

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								✓			



VOL. III.—No. 75.

FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 344.

CHAPTER LXXIII.—SIR GEORGE EXPLAINS HIS BRAND.

The king was evidently displeased as well as alarmed at the violence of the words used by Sir George—as shown in our last chapter. Sir George saw that, and moved more warily.

The cups were placed on the table, and then with some real, mingled with a good deal of false emotion, the king raised the kneeling soldier, and made him sit by his side on a low stool.

Seeing his visitor was again inclined to sit in a kind of gloomy reverie rather than speak what was in his mind after the check he had received, the king endeavoured to tempt him on by a leading question.

"You have seen Lord Langton?"

"I have, your majesty; and it is partly because I have seen him, and with so little satisfaction to myself, that I am here."

"Indeed! Does this point to his fidelity—his honour?"

"Certainly not, sire. In brief, your majesty, the difference between Lord Langton and myself is this: he thinks revolutions *can* be made with rose-water; I, unhappily, being an older man, have a conviction that it is necessary to let blood."

"You do not put it pleasantly, Sir George."

"No, your majesty, that is my fault. And there again Lord Langton and I are at issue. I never saw a man set to work in such a hopeful spirit to cut blocks with a razor, as that amiable young nobleman. My notion of the true tool is the Highlander's broadsword."

"We are free to confess," said the king, beginning to revert to his royal dignities of speech, as he saw, he thought more clearly, the serious questions about to be raised, "that, abstractedly, our own views incline to those you now express."

"Is it so, indeed, your majesty?" said Sir George, with sudden animation, and rising to his feet; when, being admonished by a grave gesture, he reseated himself, fuming a little in his secret soul at the king's folly in not letting

him have his own way, even if it were to the temporary prejudice of etiquette.

"Well, your majesty, the long and short of the matter—for I am not good at words—is this:—Lord Langton, to do him justice, is doing for the cause all that can be done in *his way*; but that way, if taken alone, will only bury us deeper in the present Slough of Despond. If an insurrection—looked at as a single measure—can be brought to such a state of development before it bursts as to deserve and obtain success, Lord Langton will do it. He is wonderfully clever, wonderfully agile, and wonderfully lucky! He seems to be finding and discoursing with—even if but for a few seconds of time—all our best men; yet no one of our men, so far as I can discover, can find him."

"You say that ironically, Sir George?" observed the king, gravely.

"No, sire—or if there be a spice of malice in me, it is not dangerous. No, your majesty; I honour the young gentleman even while I believe he is labouring under a great delusion."

"And that is——?" queried the king.

"The belief that ordinary measures will suffice for a time that is essentially extraordinary."



Two Figures entered representing respectively Archbishop Laud and Charles I.

"If—if I understand you, Sir George," and the king's voice dropped perceptibly lower in tone, and became less loud, "you mean that something more than an insurrection—however well planned, and however well supported—is needed?"

"I do, your majesty," answered Sir George, in a manner that sounded very much like striking a blow with every word.

"And that is—?"

"Pardon me, sire—this is no child's play that I come about."

He rose, walked to the double doors, opened them, saw no listeners—or possible listeners—walked back, and standing before the king, said, in a very searching, sinister tone—

"Sire, may I now speak—assured that there are no eavesdroppers?"

"Assuredly," said the king, while a faint trace of colour fled across his cheek, and left it colourless as before.

"It is consideration for your majesty's honour and dignity that made me speak, no base fear for myself. What I have to say I think it possible your majesty would not choose to have any one, however near or trusted, be made acquainted with."

"Ha! Say you so? Sir George, one word with you. Do you object to the presence of my chief adviser, the Marquis of Burford?"

"Candidly, sire, I would much rather speak unheard by any but yourself. But permit me to ask—what is the marquis's policy? Does he favour bold measures or mild ones?"

"Candidly, Sir George, he is inclined to be too bold, too original, too daring for me!"

"Then let us have the marquis in, by all means, your majesty."

Overlooking the familiarity of this speech, the king smiled, retired behind the curtains that shut off the alcove at the end of the saloon, and then re-entered with the marquis, who, meeting Sir George's significant look, simply laughed, advanced, shook hands with him, and then whispered—

"If lack of boldness is your fear, trust to me to back you up, even if you lead the way to the very dominions of the Evil One himself! I am weary of this inaction!"

"And I too," responded Sir George.

The king has again seated himself; so has Sir George; while the marquis stands at the back of the king's chair, resting his arms on it, and holds an attitude of readiness to whisper into the royal ear as occasion may suggest.

"Sire," began Sir George, after clearing his throat with some difficulty of various interruptions to speech, "I am not going in any way to lessen to your majesty the value of Lord Langton's plans. I want to supplement them."

"Will he know?" demanded the king.

"No, sire."

There was a pause. But as the king did not, as he very well might, then and there stop Sir George, Sir George saw he was advancing—conquering his first obstacle—and he drew fresh courage from the fact.

"We have twice failed, your majesty, as insurrectionists—once in '15 once in '45. I venture to prophecy we shall again fail, unless—"

"Ay, unless," echoed the king, noticing the pause.

Sir George looked round, and the listeners did the same, wondering if he heard anything.

"Unless, your majesty, we can at the same time strike a blow that shall send terror into the hearts of our enemies, confusion into their councils, and, in a word, throw them into a kind of chaos and panic, and then let Lord Langton burst out at the head of our armed forces, and England is won!"

"And who will strike that blow?" asked the king, whose face became quite discoloured with the effect of his stifled excitement and emotion.

"I, sire—that is, if you think me worthy."

"No man more so! No man more so!" repeated the king, in a hollow, abstracted voice, as if thinking of quite another matter.

No doubt the king wanted to know what the bold stroke was, but had not the courage to ask.

Or, it might be, he did not think it policy to ask.

* At any rate, he was silent, and all the while Sir George waited for the serious question.

The marquis here interposed—

"Will your majesty permit me—as one deeply interested both in your majesty's welfare and in that of Sir George, one of our most able and valued friends and coadjutors—to ask what the measure is that he proposes, and from which he expects so much?"

The king graciously waved his assent—but did it so expressively that it seemed he was simply sitting there to listen to something that was to be said to the Marquis of Burford, and about which he (the king) saw no necessity to interest himself.

"I propose, sire," said Sir George, in accents so stern, and so direct, that the king was obliged to acknowledge them by his fixed gaze, "I propose, by the aid of a few faithful and devoted friends, to waylay the usurper—the so-called King George—hurry him off to a secret place of embarkation, where I will have a vessel ready; and, once in that vessel, trust me your majesty shall, ere many days, have him in your power, or in that of your ally, the King of the French."

The plot was divulged, then, at last!

But was this the whole of the plot?

That thought seemed very speedily to strike the premier's notice, who, in a charmingly serene kind of way, began to ask Sir George if he remembered the anecdote of the white elephant that an eastern prince gave to a favoured subject in gratitude, and ruined him by the gift.

Sir George and the marquis looked at this moment into each other's faces, and the marquis seemed, as he turned away, that he needed no further answer to his question.

The king began now to speak hurriedly and excitedly—

"The man, George, will be treated with respect? No kind of violence will be done him?"

"Assuredly not, your majesty: *unless he is so foolish as to resist.*" These last words were uttered by Sir George after he had turned his head away and in so low a tone that though it was just possible the king might have heard them, it is probable he did not.

And his first words obviously implied he had not heard them.

"I am glad, very glad, Sir George, to hear you speak so humanely—so thoughtfully. Besides, sir, it is policy. It will not do to have kings suspected of favouring assassins."

"And should I attempt this, and fail, shall I be esteemed in your majesty's inner thoughts an assassin?" asked Sir George, in a harsh voice.

It was a ticklish question. The king felt he had blundered somehow in his use of words. His unflinching friend came to the rescue.

"Suppose, Sir George, you put the question in a different shape. To anticipate failure is always a dissolving, deleterious sort of influence. Can't you ask what will be thought if you succeed?"

"True," said Sir George, gloomily. "If one fails in these things, one is a fool not to know beforehand that one loses everything, the friends as well as the cause. Yes, I am prepared for that. And I don't mean to fail. Suppose then, sire, I succeed?"

"Permit me, Sir George, to venture to answer you, even in the presence of our dear and honoured sovereign himself. You are a brave man, you are a skilful man; you are a man learned in the usage of the world, and especially in all that concerns the world of politics. Why not, then, be content to do the good work in your own time and manner, and in so chivalrous a spirit, that His Majesty here shall not be compromised—shall, in fact, know nothing about it till it is done; and then you come to him to be received with open arms and to enjoy whatever of reward—such as rank, office, fortune—a grateful friend and fellow servant can devise, or a grateful sovereign confirm?"

"I do not stir hand or foot," struck in Sir George, in a hard, dogged tone, "till I receive a written commission from the king justifying what I propose to do, not only in my own eyes, but in the eyes of the friends and comrades who

must embark with me, and who might think I was deceiving them."

"Let the council break up!" said the angry king, rising loftily.

"Nay, sire, have patience and confidence. I know and trust Sir George. Permit me to talk to him apart," remonstrated the marquis.

"Many thanks—but 'tis quite useless!" loudly exclaimed Sir George. "I am willing to risk life, honour, everything for His Majesty; but not in an unacknowledged cause. My lord marquis, farewell! Sire, I came to you with my heart full of devotion to the cause and to yourself; but I will never—that I swear!—so far compromise myself that men shall in after times say I was a hired or fanatic murderer. No, if I strike I strike as an act of war, not of private vengeance. But I see it is useless—my time and trouble have been wasted. I will be wiser in future."

He turned—not even observing the ordinary rule of respect as to the mode of quitting the presence—and strode slowly but determinedly away.

Then, in low but rapid sequence, occurred the following dialogue:—

"This may cost your majesty the crown."

"Ha! Do you think so?"

"I could draw up something that would satisfy him, and yet leave you a loophole."

"Do it."

Then aloud the king called to the still visible, but still retreating form, which was just crossing the threshold.

"Sir George!"

Sir George heard, stopped, turned, and rapidly and eagerly advanced.

"Be it as you wish," added the king, as they again met face to face. "Our friend here thinks he can satisfy us both."

The marquis sat down and began to write, while the king, in his usual fashion, when he wanted to be very cordial and impressive, took Sir George's shoulder to rest his hand on, and walked to the window that looked into a beautiful Italian garden decorated with rare antique sculptures.

The penman was quick at his work. He advanced to them within a very few minutes with the ink still wet on the paper, and read as follows:—

James II., by the Grace of God King of England and Defender of the Faith, hereby authorises the bearer to do from time to time such acts of hostility against the usurping Power that now occupies the Throne of England, and against that Prince's adherents, as shall most conduce to the service of His Majesty.

The king heard, looked satisfied, and was silent.

Sir George, after a few moments of deep thought, said to the minister—

"Read it again, if you please."

It was read again, and Sir George found the Premier had done his work so skilfully that it was really impossible to better it, even from Sir George's own view of the case. He did not himself want to see too plainly revealed in black and white what it was he meditated. He might have weak brethren to deal with, who would need to be hood-winked till the last moment.

Still he was considering his impetuous temper, wonderfully cautious in dealing with the matter in hand. He took the paper from the marquis and read it in silence to himself, thus having a third reading. Quite satisfied at last, he seemed to breathe more freely as he said—

"If your majesty is content, so am I."

"Give it me, my lord, and I will show my content by my signature," said the king.

"Pardon me, sire, I judge it best that the whole should be in your own handwriting."

"Why?" demanded the king, in fresh irritation.

"Because," replied Sir George, sturdily, "men might say I had forged the mere signature; but they could not think any one would be likely to attempt to forge the whole document, seeing that your majesty's caligraphy is at once very difficult, and yet well known!"

The king turned his glance on the marquis, who shrugged his shoulders, and seemed to intimate he saw no help for it—the king had better submit.

With no good grace the king accordingly sat down to copy the document, and when it was done, Sir George—perhaps unconsciously, actually took the two documents in hand to compare them, as if he thought it just possible His Majesty might make convenient or inconvenient mistakes.

The king saw this, and then it struck him so comical that he laughed, and the others could scarcely do less than join. The tone of the council then became once more genial.

"And now, sire, have you any commands for me, for I shall depart at once?" asked Sir George.

"You will need money?"

"Unfortunately—yes."

"My lord, you will find a portmanteau in my chamber containing nine hundred guineas. Give that to Sir George."

Sir George started and flushed with pleasure at so unexpected a mark of confidence, for he knew the king was poor.

"Sire, be sure of this—not one sixpence of it shall be expended except in your service."

"I am sure of that," replied the king. "Well, now, can I help you in another way? We have hanging about us here in Rome some dozen, or from that to twenty, broken down, desperate men, all trustworthy—all anxious to be employed. What if I send these after you, by twos and threes, to London?"

"It would be a most precious contribution, indeed, sire, if only each man is carefully looked to as to his courage, integrity, and devotion—I mean so far as those qualities affect the business in hand."

"I will see to that," chimed in the marquis. "Rely on the men I send you, though the twenty may probably get weeded to ten!"

"How shall they find you?" asked the king.

"I will be in the piazza of Covent Garden on Tuesdays and Fridays, after nightfall, with a white handkerchief hanging from my left coat pocket."

