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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 40. FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 9, 1866. FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the New Story,

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

## MODERN SPEAKERS.

THOMAS Carlyle, in his late speech, delivered on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, is reported to have said, that, at the present time, the Anglo-Saxon race seems to be wasting itself away in wind. The remark is as true as it is forcible. At no period since language was conferred upon man—or since the English speech began to be spoken—has there been such a prodigious quantity of talk, as there is now laid on the shoulders of the people of this generation. A universal clatter of tongues belts, as with a girdle of ceaseless and unmeaning sounds, every portion of the globe where our language is the medium of verbal expression. Take the British Islands, Australia, the United States and British North America, and each will be found the scene of a wordy uproar that deafens and deadens the public ear, palls upon the public taste, and frightens away, at the same time, originality and common sense.

It may be said this is free speech; but we deny the assertion; for freedom is as much opposed to license as to slavery, and the public speakers of the present day yield themselves up to license on every possible occasion, and participate in a common saturnalia of verbiage.

There are, we are happy to say, some illustrious exceptions to this rule—speakers of the Gladstone stamp—upon whose eloquent and thoughtful utterances, crowded senates and mighty populations, hang with an equal delight and a common profit; such men are the teachers of their contemporaries, and their lessons are based upon learning and experience, and are expounded with logic and with genius. But the speakers of the other class, and their name is legion, have nothing in view but that popularity, which is the stepping-stone, in the British colonies and the United States, to political pre-eminence; and to secure that popularity, they have recourse, in season and out of season, to a species of declamation and abusive stump-oratory, which, though it may be palatable to those who know the men and the locality, has less of interest for the general public and less of spontaneous humour and ready eloquence, than the addresses which attract crowds of auditors round the stall of the common street auctioneer. The modern public speaker of the common stamp, is a pitiable spectacle to every one who can appreciate good oratory, but they who read his speeches are to be considered as objects far more deserving of sympathy.

In the United States and Canada, the man of many words is looked upon as a phenomenon of genius; he is a power in the State; his merits are canvassed in social circles, and in bar-rooms, when the frequenters thereof reach that state of egotism when they fancy they can pronounce an opinion on any subject under the sun; he occupies the first place at public celebrations, and those unfortunate Pariahs of the press, the Reporters, hang upon his words as if he were Demosthenes revivified. Did our readers ever remark the style and attitude of the modern speaker, as he prepares to launch into the depths of the bombastical, or soar into the regions of the "spread eagle?" After having been escorted by a dozen of his friends to the platform, he takes that calm and philosophic survey of the crowd which betokens that he is indifferent to the fact of there being any one present to hear him; then takes off his hat and out flies his handkerchief, which he uses to wipe from off his brow, the steam engendered by the big thoughts that are boiling within his brain—there is a breathless silence while this intellectual operation is performed, and also while he extends his hand to a glass of water beside him, and applies it to his lips, with the solemnity of Socrates quaffing off the cup of hemlock. Another instant, and the stillness by the multitude is broken by his pronounciation of the important words, "Mr. Chairman"—then he flies off into space and into nonsense; the longest adjectives in the language rebound from his lips, like sparks from an anvil, but not so brilliant; by a jugglery all his own, he manipulates a rumour into a fact, and a falsewood into a truth, and manages his sentences in such a manner that they shall glitter like a boy's fire-cracker, and conclude with a similar explosion—which explosion is duly pointed out, in the newspapers, by the words "cheers," and "applause."

The political speeches of the men who occupy public positions in America, and who dream they are statesmen—but are no more so than an ant is an elephant—may be characterized by the epithets, windy and watery. Who is bold enough to read, from beginning to end, a set speech by any of those professional talkers? Who will peruse them a dozen years hence? How many men in Canada, for instance, have read that ponderous volume of 1032 pages—the "Debates on Confederation," a book not over a year printed, which cost the Province some $20,000, and which, as an encyclopedia of dulness and egotism, we back against any publication of ancient or modern times, excepting the folio volumes, mentioned by Moore in his "Diary," as having been written by a German savant on the "Digestion of a Flea," There are three or four good speeches in the volume, but they are lost—overshadowed by the mass of rubbish, under which they lie buried, like diamonds beneath a dung heap.

We should like some of our modern politicians to give us, instead of rhapsodies, repetitions and common-places, a few such political maxims as the one by Charles James Fox, viz:—"That which is morally wrong, cannot be constitutionally right." And talking of Fox, what recollections spring up? These were the days of the battles of giants, and the gifted gladiators, on either side, still make history ring with the echo of their blows—with their eloquence and their renown. Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Canning, Brougham—where are their representatives on this continent? The answer is—nowhere. In the mighty Republic beyond our borders, where questions are now at issue which must affect its future interests as well as the fate of millions yet unborn, where do we find an orator or a statesman that has yet risen high enough above the mists of party prejudice, to take a calm and comprehensive survey of the turbulent social elements at war beneath him? President Johnson, alone—and he has no pretensions to be regarded as an orator—is the only man, so far, that seems to be able to grapple with the dangers that loom before the ark of the Republic. It is said that great occasions produce great men; but in the case of the United States, this would seem to be a fallacy. But let us not crow over much; for if our own country were drifting into a civil war, or emerging out of one, upon whom should we look for succour or for the exercise of sound statesmanship?

The public speakers of Great Britain stand immeasureably above those of America, in all that constitutes oratory. In the House of Commons, we have the first orator and statesman of the age, Gladstone; John Bright, the most effective public speaker, the most impressive rhetorician in the empire; and Disraeli, in whom the faculties of sarcasm and eloquence seem to be equally divided. In the House of Lords, Derby, "the Rupert of debate," sustains his ancient fame, and Brougham, though old in years, has lost none of that fire which set England in a blaze, when, standing up in defence of Queen Caroline, he scathed, with his forensic lightnings, her dissolute husband, king George the Fourth.

In British America, there is one orator and statesman, whose name deserves especial mention—the Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia. His fame has extended to Great Britain, and over the United States, and we have an example of his great oratorical power, at the Detroit Convention, when his logic and his eloquence, exerted on behalf of the Reciprocity Treaty, won over the majority of the cool, practical American merchants who came there to look upon its continuance with an unfavourable eye. It may do very well for newspapers to sneer at the Nova Scotian statesman, who, in days gone, by fought for the people with pen and tougue, and gave to the people of the Mother Country the first idea of the immense resources of the British North American possessions; but it may yet turn out that those who pursue the lion will feel the force of that paw that struck down Irresponsible Government in his native Province. The speech of Mr. Howe, when put on his trial by the Government, for a libel published in his paper, the *Nova Scotian*—and when, being no lawyer, and not able to procure one, he had to address the jury on his own behalf—is one of the most eloquent efforts it has ever been our happiness to read. He won his case, and the Municipal institutions which had existed for a century, crumbled into dust.

We hope, that, from what we have stated in this article, our readers will gather nothing which may make them believe in the application of Cowper's lines to the present time:—

"The age of virtuous politics is past,
Statesmen have grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them."

J.S.W.

## THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

*In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.*

*Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr. Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.*

LETTER V.

*Dr. Tourniquet to Mr. Harry Trepan.*

DEAR BOB,
If you've kept my last letter, return it;
Or tear it to tatters, stamp on it, burn it!
Don't leave the least atom, to let it be seen,
That I *such an idiot* could ever have been.

About love and marriage I set down enough
Of nonsensical rubbish a pillow to stuff;
And, if not mistaken, I actually prated
About a vile tale, which Miss Barker related!

How Fanny's maid-servant, *a type of her sex*,
Contrived a poor fellow to heart-break and vex,
And I *laughed* when I heard it! Oh! I'm rightly served!
I've got just the treatment my conduct deserved."

If "curses, like chickens, to roost will come home;
Has heartless derision a similar doom?

With ease might Miss Barker *act* Peggy's part well;
She played from *her heart*, and of course could excel!

I had really forgotten that man Ensign Sparker,
Who had once a flirtation with this same Jane Barker;
And the last time we met, she was so *sweetly* kind,
I was very near telling the whole of my mind.
How I loved and adored her, and hoped she would dare
Henceforth all my joys, hopes and sorrows to share.
By good luck I didn't—and though I'm a fool,
I escaped this committal—and so *I keep cool.*

I'd posted your letter, and wanting a chat,
I ran into a friend's and had laid down my hat,
When I saw this pert ensign come strutting along,
With his hand on his whiskers, and humming a song,
I gave him a *blessing*, and I wasn't wrong.
For Miss Barker I saw coming straight down the street;
Of course I felt anxious to see how they'd meet;
And at first, I confess that I felt much delight,
For the notice she took of the fellow was slight.
She bowed very coolly, and looked on one side;
He'd have marched himself off, if he'd had proper pride;
But he turned round about, and along with her walking,
Began twitching his whiskers, and earnestly talking,
Till she in strange mood, took to laughing and joking:
I felt deuced savage, and very like choking.
She looked into his face, and bewitchingly smiled,
*She has done so to me!* I felt perfectly wild!
And very soon after the fellow had met her
He had the presumption *to hand her a letter!*

With nervous excitement his whiskers he twitched;
I wish I could into the rascal have pitched!
"Tug away! tug away! you fantastical brute!
If my hand were there, *I'd tear out ev'ry root!*"

They moved off together; the corner they turned;
My eyes grew quite dizzy, my head fiercely burned;
It was plain I was in for a bilious attack,
And so to the office I made my way back;
Slammed the door, turned the lock, and quicker than winking,
I began and kept up *quite a deuce of a thinking!*

My hopes were so fervent, I had not a doubt
My Jennie would join me to carry them out;
We have seldom *talked* love, but all through our connection,
There was all that betokened a *mutual* affection;
And, though I confess, she delighted to tease me,
She yesterday seemed quite *determined* to please me,
So the *prudence*, on which I so much had relied,
And my *jealous resentment* were quite laid aside—
I'd weighed matters well, tested ev'ry device,
As I showed when I wrote for your friendly advice,
And a sweet little cottage, I'd happened to see,
Would a *Paradise* make for my Jennie and me!
And now is my happiness knocked on the head
For the sake of a *shallow-brained coxcomb in red!*

I hate and detest him! I'm bursting with spite!
I long to insult and provoke him to fight!
But a duel is sneered at; in this refined age
No allowance is made for an injured man's rage—
And the newspapers fling their ridiculous dirt,
If two men go out, and there's "*nobody hurt!*"
Then, if a just Nemesis favoured my shot,
And a well-deserved death *Mister Ensign* had got,
I confess it would give to my nerves a sad shock
To stand as a felon arraigned in the dock!
But why waste my anger on him; or why vex
My mind with the thought of her false, cheating sex?
I am young, I am hearty, I'll now live alone!
I scorn her and loathe her! Her treachery's known!

Her figure is tiny, turned up is her nose,
Her brows may be arched, and her eyes as black as sloes,
But few, I am sure, could see much beauty there;
'Twas my *flatt'ring* fancy, that made them *seem* fair—
And yet I have loved the girl! Aye! love her still—
But *crush* the weak passion I must, and *I will!*
Too long I have trusted her gay, smiling looks
Employed to conceal the perfidious hooks,
With which I, silly fish, have been heedlessly caught,
Who am now *tossed aside*, while *another* is sought!

I'm o'erflowing with bile! and I feel a keen smart,
Like a cross-cut *saw*, through my poor liver and heart—
My temples are throbbing; brain heavy as lead;
I shall lie down to rest! *Oh! I wish I were dead!*

It is vain to lie down—on my forehead alight
Of imps, blue and yellow, a numerous flight,
Who, with gibbering gestures, *self-slaughter invite.*

There! see! They arrange themselves all on my shelf,
And enter the forms of my losses in delf—
One holds out a bottle and tempts me to drink;
I detect "BELLADONNA," and backward I shrink!
Another presents me a box full of pills,
As a sure *panacea* to cure all my ills!
And I feel greatly tempted to do as I'm bid,
Though STRYCHNINE, I see, is inscribed on the lid!
The hand of another is raised to his head
With a deadly REVOLVER well loaded with LEAD!
While another exhibits a ROPE, hanging loose
Drooping down from the chimney, its end in a NOOSE!

I wipe from my forehead large drops of cold sweat,
As these vile imps of Satan my reason beset—
They then cluster together, ranged in a row,
Like a court with its judges and barristers show;
A case is called up, against *one Tourniquet*,
Whose shameful *malpractice* a woman did slay!
The lawyers, on both sides with eloquent flow,
Of medical matters their *ignorance* show,
And the jury, bamboozled, "a true verdict" find,
That I'm GUILTY, and must be imprisoned and fined!
I leap up, transported with anger and shame,
And, vexed at such *mummery*, loudly exclaim:
Touch *my life* if you will, not my honour and fame—
I've *now* nothing to live for—*I'll live for a name!*

But stay! there is Betty's loud rap at the door—
I'm heartily glad that I cannot write more;
For I'm sure you must find my BLUE DEVILS a bore—

I'm sent for to consult with Van Courtly and Dill,
In a difficult case, that quite baffles *their* skill—
I must quiet my nerves with a sedative pill!

HARRY.

---

## GILBERT RUGGE.*

In the work before us, we have a story of the days when the stage-coach held its own on the highways of England, and high-bred horses dashed along to the music of the guard's horn which reverberated over hill and dale. If in our improved mode of locomotion we have lost somewhat in poetry, we have gained much in comfort, for travelling by stage-coach was not always pleasant, as will be evident to the reader of the opening chapter of "Gilbert Rugge." The stout old "Perseverance" was in difficulties; it staggered along, straining every spring; the road was axle-deep in mire; the winds rushed and careered viciously over the wide level of the Lincolnshire fens; the rain poured down in torrents, and it seemed uncertain whether the winds or the "Perseverance" were to have the better of it. The stout old coach was freighted with three persons who occupy an important position in our story. Gilbert Rugge, a young lady almost buried in a waterproof cape, and a bronzed-face soldier in a sergeant's uniform. They had met in the morning as strangers; but the key to the story is the —at that time—unsuspected relationship which existed between the two males.

Gilbert Rugge was grandson to the Rev. Cyrus Hurst, rector of Skegsthorpe, a Lincolnshire village. Happily the class to which the rector belonged is now almost extinct in merry England. Interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of his parishioners he felt none. Proud, self-indulgent, and self-complacent, his wines were of the most expensive and his table of the daintiest. He had not been happy in his family. His son had run the old round of debt and dissipation, and then married his sister's governess. The father had cast him off, and never saw his face again until he came home with his motherless child to die, forty-eight hours after he set his foot in the rectory. Of his daughters, his favourite, the younger, ran away from school, and married without her father's consent. He never forgave her, and never saw her again. The elder ruled his house with a rod of iron, until becoming jealous of the increasing hold of their grandfather's affections which Gilbert Rugge and Gabrielle Hurst, the orphan children of her dead brother and sister, were obtaining, she married, and remained estranged until the day of his death.

On Gilbert Rugge the old man's hopes and affections were centred. Gilbert had just attained his majority, and was in receipt of an ample allowance for his private expenditure, and besides this had been told to consider himself the heir to all his grandfather's wealth. It is at this point that the author takes up the story of his adventures. Frank and generous, although inheriting somewhat of his grandfather's pride, the world smiled upon him; his present was brilliant, the future promised to be more so; but in the very height of his prosperity—when on the eve of marriage with Lady Esther Harlixstowe, the star of the fashionable world, when political honours seemed dawning upon him—the whole fabric was swept away, and Gilbert Rugge was left a wreck.

Adversity is a potent teacher, and eventually from the gates of death our hero emerged a nobler and a better man, having learned that moral worth is better than noble birth. We may add that he owed his regeneration and future prosperity to his two whilom companions upon the old "Perseverance." The plot of this novel is elaborate and interesting, and in spite of occasional prosiness, its general tone is animated. The folly, as well as sin, of doing evil that an apparent good may come, appears to be the moral lesson the author has attempted to teach in the work before us.

*A novel, by the author of "A First Friendship." New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

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THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. By Victor Hugo. Translated by W. Moy Thomas. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This is a special author's edition for the Colonies of Victor Hugo's last novel. We noticed the work itself at some length in a late issue; but as an indication of the author's motive in writing the "Toilers of the Sea," we append his short preface, which was wanting in the American edition:

"Religion, Society, and Nature! These are the three struggles of man. They are at the same time his three wants. He must believe, hence the Temple; he must create, hence the City; he must live, hence the Plough and the Ship. But these three problems contain three wars. The mysterious difficulty of life results from all three—Man has to meet with obstacles under the form of Superstition; under the form of Prejudice; and under the form of the Elements. A triple fatality weighs upon us. There is the fatality of dogmas, the oppression of human laws, the inexorability of nature. In *Notre Dame de Paris* the author denounced the first; in the *Miserables* he exemplified the second; in this book he indicates the third. With these three fatalities mingles that inward fatality—the chief of all—the human heart."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

HIDDEN DEPTHS.—Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

CERISE.—A tale of the last century, by G. J. Whyte; Melville, London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.—Montreal: Dawson Bros.

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ACCORDING to the accounts, estimates, &c., of the British Museum, the expenditure for the year which ended on the 31st ult. was 101,808*l*. 14s. 4d.; and the sum required for the ensuing year is estimated at 102,744*l*. During the year 1865, 369,967 persons visited the general collections, exclusive of readers; a less number than that in any previous year from 1860. It seems that in the reading-room about 4,158 books are used per day. The number of readers in the year 1865 was 100,271, or a daily average of 349, each reader having, so to say, consulted 12 books daily. 29,686 volumes have been added to the library. The number of deliveries of manuscripts to readers during the year is 2,311, and artists and others in the rooms of the department 4,199. The collection of manuscripts has been increased by 1,177 documents, 180 original charters, and 231 casts of seals. To the Egerton collection 40 manuscripts have been added. Some valuable acquisitions are reported in the department of Oriental, British, and Mediæval antiquities and ethnography. At the Pourtalès sale a number of antiquities were purchased for the Greek and Roman departments, and various other purchases, presents, &c., are recorded. The great collection of coins and medals, formerly in the Bank of England, and numbering, with the medals collected by Messrs. Hoggard and Cuff, about 7,700 specimens, has been deposited in the Museum by the bank authorities. Professor Owen reports 16,700 additions in the department of Zoology, 10,079 in that of Geology, and 3,623 in that of Mineralogy.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Joaks, just published. Price $1. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Life and Letters. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Price $1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Baked Meats of the Funeral; a new and laughable book by Private Miles O'Reilly. $1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal.

Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price $1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Diarrhœa and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Gazetteer of the World. Revised edition, 1866. Just published. Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several others. One thick 8vo. 2317 pages. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes. Cloth binding, $6,00; in half calf extra, $9.00.

Artemus Ward. "His Book," with 19 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Reprinted from the American copyright edition. Published by R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Price 25 cents, A liberal discount to the Trade.

Artemus Ward. "His Travels," with 13 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Uniform with "His Book." Price 50 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

"Harp of Canaan." By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. $1 00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Murray. The History of Usury from the earliest period to the present time, together with a brief statement of several principles concerning the conflict of the laws in different States and Countries, &c., &c. By J. B. C. Murray, 8vo. $1 50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

Hubback. May and December: A Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Author of "The Wife's Sister: or the Forbidden Marriage," &c., &c. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

Annandale. The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin, &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Thurston. Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Plumer. Jehovah Jireh; A Treatise on Providence. By William S. Plumer, D.D., L.L.D. $1 20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

"I would assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."

The Story of Gisli, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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Household Recipes, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady. Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mill. The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. vol. uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis, consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.

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# THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

*Continued from page 197.*

"For my sister's sake, if not for my own, I'll try to make them both combine for once to right us, if we've been wronged."

He spoke with such confidence, that the old man was impressed. He saw no trifling or subterfuge would be possible with his strong nature, so he began whining—

"Ah! but for a leddy who holds all the papers —but one—but for her, I'd have gone to the ends of the earth to help ye to your rights."

"A lady—what lady? Nay, speak at once. Or perhaps you'd wish me to drive to the nearest police station with you, and lay my case before a magistrate for advice."

"Ou! sir. I'm an auld man. What do ye mean, giving me such a fright? I'm willing to tell ye——"

"I have no wish whatever to frighten you. If you are honest and true, I could not frighten you by my proposal. It's the most straightforward."

"Sir, it would be ruin and shame: ye're too rash, entirely. It is na for mysel' I speak—there's them that have far more reason to fear."

Norman's hand had been on the check-string, when the word *rash* stopped him. He knew his besetment, and had been trying hard for some time to control it. He was conscious of being so completely in the dark that he might do mischief by inviting publicity his affairs. He knew well enough that, once to get into a court, and the course he should have to pursue might be entirely beyond his own power. A saying of Professor Griesbach's came to his mind—"When you don't know what to do, don't do you know not what."

The few teeth the old man had were chattering in his head, his hand was stealing towards the window, in order to undo the fastening of the door, and make his escape; but his infirmities forbade the hope that he could elude the young man before him, who seemed to have speed in every limb. He was completely baffled. What was Miss Austwicke to him, that he should shield her? He hated her for her pride; he hated her as the wicked always hate a better-off accomplice. His course was taken.

"Did you ever hear the name of Austwicke—Miss Austwicke?"

Norman, thinking of Gertrude, answered, "Yes; I've seen her to-day.

"Ou! she's come up, eh? She's your enemy: she keeps the papers. But ye're taking me out of my way."

"I'll take you to your home. We do not part till I see where you live."

The old man, quite awed, named Church Street, Commercial Road, to the driver, and Norman leaned back in the cab, his hat drawn down over his eyes. He felt overpowered with astonishmen and regret. His enemy! that fair creature, with her sweet pale face and dark, gleaming eyes, whose voice had fallen on his ear like a tender melody, which thrilled to his heart, Ella Griesbach's friend—Ella, that embodiment of all that was pure and true; the secret hope of his life, whose smile had come to him in dreams by night, and thoughts by day cheering him onward—she to have in sisterly intimacy one who was capable of being a crafty enemy, withholding papers, and, to some extent conniving with this disreputable man. It was preposterous. The lady must be deceived or belied. Any way, going to a police magistrate was not now to be thought of.

The silence was so far salutary, that both had come to a clear resolve, when the cab stopped at the entry to a court in Church Street, and alighted.

"You shall see my landlady," said the man. "I'm tired out to-night: come to-morrow, and I'll tell you all I know."

Norman, who was afraid of inconveniencing Professor Griesbach by trespassing further on the time, was fain to comply, He followed the old man's shambling steps down the court, entered the open door of a dingy house, and, as his companion put his head into the front parlour, saying, "Mrs. Owen, is my fire lighted?" there came the answer—

"Lighted? Yes, Mr. Burke; and I beg you'll remember it can't be lighted without coal."

The tones of that well-known voice electrified Norman—took him back to the begging-letter-writing establishment. He had been looking over the old man's shoulder to where the voice came from, and and saw a gross, unwieldy woman, fattened on idleness and craft, who was coming towards them. A glance sufficed. Norman turned away, saying, in in an undertone—

"If to-morrow I find you deal fairly by me, you shall have no reason to complain of me."

He had kept the cab at the end of the court. He entered it, and was driven to Fenchurch Street Station. His resolution was taken: he would ask the Professor for a holiday, and go down, immediately after his interview with Burke, to see Mr. Hope.

Never, since Norman had been at the forest, was the Professor so impracticable as he found him on his return home that eventful night. Fritz, who, like a damaged mirror, reflected and caricatured his master's manner, preserved a gloomy silence as Norman entered; and when the youth presented the case containing the writing that Rupert had given him, and which contained some extracts from books in Dr. Griesbach's library, that he could not well spare, the Professor signed for Norman to put them down, and, merely saying, "Four in the morning," was dismissing him for the night.

"May I ask you, sir, to let me have a few days, to make a journey of importance to myself?"

"Not at present—impossible—no!" said the Professor.

Fritz uttered something like a snort at his contribution to the negative.

Norman's temper rose.

"I've heard of some friends, sir, and I must see them."

"Friends! Business! You've said you have none of the first, and as to the last, it's mine must be considered."

"Ugh!" snorted Fritz, finally, as he could no longer linger in the room.

"I know that, sir, and I'm not unmindful of it; but something has come to my knowledge to-day that I must investigate. I must seek a friend."

"Friend! Any one but a fool would know there was one here, without need to seek. Are you, too, getting tired?"

There was a pique in the displeased tone. Professor Griesbach had a sense of appropriation in Norman, and of late he had grown insensibly more and more closely bound to the youth, and now resented the thought of any friends turning up. But Norman's affectionate ardour moved him as he said—

"I know, sir, you have been a friend to me—a great friend. I'm not tired. I like the studies you have engaged me in, the work you have set me to; but if I hear that name and station are mine by right, and that I'm kept from them, ought I not seek the matter out? Am I, like Esau, to part with my birthright?"

"Without even a mess of pottage, eh? Is that what you mean? Why, no, not if it is so."

"Sir, I never for a moment deceived you in anything, not even in the name you call me by, for you know Dr. Griesbach gave me that."

"He didn't call you Norman.

"That is my name—my first name. What other I have right to, I do not know; but I want to find out. I must do so."

"Can I help you?" said the Professor, manifesting a sudden interest when he saw it was no idle caprice. "I do not," he continued, "lightly call myself a friend."

"I know it, sir, I know it," exclaimed Norman; adding, "I want to go down to a place in Hampshire, called Austwicke, to seek out a Mr. Hope."

"Hope! Hope! Why the clergyman at Austwicke, Mr. Nugent, with whom Rupert has been reading, is about to marry a Miss Hope. I heard of it to-day."

"Marian?" said Norman, his voice softening with tender recollections as he named her.

"Yes," said the Professor. "I've heard Ella's

young friend call her Marian; she has been a governess, or companion to the little lady."

"To Miss Austwicke, whom I saw to-day at the Doctor's?"

"The same. These Hopes, father and daughter, have both been teachers. I hear he is quite infirm."

"He is the kindest, best—both of them are," said Norman, in a husky voice, adding, "Mysie and I have reason to say so."

"Mysie! And pray who is she?"

"My sister—my twin sister, sir.

There was a pause of surprise on the Professor's part—of emotion on Norman's. Then came the words—

"Go, by all means."

As Norman was thanking the Professor, the latter interrupted him by saying, "Is it in accordance with your wishes that I mention this to Dr. Griesbach, or is it for a time to be confidential?"

"Until I find out the truth more fully, sir, it had better be confidential."

And so, with a perfect understanding, the master and pupil parted.

### CHAPTER LVIII. RESTORED.

"Oh, love and life are mysteries—
Both blessing, and both blest;
And yet, how much they teach the heart
Of trial and unrest." L. E. L.

The next morning, by the first train, Norman reached town, and made his way to the court in Church Street.

Whether with the intention of evading him or not, Norman was unable to determine, but he suddenly encountered the old man as he was emerging from the dark entry. He looked by daylight still more wizened and anxious than he had on the previous night. Some misgiving that either too much or too little had been said was in his mind. His feet seemed entangling in a web of his own making. He wished himself well on board the good ship *Loch-na-Gar*, in which he had taken his passage. Australia, he argued, mentally, would give to him in the autumn of his life an Indian summer; he had ways of investing and employing his hoards there; besides, he would be at ease, and able to enjoy his gains. Hitherto a life of hardship and constant anxiety had been all, notwithstanding his craft, that he had attained. Packmen, he knew, had never been at rest, but always miserable. He refused to return to his room with the young man. Much of his ill-gotten gains were stowed away there, and he began to dread being deprived of them. But he had this morning, both the original torn marriage-lines of Norman's parents, and a copy he had made of them. He now opened a tattered pocket-book, and gave the copy to the young man, saying—

"I can produce the original in a few days; but if ye show that to Miss Austwicke, she'll recognise it—aye, that will she!"

The young man did not at once open the paper. He was content just then to let the old man go—satisfied that he himself should first of all go to Mr. Hope, and then be guided by him and Marian as to future proceedings. But his companion did not give Norman a chance to detain him. While in the Whitechapel Road, his strange associate suddenly slipped away down a turning, and was lost to the youth in that labyrinth of little courts and streets which flank the busy thoroughfare eastward. However, Norman knew where he lived, and so did not loose time by pursuing him. He was more anxious to open the paper in his hand. He walked on through the immense length of the leading thoroughfares until he reached the Strand, and turned to cross to the South Western Station. He paused on Waterloo Bridge, and leaning against that parapet which has been so often the last earthly resting-place of despair, he read the names, "Wilfred Austwicke—Isabel Grant." He scarcely noticed those of the witnesses. Austwicke! that, then, was his father's name. Austwicke! then that graceful creature, whose soft dark eyes, in all their appealing sweetness, had rested on him yesterday, was of the same name as his father—perhaps of near kin to him and Mysie. Could she have wilfully sought to wrong him? It seemed impossible. One thing was certain, he must be cautious, lest by any of that rashness, which he knew to be his failing, he wronged or distressed her. For an instant he was tempted to go to Dr. Griesbach's, and again see the young lady. He longed, if, indeed, he had a right to an honourable station, that Ella should know it. A latent sense of triumph made itself felt amid all his anxieties; but he restrained himself, and pursued his plan of seeking Mr. Hope, obtaining his forgiveness for the past, and procuring his advice as to the future. He took the train, but was so absorbed with his thoughts, and so intent in his frequent perusal of the paper, as if the mere names could be made to reveal the whole mystery, that the train passed many stations and he did not look out; but, stopping at Basingstoke, he was startled out of his reverie by hearing a voice in an adjoining carriage say—

"Why, Austwicke! what brings you here?"

Norman looked out of the window at once, and saw from the next first-class carriage, a young man hailing a gentleman on the platform, who, throwing in a valise to secure a place in the carriage from which he had been called, turned to two ladies, who might be a mother and daughter, near him, from whom he was parting. The ladies' heads were turned in a contrary direction to Norman, yet he observed with a sort of freemasonry of feeling, that the tall, slender girl, who was a step in rear of the elder lady, allowed her hand to linger a moment in the young man's clasp. Then, as the whistle sounded, and he got into the carriage, she turned her face, as the train moved off, and Norman heard the familiar words, "love to Marian," and saw, to his amazement, radient with health and beauty, a taller, handsomer Mysie than of yore; but yet the same that had been the playmate of his childhood, and was, as he believed, the only relative he had ever known—his sister!

A host of conjectures, of which the most ready was that Mysie had been restored to her family; how else should she be on such intimate terms with this young man Austwicke? Was he kinsman or lover? One thing was apparent, Mysie was well cared for, and improved in every particular. He looked down a little dubiously at his own attire, contrasting himself unfavourably in his well-worn and never very well-cut garb, with the fine young man in the next carriage. Hitherto, Norman had been too much engrossed with the hard business of life, and was thrown among people too peculiar to care much for outward adornment: but what young person was ever wholly indifferent to such considerations, and at a new era in his life?

A consciousness that perhaps he presented himself at a disadvantage would cross Norman's mind, and was not removed when, on the train stopping at the station which he had taken his ticket for, he found himself brusquely passed by the porter, who bustling up to the young man Norman had heard called Austwicke, and who was indeed our friend Allan, began touching his hat to him, and was so officiously attentive to his parcels that the other passengers, women and men, were left to shift for themselves. Norman noticed that a groom was waiting with a dog-cart, drawn by a very fine horse, for the young man, and just as Allen had driven off, he learned, to his chagrin, that it would be two hours before the 'bus started for Austwicke. However, seven miles' walk, even on a muddy road, was not a matter to make a trouble of; so Norman inquired the way and started off at a good round pace. He had been told that by leaving the high road, after five miles, and crossing some fields, he would come to a little foot-bridge over the river, and save a mile in reaching the village of Austwicke. He had meant at the station to ask for Mr. Hope's residence; but his heart was just then too full. The sight of Mysie, and the business he was on, so deeply moved him, that at the end of his journey, he needed both the exercise and the solitude to gather up his faculties and compose his mind. In about an hour and a half he saw from a sloping field-path the winding stream, the wide, green Chace, and the little straggling village. A group of young country boys passed him. He inquired of them if they knew where Mr. Hope lived.

"We be just come from him. He has a class o' Thursdays," was their answer, as they pointed out a little green nook across the stream, to the right of the bridge.

Norman saw the tiny roof among the trees and a blessing swelled his heart as he looked at the peaceful spot. If he had ever grieved the kind old man, now in the silence of the fields and calmness of the afternoon he keenly repented it, even to the extent of dreading to disturb the peaceful scene. Humbly, and with a beating heart, he drew near to the spot indicated, went down the sheltered path to the wicket-gate that shut in the little hermitage, and felt glad that the shrubs were so luxuriant as to conceal his approach. The gate was on the latch, and he was under the eves of the house. A clematis nearly shrouded the whole of the window. Stepping under its pensile boughs, he drew close to the wall and looked in. There was Marian, at her work-table; and on the other side, in his easy chair, her father, reading aloud to her. Norman could scarcely see them from the mist that gathered in his eyes. He thought they must hear the loud throbbing of his heart. Dear, true friends, how ungratefully had he left them! Could they forgive him? did they love him still? He removed from the spot just as he heard Marian, startled, say, "What was that, father?" He entered the rustic porch, and stood at the parlour door, as Marian opened it to look out. There they stood, face to face, a moment in silence; she gazing up wonderingly at the tall, dark stranger, who said, "Marian, don't you know me?"

"It's my boy—it's Norry," cried Mr. Hope, rising from his chair, and throwing over the work-table in his eagerness—"he's come home; I knew he would."

A single stride of Norman's across that tiny room brought his open arms around the aged man, who fell on his neck and kissed him.

### CHAPTER LIX. GERTRUDE'S GRIEF.

"Kind hearts are here, yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none,
And man's forgivness may be true and sweet;
And yet *he* stoops to give it. All complete
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says,
'Forgiven.'" Anon.

While the bonds of love, that had been sorely ravelled—not destroyed—by wilfulness and absence, were being reknit at the cottage, and Mr. Hope and Marian were explaining their position and prospects, and listening with no small wonder to Norman's account of how he had passed the time of his estrangement from them; and then hearing, with mingled apprehension and incredulity, of the strange statement, so deeply involving the Austwicke name —feeling each moment a vague conviction that there must be some mistake, or that Norman was the dupe of the old man's (Burke's) falsehoods—while this was transpiring at Mr. Hope's, the railway was bringing Gertrude and Mr. Austwicke down to Chace by the next train after that by which Norman had travelled.

To Gertrude, the night which had followed her interview with him she could call by no other name than father, was one of deep sorrow. A sense, not merely of desolation, but of disgrace, clung to her—of orphanage of the worst kind: and, just now she valued at its very highest an unblemished name and lineage, for the sake of one, dearer than she liked to own; now to find she had been an impostor for years!—to have been substituted, by frightful neglect and crime, in a family cruelly bereaved and wronged. Oh! it was an unendurable anguish.

She thought of Mrs. Austwicke's proud glance, and shrank mentally from it, as she would from flashing lightning. "She must hate me—always hate me." That she had never loved her, seemed now to have been both natural and right. Yet the mere fact that, through many years, she had called her by the dearest name given to woman, made Gertrude's heart fill with yearning towards her. Still, her feelings were very diffe-

rent, in relation to Mrs. Austwicke, compared with those that agitated her as she thought of him so long called father, to whom she had been even since she could remember an object of such entire affection. She had been told that one reason he was so intensely fond of her was because, in her infancy, she had been left by her mamma; and, also, because—as she had secretly believed—she was slighted by her. Now all would slight her. However, on one point she was strong: Rupert should never have to blush for her past. All, from that time, was over between them. As soon as Mr. Austwicke permitted, she would tell Rupert so, and bid him farewell.

These thoughts about Rupert had kept her mind from dwelling on any minor contingencies that might arise as to property, home, or kindred; in the tumult of her mind she thought not of them. Indeed, some vague notion of being cast out by Mrs. Austwicke, and being obliged to earn her own living, had come to her.

She was by no means reassured when she was ordered to accompany Mr. Austwicke down to the Chace. He, indeed, helped her into the carriage with as tender care as ever, but he did not talk to her. He had evidently passed a sleepless night, and was moody and troubled. Dr. Griesbach, who had been closeted with Mr. Austwicke until a late hour on the evening of the day that Gertrude made her revelation, had, indeed, that very morning, shown her more attention than it was his custom to bestow. As he parted with her, he pressed her hand, and said—

"You must come back soon to Ella; neither she, nor I, nor Rupert, can afford to have a long absence from such a dear little True."

