and one eye." I leave the readers of the book to find out what she has to say about him, remarking only one trait in his character. The English doctor's things were once stolen, and she congratulates the courtiers of Runjeet at the thieves having cut the stomach-pump to pieces. When it got into his hands "how they would have been pumped." Runjeet "tried all medical experiments on the people about him."

One of the chief characters in the book is Miss Eden's dog "Chance." On one occasion she had the present of a little elephant, which was set apart for him to ride (he had two servants already), "for," she says, "a youthful elephant is the sort of thing Runjeet's dogs will expect," when Chance pays his respects along with his mistress. "It just," she says, "comes up to my elbow, seems to have Chance's own little bad temper, and his love of eating, and is altogether rather like him."

Runjeet Singh must have been a grand fellow. I keep, coming on fresh notices and reminiscences of him as I go through the book, and so record another remark, though I had referred the reader to the book itself. "To return to the show. We drove for two miles and a half through a

lane of Runjeet's body-guard. The sun was up and shining on them, and I suppose there was not one who would not have made the fortune of a painter. . . . In the distance, there was a long line of troops extending four miles and a half, and which, after much deliberation, I settled was a white wall with red coping. I thought it could not possibly be alive."

Runjeet asked Lord Auckland *why* he had no wife. He replied, that only one was allowed in England, and if she turned out a bad one, he could not easily get rid of her. Runjeet said this was a bad custom; that the Sikhs were allowed twenty-five wives, and they did not dare to be bad, because their husbands could beat them if they were. Lord Auckland replied, "that was an excellent custom, and he would try to introduce it when he got home." Now, was this taken in jest or earnest? Runjeet was a great drinker, and defended drunkenness on first principles. Once, however, being naturally curious, he expressed a desire to know something about the Christian religion. The chaplain shewed him, among other things, a translation of the Ten Commandments, "almost all of which," says Miss Eden, "must have been a puzzle, from the not worshipping graven images, down to not coveting his neighbour's goods." Before old Runjeet died, he parted with a large number of his jewels, to pay for the prayers of the native priests. But no one seems to have ventured to tell him seriously anything about the Christian faith. The European kept himself, in this matter, wholly apart from the native.

There are throughout the book constant prophetic hints of a mutiny. In one place, she says: "Twenty-two years ago, no European had ever been here, and there we were, with the band playing the *Puritani*, and eating salmon from Scotland, and sardines from the Mediterranean, and observing that some of the ladies' sleeves were too tight, according to the overland fashions for March, &c.; and all this in the face of those high hills, some of which have remained untroudden since the creation, and we one hundred and five Europeans being surrounded by at least three thousand mountaineers, who, wrapped up in their bill-blankets, looked at what we call our polite amusements, and bowed to the ground if a European came near them. I sometimes wonder they do not cut all our heads off, and say nothing about it." They tried, and failed.

I could go on giving you extracts without end. Nothing has made me realize India like this book. The largeness of the people's selfishness—the smallness of their little people, the greatness of their great ones, their crystallised civilization; their grandeur, dirt, riches, poverty, the flatness of their plains; the height of their mountains; the ceaseless contrast between the handful of white-faced rulers and the crowds of jewelled subjects who bow before them; the blunders of the success of the dominant European, leave an impression which keeps alive the problem of our Eastern rule.

I will end with one scene. "In the centre of the court, a large sort of chessboard is laid out in squares of marble, and there is a raised seat on which Akbar sat, and played the games, the pieces were all female slaves, splendidly dressed, and whoever won, carried off the sixteen ladies!"

MY FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD LOVE.

I HAD just left boarding-school, with my certificates of proficiency and delinquency in my trunk, a large stock of romance in my head, and a store of undeveloped affection in my heart, when I fell in love. For nine long years that school had been my only home, its months of study varied by vacation trips with my father, who had broken up house-keeping on my mother's death, and lived with his sister, coming in the summer months to take me, his only child, for his travelling companion, sometimes to nestle down in some cosy farm-house far away from any gay resort, to ride, drive,

fish, and ruralise to our heart's content. And I was just released from school, with the consoling certainty that I was not to return, when I fell in love.