The bold adventurer—who came with a half idea he would cast into the shade Lord Langton's undertaking—has taken his departure more than an hour ago, and still the king and his adviser linger in the chill and semi-gloom of the saloon, discussing some new and weighty thought, which evidently impresses both. The Marquis was the first to speak.

"It would be, indeed, a masterly stroke, if your majesty feels you can go through with it. There is something inexpressibly chivalrous and piquant in the very thought, but fearfully perilous."

"I will not decide to-night. The destinies of our dear English people may now depend upon my decision. I will resort to Him who can alone help."

Leaving the marquis standing where he was, the king retired to the alcove, and there knelt before a crucifix, and repeated audibly his prayer for counsel, strength, and succour, though the marquis, who attentively listened to every word, could not help smiling, as he noticed how carefully the king seemed to avoid taking God into counsel with him as to the exact work the former had just set going.

CHAPTER LXXIV.—ROMNEY MARSH.

About the dead of night, when the watch on the deck of a British war vessel lying between Calais and Dover were stamping about to keep their feet warm, beating their arms across their shoulders, and reckoning the time to the next serving out of grog, a dark spot on the sea attracted the attention of one of the men, who sang out—

"Avast there! Boat ahoy!"

"Ship ahoy! We're coming as fast as we can get. Don't be in a hurry—I aint!" was shouted loudly, in reply, and the speaker's words were followed by a horse-laugh.

"Didn't look much like coming," grumbled the first discoverer of the boat; "looked a vast deal more like going. Howsomever, he's English—that's summat, I suppose!"

The boat was now alongside, and the voice called out in a rather unsteady tone, as if the worse for liquor—

"We're laden with fish and vegetables; come out on a speculation, to see if you wanted any!"

"All right. Come on board, and let's have a look at you," was the reply of the officer of the watch, who had now strolled up to the men.

The lantern hung out over the ship's side to show the man the way up, showed also to the British sailors the sort of man—big, determined-looking, but appearing in dress like a plain, hard-working labourer.

"Well, captain," said he, with a leer, "you'll excuse me if I forgets my manners, for—ha! ha! ha!—I've had a drop too much—leastways, I suppose so!"

"Perhaps a drop more might set you right."

"Just my mind, your worship."

Having had his jest, the officer began to inquire into the qualities of the fish and vegetables, and found, through the half-tipsy frankness of the vendor, that they were commodities rejected of the market, and so had been destined to the comfort of the British sailor.

With a laugh, an oath, and a kick at the man as he was descending the ladder, the officer dismissed the half-tipsy vendor. For the kick, however, the officer had nearly paid very dear, so sudden and violent was the wrench the outraged man gave of the officer's leg and whole person, as if about to pitch him into the sea; then, just at the critical moment, the cry of alarm from the officer was followed by a drunken laugh from the other, who let him loose, and said—

"All in joke, honoured captain. You had your fun out of me, now we're quits. Good-night!"

Instead of wishing him good night, the enraged officer was much more inclined to detain him; but as he could not, at the moment, think of any sufficient excuse, the dealer in stale fish and vegetables did not long give him an opportunity. He slid down the ladder to his boat, and was off in a wonderful short space of time.

As the dark speck again was watched retreating, the sound of laughter from the boat came unpleasantly loud to the officer, who at first fancied they were making merry at his expense; but when the peals of laughter became more and more uproarious, he was fairly puzzled, and began to search for the causes.

And then the unpleasant suspicion occurred to him that he had been gulled. He remembered now something in the look, something in the attitudes, and something in the more unguarded accents of the man, that not only suggested he was a gentleman, but that he (the officer) had somewhere or other seen or known him.

In an instant came a sort of lightning flash of intelligence.

"By George, it's that infernal rebel Charter! I do believe it is Sir George Charter!"

Then he became silent, and pondered as to what he had best do, and ended by deciding to do nothing, except keep his own counsel.

In the first grey of dawn the boat grounded, and Sir George leaped out, and looked about him; while the crew of half-a-dozen vigorous men occupied themselves in getting the boat ashore.

We need hardly say the fish and vegetables were only pleasant but unsubstantial dreams raised by Sir George to captivate, bewilder, and disappoint the British tars.

It was a dreary spot, this landing-place; the country far away in every direction looked so low, it was a wonder the sea did not cover it.

A wide-spreading melancholy waste; no trees, no houses, no living things, except the wild fowl, who were tolerably plentiful. A more unwholesome fen was at the time hardly to be found in England than Romney Marsh presented to the eye of Sir George Charter.

But that worthy gentleman looked about him with a sort of visible satisfaction. No wonder. Here he had landed, from here he had embarked, more times than he could remember, in the performance of his duties as a dignified go-between connecting together the English Jacobites and the foreign ones—that is, the exiles who haunted the precincts of King James's palace at Rome, and of the court of the French king at Paris.

The cause of the laughter that had so annoyed and then so enlightened the officer of the

watch, became apparent, as the crew, having disposed of their boat in a creek where it was impossible to be discovered by any but a very close eye, came familiarly up to Sir George, and spoke in a sort of "hail fellow well met" sort of fashion, one of them even going so far as to give the half absent-thoughted man a rousing slap on the shoulder. Sir George started, laughed, and then they all went on together: equals, evidently—in a word, gentlemen.

Yes, it was a fact; these six English gentlemen were now, and had for a long time been, devoting their lives, talents, and energy to this one business of carrying across the sea the Jacobite messengers. And a superb crew they had become: capable of great endurance, full of practical skill and inventive resource, and so strong, regular, and swift in the management of their boat's progress that they could accomplish the most extraordinary voyage, and tell to at hour the time of their arrival, if only storms kept off.

To these boon companions Sir George began to explain his first step. There was a smuggler, who lived in a miserable dwelling about half a mile off, a likely sort of fellow, who had pack-horses at command, and who would be invaluable to them if he could be persuaded to join the cause, and prefer well-paid patriotism to ill-paid smuggling.

"I have seen that fellow," said Sir George, "at the head of thirty pack-horses, laden every one of them, I don't doubt, with Lyons silks and Valenciennes lace. I wish you had seen the truculent-looking blackguard when he caught the first glimpse of me, one moonlight night, when I was coming to the old spot to embark. He eyed me all over by the aid of a lantern, felt my pockets, and when at last he did condescend to speak, it was to grumble a question what I am sure he didn't intend seriously."

"Revenue service?" said he.

"Jacobite!" said I, and laughed in his face. He laughed too, and we became good friends, and he offered to help me if ever I came to see him. Now I am going to see him, and draw him if I can into the net."

The house soon appeared: a house of just two decent, habitable rooms—a sitting-room and a bed-room—with low, sloping pig-styes and similar conveniences annexed: no more.

The horses spoken of by Sir George were now feeding in the marsh, scattered about within a half mile or so of the house. Poor, miserable, half starved creatures they looked. The smuggler's bad times were also their bad times. Corn and lucrative jobs went together, just as the dry, sapless herbage and the empty cupboard went together.

They knocked loudly before any one came, and then they were answered by an idiot boy, who grinned in answer to every question; and when they grew impatient and angry, only grinned the harder.

The man Blunt, who had seen them from the marsh, where he had been gathering fragments of wood thrown up by the sea, to serve for his fire, came quickly home: a heavy-browed, repulsive-looking man, who glanced suspiciously from one to another, as if dreading a sudden revelation of strength from the preventive service. But on recognising Sir George Charter, his hideous face became illumined with as much of pleasure as it was capable of expressing.

The bargain was soon struck. Blunt himself, his house, and his pack-horses, were all to be placed at the service of Sir George and his friends, who, in return, guaranteed him an income, payable monthly, that far exceeded the utmost earnings of his own vocation, and which was only a little less dangerous than that.

It would have been an amusing scene for an intelligent spectator, if he could have been suddenly transported to this house and neighborhood about a week or so later, and been invisible while able to see all that was going on. He would have seen heavy packages of arms being landed almost daily, and then carried on the shoulders of grave, dignified looking men to Blunt's house, as a place of temporary deposit. He would have seen inside the house an earl bringing wood from an outhouse, to increase the

fire; a doctor of divinity on his knees, fanning with his breath the expiring embers (the fire having been forgotten during a heated discussion); a baron cutting rashers of bacon from a monstrous sitch; and a knight laying the cloth (a chamber towel), and trying to do the honours of the table with a chipped tumbler, three knives (one without a handle), a solitary fork, and a handful of salt screwed up in paper.

If he continued to watch, he would soon have seen what a wondrous centre of activity the place was. Messengers, mostly single, came and went at all hours of the day and night, journeying between the Marsh and London, and doing the journey on foot, and under circumstances of the greatest privation, so as not to draw attention to their movements, as by visiting inns, etc. This was Sir George's "postal system," and the gentlemen messengers were his "letter carriers."

Finally, the said spectator would have noticed the curious fact that, while the post bag that came from abroad to go to London was of most diminutive bulk, the post bag going to Rome and Paris from London was extraordinarily large. When these bags arrived they were always wrapped up like bales of millinery, and were instantly buried in the earth, to wait the coming of the secret packet-boat.

The explanation of all his, as regards Sir George, was that he, like all able commanders, was providing for his "communications" before beginning his risky "campaign."

But these arrangements completed, behold him, a little later, in London, hanging about the purlieus of Covent Garden.

But not to receive the assistants promised him by the king. He had waited for them at Romney Marsh, examined them, returned three of the number, and settled with the remaining seven where and how to meet him in London at all necessary times; each man meantime being ordered to live apart.

What, then, is the meaning of the signal he uses, the very signal devised by the king—a handkerchief suspended from the left pocket of his coat?

Within the last few days certain men of known Jacobite tendencies have received letters—all copies one of another—and running to this tune:—

A bold stroke is going to be struck. It is believed you will be proud to be one of the strikers. Is it so? If you dare in your heart answer "Yes," then meet the writer in the piazza of Covent Garden, on any evening after dark.

How will you know him? you ask. Very easily. He will limp, and he will carry a handkerchief suspended from his left pocket. If he says to you, "Friend, do you limp?" you will reply, "Friend, not for long. This is the true way to walk." Then friend will recognise friend, by explaining that word limp, and all else shall soon be made clear.

Can you trust me? you will ask. Dear friend, it is rather I who trust you. But, to put it shortly, men are needed, not cowards. So, if your heart fails you, stay away. But I know you. You will come.

The first night of assignation has arrived. Sir George is there, so thoroughly well disguised, that his most intimate friend could not know him, even in broad day, whereas he works only at night.

He is little known in London, and scarcely, if at all, to the agents of the Government; but the magnitude of his risks makes him wisely cautious to throw no chance away.

He appears now in the inviting costume of a Jewish dealer in old clothes, and carries a dirty sack on his back.

Many persons pass, but none of them limp, and few, even, seem to take the slightest notice of anybody's affairs other than their own.

His disguise is too good, perhaps. The chosen flock cannot find their shepherd. They scorn to trouble themselves to limp before a Jew clothesman!

So thinks Sir George. He turns a corner, disappears down a narrow lane; re-appears, no longer bent, but upright, and with no suspicion of the clothes-bag about him.

Again he paces to and fro, and—ah! yes, there is one who limps.

"Do you limp, friend?" asked Sir George, tenderly, and as though he were, in good Samaritan fashion, wandering about the world to succour the infirm of limb.

"Oh, thank you, it isn't much!"

Then the speaker paused, tried to scan in the twilight the features before him; turned, and limped away.

"The coward! Afraid to commit himself!" hissed Sir George between his teeth. If they're all like that, I shall have to whistle for my band!"

Hour after hour he paced to and fro, with no other sign of attention being paid to his letter.

The next evening was peculiarly vexatious, even while decidedly interesting. Though not a single man of those he met limped, there was something in the looks, pauses, etc., of several of the promenaders, that convinced Sir George that they were the people he expected.

He saw their glances continually directed to the handkerchief. This he displayed so ostentatiously that at last a little ragamuffin saw it, and debated within himself whether he would steal it, or whisk it out and politely present it to the owner as dropped, and look for a penny in return. He decided it to be honest, and trust to the gentleman's gratitude. The "genman," with an oath, cursed him for his impertinence, put the handkerchief within his pocket till the tormentor was out of sight, then he restored it to its dependent position, and then—why, then, only an instant after, it was gone! It was well for that precocious youth that Sir George did not again come across him.

After this, of course no one would limp at him, or speak to him, and Sir George, irritated at the absurdity of his difficulty, went home.

But Sir George was, after all, making progress. He felt certain that some of those he had written to, and who were personally known to him, had been present on both evenings, but so disguised that he could only guess as to their identity.

The third evening ripened the fruit Sir George was so desirous to pluck, and he began speedily to reap the crop.

The first person who attracted his attention was a swaggering, roystering sort of a blade, bearing at once the impress of extreme, though faded, manly beauty, and of the worst vicious indulgence—a sort of mongrel mixture of a decayed Don Giovanni and of a flashing highwayman, inclined to abandon the trade.

The worthy, who never passed a woman without a leer, a compliment, or an insult, if she were unprotected, put on a laughable halt as he met Sir George.

"Friend, do you limp?" said Sir George, but in a tone so careless as to show he did not greatly value this recruit, even though he had written for him—if he had—for Sir George could not at all recognise in this rake any of his correspondents.