There was an affectionate emphasis on the words that, at any other time, would have made her wild with delight. Her greatest fear had been that Dr. Griesbach, a man centred in study himself, would forbid his son having any disturbing thoughts, such as she knew he had indulged in. Yet now, what mattered his kindness?—she would be disgraced, and he must hear of it.

However, the heaviest time passes, and, as a hired carriage took Mr. Austwicke and Gertrude to the Chace, he said to her, just before they arrived—

"I mean, child, to speak to Allan to-night. You must see your aunt with me in the morning. I shall decline to see her to-night, and so must you. I expect Mr. Webly down to-morrow."

Gertrude gave the promise submissively, and like a culprit entered the old house, Martin, in the greatest astonishment, coming forward to meet her, and receiving Mr. Austwicke's charge,—

"See Miss Gertrude to her room, and take care of her, Martin; she is tired, and must not be disturbed by any one."

While he spoke, Allan, who was dining alone, came rushing into the hall, and, after his usual mirthful fashion, while speaking to his father, ran to True, and lifted her from her feet to give her a kiss.

"Put me down, Allan, put me down; I'm tired—I'm ill," half sobbed the poor girl.

"No nonsense, Allan," said Mr. Austwicke, so sternly, to the youth's astonishment, that, feeling something was completely wrong, he followed his father into the dining-room; and Martin, seeing Gertrude was in tears, supported her up-stairs, ordering a maid, as she went, to bring up that feminine panacea for all ills—a cup of tea.

It was not wonderful that, as the poor child lay down on the sofa in the chamber she knew so well, she should weep the most passionate tears she had yet shed since Ruth had told her guilty secret; and Martin, whom both real affection for her young mistress, and natural officiousness, moved to attempt the task of consolation, of course blundered on the most painful topics.

"Poor Ruth isn't here, miss; but I'll do my best. Don't 'e cry, don't. I knew you afore she. You don't happen to 'a heard of her from the doctor. eh?"

"Don't speak of her. I wish I'd never known ——"

"Deary me—well to be sure! Now, don't be so put out: the tea 'll soon be here. Deary me; have Ruth been a-making mischief?"

Now, it so happened that Martin had noticed the intimacy lately at the parsonage; and Mr. Rupert Griesbach's looks and manners in relation to her young mistress had told the keen-sighted old woman that tale which all woman are quick to understand. She had, indeed, made it a matter of cogitation, whether such a match would accord with Mrs. Austwicke's high notions, as fitting for her only daughter. Martin knew, as well as every servant in the house did, that the lady had no great love for Gertrude; but she quite understood her having, nevertheless, great pride; and she had foreseen trouble for the young people. Now it was come. Of course, that was the reason of the young lady being brought home, and of the squire's stern manner. Certain of this, she hazarded another question.

"Does Mr. Allan expect Mr. Rupert—is he a-coming?"

"What do you mean, Martin?" said Gertrude, drying her tears, "annoying me with your questions?"

When she chose it, her air of command was sufficient to check even Martin's intrusiveness, and so she was soon served with refreshments, and left alone. But Martin made herself amends by going instantly to Miss Austwicke, and, with the elaborate obsequiousness that often so well covers presumption, poured out, not only a history of all she had seen of Gertrude's grief and the squire's crossness, but added her own conjectures.

Miss Austwicke was sitting alone, as usual, by the side of her embroidery-frame, but not working: listless and melancholy, she sat for hours thus. She had not heard the arrival of her brother—indeed, she took small note of anything; but Martin's tidings at once roused her. Mr. Austwicke back again! ordering his daughter to her room, and forbidding her being interrupted! Was that prohibition intended to extend to her

*To be continued.*

## GHOST OR NO GHOST.

Many years ago the following singular case created great excitement in the French law courts. The record is worth preserving, from the curious matters elicited. It is also an illustration of the familiar manner in which a not distant generation dealt with the subject of ghosts in court.

Honoré Mirabel, a poor labourer on the estate of a family named Gay, near Marseilles, invoked the protection of the law under the following extraordinary circumstances:

He declared that, while lying under an almond-tree, late one night, striving to sleep, he suddenly noticed a man of remarkable appearance standing, in the full moonlight, at the window of a neighbouring house. Knowing the house to be unoccupied, he rose to question the intruder, when the latter disappeared. A ladder being at hand, Mirabel mounted to the window, and, on entering, found no one. Struck with a feeling of terror, he descended the ladder with all speed, and had barely touched the ground, when a voice at his back accosted him:

"Pertuisan" (he was of Pertuis), "there is a large treasure buried close at hand. Dig, and it is yours."

A small stone was dropped on the terrace, as if to mark the spot alluded to.

For reasons not explained, the favoured Mirabel shrank from pursuing the adventure alone, but communicated with a friend, one Bernard, a labourer in the employ of the farmeress Paret. This lady being admitted to their confidence, the three assembled next night at the place indicated by the spectre, and after digging to a considerable depth, came upon a large parcel wrapped in many folds of linen. Struck with the pickaxe, it returned, unmistakebly, the melodious sound of coin; but the filthy, and, as Paret suggested, plague-stricken appearance of the covering, checked their eager curiosity, until, having been conveyed home and well soaked in wine, the parcel was opened, and revealed to their delightful gaze more than a thousand large gold pieces, subsequently ascertained to be Portuguese.

It was remarkable, yet so it *was*, that Mirabel was allowed to retain the whole of the treasure. Perhaps his friends felt some scruple in interfering with the manifest intentions of the ghost. But Mirabel was not much the happier for it. He feared for the safety of his wealth—he feared for his own life. Moreover, the prevailing laws respecting "treasure-trove" were peculiarly explict, and it was questionable how far the decision of the ghost might be held to override them.

In France, of treasure found in the highway, half belonged to the king, half to the finder. If in any other public place, half to the high-justiciary, half to the finder. If discovered by magical arts, the whole to the king, with a penalty upon the finder. If, when discovered, the treasure were concealed from the proprietor of the ground, the finder forfeited his share. To these existing claims the phantom had made no allusion. In his perplexity, honest Mirabel bethought him of another friend, one Auguier, a substantial tradesman of Marseilles.

The advice of this gentleman was, that the secret should be rigorously confined to those who already knew it, while he himself (Auguier) was prepared to devote himself, heart and soul, to his friend's best interests, lend him any cash he needed (so as to obviate the necessity of changing the foreign money), attend him whithersoever he went, and, in fine, become his perpetual solace, monitor, and guard.

To prevent the possibility of his motives being misinterpreted, the worthy Auguier took occasion to exhibit to his friend a casket, in which was visible much gold and silver coin, besides a jewel or two of some value.

The friendship thus happily inaugurated grew and strengthened, until Mirabel came to the prudent resolution of entrusting the whole treasure to the custody of his friend, and appointed a place and time for that purpose.

On the way to the rendezvous, Mirabel met with an acquaintance, Gaspard Delieul, whom—Auguier being already in sight—Mirabel requested to wait for him at the side of a thicket; then, going forward, he handed to the trusty Auguier two sealed bags, one of them secured with a red ribbon, the other with a blue, and received in return an instrument conceived in the following satisfactory terms:

"I acknowledge myself indebted to Honoré Mirabel twenty thousand livres, which I promise to pay on demand, acquitting him, moreover of forty livres which he owes me. Done at Marseilles, this seventh of September.

(Signed) "Louis Auguier."

This little matter settled, Mirabel rejoined Delieul, and, next day, departed for his native village. After starring it there for a few weeks, the man of wealth revisited Marseilles, and, having passed a jovial evening with his friend and banker, Auguier, was on his way home, when, at a dark part of the road, he was set upon by a powerful ruffian, who dealt him several blows with some sharp weapon, flung him to the ground, and escaped. Fortunately the wounds proved superficial.

This incident begat a certain suspicion in the mind of Mirabel. As soon as he was able, he repaired to Marseilles, and demanded of Auguier the return of his money, or liquidation of the bond. His friend expressed his extreme surprise. What an extraordinary application was here! Money! What money? He indignatly denied the whole transaction. Mirabel must be mad.

To establish his sanity, and, at the same time, refresh the memory of his friend, Mirabel without further ceremony, appealed to the law, and, in due course, the Licutenant-Criminal, with his officer, made his appearance at the house of Auguier, to conduct the perquisition. Search being made on the premises, no money was found; but there were discovered two bags and a red ribbon which were identified by Mirabel as those which he had delivered to his friend.

The account given by the latter differed, in some material particulars, from that of Mirabel. He had enjoyed, indeed, some casual acquaintance with that gentleman. They had dined together, once, at his (Auguier's) house. He had accepted the hospitality of Mons. Mirabel, as often at a tavern. He had advanced that gentleman a crown. Mirabel had spoken of a ghost and money, and had talked of placing the latter in his charge. At present, he had however, limited his confidence to the deposit of two empty bags and a red ribbon. All the other allegations he indignantly denied.

Deeply impressed with the marvellous history, the Lieutenant-Criminal decided that the matter should be sifted to the bottom. The process continued.

Magadalene Paret deposed that Mirabel had called on her one day, looking pale and agitated, and declared that he had been holding converse with an apparition, which had revealed to him the situation of some buried treasure. She was present when the parcel, apparently containing money, was found; and she remembered Mirabel stating, subsequently, that he had placed it for safety in the hands of Auguier.

Gaspard Deleuil repeated the narraiive told by Mirabel of the ghost and the gold adding, that he had met him, on the seventh of Stember, near the Porte des Fainéants (Idlers'-gate), carrying two bags; that he saw him hand them over to a man who appeared to be waiting for him, and saw him receive in return a piece of paper; and that, on rejoining him, Mirabel stated that he had entrusted to Auguier some newly-found treasure, taking his acknowledgment for the same.

François Fournière, the third witness, confirmed the relation of the spectre and the money by Mirabel, who appeared deeply stricken by the extraordinary favour shown him in this supernatural visitation. On his pressing for a sight of the treasure Mirabel took the witness to his chamber, and, removing some bricks from the chimney, displayed a large bag filled with gold coin. Having afterwards heard of Auguier's alleged dishonesty, the witness reproached him with it: when he became deadly pale, and entreated that the subject might be dropped.

Other witnesses deposed to the sudden intimacy, more noticeable on account of their difference of station, that had sprung up between Mirabel and Auguier, dating from the period of the discovery of the gold. Sundry experts bore testimony to the resemblance of the writiting of the receipt, signed " Louis Auguier," to the autograph of the latter.

The ghost and Mirabel carried the day. In fact, it was a mere walk over the course. The Lieutenant-Criminal, entirely with them, decreed that Auguier should be arrested, and submitted to the " question."

Appeal, however, was made to the parliament of Aix, and the matter began to excite considerable notice. Persons were found to censure the ready credence given by the Lieutenant-Criminal to the story of the ghost, and, the case coming to hearing, an able advocate of the day buckled on his armour to do battle with the shade.

Is it creditable (he asked) that a spirit should qut the repose of another world expressly to inform Mons. de Mirabel, a gentleman with whose existence it seems to have had no previous acquaintance, of the hiding-place of this treasure? How officious must be the nature of that ghost which should select, in a caprice, a man it did not personally know, to enrich him with a treasure, for the due enjoyment of which his social position made him unfit? How slight must be the prescience of a spirit that could not foresee that Mirabel would be deprived of his treasure by the first knave he had the misfortune to trust! There could be no such spirit, be assured.

If there were no spectre, there was, according to all human probability, no gold; and, if no gold, no ground for the accusation of Auguier.

Descending to earthly reasoning, was it likely that Mirabel should entrust to Auguier a treasure of whose actual value he knew nothing, or that he should take in return a receipt he had not seen the giver write? How was it, pray, that the woman Paret and Gaspard Deleuil demanded no share in the treasure so discovered? Were these excellent persons superior to the common weakness of humanity—curiosity, and the lust of gain? The witness Paret certainly saw the discovery of a parcel; but the rest of her evidence was hearsay. The witness Delieul saw the exchange of bags and paper; but all the rest—spectre included—was hearsay. And when the witness Fournière declared that Auguier being taxed with robbery, turned deadly pale, Auguier frankly—nay proudly—confessed it, stricken as that honourable burgher was with horror at a charge so foul and unexpected! The climax of injustice was surely reached when this respected, estimable, substantial merchant of France's proudest seamart, was, on the uncorroborated word of a ghost (for to this it must be traced), submitted to the torture. In criminal, even more than in civil, cases, that which seems repugnant to probability is reputed false. Let a hundred witnesses testify to that which contrary to nature and the light of reason, their evidence is worthless and vain. Take, as example, the famous tradition which gives an additional interest to the noble house of Lusignan, and say that certain persons swore that the fairy Melusina, who had the tail of a serpent, and bathed every Saturday in a marble cellar, had revealed a treasure to some weak idiot, who was immediately robbed of it by another. What would be thought of a judge who should, on such testimony, condemn the accused? Is it on such a fairy fable that Auguier, the just, the respected family-father, the loyal patriot, must be adjudged guilty? Never! Such justice might be found at Cathay, might prevail among the yet undiscovered islands of the Eastern Archipelgo, but in France—no. There remained, in short, but one manifest duty to the court, namely, to acquit, with all honour, this much-abused man, and to render him such noble compensation as the injuries he had suffered deserved.

It was now, however, the phantom's innings. Turning on the court the night side of nature, the spectre's advocate pointed out that the gist of Auguier's defence consisted of a narrow and senseless satire upon supernatural visitations, involving a most unauthorized assumption that such things did never occur. Was it intended to contradict Holy Writ? To deny a truth attested by Scripture, by the Fathers of the Church, by very wide experience and testimony; finally, by the Faculty of Theology of Paris? The speaker here adduced the appearance of the Prophet Samuel at Endor (of which Le Burn remarked that it was, past question a work commenced by the power of evil, but taken from his hand and completed by a stronger than he); that of the bodies of buried saints after our Lord's resurrection; and that of Saint Felix, who, according to Saint Augustine, appeared to the beseiged inhabitants of Nola. But, say that any doubts could rationally exist, were they not completely set at rest by a recent décision of the Faculty of Theology? "Desiring," says this enlightened decree, " to satisfy pious scruples, we have, after a very careful consideration of the subject, resolved that the spirits of the departed may and do, by supernatural power and divine license, reappear unto the living." And this opinion was in conformity with that pronounced at Sorbonne two centuries before.

However, it was not dogmatically affirmed that the spirit which had evinced this interest in Mirabel was the ghost of any departed person. It might have been a spirit, whether good or evil, of another kind. That such a spirit can assume the human form few will deny, when they recal that the Apostles held that belief, mistaking their Lord, walking on the waves of Galilee, for such an one. The weight of probability, nevertheless, inclines to the side of this singular apparition being, as was first suggested, the spirit of one deceased—perhaps, a remote ancester of Mirabel—perhaps, one who, in this life, sympathised with honest endeavour, and sought to endow the struggling toiling peasant with the means of rest and ease. And, with regard to its reappearance, a striking modern instance seemed pertinent to the question at issne. The Marquis de Rambouillet and the Sieur de Prècy, aged respectively twenty-five and thirty, were intimate friends. Speaking one day of the prospect of a future state of being, their conversation ended with a mutual compact that the first who died should reveal himself to the survivor. Three months afterwards the marquis went to the war in Flanders, while De Prècy, sick with fever, remained in Paris. One night, the latter, while in bed, heard the curtains move, and turning, recognised his friend, in buff-coat and riding-boots, standing by the bed. Starting up, he attempted to embrace the visitor, but the latter evading him, drew apart, and, in a solemn tone, informed him that such greetings were no longer fitting, that he had been slain the previous night in a skirmish, that he had come to redeem his promise, and to announce to his friend that all that had been spoken of a world to come was most certainly true, and that it behoved him (De Prècy) to amend his life without delay, as he would himself be slain within a very brief period. Finding his hearer still incredulous, the marquis exhibited a deadly wound below the breast, and immediately disappeared. The arrival of a post from Flanders confirmed the vision. The marquis had been slain in the manner mentioned. De Prècy himself fell in the civil war, then impending.

(The speaker here cited a number of kindred examples belonging to this period, such as, in later days, have found parallels in the well-known stories of Lord Tyrone and Lady Betty Cobb, Lord Lyttelton and M. P. Andrews, Prince Dolgorouki and Apraxin, the ex-queen of Etruria and Chipanti, with a long list of similar cases, and then addressed himself to the terrestrial facts.)

It was proved by Magdalene Paret that the treasure was actually found. By the witness, Deleuil, it was traced into the possession of Auguier. By other witnesses, it was shown that Auguier had made use of many articles to obtain the custody of the gold, cultivating a romantic attachment for this humble labourer, and seeking to inspire him with fears for his personal safety, so long as he retained possession of so large a sum. Upon the whole, unless it had been practicable to secure the attendance and oral testimony of the very phantom itself, the claim of Mirabel could hardly address itself more forcibly to the favourable judgment of the court.

It may be that this little deficiency in the chain of evidence weighed more than was expected with the parliament of Aix. At all events, they demanded further proof; and the peasant, Benard, was brought forward, and underwent a very rigid examination.

He stated that, on a certain day in May, Mirabel informed him that a ghost had revealed to him the existence of some secreted treasure. That, on the following morning, they proceeded together to the spot indicated by the apparition, but found no money. That he laughed at Mirabel, snapped his fingers at the story, and went away. That he nevertheless agreed to a further search—the witness, Magdalene Paret being present—but again found nothing. That, subsequently, Mirabel declared he had discovered eighteen pieces of gold, then twelve, finally, thirty-five, but displayed none of them. That Mirabel had, however, sent by him twenty sols to a priest, to say masses for the soul of the departed, to whom he owed so much; and that he had spoken of handing over the treasure to Auguier, and taking the latter's receipt, which certainly seemed to be the same now produced, signed " Louis Auguier."

The matter was obscure and puzzling. There was, by this time, no question that this large sum of money had, somehow, come into the possession of Mirabel. He could not, by skill or labour, have realised the hundreth part of it. No one had been robbed, for the notoriety of the case would at once have produced the loser. If Mirabel had found it (and there were the witnesses who proved the discovery many feet below the surface, in an undisturbed corner of the terrace), who revealed the precious deposit to this poor simple clown? The scale was in-

clining, slowly and steadily, to the spectral side, when some new and startling evidence appeared.