It seemed very silly to me then, and may seem so to others now, yet when I look back I can truly say that the first emotions of my girlish heart, stirred then, have answered to no other touch as warmly as to that one. We—my dear father and myself—were at Clovelly, for one of my passions then was to sport in the ocean, and I had only to express a wish for a dash amongst the waves to have it gratified.

It had been an oppressive day, and I was lying in my own room trying to catch the air from the ocean as it came sighing in at my window, when from the apartment next mine, which had been unoccupied, I heard a voice whose music even then attracted me. It was a voice deep and yet clear, strong, yet sweetly modulated, a voice which, while its power seemed to promise protection, its tenderness spoke of a heart full of warm sympathies.

"You are very tired, sister," the voice said, lovingly; "are you sure that this excursion is the best medicine for you?"

A low voice answered, and sickness seemed to have worn it to a mere whisper, for I caught no word that came, only the murmuring sound fell drowsily upon my ear.

Then the voice, in its clear, sweet tones, came again.

"Sing for you? Ah! you are a baby still, little one." And in a few moments he sang, and I, like the little fool I was, listened till my heart filled almost to bursting, and I sobbed out the sweet pain the music roused. I am always sensitive to music, but there was a power in that voice that no other sound had ever exerted over my feelings. It was a simple hymn that he sang, with no passages of wondrous execution rousing astonishment at the performance; but every word, as it came out clearly in those waves of melody, seemed praising and worshipping the Creator they addressed, and each modulation, made without any effort, was a new volume of sweetest melody. I could hear the low murmuring that thanked him, and then again the voice, sweet in its speaking tones as when modulated to song.

"If it did tire me, Minnie, I would sing for you, but it does not. Lie here in my arms, and I will rock you and sing you to sleep, my darling," and oh, the infinite fund of love that made those last words sweeter than melody! Softly at first, rising gradually to power, the voice that stirred my heart so strangely filled my room with his burst of song. Twilight faded, and the gathering shadows of night closed round me, yet I lay very quiet, listening with a strange fascination to every word and every note that left my neighbour's lips. It was the first of many evenings which he unconsciously lightened for me. I had been imprudent in bathing, a most unromantic illness seized me, and for four weeks I lay in that little room suffering the agonies of inflammatory rheumatism. How I listened for that voice. Every word of tender love which was given to the suffering sister we watched so faithfully seemed sent to comfort me, the stranger whose pain was soothed and sick nerves calmed by the magic of the wondrous melody he poured forth so lavishly for his own heart's treasure. Other conversations showed me something of the life wasting in the room, divided from mine only by a thin partition which did not reach up to the ceiling. Every morning there was a doctor's visit, and I knew that the spinal disease which was to yield to sea-bathing was aggravated into acute pain, and I heard the tender tones growing daily more plying, sweeter, and lower; I heard the steady, firm tread that carried the light, fading form up and down the room, seeking ease from pain in the motion. I heard the choking sob that sometimes stopped the song, and last of all, in the stillness of night, I heard the wailing cry—"My sister! My only one! O God, can she be dead?"

I would ask no questions, my neighbours had become sacred to me in their suffering and sorrow, but I listened to the servant who spoke so

pitiingly of "the poor young lady only seventeen, who had been a sufferer for ten years, and was no bigger than a little child."

And my first day of restored health was the one which saw the little form carried to its last resting-place. I did not see the faithful brother who had won the first love of my heart by his words and tenderness, and I could only whisper a prayer for his consolation as I heard his slow step pass my door.

It was my first love, and its substance was shadowy enough—a voice. As soon as I was well enough, my father hurried me from the spot where I had suffered much pain, and, unknown to him, such comfort, and we went to my aunt's, our own future home.