"Friend, not for long. This is the true way to walk!"

"Explain yourself," said Sir George.

"Explain? Oh, ah; the word limp. Very well. L, for Louis, the French king, who's going to help us; I, for King James, God bless him! who wants to be helped; M, for the first letter of the name of the queen, and I'll cut the throat of any man who denies she's the most beautiful woman in Christendom! and lastly P, for the prince, the king that shall be, when we all get our own! Eh?"

"And what brought you here?" demanded Sir George.

"Your letter."

"What, written to you?"

"No; to a mutual friend, who hadn't the courage to come, but sent me to you instead."

"What is your name?"

"Goodman. Scum Goodman my enemies call me; but, hang them, they can't deny I'm a man of my word; and what I bargain to do I do, no matter how desperate."

Sir George, with increasing interest, then read a letter which Scum Goodman handed to him, from one of the distinguished men he had written

to, and who, while apologising for his absence, professed to guess what such a summoner as "S. G. C." was likely to do, and had therefore sent him a valued tool: a tool only, but a strong tool, a tool to be depended upon.

"Leave me your address. Stay in doors from this time till you see me. If you want money—"

"If I want money! That's a good one!" said Goodman Scum, with a laugh.

"There are five guineas; and now begone, for there are other friends of ours waiting here, I suspect."

"Waiting for me 'to bell the cat,' as they say in Scotland. Farewell!"

As he moved off Sir George muttered to himself—

"I'll see no more of you, Master Goodman, before I trust you, in spite of our friend's recommendation."

A distinguished-looking form, closely cloaked and shawled, as if in dread of the night air, now approached; he did not limp, but halted directly before Sir George, and said, in a low tone—

"Can I mistake my old friend?"

"The Earl of Stanbury?"

"Hush! the same. And you, Sir George Charter?"

"Yes, A happy meeting. My dear lord, not a word more here or now. We know each other, and can place full trust. I will wait upon you early to-morrow morning. Let us quickly separate."

"Farewell!"

As the earl rapidly moved off, one after another of the men Sir George had written to joined him, and were cordially welcomed, and as rapidly went away, with a few brief words as to another meeting.

The last of the persons, who passed Sir George three or four times, and refused to answer rightly to his salutation as a Jacobite, at last introduced himself very suddenly, and whispered—

"I have been waiting all this time on account of my catching a glimpse of an agent of the Government, who, I thought, took special note of you. He didn't know me, though I happened to know him. Pray be on your guard."

Sir George laughed, as he replied—

"My disguise is a tolerably good one, and my lodging is one not easily found, but I shall never again be seen in either the one or the other after the next few minutes. Come with me, and I will tell you, the first of all our gallant company, the scheme that will save England from chronic anarchy, bring back King James, and immortalise ourselves as the doers."

"Shall I tell you who the man was that I thought was acting the spy upon you?"

"As you please."

"The chief of the Secret Service Department."

"Ah, yes; he's dangerous! I don't like that. But there's another and very different man whom, on the whole, I dread far more."

"Who is that?"

"Our own colleague, Lord Langton. If he discovers how we are burrowing below him—suspects what use we are making of his scheme to forward our own, he'll blow us up like so many mere skyrocketts. The man's mad for what he calls honest and humane dealing!"

"Honest and humane dealing!" echoed Sir George's companion, as they walked. "I wish he knew practically, as I know, the honesty and humane dealing of this bloody-minded Government. Did you know my mother?"

"No."

"She was the woman who was burnt for the crime of harbouring a poor Jacobite."

With a thrill of horror Sir George stopped, shook his companion by the hand in deep emotion, then whispered—

"We can depend upon you, I see."

CHAPTER LXXV.—DELICATE NEGOTIATIONS.

Instead of asking from that inscrutable personage, the Chief of the Secret Service Department, what he was doing in the piazza of Covent Garden, at the time Sir George was maturing his arrangements there, suppose we follow him on his way home, when he leaves that locality.

Shunning every broad or decently-lighted street, evading notice from the people he met, save when it suited him to stop them and question them, as being his own paid agents, he soon reached the house, in the neighborhood of the Houses of Parliament, in which he lived when not at his office. He was letting himself in by a master-key when, to his astonishment, as the door opened, he saw the form of a man standing there, who addressed him in a deferential manner, and who soon proved to be Clarence Harvey.

"By what trick—what audacity did you get admittance here, Mistress Preston?" he demanded.

"Please call me Clarence Harvey, if it's all the same to you."

"Ay, but I don't know that it is all the same to me. Plots are thickening all about me, and you, it strikes me, are becoming one of the most mischievous of the plotters. We must unmask you, pretty Mistress Preston."

"You won't—I'm sure you won't, when you know why I come."

"And why do you come?"

"To show you I am loyal once more."

"Ah! Let us see how."

"If, now, master mine, I were to say to you that of all your enemies, or those it suits you to call so, you shall now have the one you most covet given up to you, who would you choose?"

"Does the innocent Maria suppose I shall answer her?"

"She does—she's sure of it, because she's going to bargain to give up that very man."

"Come, come, I see you know, so you can tell me who he is."

"Ah, but I shan't! Speak, and you shall have! Frighten me, as you did before, and I'll tell you the wrong man, and he won't be worth half as much to you as the right one."

"Well, my saucy little mistress, for once I'll try you. There is a man, then, for whom I've been hunting these two years—"

"Ah, there! I knew it was not Lord Langton you'd want."

"Well, no: first, because I believe I can rely upon your engagement to keep *him* always ready for me; and second, because this other fellow piques me, makes it a point of honour that I shall not be much longer baffled."

"I know him!" said Maria. "There! I've written his name on this piece of paper to show you."

"Show, then," said the chief.

"No," said Maria, coquettishly, and holding her hand out of his reach; "you must speak first, then you shall see if I am right."

"Well, then, this vagabond—the man I mean—for two years has kept going a secret press, which is eternally pouring out the most infamous libels on our king, our Government, and ourselves. The king is so irritable about it, it is dangerous to speak to him. He listens to no excuse. I was to find the author or printer, ought to have found him, and I haven't found him! That's all he has got to say to me. There, Mistress Preston, see your chance!"

"I jump at it! 'Tis a prize! I know that man—have only too much reason to know him—and I come to give him up to you on terms. Read my paper."

The chief did read it, and saw there—

"Gervase Noel."

"Is that the man?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Ah! I know it!"

And Maria clapped her hands.

"You have had personal relations with him?" he asked.

"Yes," said she; "we fancied we were in love with each other once, but that's long ago."

"Oh, I see! He deserted you."

"Wrong. He says I have deserted him."

"Ah! that, indeed! I understand now. You have other views, and find my friend of the secret press an incumbrance. Delighted to hear it. We'll dispose of him for you. The terms?"

"That you don't let him escape."

"Granted."

"That you don't hurt him."

"You mean that?"

"I do."

"Go on."

"That you take care he shall not be subjected to any degrading punishment."

"Take care. I am beginning to stop."

"That his life be spared."

"Pooh, child! you trifle. You'll ask me presently to get him made a peer, and have a handsome pension settled on him."

"No. I shall ask next that you get him transported to some one of His Majesty's colonies—the farther off it is, the better I shall like it."

"These are your terms, eh? Can't you modify 'em a bit?"

"Not one jot."

"Well, child, I am in a good humour. What you ask is difficult, but possibly not unmanageable, so if I must accept, I do. How shall we trap him?"

"By following me. I am going to him now."

"Hum! hum! Mistress Preston, you please me. This is business, agreeable business, and I thank you. And I'll tell you this, my pretty one: men in my position are sometimes obliged to keep the word of promise only to the ear; I will keep this promise for your sake to the ear and to the hope. So do your part well, and we'll handle him as tenderly as if he were a gigantic piece of china that must not be chipped, defaced or broken."

CHAPTER LXXVI. THE SECRET PRESS.

It was about an hour before midnight that Clarence Harvey stood at the corner of a miserable street in Moorfields, and whistled once, twice, thrice—shrill, sweet, prolonged—and then died down an almost unnoticed cellar belonging to the nearest house.

That cellar was dark, bare, empty. But the whistle caused a board to be withdrawn from an opening in the wall of the cellar, about four feet high, and between two and three feet square, and through that some faint beams of light stole downwards, as through a shaft, into the cellar.

Guided by this, Clarence Harvey clambered through the hole, and the board was instantly replaced by some unseen hand within.

A man waited there, and was about to receive the new-comer into his arms, when, feeling the dress, he started back, cocked the pistol he held, and said, in a hoarse voice—

"Stir, and you are a dead man! Who are you?"

"Why, Noel!"

"Maria! It is you! What means your dress?"

"Take me up-stairs and I will tell you."

"What a fright you gave me!" said Noel, as he led her through various dark and dismal passages to the stairs, which he ascended to the second floor, and there went into a room that proved to be a bedroom.

"Noel, you must not be surprised at my behaviour in keeping so long away from you."

"If you are now come to stay, I can forget and forgive all."

"I am not come to stay!"

"We'll see about that!"

"You mean you will use violence?"

"I mean that I will be a man, and claim my rights. You know very well that you are my lawful—"

"Hush! We've had all that sort of thing over and over again, and I'm weary of it. What does it matter that we once fancied we should like each other, and went through a sort of mock ceremony—"

"Mock! You shall find it real, my lady!"

"My poor Noel, you delude yourself. I have been quite recently to look at that register you spoke of, and I assure you there is no such entry in the book!"

"You beautiful devil—dare you tell me that you have destroyed it? That's a hanging matter, Mistress Maria!"

"Now, my dear Noel, we haven't time for anger and nonsense, any more than for love-making. I am here for your benefit, or I should not have come. Pray listen. I have had the luck to discover that your hiding-place is discovered at last, and within one hour from this you will be a prisoner!"

"Is that true—how am I to believe it?"

"Have you any loophole by which to look forth?"

"A dozen!"

"Quick, then, and judge for yourself. Unless I am mistaken, they will not wait for the appointed hour, but are already here."

Hurriedly running from point to point of the places where he had contrived means to look out, Noel soon discovered the dark, crouching forms of his proposed captors, and hurried back, in a state of terrible agitation, to Maria.

"Two years I have kept them at bay. Must I be caught at last?"

"No—fly. Death is certain, if you are caught. Your work has been splendidly done. The time is ripe for the fruits of your teaching to be obtained. Fly anywhere, so that you get out of England, and so that I may not have the eternal shadow on my soul of your tragic fate. Fly, dear, dear Noel!"

Noel needed not her injunction. Running to the end of his bedstead, he began to drag it away from the wall. Then, in the apparently unbroken surface of the latter, he managed to discover two large folding doors, their place of junction and the places where they were hinged being most skilfully disguised by the pattern of the paper, carefully arranged for the purpose. These doors opened, a roomy, dark closet was visible, and within it the secret printing press!

Yes, that was the instrument that had proved such a scourge to the existing Government. Never was there a single mishap in the doings of Government, but instantly from this press issued thousands of broad sheets, full of wit, humour, sarcasm, and biting malignity. Jacobite songs, Jacobite prayers, Jacobite pœans of triumph, or Jacobite wails of lamentation, the forms perpetually varying, the substance always the same—the glory of Jacobite kings, the unspeakable degradation of Hanoverian kings!

Seizing the low-wheeled platform on which the press and its every accompaniment—chases, composing cases, drawers, paper wetted for the next day's work, etc. etc.—were supported, Noel dragged the whole forth, to Maria's great astonishment, who fancied he was only wanting some money hidden in the closet, or something of that kind. But he hurriedly explained to her that, as the press itself could not now be saved from discovery and seizure, except by sacrificing himself, he would at all events try to conceal the trick by which he had so often evaded detection; and while saying this, he had so shaped matters as to make his bedroom appear as his only printing room.

What did Mistress Preston think of this devotion to a cause, even at so critical a moment? Why, she thought only that it was well she had not trusted to her own incitements to get rid of Noel, for it was evident he would, if he could, be at the same work again before many days had passed.

"Good-bye, Noel," said she, as she saw him going into the dark closet, as if to escape that way.

"Won't you give me one kiss, as of grace, if you still, at this dark hour, deny my rights?" he said to her, coming back and standing on the threshold.

"Yes, one—but one only; no time for more!"

Noel took her passionately in his arms, and, before kissing her, said—

"Maria, I am an ass—I know that—still to care for you; but I did love you, and do love you—I never shall love any one but you. God bless you, even if, as I vehemently suspect, you are at this moment betraying me, Judas like, with this sweet kiss!"

The words had scarcely left his lips before Maria shrieked, and with no dissembled alarm, for she saw a terrible looking man, unknown to her, standing at the head of the stairs, pistol in hand, levelled at both—so it seemed to her in her first fright.

"Not me! Not me!"

"No, no, you beautiful Jezebel—not you!" shouted Noel. "The secret's out now. We'll reckon for this another day!"

Noel advanced towards the man in an attitude of humility, saying—

"I yield myself your prisoner."

Then, when within reach of the man's hand he threw a handful of black pepper into the man's eyes—who yelled in anguish, fired his pistol, hit no one—and by the time he was able to see and to distinguish the features of his chief who stood there before him, he had only to hear of the prisoner's escape, and to be marched off in handcuffs, under suspicion of connivance.