Auguier proved that *subsequently* to the alleged delivery of the treasure into his hands, Mirabel had declared that it was still concealed in the ground, and had invited his two brothers-in-law from Pertuis to see it. Placing them at a little distance from the haunted spot, he made pretence of digging, but, suddenly raising a white shirt, which he had attached to sticks placed crosswise, he rushed towards them, crying out, "The ghost! the ghost!" One of these unlucky persons died from the impressions engendered by this piece of pleasantry. The survivor delivered this testimony.

The case now began to look less favourable for the spectre. It was hardly probable that Mirabel should take so unwarrantable a liberty with an apparition in which he believed, as to represent him, and that for no explainable purpose, by an old white shirt! Was it barely possible that Mirabel was, after all, a humbug, and that the whole story was a pure fabrication, for the purpose of obtaining damages from the well-to-do Auguier?

It does not appear to what astute judicial intellect this not wholly impossible idea presented itself. At all events, a new process was decreed, the great object of which was to discover, in the first instance, how and whence came the money into Mirabel's possession?

Under the pressure of this inquiry, the witness Paret was, at length, brought to confess: first, that she had never actually beheld one coin belonging to the supposed treasure: secondly, that she did not credit one word of Mirabel's story: thirdly, that, if she had already deposed otherwise it was at the earnest entreaty of Mirabel himself.

Two experts were then examined as to the alleged receipt. These differed in opinion as to its being in the handwriting of Auguier; but a third being added to the consultation, all three finally agreed that it was a well-executed forgery.

This, after, twenty months, three processes, and the examination of fifty-two witnesses, was fatal to the ghost. He was put out of court.

The final decree acquitted Auguier, and condemned Mirabel to the galleys for life, he having been previously submitted to the question. Under the torture, Mirabel confessed that one Etienne Barthélemy, a declared enemy of Auguier's, had devised the spectral fable, as a ground for the intended accusation, and, to substantiate the latter, had lent him (for exhibition) the sum of twenty thousand livres. By an after process, Barthélemy was sentenced to the galleys for life, and the witnesses Deleuil and Fourmière to be hung up by the armpits, in some public place, as false witnesses.

So far as records go, this singular case was the last in which, in French law-courts, the question of ghost, or no ghost, was made the subject of legal argument and sworn testimony.

## LOST AND FOUND.

I WILL tell you a true and touching story which I heard not many years since, when I was staying in the north of England. In a small village, in the very heart of one of the largest colliery districts, lived two young people, whose names—well, I really forget what their names were, but it does not much matter; so, if you like, I will call them Margaret Blythe and Richard Stone.

Richard Stone's father had been a miner all his life, and the little Dick almost opened his eyes in the bowels of the earth. Nearly as soon as his little legs could carry him he toddled to the pit's mouth, and by the time he could lisp out a few intelligent phrases he had been down below in the shaft, and had begun to amuse his mother with wonderful and sometimes highly-coloured description of all he had seen, and all he fancied took place in the heart of the old mine. All the rough miners loved little Dick for his father's sake, and petted him for his own. And then years slipped away, and Dick was no longer a child, but a strong healthy, active young man; and when his father, who was the foreman of the works, was away on account of illness or any other cause, there was no one under whom the rest of the men liked better to work, or by whom they would sooner be guided, than the foreman's son, young Dick Stone.

One evening, when young Dick was yet a child, his father, who happened to be returning rather late from a neighbouring village, heard a strange noise in the hedge which bordered the roadside. He stopped and listened, and then fancied it was a little stifled cry. He thought it must be some poor, half-starved animal which had wandered away from the miner's house and could not get back again, so he groped his way towards the hedge, for it was pitch dark, and felt among the soft, dead leaves. No, it certainly was not an animal—it moved, and felt warm, and was wrapped in some rough flannel. Just then the moon emerged from a thick, black bank of clouds, and its rays fell full upon the bundle which old Stone had now extricated from the hedge.

It was a little, golden-haired girl.

When the little one turned its eyes towards the old man it cried bitterly. The old man's hands were rough, but his heart was very warm. He thought of his bonny boy at home, and kissed away the little foundling's tears, and by the time he got to his cottage door there were no more tears, and the child was fast asleep underneath old Stone's thick jacket, very close to his heart.

"Wife," said the old man, when he opened the door, "I have brought you home a present. We are chosen out among all the rest round here to watch over and care for this poor little one. We have got a boy, my woman, here's a little girl. Some one has basely deserted the little darling, and if I had not happened to be passing and heard her cry, she would have been dead and cold by the morning. I think we both know our duty, and I know it is no good asking you what we ought to do."

Richard Stone's wife made no reply. She took the little child tenderly from her husband's arms, and when she had kissed the old man she sat down by the fire, undressed and re-clothed the child, and soothed it to sleep on her breast. The next morning the miner's cottage echoed with the babbling laughter of its new inmate.

The old miner and his wife resolved to adopt the foundling, and they called it Margaret. And so the little Margaret was restored to life, as it were, and found a home and affectionate parents.

The years stole on, and she played with her little foster-brother Dick. They were seldom, if ever, apart, and used to wander away, and tell one another stories in a small cave they had manufactured close by the pit's mouth; and Margaret opened her large blue eyes in astonishment as she listened to Dick's enthusiastic description of what it was all like below, and to his thrilling narratives which he had picked up from listening to the miners at their work.

And again the years stole on, and Dick was a tall, handsome young man, and Margaret's little sunny curls now fell in rich luxuriance down her back. Dick had no longer any time for stories or afternoons in the cave, out of which, by-the-bye, they had both most certainly grown; but when the bucket came to the top, and brought up the stalwart miner, there was a bright face awaiting him, and pretty Margaret Blythe walked home to the cottage by the side of Richard Stone.

They loved one another truly and deeply. They were no longer brother and sister now, and their kisses were less publicly offered and accepted; and so it was that young Dick asked his parents' consent to his marriage with Margaret, and from his father and mother received the same reply—"Bless you both!"

It was the dearest wish on earth of the old people to see Richard and Margaret man and wife, and there was greater joy than ever in the cottage now, and the wedding-day was fixed.

It was to be a great occasion, this wedding-day of Richard and Margaret; and according to all accounts there would be very little work done in the mine. The young people were dearly loved, and the miners had prepared an ovation in a small way for their favourites.

The wedding-day arrived, and a bright and sunny one it was. The happy couple were attended to church by a large crowd, all dressed in their Sunday best, and soon there was not even standing room to be had; and when the service was over there was a still larger crowd standing in the churchyard. When young Dick Stone came out of church, with his fair young bride leaning on his arm, at a signal from one of the oldest miners there was a great, ringing cheer, and before it had died away among the hills, Dick's hand had been seized by a hundred rough and honest men, and the women were kissing one another, and crying for joy.

In the course of the afternoon, the young couple received state visits from their friends, and each one brought some little, useful present in memory of the day. And then Dick prepared to offer his own gift, which he had kept back as a pleasant surprise for Margaret.

Accordingly, he told a few of his most confidential friends that he wanted to slip away to get the present, and asked them not to take any notice of his absence.

"I shall only be gone a little time," he said. "Keep up the merriment till I return."

They watched him out of the cottage, and saw him go across the fields in the direction of the old mine. On and on he went, and at last he was out of sight, and his friends went back to keep up the merriment.

Richard Stone never returned. They waited for him that evening; they grew anxious when night came on; and the next morning many a stout heart trembled. They searched for him, called, but there was no answer. Day succeeded day, months dawned and died, a year passed away, and still Richard Stone never returned.

Every hole and corner of the mine and the whole neighbourhood round was searched, but with no effect. There was not even a trace of the lost man, and not one who could agree about his fate.

Poor Margaret nearly died. It was an awful shock for her, and for weeks and weeks she was delirious, and not expected to live an hour. She recovered, and arose from her bed an aged and an altered woman. Her whole life was now devoted to her dear old friends, to whom also the loss of their dear son was a terrible blow. They never dared to allude to poor Richard. But Margaret was often heard to mutter to herself—

"I am sure he will return!"

* * * * *

Years and years after the terrible occurrences above related, the circumstances of Richard Stone's extraordinary disappearance were known to very few of the inhabitants of the little mining village. Long and long ago Margaret Blythe had stood in turn at the death-bed of her benefactors, and now they were asleep in a warm corner of the little churchyard. Almost all the friends who had come to offer their congratulations on that fatal wedding-day had died. Little children who had scattered flowers before her and her bonny young husband on their road from church to home were now strong and hearty men and women—some, indeed, pretty far advanced in years. A new generation had sprung up in the village, and the sad story of Richard Stone's disappearance had become one of those mythical old women's stories, in which few could place much credence, so exaggerated had it become from constant repetition. It was almost tradition now.

At last it turned out that one of the principal mines in the place had never been thoroughly explored, and there was a rumour of some grand discovery of new passages in a wheel which most imagined was thoroughly worked out.

The new excavations turned out to be thoroughly successful. Landlord and tenants were in the highest spirits; and all seemed to be going on happily enough.

One day, when the new works had for some little time been put in hand, a signal was suddenly given from the bottom of the pit to lower the shaft. The alarm bell was rung; the foreman of the works waited anxiously at the pit's mouth for the first intelligence, and did what he could to allay the terror of the villagers, who were flocking, in the greatest consternation, to

the scene of alarm. Most thought there had been some awful fall, and that half the miners had been cut off from safety and their companions.

Contradictory reports spread hither and hither; suggestions and surmises were made and refuted; the greatest terror prevailed; and all awaited the ascent of the shaft with painful axiety.

At last, up came the shaft, and with it the first detachment of miners, pale as death, with terror depicted upon their countenances.

"What have you seen? What has occurred? You must explain this extraordinary agitation."

It was some time before the foreman could get any intelligible explanation. He first, however, dispersed the crowd, assuring them there was no accident, and that they had no grounds whatever for alarm. He then, with much difficulty, managed to glean from the miners the following scraps of information :—

It appeared that in the course of their operations the miners had come across a block of coal, which seemed to give way at the first touch. Their other work had necessitated hard picking, but this block was so pliable that at the first blow of the pick a great wall of coal gave way, and discovered a perfectly formed cave, The sudden falling of the wall had extinguished their lights, but not before the leader of the party had discovered on the ground a human skeleton!

Nothing could shake him in his assertion. He declared to have seen the skeleton of a man perfectly dressed, and near it was what appeared to be a little wooden box.

The other miners had taken fright and fled, declaring that an apparition had been seen, all believing the story of the skeleton, and all too superstitious to venture again near the awful spot. The greatest confusion had prevailed, the necessary signal had been made to the pit's mouth, all work had been suspended, and all were doing their utmost to get a chance of coming up.

On this succeeded a half-hour of terrible suspense, and again the villagers came flocking to the pit's mouth.

The report turned out to be true, and when the exploring party came up agaiu they brought with them the traces of the terrible discovery.

But there was no horror about the scene. Whatever had been discovered was carefully closed up in a long wooden box, into which no one was permitted to look. On this long wooden box was a smaller one, which was open to any one's inspection. It contained some little trinkets of little or no value, and a bead necklace, on which appeared the following word—"Margaret!"

There was a little disturbance in the crowd, and soon there were shouts of "Here comes Old Magsy! Room for Old Magsy!

The poor old woman came tottering up the hill-side, and soon was in the centre of the group.

One look was quite enough. The little bead necklace fell from her poor, weak fingers, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"Richard!" she said, "Richard! my darling boy, you have come back to your old wife at last!"

The shock to Margaret, at her advanced age, was too severe. She died two days afterwards, and was buried together with what had been found in the old mine. The little churchyard was again full, and many tears were shed. But they were hardly tears of sorrow, for none of those who stood round the new-made grave doubted for an instant that Richard Stone and Margaret Blythe had met again above.

## MUSICAL.

### GOETHE AND MENDELSSOHN.

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN THE POET AND MUSICIAN.

Herr Rellstab, the celebrated critic who has recently published in Germany two volumes of autobiography, replete with interesting gossip about distinguished men, tells the following tale of the first meeting between the author of *Faust* and the composer of *Elijah* :—

"In the evening we assembled in Goethe's rooms to tea, for he had invited a large party of his Weimar musical acquaintances, to make them acquainted with the boy's extraordinary talents. Presently Goethe made his appearance; he came from his study, and had a habit—at least I generally noticed it—of waiting till all the guests were assembled ere he showed himself. Till that period his son and daughter-in-law did the duties of host in the most amiable way. A certain solemnity was visible among the guests prior to the entrance of the great poet, and even those who stood on terms of intimacy with him underwent a feeling of veneration. His slow, serious walk, his impressive features, which expressed the strength rather than the weakness of old age, the lofty forehead, the white, abundant hair, lastly, the deep voice and slow way of speaking, all united to produce the effect. His 'Good evening' was addressed to all, but he walked up to Zelter first, and shook his hand cordially. Felix Mendelssohn looked up with sparkling eyes at the snow-white hair of the poet. The latter, however, placed his hands kindly on the boy's head, and said, 'Now you shall play us something.' Zelter nodded his assent.

"The piano was opened and lights arranged on the desk. Mendelssohn asked Zelter, to whom he displayed a thoroughly childish devotion and confidence, 'What shall I play?' 'Well, what you can,' the latter replied, in his peculiarly sharp voice; 'whatever is not too difficult for you.'

"To me, who knew what the boy could do, and that nothing was too difficult for him, this seemed an unjust deprecation of his capacity. It was at length arranged that he should play a fantasia, which he did to the wonder of all. But the young artist knew when to leave off, and thus the effect he produced was all the greater. A silence of surprise ensued when he raised his hands from the keys after a loud finale. Zelter was the first to interrupt the silence in his humourous way, by saying aloud, 'Ha, you must have been dreaming of kobolds and dragons; why, that went over stick and stone!' At the same time there was a perfect indifference in his tone, as if there was nothing remarkable in the matter. Without doubt the teacher intended to prevent, in this way, the danger of a too brilliant triumph. The playing, however, as it could not well otherwise, aroused the highest admiration of all present, and Goethe, especially, was full of the warmest delight. He encouragad the lad, in whose childish features joy, pride and confusion were at once depicted, by taking his head between his hands, patting him kindly, and saying, jestingly, 'But you will not get off with that. You must play more pieces before we recognize your merits.'

"'But what shall I play,' Felix asked, 'Herr Professor?'—he was wont to address Zelter by this title—'what shall I play now?'

"I cannot say that I have properly retained the pieces the young virtuoso now performed, for they were numerous. I will however, mention the most interesting. Goethe was a great admirer of Bach's fugues, which a musician of Berka, a little town about ten miles from Weimar, came to play to him repeatedly. Felix was therefore requested to play a fugue of the grand old master. Zelter selected it from the music book, and the boy played it without any preparation, but with perfect certainty. Goethe's delight grew with the boy's extraordinary powers. Among other things he requested him to play a minuet.

"'Shall I play you the loveliest in the whole world?' he asked with sparkling eyes. 'Well, and which is that?' He played the minuet from *Don Giovanni**

"Goethe stood by the instrument, listening, joy glistening in his features. He wished for the overture of the opera after the minuet; but this the player roundly declined, with the assertion that it could not be played as it was written, and nobody dared make any alteration in it. He, however, offered to play the overture to *Figaro*. He commenced it with a lightness of touch—such certainty and clearness as I never heard again. At the same time he gave the orchestral effects so magnificently that the result was extraordinary; and I can honestly state that it afforded me more gratification than ever an orchestral performance did. Goethe grew more and more cheerful and kind, and even played tricks with the boy.

"'Well, come,' he said, 'you have only played me pieces you know, but now we will see whether you can play something you do not know. I will put you on trial.'

"Goethe went out, re-entered the room in a few moments, and had a roll of music in his hand. 'I have fetched something from my manuscript collection. Now we will try you. Do you think you can play this?' He laid a page, with clear but small notes, on the desk. It was Mozart's handwriting. Whether Goethe told us so or it was written on the paper I forget, and only remember that Felix glowed with delight at the name, and an indescribable feeling came over us all, partly enthusiasm and joy, partly admiration and expectation. Goethe, the aged man, submitting a manuscript in the hand-writing of Mozart, who had been buried thirty years ago, to a youth so full of promise for the future, to play at sight—such a constellation may, in truth be termed a rarity.

"The young artist played with the most perfect certainty, not making the slightest mistake, though the manuscript was far from easy reading. The task was certainly not difficult, especially for Mendelssohn, as it was only an *adagio*; still there was a difficulty in doing it as he did, for he played it as if he had been practising it for years. Goethe adhered to his good-humoured tone, while all the rest applauded. 'That is nothing,' he said; 'others could read that too. But I will now give you something over which you will stick, so take care.

"With these words he produced another paper, which he laid on the desk. This certainly looked very strange. It was difficult to say were they notes or only paper ruled and splashed with ink and blots. Felix Mendelssohn, in his surprise, laughed loudly. 'How is that written? Who can read it?' he said. But suddenly he became serious, for while Goethe was saying, 'Now, guess who wrote it?' Zelter, who had walked up to the piano and looked over the boy's shouder, exclaimed, 'Why, Beethoven wrote that! any one could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeve over the notes before they are dry. I have plenty of his manuscripts. They are easy to know.'

"At the mention of the name, as I remarked, Mendelssohn had suddenly grown serious—even more than serious. A shade of awe was visible on his features. Goethe regarded him with searching eyes, from which delight beamed. The boy kept his eyes immovably fixed on the manuscript, and a look of glad surprise flew over his features as he traced a brilliant thought amid the chaos of confused, blurred notes. But all this lasted only a few seconds, for Goethe wished to make a severe trial, and give the performer no time for preparation. 'You see,' he exclaimed, 'I told you that you would stick. Now try it; show us what you can do.'

"Felix began playing immediately. It was a simple melody; if clearly written a trifling, I may say no task, for even a moderate performer. But to follow it through the scrambling labyrinth required a quickness and certainty of eye such as few attain. I glanced with surprise at the leaf, and tried to hum the tune, but many of the notes were perfectly illegible, or had to be sought at the most unexpected corners, as the boy often pointed out with a laugh. He played it through once in this way, generally correctly, but stopping at times, and correcting several mistakes with a quick 'No, so;' then he exclaimed: 'Now I will play it to you.' And this second time not a note was missing. 'This is Beethoven, this passage,' he said once turning to me, as if he had come across something which sharply displayed the master's peculiar style. 'That is true, Beethoven. I recognize him in it at once.