And here I fell in love again; and a second time my susceptible, and, I began to fear, very foolish heart, was stirred by that strange, long-impulse which the mysterious voice had awakened.

My aunt's house in London was directly in front of one of those narrow courts where suffering crowds in our large cities. From the window of the room I occupied, I looked out upon two rows of high, narrow houses, facing each other, a narrow paved way between them. Each story held a family. My father expressly forbade me even to go into the court, promised himself to see that any charity I might wish to give there should reach its destination, and exacted the promise that I would obey his command. We had been at home but a few days when I found an interest in my window, which filled my romantic heart with a fund of reveries.

Every morning, about eight o'clock, a doctor's gig drove up the little street upon which the court opened, and I saw the occupant come into the narrow entrance to visit his patients. He was neither very young nor very handsome. For aught I knew, he had a wife and little children waiting for him in some pleasant little home, yet I loved that doctor, and every day found me at the window watching for him. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, between thirty and forty years of age, with a face that, in repose, was almost ugly. The dark complexion was unrelieved by colour, and his hat showed only a border of curling hair, just tinged with white. His features were large, and not very regular, and his eyes were never raised to me, so I could only judge by the heavy black lashes that they were large. But his smile transfigured this strong, plain face to perfect beauty. It was a smile of marvellous sweetness, and it came with each greeting he gave the poor who crossed his path at every step in that narrow court. I could see him from my window, as he bent over the poor little children who were brought from their little stifling beds to breathe a somewhat purer air at the open windows. Little thin arms were stretched out for him whenever the child caught the radiance of that pitying smile, and no mother's hand could have been gentler than the strong one that raised those babies for the touch of healing. I knew whose servant it was that brought huge baskets of food to the houses where sickness or nursing paralyzed the hand of the bread-winner. I knew who was in the heart of the mother whose lips formed the "God bless him," as she took back her babe from his kind carress. And I, too, whispered a blessing as I watched the light, yet firm, step that carried that tall figure from my sight. Where the light burned for nights in some poor room, I knew whose knock came after dark, and whose tall shadow fell across the window curtain, sometimes kneeling beside the mother's knee to soothe the restless child, sometimes bending over the bed of pain to exert all his skill, with no hope of reward save in his own heart, and that blessing God sends to those working in His cause. And, with a reverential heart, I laid my love at the feet of the unknown doctor.

Winter came on, and my father wished me to accompany him on a business trip to the Continent. I packed up my clothes, gave a sort of pitying sigh over my own foolish dreams, and we started for Paris. For five months we moved from one place to another, and then I was left on a visit to a friend in Brussels while

my father returned home. It was September again when I re-visited London, and my window view was gone. The court has been destroyed by fire, and in its place there was rising a large and handsome house. I thought myself grown wiser as I put my doctor down in the list with the lost voice as among the dreams of a silly, romantic heart.

"I have a new friend to introduce to you," was my father's remark, as I took my place beside him the evening after my return. "I have been lately introduced to a gentleman whom I am sure will please you. He is one of the most charming persons I have ever met, full of deep intellectual resources, with a ready fund of chit-chat, yet who will bear fathoming on the most serious subjects. I am sure you would like him."

We were sitting in the library, with only the glow of the fire-light to illuminate the room, and my father's words were followed by a tap at the door.

"There he is!" said my father, gladly, and his "Come in," was followed by the door opening to admit his friend.

"Ah, doctor! I am glad to see you; this is my daughter, of whom I have spoken to you."

"I am very glad to meet her," said the doctor, giving my hand a cordial grasp, and stirring my heart with an old memory never forgotten, for his voice was that which had dwelt on my ear so sweetly, and by the fire's glow, which fell upon his face, I knew him for the kind doctor who had won my reverence a year before.

The long evening passed quickly, and the doctor's visits became once more the romance of my life. What he found to love in the silly little girl who writes this I cannot tell; but the voice whose music made my heart glad, never sounded more sweetly than when it was softened to ask me to share a life that his sister's death had left very lonely; and the strong arms never gave a tenderer grasp than when they folded me to the heart which seemed too noble for me to hope to be worthy to fill it.