The whole house, and one or two other houses adjoining, on each side, had been most carefully guarded. How, then, had Noel got away?

The explanation was this. On first taking possession of his territories, he had shaped for himself a secret, slender shaft, by which he could descend from his dark closet to the cellar; then burrowed away, like a mole underground, passing from the cellar of one house to that of another, all the cellars being little used, making openings where openings did not exist, until he had thus excavated, as it were, a route to a street so distant, that not even the acute satellites of the acute chief dreamed of extending their watch so far.

The meeting between Maria and the chief was not a very pleasant one, after this. Perhaps we had better pass over unnoticed the unmanly rage and the brutal threats of the one, and the fear, the self-reproach, and the misery of the other.

CHAPTER LXXVII. AT THE MASQUERADE.

One night a crowd, kept in order by watchmen, constables, and a few gentlemen's lacqueys and grooms, had collected round the door of a certain house in the Haymarket—a house to which, for the last two hours, private coaches, hackney-carriages, and sedan-chairs had been bringing a motley and extraordinary assemblage.

A spectator, watching the persons issuing from the apparently endless line of carriages at times might have fancied himself labouring under a kind of historical nightmare. Now the fantastic Prince Henry (afterwards Henry the Fifth), with points dangling from his sleeve, was sworn at by the sedan-chair bearers of Queen Elizabeth for stopping the way so long. And now Mary of Scots was assisted from her coach by a gallant Cromwell, while Richard the Third, "bluff King Hal," Joan of Arc, and a bevy of Elizabethan courtiers and maids of honour were all seen on the lighted stairs together.

The remarks of the mob were not always reassuring to the maskers as to their resemblance to the characters they had assumed. Shepherdesses, with tiny hats stuck on one side of their heads, and with long crooks decorated with bows of bright ribbon, were taken for fairies or ladies of quality; friars for old women; and a painted Indian, who, with tomahawk, blanket, and scalped belt made the crowd shrink back and then press forward with almost a simultaneous squeak of delight, was supposed to be an excellent imitation of His Satanic Majesty.

The mob was so much engaged in applauding this individual, even after his disappearance into the house, that very few persons noticed a somewhat interesting group that descended from the handsome private coach which next stopped the way.

The group consisted of three persons. A pretty, girlish figure, dressed as a child of the Foundling Hospital, and leaning on the arm of no less a personage than His Majesty James I., in his enormous bag-breeches, hunting-boots and broad-brimmed hat and feather; and thirdly a gentleman, who, in the prevailing tint of his attire, in the whiteness of his hair, shrewdness of eye, and activity of limb, strongly resembled Mr. George Faithful of Coombe Valley.

So heartily was this person laughing at the manner in which his royal friend conducted himself, that he could scarcely walk steadily from the carriage to the house.

"Hush! Paul. Papa, pray hush!" whispered the foundling, as they ascended the stairs.

"Hush!" answered His Majesty. "By my soul, but I won't hush! Come, come, my lady; you've dragged me into this affair against my will all to look after this precious brother of yours, and now, as I am here, and as I feel I could enjoy myself, let me. It seems to me you are absurdly mistaken, and that 'tis all a most

innocent piece of business; and if you had but chosen a more becoming dress, and Paul too, you might have had a merry night of it."

"You know, papa, we gave Paul no time to think of any other disguise than this which he had by him. And as for me, what could I have chosen more likely to attract Stephen's notice, if he be here, than this, which he well knows, but for you, I might have long had to wear?"

Sir Richard looked down complacently at his breeches and boots, and seemed, at all events, particularly well pleased with his own dress.

"Who have we here?" said he, as they reached the first landing where sat a masked gentleman in brown, with a table before him. "To judge by the look of him he might be signing ever so many death warrants."

"Tickets, gentlemen," demanded this person in a sombre voice.

They have their cards, and, ascending to the next landing, were received by two footmen also masked, who showed them into a small antechamber leading into the grand ball-room.

Here the master of the ceremonies advanced towards them.

"Paul," whispered Sir Richard, "it strikes me I have seen this gentleman's figure before!"

"His Majesty scarcely needs telling he is welcome," said the gentleman, bowing low. Then, taking from his pocket tablets and a pencil, he added, "May I presume that he and his friends will honour us by taking part in the dancing?"

"By my soul, sir, and did ye suppose His Majesty and his friends just cam' to air their heels in the doorway? To be sure, they take part in the dancing. What a question!"

The master of the ceremonies, who had listened attentively to every word, now bowed, and looked after them while they were shewn into the ball-room.

"Geordy Faithful," said King James, "we have a fancy to stand near this door, a few minutes, that we may again hear this gentleman's voice, which it occurs to us we have heard before. See, here comes a Polish prince. Let's hear what our friend says to him."

The master of the ceremonies advanced towards the new guest with his tablets and inquired—

"Does your highness dance?"

"That depends," replied the prince, in excellent English, "whether you can give me good music and a pretty partner."

The master of the ceremonies did not make a note on his tablets as he had done in receiving Sir Richard's answer to his question, but nodded carelessly, and, as the prince entered the ball-room, turned to receive a large party—a grand pasha and a bevy of his ladies of the harem.

When the master of the ceremonies put the same question to the stately pasha, the latter answered—

"Dance, sir? Certainly! As long as your music plays. You see, I am not likely to want for a partner."

"Geordy," said Sir Richard, in an under-tone "did ye hear that jingle of the same words over and over again—'music' and 'partner'?"

"No, I did not notice anything," said Mr. George Faithful.

"Well, be silent and more watchful, and then let's compare notes again."

"And you, madam," said the master of the ceremonies to the foremost lady, "do you dance?"

"I am my lord's first partner, was the reply.

"Has the music begun?"

"And you, madam?" to another lady.

"If I am not too ugly to find a partner, or too deaf to hear the music."

"And you?" to another.

"How can you ask?" replied the fair creature in pink-and-white striped trousers and turban, looking up in his face rather fiercely than coquetishly. "How can I help dancing when such music is playing, whether I have a partner or not?"

"And you, madam?" to a tall, powerfully made nymph in blue and silver.

"Find me a handsome partner, then," answered the lady, with a somewhat hoarse simper. But-la! what wretched music!"

"Geordy, a word with ye," said King James clutching at Mr. Faithful's arm, and drawing him a few steps from the door. "Paul," said Sir Richard, in an alarmed voice, dropping his character, "we are in for it now. Here we are at a Jacobite meeting. *Known*, too, as intruders. "How sir?"

"We did not give the passwords—'music' and 'partner.' 'Music!' quotha. Pretty devil's music for a nation to dance to—the music of civil war! 'Partner!' Ah, yes, traitorous rascals, I know what that means—French aid. Not bad passwords, eh, Geordy Faithful?"

"You say you know this master of the ceremonies?" asked Paul.

"I do; 'tis Sir George Charter, the most desperate Jacobite under the sun. He was the master of Jesus College, Oxford, then a Jacobite soldier, and lately he has been constantly passing between England and France on the Pretender's business, so the rumour goes. Paul, Paul, have your wits about you. Perhaps even now we are watched. Do you see any one watching us?"

"No, sir," answered Paul, glancing round, "only a fop who has just entered, and who seems smitten with Mistress Christina."

"Nay, Paul," said Christina, "it was you he looked at first; and see, he bows—he knows you."

"No, he bowed to you," said Paul, "and I certainly don't remember him; but one is scarcely expected to remember one's acquaintances here I should fancy."

"What do you say, papa, to remaining near the door a little while to hear if there are others like us, who have been innocently drawn here? Here come two Romans—the old one a warrior and the young one a dandy, I suppose."

"Listen, Geordy, your ears are quicker than mine," said the knight. "Do they give the words?"

"No," answered Paul; "and the master of the ceremonies is writing in his tablets."

"Come, Geordy, we may find friends in need in these Romans."

As they entered the ball-room, Paul and the merchant noticed, with a significant look at each other, that a servant was dispatched by the master of the ceremonies to the gaily-dressed youth who had been regarding their party with so much interest. The servant gave him a slip of paper, on receiving which he immediately left the Knight Templar to whom he was talking, and followed the two Romans.

"Who comes now, Geordy?"

"A gentleman in black velvet."

"Ay, a Venetian grandee, Geordy. Now, does he dance, pray? He does not walk with much of an air."

"Yes," said Paul, "I caught both the words."

"And who are these? a lady abbess and a nun?"

"Hark! Sir George Charter is speaking to them."

"Does the lady abbess dance?"

"What does she answer, Geordy?"

"The lady seems ill, sir; she signs to the nun to answer for her."

The nun answered pertly—

"Dance, indeed! who ever heard of a lady abbess dancing?"

"And yourself?"

"Myself? Ah, well, I don't know that I mind taking a turn if my lady will let me."

"They have not said the words, Geordy."

"No, your majesty."

"So that besides ourselves—King James, a foundling, and an elderly gentleman in violet—the master of the ceremonies has down on his tablets a Roman soldier, a Roman dandy, an abbess, and a nun, all strangers, to the meeting. Remember, Geordy! Harkye, Paul," whispered the knight, "the lady abbess is wonderfully like, to my fancy, the Lady Hermia."

"Indeed!"

It has been often noticed that at the time of serious commotion of men's minds there seems to be something in the very air itself that implies a sympathy with the feelings excited in the chief actors, and that sympathy seems to be

propagated, just as light and sound are propagated, only this effect is felt, not seen nor heard. So was it now when two fresh figures entered, representing respectively Archbishop Laud and Charles I. The king was dressed in a cut velvet suit of black, so well known to us in connection with Vandyke's portrait of the unfortunate sovereign. Something in the attitude and bearing of the two characters of stately, pathetic melancholy, and proud submission seemed to imply that both were intended to appear as they did appear on the awful days of their execution.

It was painful—the sudden hush, the awe, the cessation of music, dance, song, and mirth, as the two moved slowly on, noticing no one for a time, and no one caring to speak to them.

"Who are they?" was the whispered cry on all sides.

If in such a meeting it was conceivable that any man or men dared to jest with events so vast and tragic that even yet their influence thrilled through the hearts of all present when thus recalled, there were a dozen other men present who would have buried their swords in the breasts of such wretches, as they would have esteemed them.

But no; in such an assembly that supposition was inconceivable.

"Who, then, were they?"

It began to be talked of that they had been permitted to pass in without the usual testing question. If the fact were so, what did that portend?

Once and once only did either of the men remove the mask from his face, and that was to show it to a lady of striking beauty, about whom it was whispered that she enjoyed the special favour of the "king over the water."

The lady saw that face, and her own face whitened as if with approaching death, her limbs lost their power of self-support, and she dropped fainting, senseless, back on the couch from which she had just before risen.

The masked Charles took no further notice, left the lady to her fate, and passed on.

The commotion excited by this incident so hurt the genial tone of the assemblage, that the managers began to bustle about, ordering the musicians to go on playing, urging the dancers again to their enjoyment of the stately minuet, while in the courtyard fireworks began to be let off.

The masked Charles now sat down in a corner, as if to be out of observation for a time, and so facilitate the efforts being made for the success of the masquerade.

It so happened that there sat on the same seat a man who, judging by his garb, had a very good claim to inquire into the proceedings of the said unfortunate monarch.

"Why, Charles, boy," said this personage, in a good-humoured voice, "dinna ye recognise your ain father? By my saul, but I know ye well enough! Look at me—at my breeches, and plead sic shameful ignorance no longer. Gin ye are Charles the First, am not I James the First? Where's your loyalty, mon, to say naething of your duty as a son?"

"Father," returned a deep, grave, and most serious voice, having no touch of sport or masquerading about it, "these are times indeed when men need to be reminded of their loyalty! Have you, Sir Richard, no thought of that kind?"

"You know me, do you! Tell me who you are, and I will answer you."

"It matters little who I am. Men pass away, but the cause remains. Beware, Sir Richard, that you do not, at your last hour, recall this meeting with a pang of regret for wasted opportunities. What you were, God above knows and I know. What you are, it is for yourself now to show before all men. Farewell!"

The stately figure rose, and walked away to a distant apartment, where he had left Laud.

When he rejoined the archbishop, he found him in conversation with a Knight Templar, and the attitude of the two men implied a deep, absorbing interest in each other's conversation.

Had Lord Langton (the Knight Templar) made a discovery as to the person who represented Laud? If so, that discovery did not yet extend to the now comer, the stately, melancholy-looking King Charles.

The companions were walking away, as if finally to leave the rooms, when the Knight Templar, following them, said to King Charles—

"Sire, will you permit me, a red cross knight of another era, to have the honour of a brief conversation?"

"Brief let it be," said the masked monarch.

The Templar started at the sound of the voice, and then again walked on by the side of the two figures, as if wishing to retard them, yet doubtful as to what he ought to do.

Watching his opportunity when they reached a tolerably empty part of one of the rooms, the Templar came close to Charles, and whispered—

"Is this wise? Is it right? With such vast interests at stake, I implore you to end, without one moment's delay, a course that will paralyse all friends, and give to our enemies chances they never dreamed of."

"We would not come hither if our servants—those we esteemed faithful to us—had been more conscious of their duty," was the reply, uttered also in a low tone.

Low as the tones were, they made poor Archbishop Laud look about him in extreme trepidation, and appeal in dumb show to both the men to cease their conversation.