"With this trial-piece Goethe broke off. I need scarcely add that the young player again reaped the fullest praise, which Goethe veiled in mocking jests, that he had stuck here and there and had not been quite sure."

* We purpose inserting in our next issue a copy of this minuet.

## KITTY.

AN ENGRAVING.

Of ladies fair beneath the sun,
Is Kitty not the fairest one?
Here she stands in Beauty's morn
Of memory, or fancy born.
Who can tell whence this sweet dame
To grace these Album pages came?
Did this bewitching shadow start,
From skilful hands, and dreaming heart?
Or did this unknown maiden move,
The cynosure of human love,
To chase all shapes of fabled guise
From that unhappy painter's eyes,
Who traced the blank page with his care,
And left this charming riddle there?

Mysterious Kitty! must thy lovers,
Only 'tween the Album covers,
Howsoe'er they seek or pine,
Gaze on that young face of thine?
Ne'er in crowded park or street,
Thy delightful presence greet.

Nor in green sequestered ways,
Catch that soft bewitching gaze,
Never on some festal night,
'Neath the mellow waxen light,
By some sudden gracious chance,
Meet again the very glance,
That wins the giddy and the sage
Alike from out this silent page.

Who that sees a cheek so fair,
Kissed by such caressing hair;
Marks the promised bliss that lies
In loving mouth, and happy eyes,
Will turn where former fetters bound,
And leave this matchless maid unfound

Love-lorn gallant seldom strays,
In these late degenerate days,
Seeking chance to overthrow,
Some enchanted damsel's foe.
Yet if 'venturous guest invite,
Some tradition guides the knight.
She, who kept free heart and hand,
In that old tale of fairy-land,
Ever lonely, silent, young,
As the soft moon o'er her hung,
Though more years than thou wilt number
'Neath the shield of magic slumber;
While Love, so runs the graceful story,
Warred with dragons dire and hoary;
When the victor'd strife was past,
Sweetly, wisely woke at last.
Scorn not, then, each tender vow,
She mayhap was fair as thou.

So Kitty, 'tis a grievous screen,
Despite thy glad and guileless mien,
To "witch the world" like mortal maid
Yet only prove a graceful shade.

Halifax, N. S.

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THE

# TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

*Translated for the Saturday Reader from the French of Paul Féval.*

*Continued from page 203.*

Montruel had not been able to recover himself so quickly; the blow on his face had wounded him most cruelly in his heart, and his features still retained an expression most piteous and desolate.

"Think no more of it," said Agnes. "Before I enter my chamber, I should be pleased in consequence of the esteem I have for you to be well assured that you entertain no rancour towards me."

"Madame," stammered Montruel.

Agnes tendered him her hand, and in a tone of indifference which belied her words, said, "It is well, messire, it is well; I see that you think no more of what has passed between us; and believe me I am happy for it. I feared I had lost a faithful friend."

"Oh! my souveraine," exclaimed Montruel, "say *friend* unto death."

Agnes again interrupted him, with "Well! well! messire!"

"Speak but the word," continued Montruel, kissing the hand that had been left between his own, with idolatry, "do you wish that I should avenge you on that man?"

Agnes gave a contemptuous smile.

Montruel increased in warmth. "Speak," said he; "Oh! my souveraine, if it pleases you, this very night my archers shall penetrate into that den of drunken brigands, and by to-morrow there shall not remain a living soul to accuse the queen of the events of this night."

"Thank you," replied madame Agnes, without betraying any emotion; "you think I am afraid, messire, and you think to reassure me; but there is but one person more powerful than the queen and that person is the king—and the king would not listen to any complaint against the queen, No! messire! I am not afraid."

She drew closer to Amaury, and her coolness vanished all at once as by enchantment. Amaury felt that her hand was trembling, and turning icy cold.

"No! no!" she whispered, "it is not of these vile brigands that I wish to be avenged, messire. I wish to be avenged on her who has cost me this last outrage—on her, who has made my royal life a long series of terror and suffering—on her, who still remains there, always hanging over my head as a threat—on her, who prevents my being really the queen; for that man told me," continued she, in a still lower whisper, "he told me—thou art no queen."

If poor Ingeburge had not been already condemned by the savage hatred of her rival, that speech of the brigand Cadocu would have been her death warrant.

Montruel replied, "you know well, madame, that this obstacle will be soon removed."

"I know nothing about it, but I expect it," said Agnes with energy. "So long as they tell me she shall die, I see that she lives. And who can tell but that myself am not threatened. This council that is about to assemble—may it not change my lot in a single day? Amaury Montruel, dost thou know what a woman can do for the man who will realize her first, her most ardent, her only desire?"

Amaury pressed his hand to his breast to suppress the violent beating of his heart. The enchanted horizon which had all at once opened before him had intoxicated him; he felt no more the outrage burning upon his cheek; he remembered no longer, the miserable man, that the supreme happiness that had been offered him, had been disdainfully refused by the brigand Cadocu.

He fell upon his knees and pressed the hand of Agnes to his lips.

"I have said too much," murmured madame Agnes, with an affectation of alarmed modesty; "I shall feel henceforth that it will be dangerous to find myself with thee. So till all is over, and well over, messire," said she, dwelling with emphasis on those last words, "it will be vain on your part to seek to see me."

The amorous Montruel protested and declared that he could not support life without the sight of his *souveraine*, but Agnes closed her ears to these declarations, and ordered him to sound the horn that hung at the drawbridge.

The drawbridge was let down and they entered the Louvre.

### CHAPTER VI.

In that same great hall, whose stained windows were loaded with the brightest colours, and where Phillip Augustus had some hours previously received maitre Adam, there hung a lamp, whose light fell full upon the pale and haggard face of maitre Samson, the clerk.

If the king knew all, and it is certain that the king knew many things, it was not by sorcery.

Man's greatness is often made up by an agglomoration of littlenesses.

Phillip Augustus had the genius of a detective. If events had allowed that great prince more leisure, there would doubtless have existed in the thirteenth century a monumental police, organized according to the best rules of art; for Phillip was more resolute and shrewd than Louis XI., who had been held up by all historians and poets as the true type of royal finesse.

But as Phillip had no lesiure to form a good police—compelled, as he was, to defend himself against the disloyal attacks of Asia and Europe combined—he limited himself to the rôle of an amateur, and even with the small means at his command, he accomplished some excellent results; he was prouder of being able to boast that the king knew all, than to tell of the battles he had gained.

There is an old prejudice existing against the police—as if it was not an established and historical fact, that all great statesmen, whether under monarchies or republics, have taken pleasure in establishing and encouraging that liberal art; and many, to use a vulgar expression, have willingly dipped their hands in the dough.

Phillip Augustus did not act exactly as the good caliph, Haroun-al-Reschid, did—whom we read of in the Thousand and One Nights—running constantly about the streets of Bagdad, talking philosophy with his vizier, Giaffar—but, nevertheless, he did not disdain to watch his spies, and even the spies of his spies. By these means he knew just three times as much as he could learn by trusting solely to the reports of his faithful friend, messire Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet.

Maitre Samson was standing, hat in hand, before the king, who had sank into a deep easy chair, with his hands over his eyes, as though he would protect them from the strong light of the lamp.

"Ah! ah!" said he, "and so Amaury has killed that woman."

"Yes," replied maitre Samson, "at three leagues from Paris, on the road to d'Etampes; and because that woman knew his secret! Yes, she knew it as well as thee and me, sire."

"And where didst thou learn that, maitre Sampson?"

"By meeting the staffmen, who had assassinated poor Agnes, on their return."

"Ah!" said the king carelessly, "then this poor beautiful girl called herself Agnes?"

"Messire Amaury gave her that name," replied the clerk—giving his words a tone of accusation.

The king opened his hands a little, to peer through them at the thin yellow face of maitre Samson.

"And when thou saw the staffmen," said he, "what wast thou doing on the turf at Notre Dame, just before sunset, in company with the king of the Basoche?"

Maitre Samson, on first hearing this question, trembled; then his dull eyes took a simple expression of admiration.

"I should like to know who can hide anything from the king," exclaimed he; "I was there on business that concerned madame Ingeburge."

"What business?"

"My very dreaded sire assuredly knows much better than me; but since he deigns to interrogate me it is my duty to reply. Messire Amaury wished to excite some tumult in Paris, in favour of the very noble queen Agnes, who is in a constant state of jealously of madame Ingeburge."

"Ah!" said the king, for the third time, as his eyes turned involuntarily towards that magnificent drapery of cloth of gold through which madame Agnes had appeared like a dark vision to little Eve. "Thou art of opinion, then, that the queen is jealous, maitre Samson?"

A strange feeling was depicted on the face of the clerk; and it was plain that he desired to speak, but dared not.

"Hast thou nothing more to tell me?" demanded the king.

"Anything more?" replied the clerk, hesitating; "I do not remember."

"Was it then"—resumed the king, looking him in the face—"only to tell me that stupid story of Agnes, the poor foolish girl, that thou hast visited the Louvre this night?"

The clerk still appeared to hesitate.

"Then," said the king, opening a manuscript and spreading it out before him, "if thou hast nothing more to tell me thou canst "withdraw."

Maitre Samson rose and was moving towards the door, turning his hat round and round, in evident embarrassment, when he suddenly stopped as though he had screwed his courage to the point. "My dreaded sire," said he, "may I be permitted, without failing in my respect, to address you a humble question?"

"Ah!" cried the king, "you are still there, maitre Samson? Put as many questions as you please."

Samson came forward again softly.

"Is messire Amaury at the Louvre?" he asked.

"He should be here," replied the king.

"That is a different thing," said Samson; "and the noble Queen Agnes?...."

He stopped; and as the king interrogated him with a look, he took courage and finished—

"Is she in her apartment?"

"Where would'st thou have her be, at such an hour?" said the king abruptly.

Samson did not allow himself to be disconcerted; "If my dreaded sire would deign to reply—yes or no," he began—

"Well! yes," replied the king frowning, "the queen is there."

"My dreaded lord is certain of it?"

"Very certain.

"My dreaded sire has seen her?"

"I have seen," replied the king, stamping with impatience.

"Then," said the clerk, bowing very low, "I have only to withdraw, craving the king's pardon for having wasted any of his precious moments."

He again moved towards the door, but the king called him back.

"Thou art not going to leave me like that, maitre Samson," said the king; "why hast thou put all these questions?"

"Because—because...." muttered the clerk.

"Allons! speak quickly and frankly, or beware of thy shoulders!"

"I well tell you the truth, sire," replied maitre Samson; "If poor Agnes the pretty was not dead, I should naturally have believed it to have been her; but as she *is* dead, what other woman in Paris can resemble the queen to the same degree?"

"Ah," replied Phillip, rising from his seat, "upon what gamut dost thou sing now, maitre Samson? I commanded thee to speak freely."

Samson was frightened; for he saw the king was growing very impatient.

"I have deceived myself, noble sire—I have been deceived," said he hastily.

"Deceived in what?"

"I believed—pardon me the extravagant idea, for we spies sometimes discover strange mysteries—I believed that I had seen madame the queen in company with missire Amaury Montruel, towards the hour of ten at night; both were on foot and unattended in the rue de la Calandre, at the threshold of the tavern of St. Landry, where all the brigands of Cadocu had assembled.

The king set up a laugh—nor could maitre Samson detect anything forced in his gaiety.

"Agnes! alone! on foot in la rue la Calandre! at ten at night! Ma foi, mon maitre, thou hast indeed become foolish—get thee to sleep!"

Samson withdrew, covered with confusion.

The belfry of the Louvre struck twelve—midnight.

No sooner was the king alone, than his features suddenly changed and his handsome and intelligent head fell upon his breast.

"Alone!" murmured he, "on foot!—in the rue de la Calandre—at ten at night!"

It was not altogether sorrow that was depicted on the features of Phillip Augustus—it was first surprise; but afterwards, and above all, an expression of deep meditation.

If the king knew all—it must be remembered that he turned all to profit.

He rose from his seat—raised the gold drapery, and put his eye to the keye-hole, just as any unfortunate bourgeois husband would do, who desired to snare his light spouse.

"What will she say to me?" murmured he, "I cannot see her yet though I have been watching for her appearance so long; will she try to make me believe that she has never left her apartment? Yes she will try—for woman is a brave being—and never hesitates to attempt the impossible." At this moment the creaking noise of the drawbridge was heard as it swung on its rusty axle.

"She has returned," said Phillip Augustus, regaining his seat "and by means of some bright crowns, the guards at the gate will be discreet, and I shall know nothing."

He laughed again, and presently a light and almost imperceptible noise could be distinguished on the other side of the gold tapestry.

"Alone!" said Phillip again to himself—for his thoughts always recurred to those words—"on foot! in the rue de la Calandre! at ten at night!"

The drapery rose gently and the face of Agnes de Meranie made its appearance, wreathed in smiles.

"Have I not waited long enough," said she, assuming a soft and caressing voice.

"Why did you wait, ma belle mie," replied Phillip, with a gentleness equally caressing.

"I am always afraid to enter," said Agnes, "for fear of robbing the kingdom of France of any of those precious hours that its well-beloved sire consecrates to the felicity of his people." She held her brow to the king who placed a kiss there.

"He knows nothing about my absence," thought she.

"Alone! on foot! at ten at night—in the rue de la Calandre!" thought the king.

CHAPTER VII.

All the bells of Paris—within and without the walls, of the churches, of the chapels, of the monasteries—and God knows they were not a few—rung out together a triple volley; it was a deafening noise—a concert of bells of every tone and calibre mixing their sharp or grave, gay or melancholy sounds.

In most of the principal streets, though it was still early, there was a crowd of common people and petit bourgeois—a busy and gossiping crowd, whose active tongues never relaxed for a moment.

Some chevaliers, in the full panoply of war, were crossing the street on horseback—here and there, at the corner of the public square, were to be seen animated groups, evidently waiting for some procession. Each window formed a frame filled up by as many women's heads as it could contain—groups of gossiping gamins hung about the corners—while the worthy shopkeepers were gravely discussing matters at their doors.

It was evidently one of those occasions upon which Paris stirs itself from top to bottom—joyous or sad—for a fête or a battle—for a funeral or a trial—for fireworks or a revolution.

The circumstance which on this day gave rise to so much agitation among the Parisian population, was the opening of the council, at which Phillip Augustus was to be judged before the delegates of the papal authority.

The church had called to her bar the most glorious sovereign in the universe, and had placed him, so to say, on the stool of the criminal—that in itself was sufficient to move our impressionable capital; but there was something beyond that—for the matter could not be considered as solely affecting the interests of royalty—the interests of the people were also involved; for the council was to divide on the interdict which was weighing on the entire population of the kingdom.

It was the hour when the prelates, abbots, and priests, composing the church, were to assemble at the new palace, in the city of Paris; and as most of them were lodged in the religious establishments of the city or its neighborhood, there was scarcely any street which did not enjoy its share of the spectacle. Those who had no chance of seeing an archbishop pass, might at least, look for a bishop or a mitred lord abbot.

The bells continued to ring for three hours, and until the performance of the High Mass of the Holy Ghost was finished in the holy chapel of the palace, to implore that the supreme wisdom of God might rest on every member of the council.

As the last sound of the bells died on the air, the archbishop, bishops, and abbots, in the order in which they ranked in the heirarchy, slowly descended the steps of the chapel, singing a Latin hymn, and preceded by banners and censors, began to wind their way to the ancient throne-room where their august tribunal was about to be organized.

An immense crowd was gathering on the place du Palais, and in the rue de la Barillerie; but it was not a noisy and riotous crowd, such as had blocked Agnes' way towards Notre Dame—it seemed impressed with the gravity of the occasion. All heads were uncovered, and a profound silence was observed, as the prelates passed chanting their hymn.

Suddenly the crowd began to undulate like a sea—a thundering clamor burst forth, while the caps thrown into the air obscured the sun.

It was the king, who was descending from the tower of the Louvre by the grand rue St. Honoré, and who was about to take his seat before the delegates of the church—his judges, against whom there was no court of appeal.

The people loved Phillip Augustus, because he was a brave and magnificent king; and, perhaps, because he was always at the wars, and rarely appeared but at some solemn conjuncture.

As to the crime of love of which the king was accused, the people of Paris have ever been exceedingly indulgent to that kind of sin.

King Phillip was handsome, and made a magnificent appearance upon horseback—he wore his armour; and his helmet, with its raised vizor, was surmounted by the royal crown, as though it desired to testify to his power at the very hour its master was submitting to the pontifical mandate. The king came on, surrounded by all his great vassals—none failing him; and the brilliant calvacade extended so far, that some were still prancing in the rue St. Honoré when the king had dismounted at the steps of the old palace.

"With all these lances," said the crowd, as the cries of "vive le roi!" were from time to time suspended, "with all these lances, our sire, the king, could, if he wished, carry the whole council off to his tower at the Louvre!"

Both the lower orders and the bourgeois were convinced that Phillip Augustus would never cede the point, even if the sentence of the prelates should order him to separate from Agnes; for, in spite of the interdict from which they were suffering, the people had a secret desire that the wife of the king of France might triumph at any price. The feeling of selfish opposition which engenders a forgetfulness of all patriotism, had not yet descended lower than the high noblesse.

As Phillip Augustus disappeared within the great doors of the palace, one of the knights of his suite was observed to force his horse through the middle of the eager crowd, and to take the direction of Notre Dame.

The vizor of his helmet was down, but every one recognized messire Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet, and the friend of the king.

Every one crowded to get out of his road—for the friend of the king was known to be hard towards the defenceless; he was now in one of his worst humours, and struck at the people right and left. Those upon whom his blows fell grumbled loudly, but Montruel soon left their curses behind him, gaining the eastern angle of the square which led down the narrow streets adjoining the purlieus of Notre Dame. Here the aspect of things was completely changed, for instead of a crowd there was a complete solitude.

Montruel put his horse to a gallop.

At the corner of the rue de Calandre and at the entrance to one of those dark alleys, which led to the underground taverns, stood Maitre Samson, the scholar, Tristan de Pamieres, and Honoré, the freemason, caps in hand.

Without arresting the pace of his horse Amaury Montruel gave them a sign of recognition, calling out, "this evening!"