We were sitting alone some evenings afterwards, when I whispered, "Sing for me."

"Sing," he said, a spasm of pain crossing his face. "I have never sung since—but I will sing for you, my darling!"

And once more the clear, pure strains fell upon my ear and heart, breathing a new spirit of love, and, as of old, my tears fell softly before the power of that wondrous voice.

"How did you know I could sing?" he said, as he ceased.

And resting in the place my heart had found for life, I told him the story of my first, second, and third love.

A. G.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

- 1. A lake in Scotland.
2. A river in Germany.
3. A town in Ferrara.
4. The land of gold.
5. A town in South America.
6. A town in Asia Minor.
7. A town in Egypt.
8. A town in Central America.
9. A county in England.

The initials read downwards form the name of a Canadian battle ground, and the snails upward the name and title of an officer connected therewith, (Nos. 6 and 7 must be read backwards.)

Dew.

RIDDLE.

My first and second are the same,
We never meet but to complain.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. Likewise.
A rich earth.
Idontical.
A prognostic.
2. An interjection.
A shoemaker's tool.
Where Judea is.
A heavenly body.

Cephas.

CHARADES.

1. My fourteen letters will disclose
The name of one both great and good,
The pau he wielded not the sword,
Spilled ink while Wellington spilled blood;
In verso and proso, in song and tale
A name immortal he has made,
And novel readers all agree
His peaceful glory no'er shall fade.

If left outside in winter time,
My 4, 6, 13, 8 and 9
No longer stand will remain,
But 2, 11, 8, will be.
10, 12, 2, 6 is what the mud
Does to the dame's trailing dress.
If you would a good temper have,
My 2, 9, 8 you must repress.
My 1, 5, 2, 6 filled with wind
Will waft a ship across the sea:
The cannon's roar and trumpet's sound
Will tell you of my 4, 6, 8,
11, 5 and 7, sleek
And tigerish smooth in mien.
With some a pet, is kept to rid
The house of my 3, 5, 13.
If you would know the word that's formed
By my 11, 5, 9, 14,
Think of that which makes people laugh
When'er before the horse 'tis seen.

Muff.

2. My 1, 7, 8, 2 is what all desire to possess.
My 11, 2, 12, 8, 14 is often talked of, but seldom, if ever seen.
My 10, 9, 3, 2 is a scriptural character.
My 8, 4, 13, 14, 2 is used in drawing flax.
My 6, 5, 14 is very generally eaten.
My whole is a French saying.

Dew.

PROBLEM.

A merchant received an invoice of crockery, 15 per cent. of which was broken, at which rate per cent. above cost must the remainder be sold to clear 30 per cent. in the invoice?

Cephas.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, &c.

No. 76.

Double Acrostic.—Havelock, Cawnpore.—1. Henbane. 2. Anther. 3. Vomito. 4. Envelope. 5. Lechen. 6. Overthrow. 7. Cabala. 8. Kopec.

Square Words.—M A S H.
A L M A.
S M U T.
H A T E.

Charades.—1. Juggernaut. 2. Flat iron. 3. Charaine.

Riddle.—Slaughter-laughter.

Geographical Rebus.—Sir Fenwick Williams.—1. Syria. 2. Italy. 3. Rhine. 4. Fredrickton. 5. Euphrates. 6. Naples. 7. Wales. 8. India. 9. Constantinople. 10. Kelat. 11. Wallachia. 12. Ireland. 13. Liberia. 14. Leipsic. 15. Illinois. 16. Andes. 17. Maine. 18. Spain.

Problem.—3 1/2 per cent.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double Acrostic.—H. H. V., Dido, Argus, Grove.

Square Words.—Dew, S. Hull, Bericus, Dido, Argus, Grove, Geo. B.