"Is that reproach levelled at me?" demanded the Templar.

"What says your own conscience?" was the reply.

"My conscience acquits me of every thing but delay."

"And is not delay fatal? What crime greater?" responded the masked Charles, in a harsh, grating voice.

"I own my fault, but it is being remedied. This meeting has work to do to-night that—"

"We appear here in the hope to stimulate that work."

"You paralyse it—you paralyse me by fears that I dare not put into words. If you really trust me, show it now by giving me the heartfelt assurance that ere another hour passes, you will be returning to that place from which—pardon my frankness—you ought never to have come."

"He speaks boldly, does he not?" said Charles, turning to Laud, who replied—

"He is in part right, I think; and, at all events, I, for my part, recommend that now that we have been here, and have done that which will redound to our glory as brave men, willing to share in the dangers of the bravest—I say, having done that, I believe we ought to accept the Templar's advice, and depart."

"So be it. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" responded the Templar, making a half movement as if to kneel, but correcting himself in time.

A few minutes afterwards it was everywhere whispered about, amid looks, and tones, and interjections of extraordinary interest, excitement, and enthusiasm, that the king—their revered, their deputed, their courageous monarch—had actually ventured not simply to meet the lion in the path that barred his entrance to his own dominions, but had, like another Daniel, thrown himself into a very den of lions, confiding in providence and in the goodness of his cause.

To be continued.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Miss Mulock has published, in London, a new novel, called "Two Marriages." A new work by the author of "John Halifax," is sure to be well received.

A REPORT of the Manchester, England, Free Libraries states that these institutions now contain 116,170 volumes, of which 33,425 are books of reference; and that the average number of volumes daily lent is 1,063.

The third volume of Montalambert's "History of the Monks of the West" has just been published. Montalambert has passed through a tedious and painful illness, and is now convalescent.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, are now bringing out, under the auspices of Mr. T. Hood, a series of "Penny Readings," judiciously selected from the works of Shakespeare, Goldsmith

Addison, Dickens, and other authors, and also well illustrated.

THE *Athenaeum* announces that it will shortly print five hitherto unpublished letters from Lord Chesterfield, which are characteristic both of the writer and his times.

BETWEEN LYTTON is said to have re-written a portion of "The Lady of Lyons," for Mr. Fechter, who appears as *Claude Melnotte*.

RICHIEU'S head is making some stir in the foreign newspapers. It appears that several heads are in existence, accredited to the great Cardinal. One was lately buried at Sorbonne. A French correspondent of the *London Star* says.

"Merimée assures the country that he possesses another; and now we are informed that there has been discovered, in the Rue des Boulangers, on a dust heap, a human skull bearing the following inscription: "This is the true head of Cardinal Richelieu." "The *commissaire de police* of the *quartier*—having remarkably little to do, during this rainy weather—is going to institute inquiries as to whence this occupant is derived."

THE *London Reader* says—"The copyright of all Byron's pieces has not yet ceased to be the property of Mr. Murray, and, besides, he has the invaluable advantages of possessing the original MSS. in the poet's handwriting. Often as 'Lord Byron' has been printed, it would seem that a careful collation of these has disclosed the existence of numerous errors in the text of every preceding edition. Mr. Murray has wisely resolved to check unprincipled competition—unprincipled because its productions are necessarily imperfect, and a fraud upon the public—by issuing a 'pearl edition,' printed in crown octavo, and on toned paper, so perfect, and at such a price, that no one who sees it will be misled by any counterfeit. We have read that Byron left behind him some fragments of a fifth canto of 'Childe Harold,' containing, amongst other things, a description of an eruption of Stromboli, seen by the poet, on his last voyage to Greece, and also a plan of the 'Don Juan.' Are these in possession of Mr. Murray? These remains must be known to no small number of persons, yet the secret has been well kept."

BONNIE AGG LORRAINE.

WHEN the burn flows glancing
Through the half-overshadowed dell,
When the lights of eve are dancing
On the heathor's purple bell,
When earth is calm as heaven above,
But for the merle's sweet strain,
Tis sweet to walk with her I love,
My Bonnie Agg Lorraine!

Lovely's the curtain's fold
That veils the beaming west;
Earth swathed in green and gold—
A garden of the blest,
Oh, while she leans upon my arm,
Tis pleasure—almost pain,
To dwell upon each peerless charm
Of Bonnie Agg Lorraine!

Full dear, I trow, is light
To daisies on the lea,
More dear, 'twixt eve and night,
Her kisses unto me:
The stream with softer murmur flows,
Of brighter green's the plain,
And redder is the red moss-rose
When near to Agg Lorraine!

Yet the petals of the rose
In the hush of eve are fair,
When in sylvan glory flows
The birch's streaming hair,
Which the sunbeams flicker through—
Like showers of golden rain,
And stray among, all gemmed with dew,
The curls of Agg Lorraine.

No fragrance has the mignonette
Beside her breath's perfume,
No colour has the rose-dew-droplet
Beside her cheek of bloom,
Far be the wretch would blight her youth,
And the villain that would pain
The heart of innocence and truth—
The heart of Agg Lorraine!

THE CUCKOO'S NOTES VALSE.

C. BLAMPHIN.

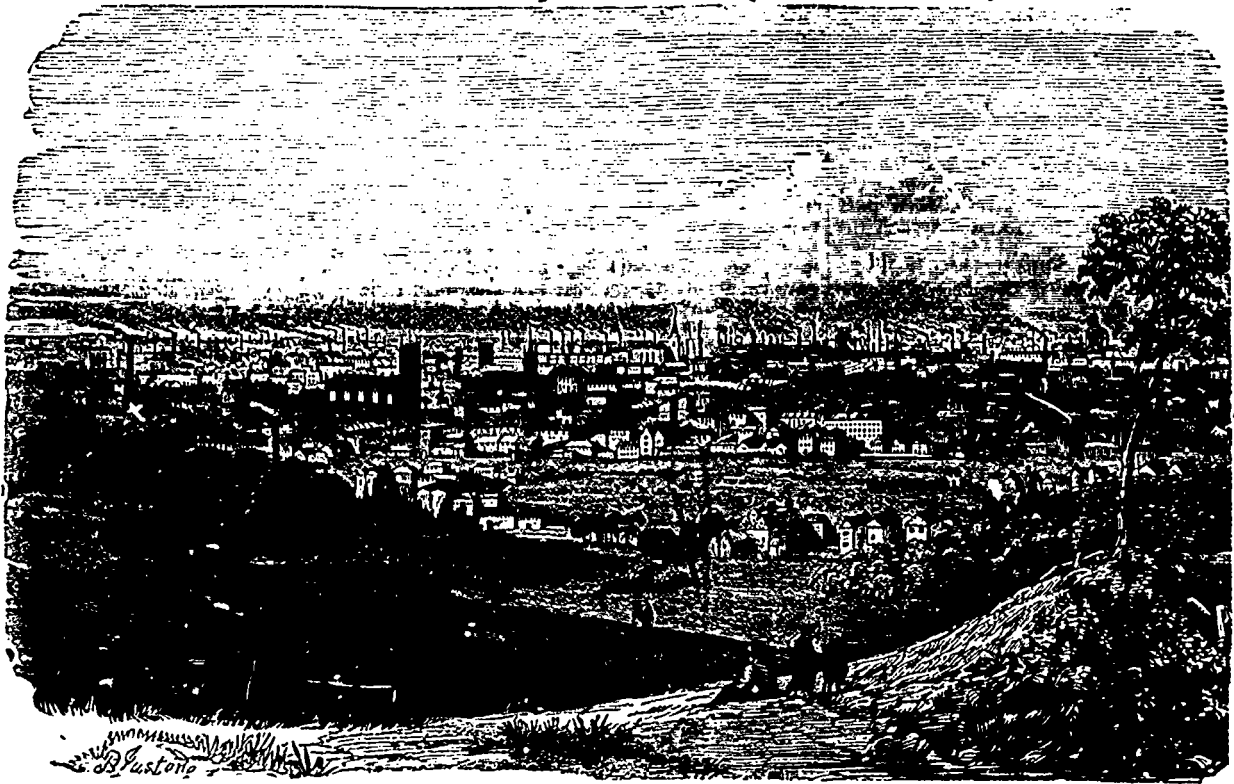
VALSE

p

Cuckoo

1st time. 2nd time.

1st 2nd



Manchester.

MANCHESTER.

This city, the great centre of the cotton manufactures of the northwest of England, is situated on the river Irwell, about thirty-two miles to the northeast of Liverpool. The borough of Salford, on the west side of the Irwell, is connected with Manchester by a number of bridges, and is considered as virtually a part of the city.

Manchester was incorporated in 1833, made the seat of a bishopric in 1847, and received the title of city in 1853. Its population at the census of 1861 was 357,604, whilst that of Salford, at the same period, was 102,114. The chief trade of Manchester is spinning and manufacturing cotton, but it has also considerable manufactures of silk, mixed goods, machinery, and tools. In 1860, it had 95 cotton mills, 13 silk mills, 48 iron-foundries, and 63 machinists' workshops. About 60,000 persons are ordinarily employed in the cotton mills who earn \$150,000 per week; and at least 7000 skilled mechanics are constantly engaged in the production of steam-engines, spinning mules, looms and other machinery; these again need some 1500 labourers to assist them.

Manchester was the first borough to take advantage of the imperial Free Libraries Act, which allows an appropriation of a penny in the pound on the local assessments for parks, libraries and museums. The first free lending library in England was established there: three branch lending libraries and a museum have since been added, also one reference library and an excellent museum in Salford. Manchester can also boast of three public parks, each of about thirty acres in extent. The principal public buildings are the Town Hall, the Royal Exchange, the Royal Institution, the Free Trade Hall, and the Assize Courts; the latter cost about \$500,000. Many of the warehouses of the merchants are palatial in appearance, and the business transacted is quite in accordance with the magnitude of the buildings. The floor of the Royal Exchange contains about 1800 square yards, and is yet too small for the numbers who throng it on market days. The cathedral, built in 1442, is a very fine gothic structure, and has within the past few years undergone a very extensive process of restoration in its original style. Some of the Catholic and

dissenting churches are also very fine. Manchester suffered severely during the crisis produced by the American war, but it is satisfactory to know that it has recovered from its temporary depression, and is again active and prosperous.

SCRAPS OF LAW.

SECOND PAPER.

CHIRSTMAS is a merry and festive season, and brings with it joy and gladness to all: to the juveniles old Santa Claus comes with his far-famed sleigh, drawn by the eight tiny rein-deer, and laden with gifts and presents beyond the conception of the most vivid imagination of childhood; to the seniors, old Father Christmas arrives with his cheerful family gatherings, and his solid roast beef and plum-pudding; and the advent of this season causes joy and mirth and the voice of melody throughout the land.

New Year's is a gay and happy day, when hundreds of prancing horses are dashing hither and thither through the crowded streets, drawing to the merry sound of tinkling bells sleighs freighted with living and smiling loads of visitors, eager to pay their annual homage at the various shrines of the three Graces—Youth, Beauty, and Wealth. But, notwithstanding all this mirth and rejoicing to many—aye, to most—there arise anxious thoughts of a skeleton in the cupboard; while they laugh over the year that is gone, and say, "a jollier year we shall not see," still in their innermost hearts they think,

"Old year, we'll dearly rue for you,"

as with the mind's eye, like seers of old, they behold innumerable letters pouring in upon them; not charming *billets-doux*, nor invitations to balls, parties, and muffin-fights, in sweet little white and tinted envelopes, addressed in fairy Italian hand; but horrible yellow-covered literature, with their patronymics scrawled on the back with huge fantastic flourishes, and containing reminders from vulgar butchers and grocers of the cost of the beef and pudding they have just devoured, and of whatever else may have been taken to sustain the earthly frame during the last three months. And gazing still further into the future, many of them see visions

(but visions, which, alas! will become too surely sad realities) of other letters from the servants of the law, telling in sterner and more determined tones of the year that is past, but which unfortunately has left so many pernicious relics behind; and then, like hideous nightmares, come the thoughts of writs and judgments and costs. And to these gentlemen and ladies, whoever they may be, who thus have their digestion interfered with by these sad and dreary thoughts and fears, we would offer our most sincere and heartfelt—condolences? no—congratulations. And we would tender our congratulations, because these poor creatures, who, like the mother of Maud's lover, are vexed with lawyers and harassed with debt, and are sometimes tempted to say, in the words of Marianna,

"I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead,"

live in this free and enlightened Canada of ours, and in the gentle nineteenth century; if they had chanced to live in the time of their forefathers, they would have suffered rather more severely from the rigors and asperities of the law than they now possibly can do.