"Messire Amaury is in great haste," said the scholar, in his important way, "it seems to me that he might have stopped and saluted me properly."

"You heard him, my compères?" said Samson; "he called out, 'this evening'—are we all ready?"

The freemason and the scholar were both drunk. "I am charged," replied Tristan de Pamieres, "with leading on thy flock of rascals, and with furnishing some frippery which is to give them the appearance of students. Well! I have the frippery ready; and when thou shalt have brought on thy beggars, we will see what can be done with them."

"I am charged," said the mason, "with bringing three or four armed workmen, with good lungs, to bellow and good hard fists to strike—that's the least they can do for a queen, who sa-

lutes and smiles opon them so graciously ; as to leading my men further than that iuto the quarrel, its not to be thought of. Men who can get their living by honest labour never mix themselves up in such matters."

"All is for the best," resumed Samson ; "maitre Honoré will find the flesh for the scholars, and Tristan the costume. That's the game ; for my part I will give the sauce—a thousand Bohemians and rogues, who will each yell loud enough for fear, and who will do something better than that if you give them plenty to drink."

Montruel crossed the purlieus at full gallop.

Nearly all the shops were deserted, and there were but few workmen about the facade of the principal entrance to the cathedral of Notre Dame. He tied up his horse and slowly mounted a kind of ladder which led to the workshop of Jean Cador, the image-cutter.

Several days had passed since that night of adventures—when madame Agnes had dared the outrages that had been heaped upon her at the tavern of the brigands. During these days Amaury had doubtless suffered cruelly ; for ten years of furrows and wrinkles seemed added to his forehead. He was pale, and the fever was still burning in his hollow eyes.

When he entered the door of the work-shed, the two black slaves were sitting cross-legged on either side of a stone statue, still unpolished, and which was evidently about to receive the last strokes of the chisel.

The eyes of Amaury sought the master. "Where is Jean Cador ?" he demanded.

The negroes remained mute and immovable.

"They do not know him by that name," murmured Amaury ; "Where is Mahmoud-el-Reis ?"

The negroes rolled the whites of their eyes, but still gave no answer.

Amaury stepped into the middle of the shed, and for the first time remarked the finished image of the Virgin.

"What!" muttered he, "in eight days!"

The idea that there was some witchcraft about the work, presented itself immediately to his mind ; but another thought immediately seized him and he recoiled with astonishment.

"It is her," he said to himself; "it is the queen! Is this by chance, or has he really seen her ?"

He moved round the statue, to examine it more closely—the eyes of the negroes still remaining immovable.

"Yes! yes!" he repeated, "it is indeed the queen ; I cannot be deceived. Has any woman been here ?" exclaimed he, turning to the two slaves

Still no reply.

In his anger he laid his hand on his sword, and the negroes prostrated themselves before him, uttering inarticulate sounds, and opening their mouths that Amaury might see that they had no tongues.

"How shall I now be able to learn, if she has been here, and who is to tell me whether I can count upon this infidel ?"

A slight noise was heard opposite the door of entrance. Amaury turned and saw that a curtain that divided the shed had been drawn, and that Mahmoud-el-Reis was standing with his arms crossed upon his breast, before him. The Syrian had laid aside his rich oriental clothing, and donned the dress of a French workman.

"He whom thou callest an infidel," said Mahmond, "has never betrayed his oath—I hope it may be thus with thee, Amaury Montruel."

Amaury sprang towards him, and seizing him by the arm, demanded eagerly, "Is this a portrait ?" pointing to the statue.

Mahmoud nodded by way of affirmation.

"The portrait of whom ?" demanded Montruel.

Mahmoud extended his arm, and pointed to a sketch upon the boards of the shed, which was half effaced.

"Ah!" said Amaury; "I see—but it is very strange."

The Syrian studied his features with great attention, and said—"'Then thou knowest some woman who resembles that sketch ?"

And as Amaury made no reply, Mahmoud added, with a certain bitterness in his voice—"It is not the woman that came here with thee the other day, and that thou callest also a queen."

"No," replied Montruel, "it is not her.

"Then," said Mahmoud, "do all you Christians have two wives ?"

Amaury curled his lip, and exclaimed, "I do do not love that one—I hate her!"

Mahmoud caressed the image, with a tender and melancholy look.

"Dilah!" he murmured.

Then added in a voice so low that Amaury could not hear him—

"Each soul has its sister. The woman who resembles Dilah is without doubt the sister of her soul, and whomsoever she may be I will love her."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mahmoud had dismissed his two slaves with a sign, and was now alone with Montruel.

"In our fraternity," said he, in a slow and solemn voice, "the man who hesitates to give his life, to accomplish the commands of the master, commits a sin ; but he among us who risks his life uselessly, even though in accomplishing his master's order, commits a greater sin, so great that the seventh penitence is required to wash it out!"

"Hast thou then not understood me ?" interrupted Montruel ; "Why, it is to-day! to-day even!"

"I did understand thee," replied the Syrian ; "now try to understand me. In the country that I come from they indulge in few vain words. King Phillip Augustus wears steel armour, and is surrounded by well armed and faithful guards. I do not care to attack king Phillip in his steel armour and surrounded by his faithful guards."

Amaury had laid aside his helmet, and was seated, holding his head between his two hands.

"King Phillip Augustus," he repeated, as though trying to fix his thoughts; "The king knows all—the king knows too much ; we must no longer trifle with him, and betray him by halves!"

Mahmoud was standing before window of his work-shed, running his eye over the small arm of the Seine, over which hung, like a bizarre fringe, the lace-like roofs, the small towers, and the buttresses of the water arches, but from time to time he turned round and run his eye over the contours of his new statue.

Mahmoud scarcely listened to what Amaury Montruel had been saying. He was thinking that his task was over ; he was thinking that that was the morning of the eighth day, and that the road which was to restore him to happiness was much shortened.

The man who had been speaking to him he regarded only as the instrument that was to facilitate the orders of the master.

Then suddenly he exclaimed, "Salim had steel armour and faithful guards. Salim was as much above thy king as the great sun is above the little stars. Salim, the friend of God—the commander of the faithful. Five hundred black eunuchs, armed with sharp scymetars, were always about him—always preceding him in his progresses, and never sparing the unfortunates who were found in the way of their lord. To look at him only was death—his name alone could make Bagdad and the provinces tremble. Mahommed, the holy and the strong, represented heaven upon earth, master of Alamont and of seven hundred priories, told me it was necessary that I should go to Bagdad and kill Salim, the commander of the faithful. Twelve *fedavi* had already left to accomplish that enterprise—none returned ; but left their bones bleaching on the high roads around Bagdad. I knew that, though I was but sixten years of age. I departed on my errand, with some gold in my girdle ; and for the first time the crystal poignard hidden under my clothing. In the streets of Bagdad marble monuments had been erected, to mark the places where those had fallen who had tried to compass the death of Salim, the commander of the faithful. They showed me twelve of them. I visited the palace and marked out with the point of my poignard, where the thirteenth place would be, saying to myself, 'Here I or the kaliph shall fall!'"

Montruel rose; "Of what importance is all that ?" exclaimed he ; thou hast promised me to kill the queen!"

"And thou promised to free me from the king!"

"Have I refused thee ?" began Montruel.

Mahmoud coolly leaned against the window.

"If thou hast not refused," said he, "then listen to me, in order to know how I should wish to have the king delivered to me."

*To be continued.*

## NO MAN'S LAND.

THE New Forest is almost the only large district left in England which has not been invaded by the nineteenth century. You may drive or ride for miles over thousands of acres, and find the country in exactly the same state that it was left by the Norman kings ; the roads are probably a good deal better, and the poachers use guns instead of bows and arrows ; but except in these particulars, the same wide commons stretch bleak and bare, with here and there a withered stump by a sullen, black, boggy pool, succeeded by beautiful knolls where the tall deer, whom the 'Conqueror loved as if he were their father,' enjoy themselves as then, with picturesque oaks and beautiful green hollies dotted about as in a park, from amongst which William Rufus might ride out without any sense of incongruity ; while old Perkins, who carried the King's body in a cart to Winchester, lived in just such a mud hovel, dressed in much such a dark 'surplice' (smock frock) and leathern leggings as his descendant who now inhabits the same spot, having neither risen nor fallen in the scale during almost 800 years.

The population is a very lawless one, living, like their ancestors, on woodstealing and poaching ; and of all the lawless parts, a district called No Man's Land stands pre-eminent. The old Spartans, I believe, considered theft was not a fault unless it were found out: No Man's Land thought the same.

Every mud cottage stood separate. In the whole hamlet there were not three dwellings together. The most substantial and prettiest of them all belonged to the parish clerk ; it possessed a second story, and was partly built of brick ; for Silas Russell was a considerable man in those parts. He lived nearly two miles from the little village church, but as he was the only man in the hamlet at the time of his appointment who could read, there had been no choice in the matter. He was as proud of his rare accomplishment as Beauclerc himself; and as knowledge was power even in No Man's Land, he was greatly considered for it. His house stood on the edge of a little hill sheltered from the north, with an orchard of merries (the little black cherry) about it, and a passion-flower trained over the front, for the climate is almost as mild as Devonshire ; while the little garden made a gorgeous show in June, with great red peonies, blue larkspurs, and golden marigolds.

It was Sunday mid-day, and he and his granddaughter were just returning from the 'berrin' of his old wife. He did not speak, and Rachel, always rather afraid of him, dared not begin. At last they reached the door; the empty houseplace seemed to strike cold on the old man—the vacant chimney corner where they two had sat opposite each other for so many years, and he spoke out but it was not a sentimental grief. 'Eh, but she were fallen away to nothing ; she war a perfec' notamy. "Small heft shall I be to carry to the lictun," says she ; and she var that sure. But it were a fine berrin, chile, and a sight of voke, and they all spoke as how she were a terrible good woman.'

And so poor old Lizzie's funeral oration was done.

Rachel Russell was a very pretty girl, of the type common in those parts, small and wellmade, with delicate refined features, and what would be called elegance in another class in all her motions and looks. She was an orphan.

Old Russell was exceedingly particular about his grandchild ; no one was 'allowed' about the place, and it was so lonely that his task would

have seemed easy; but as when a flower comes out in the forest, the bees appear where none were to be seen before, so if there is a pretty girl, those ne'er-do-weels young men will find her out; and poor Russell was sadly put about.

Their nearest neighbour was an old woodcutter, a widower, whose children had all left him except the youngest, Maurice. He was a tall, well-grown stripling, about one-and-twenty, with a pleasant face, not in the least handsome; with a keen eye for a stag, and the fleetest runner in the parish. He was supposed to help his father in the wood, and if they both combined less lawful callings with their nominal one, No Man's Land did not think the worse of them. Old Lizzie Russell had been very fond of the striving woman who had died of hard work, and Maurice and Rachel had known each other from babies; many were the wood-pigeons' eggs, the feathers of wood-pecker and jay, that were among her treasures in those old days. And now, if he met her coming home with a bundle from the shop, four miles off, there was no harm in his carrying it for her, or in his helping with a yoke of water from the little well at the bottom of the steep orchard; for he had been scarcely allowed to come within the house since the old woman's death. Everything looked fair for the pair; he had never spoken a word of love to her, however, they were still on their old friendly footing, and old Silas, who did not like the prospect of losing his grandchild, could not have objected in the long run, when—there was a sudden change in the Government, the Ministry resigned, and a number of great people went in and out, with whom Maurice and Rachel did not seem at first sight to have much to do. But among a number of changes and cries for reform, there had been an outcry about the malversations of the Forest. The old ranger was dead, and the new Ministry appointed a fresh one, who began his reign as is the fashion of new brooms. The keeper of that part of the district was a very worthy old butler belonging to the last dynasty, who never stirred out after eight o'clock, and knew as much about wood-craft as a cobbler. He and his old wife lived about a mile and a half further in the wood, at a lodge in a most beautiful situation on a hill overlooking the country for miles round. Here Rachel was in the habit of coming as a child to Mrs. Strange, who was very fond of her mother. There were a multitude of creatures there in which she delighted: sometimes a fawn which had lost its dam and was kept to be fed, or a family of the little brown wild pigs, or a litter of pointer pups; even the stately bloodhound was not insensible to her blandishments, and would lie with his tawny muzzle and magnificent ears on her knee as she sat with a puppy in her lap embracing a fluffy chicken. Still his red eye was only at rest, not tamed; and there were few people whom Bran allowed to take liberties with him, but the helplessness and fearlessness of a little girl is very attractive to both man and beast.

On this pleasant place of much play and little work came the terrible shadow of reform. But abuses were long-lived in those days, and after much talk of stricter management, in a little while matters subsided, and the anticlimax of the magnificent plans of improvement was that the under-keeper was desired to take an assistant.

He was not long in appearing—one Ralph Leverton, the son of a small farmer a few miles off, shrewdly suspected of having the best possible chance of circumventing the poachers by being well practised in all their ways. He was a very good-looking fellow, tall and straight, with curling black hair, and keen eyes; and in his black velveteen coat, and long gaiters, looked the very ideal of a young gamekeeper.

He was known to most in the village, but he graduated as it were, on the first Sunday after his appointment, when the congregation were much disturbed by discussing him outside in the church porch, and watching within how he joined in the hymns.

After church he seemed to think that so great a man might pick his company; and as Rachel was decidedly the prettiest girl there, he joined the old clerk at the first stile, ostensibly to inquire about a deer's run near the house, and walked home with them, Rachel keeping shyly by her grandfather with her prayer-book wrapped in a red pocket-handkerchief. The old man, however, did not ask him in when they reached the cottage, and rather fought shy of his new acquaintance.

After that, however, Ralph was constantly in and out; sometimes 'would Master Russell give him a cup of mead,' or lend him a hammer, or he brought a bit of newspaper, only three weeks old, containing some wonderful battle or murder for the erudite clerk.

Rachel did not much like him; but she was very young and innocent; she never looked forwards, he rather amused her; he had seen the great world, had been even as far as 'Hampton,' and she thought it very good-natured of him to look in on them.

Maurice had been away, selling wood for his father, who was laid up with the rheumatics, and the few times he had been near the clerk's house, he had not 'chanced' on Leverton; but one day when he came to the well at the time Rachel generally fetched her water, he saw Ralph saunter slowly out of the house, with his hands in his pockets like an *habitué*, and go whistling up the hill. Poor Maurice was dumbfoundered; his holy place, where he was scarcely allowed to enter, to be profaned by such a man; for Leverton's character was not particularly good; and moreover, he regarded the ex-poacher with something of the feelings of a soldier towards a deserter. That evening Rachel did not come to the well; probably Ralph had carried her water for her, and Maurice went home in a towering rage.

He did not manage to see her for the next few days, while he was nursing his wrath to keep it warm. At last one evening she was tripping across the forest, the nearest way home; there was no path, only the aimless tracks of the cows in and out of the holly and thorn thickets, and round the great beech and oak.

Presently she heard a nearer rustle, and turning, found Maurice at her side; she gave him such a bright look, her face beamed with such genuine pleasure, that his wrath subsided at once.

'Why, Maurice, where ha' ye been this age, like?' 'Out o' sight, out o' mind,' said he, sadly; 'you've had other things to mind nor mindin' o' me, Rachel.' She looked up surprised, and then blushed deeply at the expression in Maurice's face. 'He's abeen in and out, out and in, most days, I da know, Rachel. I'd swaller it, and never miake no muoan, but that I da know he he na fit for thee; he be a loose hand, a wild chap that fears neither God nor man, and he means no good by thee. Tain't 'cause I hate one as have aturned on his own trade, darling; there's deeper wrong nor thissen; ask them as da know Ralph Meverton. Do ye love un, Rachel, dear?' he said, tenderly and sadly. 'I ha' little to offer, heaven do know; but I ha' loved thee ever sin' thou werst so high, wid all my soul, and all my strength. I've never alooked at ere a lass only thee. I'd twoil all a man mid to make thine a happy life—God bless thee.'

In her sudden terror, she sat down where she stood, among the fern, and covered her face with her hands. As Maurice had been speaking, she remembered her first instinctive repugnance to Leverton; that strange power by which natures perfectly innocent and ignorant of evil detect by instinct what more practised minds often miss; as if endowed with an additional sense for their preservation, if they would but listen to it. Leverton had unconsciously modified his ordinary bold, reckless look and manner when he came near her gentle purity, as you would hardly speak harshly to a fawn, and her first impression had worn off.

Poor Rachel instinctively felt that what Maurice said was true; she remembered her early impression against Leverton; could it be possible that she could care for this man? Then came up before her the frank, hearty nature that was standing near her, the loving and tender hand which had always been helpful in her little perplexities, and the tears began to start through her fingers. It took a long time, or it seemed so to him, for her little mind, so unpractised in reading its own or others' emotions, to get so far; and poor Maurice standing on thorns watching her, and at last seeeing her tears, thought it was all up with him and turned away with a sort of smothered groan.

'Good-bye, Rachel,' he said, and he swore within himself (though in his rude chivalry he thought it unmanly to threaten her with it), that he'd ''list next day.'

'Bide, Maurice, bide,' cried Rachel, leaping up in terror, 'I carena naught for yon man.' 'But then you care naught for me either, Rachel, I'm feared,' answered Maurice with a bound back to her side; but his arm round her waist certainly belied him. Rachel, however, did not push it away; on the contrary, she lifted up her little, shy, blushing, tearful face for him to kiss—at least that was the result, the first he had ever given her; and then the two sauntered together into paradise, through that open door still left for poor scrubby earth, as some people consider it. (I do not mean heaven at all, but only that garden out of which Adam had us all turned out.)

Then Rachel crept quietly home, and was perfectly unconscious of her grandfather's remarks, answering yes or no at random all the evening, 'for the beating of her own heart was all the sound she heard,' while she lived that one hour over and over again.

Leverton was not long in finding out the difference of her manner. She had never shown him anything more than simple civility, but now she looked fluttered instead of amused when he came into the house, and he very soon guessed the cause. Next he dogged her footsteps and found the two together. Maurice had been working hard to find some settled occupation, when he thought he might go to the old clerk with a better chance of success. One evening Rachel heard his low whistle near the cottage and stole out to hear news of his plans. They lingered just a little too long at the edge of the orchard, bidding good-bye a little too often, for Leverton passed by the edge of the wood and scowled like the fiend at the sight of Adam and Eve. He went immediately by the back of the house in to the old clerk.