Charades.—Muff, Bericus, S. Hull, Dew, Grove, H. H. V., Dido.

Riddle.—Dew, S. Hull, H. H. V., Grove, Dido, Geo. B., Philo.

Geographical Rebus.—Bericus, Dew, Grove, H. H. V., Geo. B., Dido.

Problem.—S. Hull, H. H. V., Grove.

CHESS.

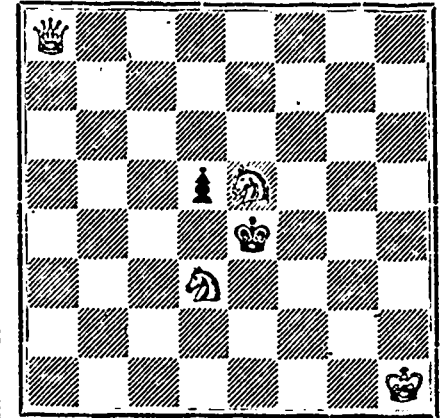
INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.—A New York paper say: "We are authorized to state that a cartel has been received from Mr. Staunton, as representative of the English chess-players, wherein the entire strength of the United States, without any exception, is invited to contest a match for 200 guineas, through the medium of the Atlantic cable. This startling proposition is, as we understand, under advisement among our principal amateurs."

The two games constituting the match between the Muskegon and Detroit Chess Clubs, have been played by telegraph—the first being drawn, and the second resulting in a victory for the Detroit players.

PROBLEM. No. 67

By T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH, C.W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 55.

WHITE. 1 R to Q 6 (ch.) 2 B to Q B 6. 3 Kt mates.
BLACK. K to Q 5. Anything.

The following game occurred in the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Bird.

QUEEN'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

WHITE, (Mr. Steinitz.) BLACK, (Mr. Bird.)

- 1 P to K 4. 1 P to K 4.
2 Kt to Q B 3. 2 Kt to Q B 3.
3 P to K B 4. 3 Kt to K B 3.
4 P takes K P. 4 Q Kt takes P.
5 P to Q 4. 5 Q Kt to K Kt 3.
6 P to R 5. 6 K Kt home (c.)
7 K Kt to B 3. 7 K B to Q Kt 5.
8 K B to Q 3. 8 P to Q 4.
9 Castles. 9 Q B to K 2.
10 K Kt to Kt 5. 10 K Kt to K 2.
11 Kt takes B. 11 P takes Kt.
12 Q to K Kt 4. 12 Q to Q 2.
13 Q B to Kt 5. 13 Castles.
14 R to B 7. 14 Q R to K sq.
15 Kt to K 2. 15 Q to Q B 3.
16 P to Q B 3. 16 R to Q R 4.
17 P to Q R 4 (b). 17 Q to Q Kt 2.
18 P to Q Kt 4. 18 B takes P.
19 P takes B. 19 Q Kt takes K P (c.)
20 P to Q B 5 (d). 20 Q takes Kt P.
21 Q takes K P (ch). 21 Q Kt to Q 2.
22 Q B to Kt sq. 22 Q to Q Kt 5.
23 K B to K B 5 (e), and Black resigned.

(a.) Not knowing, or forgetting, the opening, Mr. Bird has already a lost position.
(b.) Threatening to win the exchange or the Bishop.
(c.) Black seems to have no good move.
(d.) Very well played.
(e.) Decisive; White now wins a clear piece.

DRINKING AT MEALS.—When fat meats, or sauces composed partly of butter, are taken, and cold drink directly after, the butter and fat are rendered concrete, and separated from the rest of the aliment. This congealed oily matter being then specifically lighter than the remaining contents of the stomach, swims on the top of the food, often causing heavy, uneasy, painful sensations about the cardia and breast, and sometimes a feeling of scalding and anxiety; at other times, when the stomach regains its heat, the fatty matter is rejected, by little and little, from weak stomachs, in oily regurgitations, which are very disagreeable. In such case a little compound spirits of hartshorn, with a glass of warm water and sugar, will convert the fat into soap, and give instant relief.—Sir James Murray's Medical Essays.