Throughout the Roman Empire, by the law of the Twelve Tables (which was a digest of the wisdom of the ancients), creditors might, if they felt so inclined, do even more than the Jew Shylock wished to do, when he was going to cut a pound of Christian flesh from the very heart of his unfortunate but high-minded debtor—for they were allowed to chop the debtor's body in pieces, and each of them take his proportionable share (though it is impossible to see what they could do with their scraps of human flesh, unless they traded with the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands, and supplied these interesting savages with mince meat for their Christmas festivities). If the creditor was possessed of a large supply of the milk of human kindness, he would do no more than imprison the debtor in chains, or subject him to stripes and hard labour; or he might sell him, with his wife and his little ones, into perpetual slavery in some foreign country. And even in countries over which the meteor flag of England is wont to wave; and throughout the length and breadth of which bands of free-born Saxons were continually playing in their most jubilant strains, "Britons never shall be slaves," until very recently, if an unfortunate debtor was tardy

in settling his little accounts, the sheriff and his myrmidons pounce upon him, and, by virtue of a letter from the Queen's most excellent majesty, styled a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, would seize his body and cast it ruthlessly into prison, until he had paid the uttermost farthing of the debt, damages and costs. But now, thanks to the tender heartedness and merciful dispositions of our legislators (arising probably from the unwillingness they felt in themselves beholding the inner walls of a debtor's prison, when their voices had ceased to reverberate through the legislative halls), imprisonment for debt, except in a few cases, is among the things that were.

On the thirty-first day of December, when the old year lies adying—when, having given birth to three hundred and sixty-five sons, his hoary head, white with the snows of winter, is brought down through age and decay to the brink of the grave, and it is plain to all around,

"He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day;"

and, phoenix-like, a new year is preparing to spring from the ashes of the dead, at such a solemn time, even the most thoughtless and hard-hearted among the denizens of this world can scarcely avoid having some thoughts flit through his brain of the time (which, perchance, is not far in the future) when he himself will lie down to die; and then, if he is wise, he provides for the disposition of his worldly goods—he makes his will. This wise practice of making wills is very old—yea, almost antediluvian—for, according to some, it may be traced back to the time of Noah, who, as it is said by Eusebius and some others, not only made his will, but witnessed it under his seal, and in it disposed of the whole world to his sons and the children that should come after them. Francis the First of France once referred to, and wished to look into, a will even older than that of Noah's, but could not find it; for, when the Pope, in the exercise of his supposed right as Vicegerent of Heaven, gave the whole of the continent of America, from the aurora borealis in the north, to the cold and biting land of fire in the south, to the King of Spain, the Frenchman, in a huff, said that he would like to see the clause in Father Adam's will which bequeathed so vast an inheritance to the Spaniard. If any scoffer, Colenso-like, casts any doubt upon these proofs of the antiquity of wills, we will most submissively draw in our horns, and content ourselves with saying that we have them referred to away back in the remote ages of antiquity: for who does not know that the most ancient book in the world contains a passage in which the patriarch Abraham speaks of making a will in favour of his steward Eliezer of Damascus; and Jacob bequeathed to his beloved Joseph an inheritance double to that of his brethren, and the provisions of this will were carried into effect, when hundreds of years afterwards the Holy Land was divided among the tribes, by the families of Ephraim and Manassah, the two sons of Joseph, each having a portion assigned to them. Solon introduced wills into Athens, and the compilers of the Twelve Tables into Rome. In England, in former times, a man could only bequeath a third of his personal property; before the conquest a Saxon could devise all his lands, but after the fall of Harold, until the reign of bluff King-Hal, land was not devisable at all; by a statute passed in his reign a freeholder was enabled to dispose of two-thirds of his property; and in Charles the Second's time, the law was made the same as it had been before the advent of William the Norman.

As may naturally be supposed, some very strange and rather comical wills have been made by different persons at different times; some who, while they had a prospect of retaining their wealth, would not have given even a cup of cold water to a beggar, by their wills leave enormous sums (for which they have no further use) to endow a college, found an hospital, or for the benefit of some other charitable institution, hoping to win heaven, and make atonement for their hardness of heart and grasping rapacity and avarice; others, fond of quarrellings and bickerings, leave behind them wills which excite the bitterest feelings and animosities

among their surviving relations. Some wills are remarkable for their conciseness and perspicuity; others for their unprecedented shapes and curious contents; and others for their extraordinary piety and great contempt for all things earthly. One man provides for a church, another for his dog; while one maiden lady, of an uncertain age, leaves an annuity for the comfortable and respectable maintenance of her cats, and orders her horses to be shot. One John Hodge, unwilling that his euphonious and aristocratic patronymic should become lost to posterity, and that he himself should lie in his last resting place unwept, unchroured and unsung, gave twenty shillings a year to a poor man to prow about the parish church of Trysall, during divine service, to keep people awake, and dogs out of the sanctuary, whenever the sermon was not of an awakening or alarming nature. David Marmett, of Calcutta, while giving directions to his executor, says: "As to this fulsome carcass, having already seen enough of worldly pomp, I desire nothing relative to it be done, only its being stowed away in my old green chest, to save expenses." He then bequeathed to one man the debts he owed, and to another his sincerity. A Lancashire gentleman, in the last century, having kindly given his body to the worms of the family vault, bequeathed an ounce of modesty to the authors of the *London Journal* and *Free Briton*, giving as his reason for the smallness of the legacy, that he was "convinced that an ounce will be found more than they'll ever make use of." Another testator, after having stated at great length in his will the number of obligations he was under, bequeathed to his benefactor ten thousand—here the leaf turned over, and the expectant legatee, turning to the other side, found the legacy was ten thousand thanks. One who evidently either kindly intended to thwart his relatives and be a benefactor to the lawyers, or else was an eccentric mathematician of the first water, gave to certain persons "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area inclosed by the centre of oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun twenty-one thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." While another genius, a professor in Oxford, left a sum of money to his executors wherewith to have his corpse skinned, the skin tanned, and then on it to have printed the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer.

The following are some extracts from the will of an Earl of Pembroke, who lived during the troublesome times of the Stuarts:—"Imprimis—For my soul, I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither: therefore, if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me. Item—I give my body, for I cannot keep it to be buried. Item—My will is, that I have no monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses, and all my life-long I have had too much of them. Item—I give nothing to Lord Say; which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor. Item—To Tom May I give five shillings: I intended him more: but whoever has seen his History of the Parliament, thinks five shillings too much. Item—I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own. Item—I give up the ghost."

Some have been so enamoured of the worship of the tuneless Nine, that they have even written their wills in verse. The following is one which has been proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:—

"This fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave,
On this side of the grave,
To some one or other;
And, I think to my brother,
Because I foresaw
That my brethren in law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for a share,
Which I no wise intended,

Till their manners are mended,
And of that God knows, there's no sign,
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
Of which witness my hand,
That nought I have got,
Be brought into hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold,
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges,
Of his brother,

JOHN HEDGES."

In former days the law paid much greater attention to the private religious views, opinions and behaviour of its subjects than it does now. By acts passed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, absentees from divine worship forfeited one shilling to the poor for every Lord's day that they neglected to shew themselves at church, and twenty pounds to the king, if they continued such default for a month together; and if they kept any inmate thus irreligiously disposed in their houses, they forfeited ten pounds per month. What a blessing it would be if these old laws were now in force in this Province of ours! Then there would be no necessity for making special collections for the Quebec sufferers, for poor funds, or for any of the innumerable charities, for which one has to be continually diving his hand down to the very bottom of his pocket; and doubtless even some of our taxes might be considerably lightened; our finance minister might knock a few cents duty off tobacco, or sugar and tea, for the especial benefit of our respectable church-going parents.

Blasphemy against the Almighty, and profane scoffing at the Holy Scriptures, were punishable by fine and imprisonment. The last person successfully prosecuted for this crime was an eminent and respectable publisher for issuing an edition of Shelly's "Queen Mab." By a statute passed in the reign of George the Second (and which is in force here), every laborer, sailor or soldier, profanely cursing or swearing, is finable one shilling; every other person, under the degree of gentleman, two shillings; and every gentleman or person of superior rank, five shillings. This fine also went to the poor of the parish; and, on a second conviction, it was doubled.

A word in conclusion for the ladies. In the Hindu law of husband and wife, there are many judicious and extremely interesting enactments. Thus every Hindoo who lays any claim whatever to respectability, is enjoined not to marry "a girl with reddish hair," or "with inflamed eyes," or who is "immoderately talkative," but one who "walks gracefully like a phenicopteros or like a young elephant." (Oh ye gods and little fishes, where, in the name of goodness, on this terrestrial orb, could the unfortunate lord of creation, who considered these laws binding upon him, find one with whom to enter into the holy estate of matrimony,—not among Greeland's icy mountains, nor on India's coral strands, nor where Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands, nor even where a brighter vision breaks o'er Canadian woods and lakes!) These wise laws, for the purpose of insuring respect for the wife, very properly forbid the husband "to eat with his wife, or look at her eating, or sneezing, or yawning, or sitting carelessly at her ease." (For what can be more destructive of all romance, and the belief in the ethereal nature and heavenly disposition of the delicate and tender-hearted wife of one's bosom, than the sight of her ruby lips and pearly teeth tearing and destroying the limbs of some cooing dove or bellowing bull; or to see her sylph-like angelic frame convulsed as in a cataleptic fit with a hideous *at-chissum*.) These eastern sagas occasionally enunciate sentiments which deserve to be framed like apples of gold in pictures of silver, as for instance, this one: "A man, both night and day, must keep his wife so much in subjection, that she by no means be mistress of her own actions; if the wife have her own free will, she will behave amiss."

The Gentoo law thus sums up the feminine character in a way which some, perhaps, may

think savors slightly of the acrimony of satire: "Women have six qualities: the first, inordinate love of jewels and fine furniture, handsome clothes and nice victuals; the second, strong passions; the third, violent anger; the fourth, deep resentment; the fifth, another person's good appears evil in their eyes; and the sixth, they commit bad actions." Notwithstanding all this, these laws hold out some rewards for the fair sex, for they say "that it is proper for a woman, after her husband's death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse; and every woman who thus burns herself will remain in paradise with her husband for three score and fifty lacks of years." Oh, what happiness! what bliss beyond compare! such a destiny would be to many of our Canadian and American matrons (?)

BIRDS OF PREY.

THE TWO MACAIRES.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER III.—"HEART BARE, HEART HUNGRY, VERY POOR."

Continued from page 319.

Diana Paget left the Kursaal, and walked slowly along the pretty rustic street, now dawdling before a little printshop whose contents she knew by heart, now looking back at the great windows of that temple of pleasure which she had just quitted.

"What do they care what becomes of me?" she thought, as she looked up at the blank vacant windows, for the last time before she left the main street of Forêt-decléne, and turned into a straggling side-street, whose rugged pavement sloped upward towards the pine-clad hills. The house in which Captain Paget had taken up his abode was a tall white habitation, situated in the narrowest of the narrow bye-ways that intersect the main street of the pretty Belgian watering-place; a lane in which the inhabitants of opposite houses may shake hands with one another out of the window, and where the odour of the cabbages and onions so liberally employed in the *cuisine* of the native offends the nose of the foreigner from sunrise to sunset.

Diana paused for a moment at the entrance to this lane, but, after a brief deliberation, walked onwards.

"What is the use of my going home?" she thought; "they won't be home for hours to come."

She walked slowly along the hilly street, and from the street into a narrow pathway winding upward through the pine-wood. Here she was quite alone, and the stillness of the place soothed her. She took off her hat and slung the faded ribbons across her arm, and the warm breeze lifted the loose hair from the forehead as she wandered upwards. It was a very beautiful face from which that loose dark hair was lifted by the summer wind. Diana Paget inherited something of the soft loveliness of Mary Anne Kepp, and a little of the patrician beauty of the Pagets. The eyes were like those which had watched Horatio Paget on his bed of sickness in Tulliver's Terrace. The resolute curve of the thin flexible lips and the fine modelling of the chin were hereditary attributes of the Nugent Pagets; and a resemblance to the lower part of Miss Paget's face might have been traced in many a sombre portrait of dame and cavalier at Thorpehayen Manor; where a Nugent Paget, who acknowledged no kindred with the respectable Captain, was now master.

The girl's reflections as she slowly climbed the hill were not pleasant. The thoughts of youth should be very beautiful; but youth that has been spent in the companionship of reprobates and tricksters is something worse than age; for experience has taught it to be bitter, while time has not taught it to be patient. For Diana Paget's childhood had been joyless, and girlhood lonely. The blank and desolate region, that dreary flat of fenny waste-ground between Vauxhall and Battersea, on which the child's eyes had first looked, had been typical of her joyless child-

hood. With her mother's death faded the one ray of light that had illumined her desolation. She was shifted from one nurse to another, and her nurses were not allowed to love her, for she remained with them as an encumbrance and a burden. It was so difficult for the Captain to pay the pitiful sum demanded for his daughter's support: or rather it was so much easier for him not to pay it. So there always came a time when Diana was delivered at her father's lodgings like a parcel, by an indignant nurse who proclaimed the story of her wrongs in shrill, feminine treble, and who was politely informed by the Captain that her claim was a common debt, and that she had the remedy in her own hands, but that the same code of laws which provided her with that remedy forbade any obnoxious demonstration of her anger in a gentleman's apartment. And then Miss Paget, after hearing all the tumult and discussion, would be left alone with her father, and would speedily perceive that her presence was disagreeable to him.