'Do ye know where be Rachel at this minit, Master Russell? that young scoundrel Maurice and she be colloguing in the orchart, at the stile.' Old Silas hobbled out in time to see the parting, and when Rachel turned homeward she met his angry growls, as he seized her arm and dragged her into the cottage, vowing that Maurice should never darken his doorstep, a beggarly fellow, who would never own naught; a chap as were no use to nobody, &c.

Poor Rachel led a sad time of it. Her grandfather hardly let her go out of his sight. Leverton continued to frequent the house. Rachel had till now been a mere plaything for a spare half hour: his inclination for her would probably have died away if all had been smooth, but it became very earnest now that she took so much winning. His whole soul was bent upon catching Maurice in some act which might entail a long imprisonment upon him, and so dispose of him for a time. He hated him as an overbearing nature detests what stands in the path to its will.

Maurice had kept out of the way as much as possible in order that poor Rachel might not suffer, and had continued his earnest search for permanent work which yet should not take him out of the district, (which your true forest autochthones hate like death). One fine autumn Sunday, however, he went up to church, keeping rather apart from the scattered groups out of the different cottages. The church, built of flint with stone quoins, stood on a little hill apart from any village, with some beautiful old elms and picturesque oaks round it.

Rachel was sitting on the tombstone of her grandmother (whom she sorely missed), in a quiet part of the churchyard, just before the service, while, the old clerk was was busy inside. She sat sad and silent, playing with little Reuben, youngest of ten boys of one of her few acquaintances, when Maurice's voice sounded close to her.

'She var a good friend to me,' he muttered,

looking at the grave; then turning to her, 'I've abrought thee a posy, Rachel. I got un from the squeer's gardener (this was four miles away). I dunna knaw what name thou givest they flowers, but my mother called um "love in idles,"' and he put a bunch of purple and yellow pansies with their velvet leaves into her hand. She looked up with a bright smile and a blush, said nothing, but put the flowers into her bosom. The parson's bell was ringing, and with Reuben and his mother she followed the congregation who trooped in. But Leverton had seen it all, and as he followed Maurice into the church, he said in a loud whisper, so that all the philosophers of the porch could hear, 'What, he's afraid now of going after the stag and will only run after the women.' Maurice ground his teeth, but did not turn.

It was true that he had not been 'out' for a long time' but not with the least idea of growing steady, as the polite world may suppose. It is almost impossible for a settled state of society to realize the feelings of peasants in those parts in those days. The Crown in such an extremely impersonal proprietor, its rights are held so lightly, its duties are still less considered; the deer are such thoroughly wild animals, that the land seems to belong to no one, and to be of use to nobody; and the result altogether was that no young man's conscience was at all more hurt by going out after the deer than the Hon. Mowbray Plantagenet suffers remorse in a Canadian forest going after an elk. It was a trial of skill between gentlemen of different professions: if the poacher caught the stag, well; if the keeper circumvented the poacher, it was fair too, if not well.

Silas himself, the majestic Silas, though as an official himself he had a natural leaning to the authorities, would just as soon that his granddaughter should marry a poacher as a keeper, if he had been as well doing; but Maurice just 'scratted along,' while Leverton had eighteen good shillings a week and a house, with the chance of better.

Church began, but Maurice did not profit greatly; in vain the clerk's periods struck his occupied ear. Silas was particularly great to-day in certain psalms where he could sound the proper plurals 'priesteses' and 'beasteses,' in their place; there was a new curate, a north countryman, and he had been so ill-advised as to try and reform these peculiar terminations, but Silas knew better: 'I won't be put down by nobody, let alone by he; why I dunnot understan' above half o' what he do say, he do talk so queer, he do;' therefore in conscious rectitude he now rolled them out with redoubled fervour. But neither this nor the psalmody had any effect on Maurice. This greatly resembled the cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music which Nebuchadnezzar the king had for his private enjoyment. The instruments were many and singular; so were the minds of the performers—each went on his way rejoicing, quite regardless of any one else, with wonderful results. The curate also sometimes desired one spiritual song, the choir another, and both continued their separate performance at the tops of their voices, till the strongest had it, which was of course the choir, numbers against authority.

All this, however, was lost on Maurice, filled with his own thoughts. Where he sat he could just catch Rachel's pure sweet profile, looking very pale, but calm and still. There was a curious old corbel over her with a beautiful head upon it; almost all the rest were queer grinning apish faces. It was evidently the portrait of a Queen—the companion, a Richard II. sadly mutilated, was still decipherable—but Maurice always took it for an angel, and said it was like Rachel, and his prayer that day, if its vague longings had been translated into words, would have read, 'Sancte Rachele, ora pro me.'

At last church was 'loosed.' It was a pretty sight to watch the little rivulets of people streaming in their different directions, over green field and through wooded glade home: white surplices (the smock frock) and red cloaks abounded; the flat black silk hat, however, which went with it had even here disappeared into the bonnet.

*To be continued.*

## ON BOARD THE ARGYLESHIRE.

It was in the year—well, never mind, even old ladies may keep a secret if they like—but at all events it was long, long ago, I was going from Edinburgh to London in the steamship Argyleshire. We were a happy party—my brother and myself, and some one else,

"A nearer one
Still, and a dearer one,"

who was to call me by the sacred name of wife ere many weeks were past,

It was a glorious summer-day when we started from Granton; so bright that it was hard to tell which was the bluest or the brightest, the clear sky above or the dancing waters of the Forth below; and all on board were in gay spirits and full of happy anticipations of a pleasant trip. Young ladies walked about in the freshest of toilets and most elaborate styles of hairdressing, and young gentlemen sported wideawakes and tweed suits, and looked knowingly through telescopes at the coast on either side, while they talked to the captain of things pertaining to the sea, the speed of his ship, and the dangers of the sea generally. The good man, as smart as any of them now (but with rough pea-coats and oil-skin cap and leggings biding their time to be put on, in a convenient corner), talked, and answered, and smiled a quiet smile as he listened and thought of by-and-by. All this was very fine in the Forth, but there is open sea beyond; and Neptune, ungallant fellow that he is, has no tender mercies. All yield alike to his will, and gloriously he sports with the luckless beings who venture into his dominions.

There was a little wind stirring, but, sheltered by the hills on either side, we did not feel it, and right merry were we all till we neared the mouth of the river; then we began to feel that there was more in store for us than taking comfortable promenades on the deck, and chatting pleasantly to one another; little provoking waves tipped with white foam came up one after another and broke against the side, sending showers of spray over the deck, as much as to say, "See what we could do if we chose!" and fair faces began to look very grave and turned very white, and one young lady after another suddenly found that her hair was rough, or her dress disarranged, or that she had left something of vast importance downstairs which apparently took a long time to find, as they never reappeared. The gentlemen, too, vanished by turns quite as mysteriously; if they did reappear it was muffled in great-coats and comforters, and with a mysteriously subdued air. I did not suffer much, and persisted in remaining on deck, as did one or two other ladies; and the terrible nausea after a while grew less, and I was able to look about me.

Neither of my companions was materially affected, and we sat chatting and looking about us till the evening came on and it grew dark. The wind had increased towards the afternoon, and it was pretty rough though fine; and, muffled in cloaks and shawls, I enjoyed looking out upon the darkening water. The second-class passengers were mostly down in their cabins, and the deck was vacant from end to end save for the sailors about their work. We had been speaking (my betrothed and myself) about our future, where we should go and what see on the wedding tour, now so near, when suddenly a sharp shudder ran through me, an intense cold shiver. What caused it I could not tell; I was not cold, was not frightened; I was gazing, as I had done before, along the deck; there was only one person to be seen, a slight girl in a dark dress standing between the paddle-boxes, gazing down into the engine-room. I could not see her face, but the figure seemed to be that of a girl about seventeen or eighteen, plainly dressed, with a good deal of grace and elegance about her in spite of her apparently humble position. She had magnificent hair, for it fell in dark curls from under her bonnet, and hung all over her shoulders in ringlets which no artificial aid could have produced.

"You are cold, Lilly," my companion said, noticing my shiver; "you have stayed up here too long; let me take you into the cabin."

"Oh, no!" I replied, (the very idea of the close, hot air made me feel ill), "I cannot go in there!"

"Well, down to the deck there; it is more sheltered. I can make you a nice place in that corner, and I won't have you catching cold now."

"It wasn't the cold," I replied, rising.

I was glad to go down, though the ship was rocking too much for me to attempt it by myself. I wanted to see that girl nearer. She stood there so still, not minding the rocking of the vessel in the least, or paying the slightest attention to any one who passed her, as one or two of the men did while I looked at her. We went down—my brother remaining where he was—and established ourselves in a comfortable seat where I could see the girl's face. It was very pale—interesting rather than pretty—and she seemed quite absorbed in watching the motions of the snorting monster underneath the skylight, the gleam of the polished brass-work of which we could see at intervals as the huge bars moved in obedience to the power which impelled them. I could not help watching her intently, her face had such a strange fascination for me; it was very sad and white, and never varied in its set, stony look. I pointed her out to Leonard, and as he sat by my side, gazing up at the stars which twinkled over our heads—

"Looks awfully lonely and cold," he remarked; I've half a mind to go and speak to her."

"I would," I said, "If could stand, but I rather doubt my power of walking so far."

"So do I. I don't want to see my Lilly measuring her length upon the deck, so I'll go. What shall I say to her when I have accomplished the perilous journey?"

"Ask her to come and sit down. We have plenty of wraps."

It seemed as though she heard us, for as Leonard rose she turned her face full upon us and gazed a wistful, mournful gaze, as though she would fain have said something in acknowledgment; but he never reached her to hear it, for as he turned from me a sudden sea struck the vessel, covering us with fine spray, and blinding him for a moment. When he recovered himself the girl was gone; no trace of her could be seen, and he returned to my side.

"She didn't care for a stranger to speak to her, I suppose," he remarked. "I got more salt water down my throat than I bargained for that time. I must have a cigar to take the taste away—that is, if the wind will let me, which seems doubtful."

I watched him light it—rather a long process under the circumstances—shivering all the while with a dread I could neither suppress nor account for, somehow connected with the girl we had seen, though why I should care about her I could not imagine.

"Why, Lilly, what's the matter?" he asked, catching sight of my pale face. "You really must go in."

"No, no!" I pleaded. "Where is she?"

"She! Who?",

"That girl!"

"Why you silly child, look there!"

He pointed to the fore part of the deck, and there, sure enough, she was, walking up and down, her hands clasped together as calmly as if the tossing ship were the carpeted floor of a drawing-room.

"How can she walk?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"She's a better sailor than you, that's very evident," he remarked with a smile. "How interested you are in her, Lilly!"

"Yes," I said; "I don't know why;" and then, prompted by a feeling I could not account for, I suddenly called one of the sailors who was passing at the time: "Do you know who that young lady is?"

The man stopped in astonishment. "What young lady, miss?"

"That one there, walking up and down; she seems thoroughly used to the sea."

"Why, can't you see her, man?" Leonard asked. "Yonder pale-face—dark hair—hands clasped, so."

The man's face seemed to me to turn perfectly

grey in its pallor as he replied, in a voice hollow with some agitation—

"I don't see her, miss; there's no young lady there!"

He hurried away, and Leonard remarked that he must be drunk not to see the girl whose dress he passed so closely as to brush it in going by, and who continued to walk up and down so unconcernedly; but he vanished into his own peculiar regions, and we thought no more of it. Presently I fell into a doze, lulled by the dashing sea and whistling wind, while my companion smoked on in silence. I was awakened suddenly by a voice close at my side:—

"We shall have a rough night of it!"

That was all, but the words seemed to make a singular impression on me. I opened my eyes, and saw two sailors standing within a few feet of me. One was the same to whom I had spoken, the other one of his companions. They were in conversation, and did not notice my wide-open eyes.

"We shall have a rough night of it," said the first; "she's here!"

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the paddles, which the other seemed to understand, for a frightened expression came over his face.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"God forbid!" said the other solemnly. "It wasn't me."

"Who then?"

"That lassie yonder. She asked me if I knew her."

"Then we may look out for squalls. This is the third time since I came on the boat, and each time we've had a narrow squeak for our lives."

They passed on, and I heard no more, but I lay awake wondering what they meant. That I was the lassie alluded to I had no doubt, but what did they mean? I had seen no one except the pale girl in the dark clothes, and what could she have to do with storms and rough nights? The sailor's prediction was correct; we had a rough night of it. In another hour the wind was roaring and the sea boiling and foaming in a fashion to appal stouter hearts than mine. I was forced to seek the shelter of the cabin, but ere I did so I once more caught sight of the girl I had seen before. I clung to Leonard's side to watch her, and we had to steady ourselves by holding tight to a rope to stand at all; yet she never seemed to feel the wild power of the storm in the least. Right on she came from the fore part of the ship, as she had come before, with folded arms and placid face, walking as easily as on dry land. I watched her, fascinated: I could not help it; and then sank fainting at the feet of my betrothed; for I saw what he did not. As truly as my name was Lillias Gordon, I beheld that pale girl walk straight *through*, not over, the side of the ship into the boiling sea below! It was no fancy, though he tried hard to persuad me that it was so, and that she had only gone out of sight. I saw it as plain as ever I saw anything in my life, and he was fain to take me to the saloon and deliver me over to the stewardess. I shrank from telling that functionary what I had seen, and passed a night of horrible imaginings, listening to the storm which raged without, and picturing that pale face and slender form battling with the raging waters. We had a dreary passage, and the next night only found us at the mouth of the Thames. It was somewhat clearer weather, and we were all enjoying the prospect of relief from our floating prison. I was on deck for a breath of air, as were most of the passengers, when my brother suddenly exclaimed—

"Why, Lilly, isn't that the girl you saw walk overboard last night—there, walking about?"

"Yes," I replied in amazement, staring at the quiet, composed-looking figure which was pacing up and down among the people, seeming to see no one, taking notice of nothing, and apparently unseen by all. I don't know why I thought of the sailor's words about rough weather, or connected them with the quiet little figure I was watching, but they would rise in my mind, and I was hardly surprised when a fog fell so thick that we were weatherbound in the river all night, and did not reach home till next morning.

There is no need to chronicle here how the time flew by till our wedding-day, or how our wedding tour was spent and enjoyed; five weeks from the time I have been telling of I became Leonard Bentley's wife, and left England with him to spend what there was left of summer on the continent. When winter set in we were once more in London, "doing all the sights," as he laughingly said; and I, whose childhood had been passed in a remote Scotch town far away from theatres or any places of amusement, was specially delighted with the gorgeous pantomines. One after another we saw, till Leonard used to declare he should never be able to see anything but red and blue fire all his life long. We had seen all the West-End theatres, and were one night at quite the other end of London, at a place where the entertainment was quite as gorgeous, lacking nothing to make it equal to the others, save the refinement which constitutes the great charm at the more aristocratic places of amusement. I don't remember what the opening was about, pretty as it seemed to me; of course there were the usual demons and mortals persecuted and otherwise, and the proper complement of gauzy fairies to dance and wave white arms for the delectation of the audience. I watched it all with interest, till one of the principal fairies came forward to dance alone. I knew her in an instant, and touched my husband's elbow.

"Look there, Leonard," I said; "don't you know her?"

"Who?"

"That girl there, the one we saw on board the Argyleshire."

"So it is, by Jove!" he exclaimed, "and very pretty she is; something different from what she looked then."

She was indeed radiant and handsome, with a piquant expression on her face, very different from what it had looked on that stormy night. "She was cold and miserable then," was Leonard's comment on my remark to that effect, and I thought no more about it. We saw her again in the transformation scene, the centre figure of a dazzling group, her long curls falling over her shoulders, and her fair face radiant in the glare of many-coloured fires. Still I could not suppress a strange shuddering feeling as I looked at her and thought of that night, and I told my husband jokingly that I should always think she was a ghost till I had seen her close to me.

"You think she's no canny, as your country folks say," he replied laughingly. "I'll warrant her flesh and blood now, whatever she was that night. However, you shall see her: I'll take you behind. When I dabbled in authorship I once had a farce accepted here, and I'll try if my name's an 'open sesame' still. It may be."

It *was*, and we went round—"behind" is the teachnical term—and for the first and last time in my life I was introduced to the world of mystery behind the scenes. I was presented to the pompous, portly manager, and stares in astonishment at the pink legs, and short petticoats of the tripping fairies, who seemed to my uninitiated eyes to be trembling on the verge of indecorum. Leonard told Mr. Rogers, the king of the busy community, of our encounter with one of his young ladies at sea, of the storm, and of my most extraordinary fancy. He laughed aloud at the idea.

"Miss Hazleton's no ghost," he said merrily. 'She's flesh and blood, and pretty substantial too. Here she comes.

She passed us so closely that her dress brushed mine, and I had a full view of her. There could be no mistake; it was the same face, the same figure, the same long curling hair, but with a very different look. The set stony expression was gone, though under the stereotyped smile I fancied I could detect a sadness rarely seen on a young face. She was intrduced to us, and I remarked that I had seen her before.

"I suppose on the stage?" she remarked. "We are known to a great many of whom we know nothing."

"Oh, no!" I replied, "on the stage; I took a journey with you some weeks ago from Scotland."

She drew her breath in a quick gasp, and it was evidently with an effort that she answered me—

"I have never been in Scotland, and it is more than a year since I was out of London."

"But where you not on board the Argyleshire in——?"

She would not let me finish the sentence, but answered me at once in a tone which was almost a wail in its sadness.

"Oh, no, no! I never was on the sea!"