FENELON, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it would seem) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other; "it was so like you."

A road locomotive is in operation in the neighborhood of Zurich, working with great facility, easily guided, quickly stopped, and capable of ascending considerable inclines with carriages containing forty passengers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

VIC.—The contract for building the volunteer drill shed at Quebec was for six thousand dollars; but as the building progressed some alterations were made in the original plans, which increased the cost from four to six hundred dollars. In round figures, the building—which is of wood, with stone foundations—may be said to have cost, as it now stands, six thousand five hundred dollars, of which amount Government paid four thousand dollars.

U. L. X.—The index to the second volume was issued with the first number of the third volume. It is out of print at present; but a further supply will be ready in a short time, as also of covers for binding the volume. A notice will appear in the Reader when they are ready for delivery.

ALBINS.—The lines were misquoted. They should read:

"Manners with fortune, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times."

CEPHAS.—Much obliged for your prompt replies, but we still think the solution incorrect. Taking the investment as \$1800, the interest on the full amount should be calculated for three months. At the expiration of that time six of the shares were sold for \$1050, leaving only \$750 of the amount invested at interest. The total interest calculated in this way would be \$51, and the profit in the transaction \$69, or exactly 3½ per cent. To the question contained in your first note, we reply: "we hope you will do so frequently as your leisure will permit."

Dew.—Writes "Every number of the London Times contains the following paragraph immediately above the editorial heading: 'The publication of the Times was commenced this morning at 5 o'clock (the time varies), and finished at 7.' Please explain." The earlier hour, we presume, refers to the time the first deliveries of the journal were made up for dispatch by the morning trains, and the later to the time the delivery of the whole edition was completed. We may add, that from a very early hour in the morning Printing House Square is blocked with vans waiting to convey immense packages of the Times to the several railway stations for dispatch by earliest trains to the towns in the interior. When the last van is loaded, delivery to the city news agents begins, and with marvellous celerity the Thunderer is scattered throughout the metropolis. From the extreme east to the extreme west the well-to-do Londoner's breakfast is incomplete without his copy of *The Times*.

J. V., HALIFAX, N.S.—Will reply to your question in our next issue.

POPPIE.—The editor will probably have something to say to "Poppie" next week.

BERNICE.—We feel much indebted to you for the interest you manifest in our enterprise.

NAVAL.—The rank of Commodore is intermediate between that of Captain and Admiral. It is not permanent, but is bestowed for a time on a captain. Usually, a Commodore commands more ships than one detached from a fleet on special service, and he is privileged to have a commander in his ship in the same way an Admiral is privileged to have a captain. In matters of etiquette, a Commodore ranks on a level with a Brigadier General in the army.

MONTREAL, February 9, 1867.—*Mr. Editor,*—In confirmation of your reply to your correspondent "George A." about negroes having been held in slavery in Canada: in the centenary number of the *Quebec Gazette*, published in 1864, may be found, as "elegant extracts" from their first number, several advertisements for runaway negroes; and in Boyd's Summary of Canadian History, page 73, it is recorded:

"In 1803, Chief Justice Osgood declared slavery inconsistent with the laws of the coun-

try, and all negroes held as slaves, over 300 in number, consequently received a grant of freedom."

In these matter-of-fact times, this noble decision of the Chief Justice might be forgotten, therefore I thought it worth while to ask you to find space for it, on the principle of

Palnam qui meruit ferat.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,
JACOB DRYDUST.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MAGNETISED WIRE.—If an iron wire be twisted during or even after the passage of a voltaic current through it, the wire becomes magnetic. When the wire is twisted in the manner of a right-handed-screw, the point at which the current enters becomes a south pole; in the opposite case it becomes a north pole. If, during the passage of the current, the wire be twisted in different directions, the polarity changes with the direction of the twist.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.—An intelligent Christian once said to me: "I had a brother who was regarded, and regarded himself, as firmly established in infidelity. Being afterwards converted, he made this acknowledgment: 'In the midst of my apparent infidelity, I never doubted that Mr. — was a Christian; and so deeply did I feel it, that I would at any time cross the street sooner than meet him.'"