When she outgrew the age of humble foster-mothers and cottages in the dearest of the outlying suburbs, the Captain sent his daughter to school: and on this occasion he determined on patronising a person whom he had once been too proud to remember among the list of his kindred. There are poor and straggling branches upon every family tree, and the Pagets of Thorpehayen had needy cousins who, in the mighty battle of life, were compelled to fight amongst the rank and file. One of these poor cousins was a Miss Priscilla Paget, who at an early age had exhibited that affection for intellectual pursuits and that carelessness as to the duties of the toilet which are supposed to distinguish the predestined blue-stocking. Left quite alone in the world, Priscilla put her educational capital to good use; and after holding the position of principal governess for nearly twenty years in a prosperous boarding-school at Brompton, she followed her late employer to her grave with unaffected sorrow, and within a month of the funeral invested her savings in the purchase of the business, and established herself as mistress of the mansion.

To this lady Captain Paget confided his daughter's education; and in Priscilla Paget's house Diana found a shelter that was almost like a home, until her kinswoman became weary of promises that were never kept, and pitiful sums paid on account of a debt that grew bigger every day—very weary likewise of conciliatory hampers of game and barrels of oysters and all the flimsy devices of a debtor who is practised in the varied arts of the gentlemanly swindler.

The day came when Miss Paget resolved to be rid of her profitless charge; and once more Diana found herself delivered like a parcel of unordered goods at the door of her father's lodging. These are precocious children who learn their first lessons in the school of poverty; and the girl had been vaguely conscious of the degradation involved in this process at the age of five. How much more keenly did she feel the shame at the age of fifteen! Priscilla did her best to lessen the pain of her pupil's departure.

"It isn't that I've any fault to find with you, Diana, though you must remember that I have heard some complaints of your temper," she said with gently gravity; "but your father is too trying! If he didn't make me any promises, I should think better of him. If he told me frankly that he couldn't pay me, and asked me to keep you, out of charity—" Diana drew herself up with a little shiver at this word—"why, I might turn it over in my mind, and see if it could be done. But to be deceived time after time, as I've been deceived—you know the solemn language your father has used, Diana, for you've heard him; and to rely upon a sum of money on a certain date, as I have relied again and again, after Horatio's assurance that I might depend upon him—it's too bad, Diana, it's more than any one can endure. If you were two or three years older, and further advanced in your education, I might manage to do something for you by making you useful with the little ones; but I can't afford to keep you and clothe you during the next three years for nothing, and so I have no alternative but to send you home."

The "home" to which Diana Paget was taken upon this occasion was a lodging over a toyshop in the Westminster Road, where the Captain lived in considerable comfort on the proceeds of a friendly and Philanthropic Loan Society.

But no very cordial welcome awaited Diana in the gaudily-furnished drawing-room over the toyshop. She found her father sleeping placidly in his easy-chair, while a young man, who was a stranger to her, sat at a table near the window writing letters. It was a dull November day—a very dreary day on which to find oneself thrown suddenly on a still drearier world; and in the Westminster-bridge road the lamps were already making yellow patches of sickly light amidst the afternoon fog.

The Captain twitched his silk handkerchief off his face with an impatient gesture as Diana entered the room.

"Now then, what is it?" he asked peevishly, without looking at the intruder.

He recognized her in the next moment; but that first impatient salutation was about as warm a welcome as any which Miss Paget received from her father. In sad and bitter truth, he did not care for her. His marriage with Mary Ann Kepp had been the one grateful impulse of his life, and even the sentiment which had prompted that marriage had been no by-means free from the taint of selfishness. But he had been quite unprepared to find that this grand sacrifice of his life should involve another sacrifice in the maintenance of a daughter he did not want, and he was very much inclined to quarrel with the destiny that had given him this burden.

"If you had been a boy, I might have made you useful to me sooner or later," the Captain said to his daughter when he found himself alone with her late on the night of her return; "but what on earth am I to do with a daughter, in the unsettled life I lead? However, since that old harridan has sent you back, you must manage in the best way you can," concluded Captain Paget with a discontented sigh.

From this time Diana Paget had inhabited the nest of the vultures, and every day had brought its new lesson of trickery and falsehood. There are men—and bad men too—who would have tried to keep the secret of their shifts and meanness hidden from an only child; but Horatio Paget believed himself the victim of man's ingratitude, and his misdoings the necessity of an evil destiny. It is not easy for the unsophisticated intellect to gauge those moral depths to which the man who lives by his wits must sink before his career is finished, or to understand how, with every step in the swindler's downward road, the conscience grows tougher, the perception of shame blunter, the savage selfishness of the animal nature stronger. Diana Paget had discovered some of her father's weaknesses during her miserable childhood; and in the days of her unpaid-for schooling she had known that his most solemn promises were no more to be relied on than the capricious breath of a summer breeze. So the revelations which awaited her under the paternal roof were not utterly strange or entirely unexpected. Day by day she grew more accustomed to that atmosphere of fraud and falsehood. The sense of shame never left her; for there is a pride that thrives amidst poverty and degradation, and of such pride Diana Paget possessed no small share. She writhed under the consciousness that she was the daughter of a man who had forfeited all right to the esteem of his fellow-men. She valued the good opinion of others, and would fain have been beloved and admired, trusted and respected, for she was ambitious; and the thought that she might one day do something which would lift her above the vulgar level was the day-dream that had consoled her in many an hour of humiliation and discomfort. Diana Paget felt the Captain's shame as keenly as her mother had felt it; but the remorse which had agonised gentle Mary Anne, the tender compassion for others which had wrung that fond and faithful heart, had no place in the breast of the Captain's daughter.

Diana felt so much compassion for herself that she had none left to bestow upon other people. Her father's victims might be miserable, but was not she infinitely more wretched? The landlady

who found her apartments suddenly tenantless and her rent unpaid might complain of the hardness of her fortune; but was it not harder for Diana, with the sensitive feelings and the keen pride of the Pagets, to endure all the degradation involved in the stealthy carrying away of luggage and a secret departure under cover of night?

At first Miss Paget had been inclined to feel aggrieved by the presence of the young man whom she had seen writing letters in the gloomy dusk of the November afternoon, but in due time she came to accept him as a companion, and to feel that her joyless life would have been drearier without him. He was the secretary of the Friendly and Philanthropic Loan Society, and of any other society organised by the Captain. He was Captain Paget's amanuensis and representative: Captain Paget's tool, but not Captain Paget's dupe; for Valentine Hawkehurst was not of that stuff of which dupes are made.

The man who lives by his wits has need of a faithful friend and follower. The chief of the vultures must not be approached too easily. There must be a preparatory ordeal, an outer chamber to be passed, before the victim is introduced to the sanctuary which is irradiated by the silver veil of the prophet. Captain Paget found an able condjutor in Valentine Hawkehurst, who answered one of those tempting advertisements in which A. B. C. or X. Y. Z. was wont to offer a salary of three hundred a-year to any gentlemanly person capable of performing the duties of secretary to a newly-established company. It was only after responding to this promising offer, that the applicant was informed that he must possess one indispensable qualification in the shape of a capital of five hundred pounds. Mr. Hawkehurst laughed aloud when the Captain imparted this condition with that suave and yet disguised manner which was peculiar to him.

"I ought to have known it was a dodge of that kind," said the young man coolly. "Those very good things—duties light and easy, hours from twelve to four, speedy advancement certain for a conscientious and gentlemanly person, and so on—are always of the genus *do*. Your advertisement is very cleverly worded, my dear sir; only it's like the rest of them, rather too clever. It is so difficult for a clever man not to be too clever. The prevailing weakness of the human intellect seems to me to be exaggeration. However, as I haven't a five-pound note in the world, or the chance of getting one, I'll wish you good morning, Captain Paget."

There are people whose blood would have been turned to ice by the stony glare of indignation with which Horatio Paget regarded the man who had dared to question his probity. But Mr. Hawkehurst had done with strong impressions long before he met the Captain; and he listened to that gentleman's freezing reproof with an admiring smile. Out of this very unpromising beginning there arose a kind of friendship between the two men. Horatio Paget had for some time been in need of a clever tool, and in the young man whose cool insolence rose superior to his own dignity he perceived the very individual whom he had long been seeking. The young man who was unshamed by the indignation of a scion of Nugents and Cromies and Pagets must be utterly impervious to the sense of all, and it was just such an impervious young man that the Captain wanted as his condjutor. Thus arose the alliance, which grew stronger every day; until Valentine took up his abode under the roof of his employer and patron, and made himself more thoroughly at home there than the unwelcome daughter of the house.

The history of Valentine Hawkehurst's past existence was tolerably well known to the Captain; but the only history of the young man's early life ever heard by Diana was rather vague and fragmentary. She discovered, little by little, that he was the son of a spendthrift *littérateur*, who had passed the greater part of his career within the rules of the King's Bench, that he had run away from home at the age of fifteen, and had tried his fortune in all those professions which require no educational ordeal, and which seem to offer themselves invitingly to the scape-

grace and adventurer. At fifteen Valentine Hawkehurst had been errand-boy in a newspaper office; at seventeen a penny-a-liner, whose flimsy was pretty sure of admission in the lower class of Sunday papers. In the course of a very brief career he had been a provincial actor, a manège rider in a circus, a billiard-marker, and a betting agent. It was after having exhausted these liberal professions that he encountered Captain Paget.

Such was the man whom Horatio Paget admitted to companionship with his only daughter. It can scarcely be pleaded in excuse for the Captain that he might have admitted a worse man than Valentine Hawkehurst to his family circle, for the Captain had never taken the trouble to sound the depths of his condjutor's nature. There is nothing so short-sighted as selfishness; and beyond the narrow circle immediately surrounding himself, there was no man more blind than Horatio Paget.

It was dusk when Diana grew tired of the lonely pathways among the hills, where the harmonies of a bank stationed in the valley were wafted in gusts of music by the fitful summer breeze. The loneliness of the place soothed the girl's feverish spirits; and, seated in a little classic temple upon the summit of a hill, she looked pensively downward through the purple mists at the newly-lighted lamps twinkling faintly in the valley.

"One does not feel the sting of one's shabbiness here," thought Miss Paget: "the trees are all dressed alike. Nature makes no distinction. It is only Fortune who treats her children unfairly."

The Captain's daughter walked slowly back to the little town in the deepening dusk. The lodging occupied by Horatio Paget and his household consisted of four roomy chambers on the second story of a big rambling house. The rooms were neatly furnished, and decorated with the tawdry ornamentation dear to the continental mind; but there were long wide windows and an iron balcony, on which Diana Paget was often pleased to sit.

She found the sitting-room dark and empty. No dinner had been prepared; for on lucky days the Captain and his protégé were wont to dine at the *table d'hôte* of one of the hotels or to feast sumptuously *à la carte*, while on unlucky days they did not dine at all. Diana found a roll and some cream cheese in a roomy old cupboard that was favoured with mice; and after making a very indifferent meal in the dusky chamber, she went out upon the balcony, and sat there looking down upon the lighted town.

She had been sitting there for nearly an hour in the same attitude, when the door of the sitting-room was opened, and a footstep sounded behind her. She knew the step; and although she did not lift her head, her eyes took a new brightness in the summer dusk, and the listless grace of her attitude changed to a statuesque rigidity, though there was no change in the attitude itself.

She did not stir till a hand was laid softly on her shoulder, and a voice said,

"Diana!"

The speaker was Valentine Hawkehurst, the young man whose entrance to the golden temple had been so closely watched by Captain Paget's daughter.

She rose as he spoke, and turned to him.

"You have been losing, I suppose, Mr. Hawkehurst," she said, "or you would not have come home?"

"I am compelled to admit that you are right in your premise, Miss Paget, and your deduction is scarcely worth discussion. I have been losing—confoundedly; and as they don't give credit at the board of green cloth yonder, there was no excuse for my staying. Your father has not been holding his own within the last hour or two, but when I left the rooms he was going to the Hotel d'Orange with some French fellows for a quiet game of *écarté*. Our friend the Captain is a great card, Miss Paget, and has a delightful talent for picking up distinguished acquaintance."

There are few daughters who would have cared to hear a father spoken of in this free-and-easy

manner; but Diana Paget was quite unmoved. She had resumed her old attitude, and sat looking towards the lighted windows of the Kursaal, while Mr. Hawkehurst lounged against the angle of the window with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth.

For three years Valentine Hawkehurst had lived in constant companionship with the Captain's daughter; and in that time his manner to her had undergone considerable variation. Of late it had been something in the manner of an elder brother, whose fraternal breast is impervious to the influence of a sister's loveliness or a sister's fascination. If Diana Paget had been a snub-nosed young person with red hair and white eyelashes, Mr. Hawkehurst could scarcely have treated her with a more friendly indifference, a more brotherly familiarity.

Unhappily this line of conduct, which is perhaps the wisest and most honourable plan that a man can pursue when he finds himself thrown into a dangerously familiar association with a beautiful and unprotected woman is the very line of proceeding which a beautiful woman, can never bring herself to forgive. A chivalrous stiffness, a melancholy dignity, a frozen frigidité, which suggest the fiery bubbling of the lava flood beneath the icy surface,—these are delightful to the female mind. But friendly indifference and fraternal cordiality constitute the worst insult that can be offered to her beauty, the most bitter outrage upon the majesty of her sex.

"I suppose, it will be midnight before papa comes home, Mr. Hawkehurst," Diana said abruptly, when her companion had finished his cigar, and had thrown the end of it over the balcony.