It struck me she might have some reason for wishing to deny the fact, and I said no more, and other matters soon drove the recollection of the pretty dancer out of my head. Several weeks elapsed, and we were finally settled in our London home, when one morning I received a letter which cleared up the mystery. It was rather above what I should have expected from a ballet-girl in style and diction, but I will give it as it came to me:—

"*Royal Brunswick Theatre, Wednesday.*

"Dear Madam,—I hope you will pardon my addressing you at all, but I cannot help feeling that you must have regarded me as very unscrupulous about truth. I am sure my manner when you spoke of having seen me before must have conveyed such an idea. But what you told me so agitated me that I hardly knew what I was saying. I told you the truth when I said I had never been on the sea or in Scotland. It was not me you saw, but—I hardly know how to express it—my sister, and yet not my sister—she is gone for ever—but a remembrance of her which has been seen on board the Argyleshire more than once. You will think this very strange, but I can only tell you what is true. I had a twin sister—how dear to me I could not tell in the compass of twenty letters—and three years ago she sailed for Scotland alone in that terrible ship. *How* she met her death I never clearly know; there was a terrible storm, and the Argyleshire reached Granton with the poor ballet-girl missing. Washed over-board was the story that came to me from all, and I have been alone in the world since then. The ship comes and goes, and my heart aches every time I hear the name. You are the second person who has told me I have been seen on board, and I should like, if you would not think me troublesome, to hear all about it. I told Mr. Rogers, and he said he thought I might take the liberty of writing to you. I am, Madam, yours respectfully,

"Amina Hazleton."

So the mystery was solved. I had seen or *fancied* a visitant from another sphere, and if I fancy, how came other people to imagine the same? I saw Miss Hazleton frequently from that time, and found her a very superior girl for her station in life. I had ample proof that her story was true, for Leonard took the trouble to make all inquiries about her antecedents. It was not her I saw, and her sister was dead, as every one knew. It has served me for a story to tell my children many a time and oft, and now I put it in print for the first time, and leave other people to draw what conclusions they like from this true story of what I saw on board the Argyleshire.

## "THE RIGHT TO FLY."

M. NADAR is known to the world through his "Giant" ballon; but he is determined that his fame shall rest upon something far more wonderful than the "Giant." And certainly, if M. Nadar succeeds in reducing his theory of the "Right to Fly" to practice, he will prove himself one of the most famous men that ever lived. He himself entertains no doubt whatever of the successful application of his theory, although he is perfectly aware of what he is exposing himself to at the hands of a sceptical public. Let him speak for himself:—

"As to ourselves personally, we consider the question of human flight as solved from the mere fact of its having been posed.

"For whenever man, for the satisfaction of his wants, has sought to imitate Nature, he has equalled, and often surpassed his model.

"He did not possess the four swift legs of the horse, the stag, or the greyhound: yet with the

locomotive he has completely distanced the greyhound, the stag and the horse.

"He did not possess a natatory apparatus like the fish: yet he goes not only upon the water, but, like the fish, under the water. He was weak, but he armed himself, and the most formidable animals fly before him. He has subdued the very flames themselves, and commanded them to carry him.

"The empire of the world was really given to man. He conquered all as soon as he determined upon conquering. When it pleased him to realise the prodigy of being more rapid than sound, electricty bore his words from one pole to the other with the speed of lightning.

"When he shall have determined upon doing so, man will fly like the bird, better than the bird; for, without entering here into abstract details, it is certain to us that man will be obliged to fly better than the bird, in order to fly merely as well.

"The means for accomplishing this triumph will not be wanting; for, if what has been said be true, that a question well posed is on that account already half-solved, the hour has come for the realisation of the grandest of all human conquests.

"The continued observation of natural phenomena indicates henceforth to man the rational and certain course he has to pursue.

* * * * * * *

"If I am dreaming let me dream on; but I defy any one to awaken me! Let me contemplate the air studded with barques travelling with such rapidity as to humiliate the Ocean and all the locomotives of the Earth!

"From all the points of the world I see man rising with the promptness of electricity, soaring in the air, and descending like a bird when and where he wishes.

"Books relate that people formerly travelled on roads of iron in horrible boxes with intolerable slowness, and exposed to insupportable annoyances. . . . A frightful lacing motion backwards and forwards shook the traveller from his departure till his arrival; and a dinning chorus of chains, wood, and shivering windows, was the funeral-music accompaniment of those unpleasant trains. During the long journey, the dust entered through the air-holes of those cruel boxes in such quantities as to cover the unfortunate traveller with its stifling winding-sheet. At that time, a voyage was a fearful trial, not undertaken with anything like cheerfulness. Who would believe that man had only to will in order to deserve the aerial routes which now appear to us so charming, and that he preferred suffering for many ages such atrocious torments!

"Those poor people used to think they had made a great progress because they travelled somewhat faster on their roads of iron than in their carriages drawn by horses, which were the beginning of all locomotion. They endeavoured to console themselves with certain statistical returns, which seemed to prove that the number of road accidents was somewhat diminished. Let it be noted, *en passant*, that they had not even been able to discover the equivalent of our parachutes!

"Their statistics were, perhaps, tolerably correct; but when an accident did happen, what disastrous results! Hundreds of people crushed, burnt, annihilated, through a mere trifle having been placed across one of their pitiful roads!

"How different from our aerial voyages, without shocks, without concussions, and free from noise, dust, fatigue, and danger!

"And how is it that the human race has waited during so many ages for deliverance, when, for its redemption, it had only to make an intelligent employment of the first elements of statics and mechanics?"

M. Nadar has published a book which seeks to prove that the "International Society of Encouragement for the Study of Aeration or Aerial Locomotion by means of Apparatus heavier than the Air (Paris, July 30, 1863)" is no visionary scheme, but embodies rational theories, which only depend for their practical solution on the patience and preseverance which an interested public may enable the projectors to bestow upon the necessary experiments.

## PASTIMES.

### HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

1. An island, for a long time the asylum of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem.
2. A celebrated university, founded by Alfred the Great.
3. The birth-place of Copernicus the astronomer.
4. A German martyr, sentenced to be burnt for his opposition to the doctrine of transubstantiation.
5. A town in Switzerland, the residence of Calvin the reformer.
6. The messenger of Juno, changed by her into the rainbow.
7. The founder of the order of the Jesuits.
8. The ancient residence of the kings of Norway.
9. A town famous for the coronation of the Scottish kings.

The initials *transposed* will reveal the name of one of Britain's greatest poets. R. T. B.

### CHARADES.

1. My *first* is to shut in, my *second* is to fasten in, and my *whole* is a narcotic plant.
2. My *first* relates to a female, my *second* is what she loves to wear, and my *whole* is a fish.
3. *My first* is an animal, my *second* is a false step, and my *whole* is a flower. R. T. B.
4. I am composed of 13 letters.

My 3, 8, 5, 2, is an article of ladies' dress.
My 5, 10, 7, is a hole.
My 12, 11, 13, 2, is a part of your face.
My 2, 4, 9, is what we often do.
My 3, 11, 8, 7, is an article of dress.
My 13, 3, 6, 11, 12, is a branch.
My 3, 8, 7, is a domestic animal.
My 4, 12, 1, is a conjunction.
My *whole* is an amusement.

IRENE DE FOREST.

### ANAGRAMS.

Streets of Montreal.
1. Tom sent train Eu.
2. Anne Morteli west crest.
3. Rest ~et rest te.

IRENE DE FOREST.

### DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete I am a number; behead me I am a pronoun.
2. Complete I am a source of pleasure to most gentlemen; behead and transpose and I am eaten at dinner.
3. Complete I am something bright; beheaded I am a piece of ground, again behead me and I am a vessel. MAY.

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. ROSYPUTTYV. Upside down.
2. KALOOLARLH. A favourite poem.
3. ROTPICAIROSANNT. A proverbial thief.

POLLY.

### ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

One of the battalions at the late review of Volunteer Corps comprised 650 of all ranks; now the square of the number of officers equalled the number of non-commissioned officers and privates. Find the number of officers.

### ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 38.

*Anagrams.*—1. Visitation street. 2. Courville street. 3. St Sulpice street. 4. Lemoine street.

*Decapitations.*—1. Spool-pool-loo. 2. Cold-old. 3. Patrick-trick-rick.

*Transpositions.*—1. Edward Lytton Bulwer. 2. What will he do with it.

*Charades.*—1. *Charades.* 2. Parasol. 3. Opal.

*Conundrum.*—When she is a little pale (pail).

*Arithmorems.*—1. Mark Lemon. 2. Wilkie Collins. 3. Charles Lever. 4. Douglas Jerrold. 5. Chas. Dickens.

*Arithmetical Puzzles.*—1. There were 17 and 4¼ ea. 2. With 2 half sovereigns, 9 pence, 2 coppers and 8 farthings.

The following answers have been received.

*Anagrams.*—Polly, Irene De Forest, H. H. V., Camp, Argus, Geo. B.

*Decapitations.*—Argus, Camp, Irene De Forest, Polly, H. H. V.

*Charades.*—Isabel, Argus, H. H. V., Polly, Irene De Forest, Geo. B., Camp.

*Conundrum.*—May, Polly, Argus, H. H. V., Irene De Forest, Geo. B.

*Arithmorems.*—Polly, Argus, Flora G., Camp, Geo. B., Cloud.

*Transpositions.*—Isabel, May, Geo. B., Argus, Cloud, Camp.

*Arithmetical Puzzles.*—H. H. V., Argus, Cloud.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In Enigma No. 6, the Pawn on Q Kt 4th, should be a *White* one. The mistake occurred through the indistinctness of the "proof."

PROBLEM No. 25.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St., J. P.; Victor; I. R.; M.B., Hamilton; and R. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 26.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St., J. McL.; H. K. C., Quebec; I. R.; M. B., Hamilton; and X. L., Kingston.

J. C. ROMEYN, KINGSTON, N.Y.—The matter has been attended to; we trust you will hereafter receive the READER regularly.

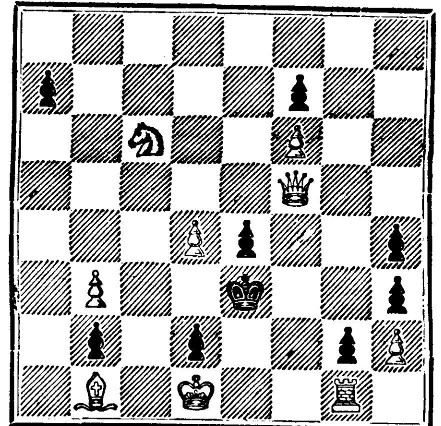
I. R.; M.B., HAMILTON, C.W.—Thanks for the Problems.

H. K. C., QUEBEC.—We will give it early insertion.

### PROBLEM No. 28.

BY GEO. GROVES, ST. CATHARINES, C.W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

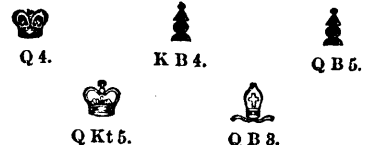
### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 26

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. Q to K 5th (ch.) | K to Q B 4th (best.) |
| 2. Q to Q B 3rd (ch.) | K takes P (best.) |
| 3. Q to Q Kt 4th (ch.) | Anything. |
| 4. Q Mates. | |

### ENIGMA No. 7.

CHESS STUDY.

*Kling and Horwitz.*




Black to play and win.

### SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 5.

| BLACK. | WHITE. |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt takes K B P (ch.) | R takes Kt or (a.) |
| 2. B to K 5th (ch.) | R takes B. |
| 3. P takes R Mate. | |
| (a) 1. ———— | P takes Kt. |
| 2. B to K 5th (ch.) | K to K 3rd. |
| 3. Kt Mates. | |

STRENGTH OF ICE.—Ice two inches thick will bear infantry; four inches, cavalry with light guns; six inches, heavy field guns; and eight inches, the heaviest siege-guns, with 1,000 pound weight to a square inch.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Delta.—The present Emperor of the French calls himself Napoleon "the third" because he holds that the imperial title did not become extinct with the first Napoleon, but that his son, commonly called the Duke of Reichstadt, was Napoleon "the second."

C.—With every disposition to advise you, we really do not see that we can, as we know so little of the circumstances of the case.

Y. Z.—Please put the question in a more definite form. We do not see the point.

M. M.—Will forward the MS. as requested.

R. T. B.—Always welcome.

An Englishman.—Arbuthnot's satire "The History of John Bull" was the origin of the collective title now so generally applied to the English nation. In this satire the French are designated as Lewis Baboon, the Dutch as Nicholas Frog, &c. It is said that "The History of John Bull" was designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough.

Phillip.—Your name is derived from the Greek, and means "a lover of horses."

Nabob.—The once eminent firm has not enjoyed so high a reputation of late years. A story—for the truth of which however we do not vouch—is told of some rather sharp practice on the part of one of its members before it was merged into a Limited Liability Company. The Bank it is said held a large amount of securities from one of its customers, which, upon examination, it had strong reasons to suppose were forged. The same customer applied for advances to the extent of £10,000 sterling, from another quarter. The person applied to sought information from O—— G—— & Co., as to the respectability and standing of the applicant. "Oh" replied the wily partner "*——'s word is as good as his bond.*" The advances were made, and the ten thousand pounds soon found their way into the coffers of the bank. The reply was literally correct, but we think it must have required some effort to reconcile it with Quaker notions of morality.

Cosis.—"The Trials of a Grandmother" is respectfully declined.

V. V. R.—We have not, as yet, been able to read the MS.; will report in our next issue.

H. P.—Will endeavour to do so.

Idler.—"Roundhead" was a nickname given in the reign of Charles I to the Puritan or parliamentary party who were accustomed to wear their hair cut close to the head. The cavaliers or royalists, on the contrary, wore their hair in long ringlets. The term "Roundhead" was soon applied to all adherents of the parliament, whether Puritan or not.

A. B. C.—The tenth of February, 1864, fell on a Wednesday, and the third of June on Friday.

Flora.—We will quote Longfellow for Flora's benefit:

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Of course Flora is familiar with the verse; but one in doubt and difficulty cannot read the noble lines too often.

L. W.—We have heard that washing the hands in bran-water will render them white. All that is necessary is to pour boiling water over the bran.

A. G.—Not in the present volume.

Distaff.—Your suggestion will receive our respectful consideration, and if possible we shall be glad to act upon it.

Arundel.—Sir Isaac Newton died on the nineteenth of March, 1727.

Lopez.—We are compelled to decline your proposition.

H. H. V.—Please accept our thanks. The problems will receive our early attention.

We have to thank Polly, Meazles, and Irene De Forest for contributions to our Pastime Column.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

"The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, 1 vol., with numerous illustrations, is announced by Messrs. Hunt and Blackett.

According to Mr. Jules Simon, there are only 4,225 booksellers in France.

Mr. Wilkie Collins' story, "Armadale," will be concluded in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and a new story, by the author of the "Story of Elizabeth," will be commenced in the July number.

We are promised a life of the late Mr. John Keble, whose friends, including Sir John Coleridge, are collecting materials to render it as perfect as possible. Messrs. J. Parker & Co. are to be the publishers, and any letters or documents entrusted to these gentlemen, by way of loan or otherwise, will be thankfully received.

The various balloon experiments of M. Nadar, the famous Parisian photographer, have resulted in a small volume, which the English translator styles, "The Right to Fly." M. Nadar considers that all existing styles of locomotion will be deemed obsolete in a few years, when a more perfect system of aërostation shall have been discovered.

There is to be a Universal Congress of the friends of Historical Science, to be held at Paris, in 1867, the movement having originated with the Institut Historique, the oldest of the learned societies in that city.

"George Elliot," the author of "Adam Bede," has just finished a new novel, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Blackwood.—The title is to be "Felix Holt the Radical," and the time, the stormy period of the first Reform Bill.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood says he is "not the author of that foolish book, 'Ecce Homo.'"

An interesting volume of American folk-lore is announced for publication in New York—"The Legends of Long Island," by W. A Chandos Fulton. It is said that the stories in this work are founded on the quaint and beautiful legends with which this State abounds. The foundation of the stories is Indian, but the incidents given are those which attended many of the first settlers in their struggles against the Red Men.

Another scrap concerning the second volume of the French Emperor's "Life of Cæsar" is supplied by a Paris correspondent. He says the publication of the second volume is officially announced. "The Imperial printing-office has already despatched sample copies to the Tuilleries. Correcting the proof-sheets of this volume has occupied but five months, whereas correcting those of the first volume took one year. M. Anselme Petetin has had the responsibility of overseeing the printing of this volume, and to guard against any fragments being surreptitiously published prematurely in the papers, he established a workshop in a remote part of the hotel, and removed thither certain number of picked men, who, after their day's work, delivered the completed sheets over to to him, to be placed, till next morning, under lock and key. Only a small number of these copies has been struck off at the Imprimerie Impériale. They are intended for the Emperor's private distribution.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

In the gallery of the theatre in Cow lane, Dublin, one night a coalporter made himself disagreeable. There was a yell of "Put him out;" followed by the exquisitely droll rider, "Don't washt him, kill a fidler wid him."

For what do you wink at me, Sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger at a party. "I beg pardon, madame," replied the wit, "I winked as men do looking at the sun—your splendor dazzled my eyes."

Why are good resolutions like fainting women? Because they want carrying out.

The man who was discharged as conscript because he had not good teeth, was certainly deficient in grit.

A Leading Article.—A blind-man's dog.—*Puch.*

"You may depend upon me, wife; I give you my word."—"I had rather you would sometimes *keep* it, sir."

Throw a piece of meat among bears and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously—the men or the beasts?

Wife (anxiously): "What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"—Husband (with a smile of calm delight): "Why, my love, she observed rather a good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female—that's all. Ahem!"

What nation produces most marriages?—Fasci-nation.

It is thought that toned paper should be good for printing music upon.

Never say "die," unless you are a hairdresser, and have an invention for doing away with grey hair.

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Parliament are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

An old bachelor says that during leap year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

The question, "Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness?" would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and when asked what pleasure he found in whiskey, replied, "Oh, Nelly, it's a trate entirely, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

The evening before a battle an officer asked Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at point of death. "Go," said the marshal, who saw through his pretext; "honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

A story is told of a man living out West who completes eight pair of large-sized boots every day. The editor of the *New York Globe* says, "it would be considered small doings in this city. There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the swamps, who, as fast as he finishes a boot throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time, and don't half try."

Cool.—Brown, the manager of a great railway terminus, is a heavy swell; and Smith is a small public school-boy, who never spoke to Brown before. "Brown," says Smith, "why is the train so late?" "What do you mean by calling me by my surname, sir?" says Brown, in a passion. "Well, I don't know your Christian name," replies Smith, smartly, and Brown is extinguished.

Prognosticator of Evil.—A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building, upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself, "I know'd it there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder."

Silencing a Member: An Apt Reply.—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "hear, hear." Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?"—"Hear, hear!" was instantly vociferated from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for "his ready reply to the question," and sat down amid loud laughter from all but its infortunate subject.