PUNCHING GLASS AND ENAMEL.—The modelling and cutting-out of many objects in glass and enamel have hitherto been effected by instruments only admitting of the production of one piece at a time, and consequently the conditions of economy, which require that duplicates should not only be exact counterparts one of another, but also be produced one after the other in a continued stream, as it were, has been very inadequately fulfilled. The object of an invention of M. Couéat, an ingenious mechanic of Paris, is to provide a method for cutting out, with that rapidity only obtainable by the aid of machinery, a number of articles consecutively. The peculiarity which distinguishes this apparatus from those which have been constructed on a larger scale for more refractory and obdurate materials than enamel and glass, consists in the circumstance that the frame which holds the matrices is movable upon a hinge joint, thus permitting the finished piece to be removed with greater facility.

BURNS, SCALDS AND THEIR TREATMENT.—Mix common kitchen whitening with sweet oil, or, if sweet oil is not at hand, with water. Plaster the whole of the burn and some inches beyond it, all round, with the above, after mixing it to the consistency of common paste, and lay it on, an eighth, or rather more, of an inch in thickness. It acts like a charm: the most agonising pain is in a few minutes stilled. Take care to keep the mixture moist by the application, from time to time, of fresh oil or fresh water, and at night wrap the whole part affected in gutta-percha or flannel, to keep the moisture from evaporating. The patient will in all probability, unless the flesh be much injured and the burn a very bad one, sleep soundly.

HARD ON THE DOCTOR.—A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

WANTED.—Some feathers from the right wing of an army—A coffin to bury the Dead Sea—The saucer into which the cup of misery overflowed—A night-cap to fit the head of the Mississippi river—The match which kindled the fire of love—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of Justice—A remedy to cure the deafness in the ears of corn—The broom with which the storm swept over the sea—A chip from the North Pole.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Advice is the only sort of vice that some people don't follow.

Is there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbours. Six per cent will do.

An unbound book might appropriately say to a calf or a sheep, "I wish I were in your skin."

We often read of "the economy of health." No doubt there is real economy in it, for sickness is expensive, especially if you call in a doctor.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his solicitor.—"Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"I say, Pat, what are you about; sweeping out the room?"—"No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

HARRY TURN recently married his cousin, of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his, that "one good Turn deserves another."

"I AM surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush."—"The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

The young man who recently went on a bridal tour, with an angel in muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops.

ONE would think a glutton must be very mad at his dinner from the way he bites at it.

WHY is a sawyer like a lawyer?—Because, whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.

ONE of the hands on the face of a clock may be new, but the other is always second-hand.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that Nature never errs. They certainly cannot mean human nature.

MINUTE.—A traveller who was detained an hour by some mischance shortened his stay by "making a 'minute' of it." There's philosophy for you.

SOLE IDEA.—An auctioneer put up Drew's "Essay on Souls" for sale, which was bid off by a shoemaker, who gravely asked if he had "any more articles on shoemaking to sell."

FALSETTO.—A singer in the opera chorus, who formerly had a very good chest voice, sings now altogether in falsetto. He ascribes it entirely to the dentist, who, he says, gave him a false set of teeth.

DOUBTFUL ABOUT ITS EFFICACY.—A woman being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "bilin' water," and it didn't do a bit of good. She was rather doubtful about the efficacy of "coals."

ARITHMETIC FOR THE MILLION.—If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?—If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?—If five and a half yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk?—If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy?—If three feet make a yard, how many will make a garden?

A YOUNG LADY of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh, dear mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age."—"That's very true; but he's only thirty-six."—"He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma but when I'm sixty—"—"Well?"—"Oh, dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty!"