"Past midnight more likely, Miss Paget. May I ask how I have become Mr. Hawkehurst all of a sudden, when for the last three years I have been usually known as Valentine—or Val?"

The girl turned her head with a gesture in which the carelessness of his own manner was imitated. She stole a rapid look at him as she answered, "What does it matter whether I call you by one name or another?"

"What does any thing matter? I believe Mr. Toots was an unconscious philosopher. There is nothing in the world of any consequence, except money. Go and look at those poor devils yonder, and you will see what *that* is worth," he cried, pointing to the lighted Kursaal. "There you behold the one great truth of the universe in action. There is nothing but money, and men are the slaves of money, and life is only another name for the pursuit of money. Go and look at beauty yonder fading in the light and heat; at youth that changes to age before your eyes; at friendship which turns to hate when the chances of the game are with my friend and against me. The Kursaal is the world in little, Diana; and this great globe of ours is nothing but a gigantic gaming-table—a mighty temple for the worship of the golden calf!"

"Why do you imitate those people yonder, if you despise them so heartily?"

"Because I am like them and of them. I tell you that money is the beginning and end of all things. Why am I here, and why is my life made of baseness and lies? Because my father was an improvident scoundrel, and did not leave me five hundred a year. I wonder what I should have been like, by the by, if I had been blest with a hundred a year."

"Honest and happy," answered the girl earnestly. She forgot her simulated indifference, and looked at him with sad earnest eyes. He met the glance, and the expression of his own face changed from its cynical smile to a thoughtful sadness.

"Honest perhaps; and yet I almost doubt if any thing under five thousand a year would have kept me honest. Decidedly not happy; the man who can be happy on five hundred a year are made of a duller stuff than the clay which serves for a Hawkehurst."

"You talk about not being happy with five hundred a year!" Diana exclaimed impatiently. "Surely any decent existence would be happiness to you compared to the miserable life you lead,—the shameful, degraded life which shuts you out

of the society of respectable people and reduces you to the level of a thief. If you had any pride, Valentine, you would feel it as bitterly as I do."

"But I haven't any pride. As for my life,—well, I suppose it is shameful and degraded, and I know it's often miserable; but it suits me better than jog-trot respectability. I can dine one day upon truffled turkey and champagne, another day upon bread and cheese and small beer; but I couldn't eat beef and mutton always. That's what kills people of my temperament. There are born scamps in the world, Diana, and I am one of them. My name is Robert Macaire, and I was created for the life I lead. Keep clear of me if you have any hankering after better things, but don't try to change my nature, for it is wasted labour."

"Valentine, it is so cruel to talk like that."

"Cruel to whom?"

"To—those—who care for you."

It was quite dark now; but even in the darkness Diana Paget's head drooped a little as she said this.

Mr. Hawkehurst laughed aloud.

"Those who care for me!" he cried; "no such people ever lived. My father was a drunken scoundrel who suffered his children to grow up about him as he would have suffered a litter of puppies to sprawl upon his hearth, only because there was less trouble in letting them lie there than in kicking them out. My mother was a good woman in the beginning, I know; but she must have been something more than a mortal woman if she had not lost some of her goodness in twelve years of such a life as she led with my father. I believe she was fond of me, poor soul; but she died six months before I ran away from a lodging in the Rules, which it is the bitterest irony to speak of as my home. Since then I have been Robert Macaire, and have about as many friends as such a man usually has."

"You can scarcely wonder if you have few friends," said Miss Paget, "since there is no one in the world whom you love."

She watched him through the darkness after saying this; watched him closely, though it was too dark for her to see the expression of his face, and any emotion to which her words might have given rise could be betrayed only by some gesture or change of attitude. She watched him in vain, for he did not stir. But after a pause of some minutes he said slowly—

"Such a man as I cannot afford to love any one. What have I to offer to the woman I might pretend to love? Truth, or honour, or honesty, or constancy? Those are commodities I have never dealt in. If I know what they are, and that I have never possessed them, it is about as much as I do know of them. If I have any redeeming grace, Diana Paget, it lies in the fact that I know what a worthless wretch I am. Your father thinks he is a great man; a noble suffering creature, and that the world has ill-used him. I know that I am a scoundrel, and that let my fellow-men treat me as badly as they please, they can never give me worse usage than I deserve. And am I a man to talk about love, or to ask a woman to share my life? Good God, what a noble partner I should offer her! What a happy existence I could assure her!"

But if the woman loved you, she would only love you better for being unfortunate."

"Yes, if she was very young and foolish and romantic. But don't you think I should be a villain if I traded on her girlish folly? She would love me for a year or two perhaps, and bear all the changes of my temper; but the day would come when she would awake from her delusion, and know that she had been cheated. She would see other women—less gifted than herself, probably—and would see the market they had made of their charms; would see them rich and honoured and happy, and would stand aside in the muddy streets to be splashed by the dirt from their carriage-wheels. And then she would consider the price for which she had bartered her youth and beauty, and would hate the man who had cheated her. No, Diana, I am not such a villain as the world may think me. I am down in the dirt myself, and I'm used to it. I won't

drag a woman into the gutter just because I may happen to love her!"

There was a long silence after this—a silence during which Diana Paget sat looking down at the twinkling lights of the Kursaal. Valentine lighted a second cigar and smoked it out, still in silence. The clock struck eleven as he threw the end of his cigar away; a tiny, luminous speck, which shot through the misty atmosphere below the balcony like a falling star.

"I may as well go and see how your father is getting on yonder," he said, as the spark of light vanished in the darkness below. "Good night, Diana. Don't sit too long in the cold night-air, and don't sit up for your father—there's no knowing when he may be home."

The girl did not answer him. She listened to the shutting of the door as it closed behind, and then folded her arms upon the iron rail of the balcony, laid her head upon them, and wept silently. Her life was very dreary, and it seemed to her as if the last hope which had sustained her against an unnatural despair had been taken away from her to-night.

Twelve o'clock sounded with a feeble little carillon from one of the steeples, and still she sat with her head resting upon her folded arms. Her eyes were quite dry by this time; for with her tears were very rare, and the passion which occasioned them must needs be intense. The night-air grew chill and damp; but although she shivered now and then beneath that creeping, penetrating cold which is peculiar to night-air, she did not stir from her place in the balcony till she was startled by the opening of the door in the room behind her.

All was dark within, but Diana Paget was very familiar with the footstep which sounded on the carpetless floor. It was Valentine Hawkehurst, and not her father, whose step her quick ear distinguished.

"Diana," he called; and then he muttered in a tone of surprise, "all dark still. Ah! she has gone to bed, I suppose. That's a pity!" The figure in the balcony caught his eye at this moment.

"What in goodness' name has kept you out there all this time?" he asked; "do you want to catch your death of cold?"

He was standing by the mantelpiece lighting a candle as he asked this unceremonious question. The light of the candle shone full upon his face when Diana came into the room, and she could see that he was paler than usual.

"Is there any thing the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes; there is a great deal the matter. You will have to leave Forêt-de-bône by the earliest train to-morrow morning, on the first stage of your journey to England. Look here, my girl! I can give you just about the money that will carry you safely to London; and when you are once there, Providence must do the rest."

"Valentine, what do you mean?"

"I mean, that you cannot get away from this place—you cannot disserve yourself from the people you have been living with, too soon. Come, come, don't shiver, child. Take a few drops of this cognac, and let me see the colour come back to your face before I say any more."

He poured the dregs of a bottle of brandy into a glass, and made her drink the spirit. He was obliged to force the rim of the glass between her set teeth before he could succeed in this.

"Come, Diana," he said, after she had drunk, "you have been a pupil in the school of adversity so long, that you ought to be able to take misfortunes pretty quietly. There's a balance struck somehow or other, depend upon it, my girl; and the prosperous people who pay their debts have to suffer, as well as the Macaire family. I'm a scamp and a scoundrel, but I'm your true friend nevertheless, Diana; and you must promise to take my advice. Tell me that you will trust me."

"I have no one else to trust."

"No one else in this place. But in England you have your old friend,—the woman with whom you were at school. Do you think she would refuse to give you a temporary home if you sued her in *forma pauperis*?"

"No, I don't think she would refuse. She was very good to me. But why am I to go back to London?"

"Because to stay here would be ruin and disgrace to you; because the tie that links you to Horatio Paget must be cut at any hazard."

"But why?"

"For the best or worst of reasons. Your father has been trying a trick to-night which has been hitherto so infallible, that I suppose he had grown careless as to his execution of it. Or perhaps he took a false measure of the man he was playing with. In any case, he has been found out, and has been arrested by the police."

"Arrested, for cheating at cards?" exclaimed the girl, with a look of unspeakable disgust and horror. Valentine's arm was ready to support her, if she had shown any symptom of fainting; but she did not. She stood erect before him, very pale, but firm as a rock.

"And you want me to go away?" she said.

"Yes, I want you to disappear from this place before you become notorious as your father's daughter. That would be about the worst reputation which you could carry through life. Believe me that I wish you well, Diana, and be ruled by me."

"I will," she answered, with a kind of despairing resignation. "It seems very dreary to go back to England to face the world alone. But I will do as you tell me."

She did not express any sympathy for her father, then languishing under arrest, whereby she proved herself very wicked and unwomanly, no doubt. But neither womanly virtues nor Christian graces are wont to flourish in the school in which Diana Paget had been reared. She obeyed Valentine Hawkehurst to the letter, without any sentimental lamentations whatever. Her scanty possessions were collected, and neatly packed, in little more than an hour. At three o'clock she lay down in her tawdry little bed-chamber to take what rest she might in the space of two hours. At six she stood by Valentine Hawkehurst on the platform of the railway station, with her face hidden by a brown gauze veil, waiting till the train was made ready to start.

It was after she was seated in the carriage that she spoke for the first time of her father.

"Is it likely to go very hard with him?" she asked.

"I hope not. We must try to pull him through it as well as we can. The charge may break down at the first examination. Good bye."

"Good-bye, Valentine."

They had just time to shake hands before the train moved off. Another moment and Miss Paget and her fellow-passengers were speeding towards Liege.

Mr. Hawkehurst drew his hat over his eyes as he walked away from the station.

"The world will seem very dull and empty to me without her," he said to himself. "I have done an unselfish thing for once in my life. I wonder whether the recording angel will carry that up to my credit, and whether the other fellow will blot out any of the old score in consideration of this one little bit of self-sacrifice."

To be continued.

AN ILLICIT STILL.

AN IRISH ADVENTURE.

A young officer, we will call him Sutherland, was shooting one day on the mountains of Innishowen. The weather, which had been dark and cloudy all the morning threatening rain, had finally settled down into a thick, heavy mist as the evening closed in.

The sportsman could hardly see a yard before him. There was no path to guide him over the moor, and the long slopes of heather and bog as he surmounted them successively, gave no distinguishing marks by which to direct his steps. He was cold, hungry, tired, utterly and irrecoverably lost.

All of a sudden a tall, shadowy figure rose up before him out of the mist.

"My good fellow," he shouted, "can you guide me to the neighbouring town?"

"Is it the town, ara? Shure, your honour, I could not guide myself there, let alone another, on such a murky night," was the frank, hearty reply.

"Can you direct me to some place of shelter, then, and I will pay you well?"

The figure came close up to him, a great brawny, broad-shouldered Celt, with twinkling black eyes and a broad, grinning mouth.

"Let me look at your honour's face." The young soldier turned his open, honest eyes towards him. "It's a fair one if the world don't spoil it," the man muttered. "Now, sir, I'll deal fairly with you, if you'll do the same be-likes to me. Will you give your word that you'll never let on to any man, woman, or child what your eyes may see, or your ears hear, this blessed night?"

The promise was given.

"Come, then, your honour, and I'll give you the pattern of a lodging, and the best I can offer, and may be something more besides."

He then led the way in a contrary direction to that in which the young soldier had been going, and after about a quarter of a mile's walking paused. The sportsman listened; he thought that he heard the murmur of voices near him, but he could distinguish no sign of a dwelling. Presently, however, he thought that he perceived a black smoke rising up out of the heather through the mist, and became more certain of it as the vapour was mingled occasionally with sparks of fire.

His guide came nearer to him, and put his finger to his mouth, with an odd good-natured look of warning.

"Your promise, your honour—you mind it?"

"On my oath," was the reply.

"Come on then," and Sutherland followed his guide to the side of a hillock, in which was a rude door, from whence the smoke and the flames and voices clearly proceeded.

The man now gave a low whistle, which was answered from within, and a rugged head was thrust out from the door, and a short parley ensued, at the close of which his guide returned to Sutherland, saying that it was all right, and then, clasping his hand and uttering more sternly than before his brief admonition—"Remember your promise"—led him into the secret chamber.

It was in a cave hollowed out in the hill, and only consisted of one apartment, at the end of which blazed an enormous turf fire, with a huge cauldron upon it, containing what Sutherland knew at once to be a private still, so that the mystery of the secret habitation and promise was at once explained.

There were no persons in the cave but the owner of the rugged head aforesaid, an old bleak-eyed man, who appeared to be thoroughly smoke-dried in his vocation, and a bare-legged urchin of twelve who attended to the fire.

On the whole, barring the smoke, it was a cozy enough lodging to fall in with upon a cold, dark, misty night, upon the Larren moors, and Sutherland felt no scruple of conscience in making himself thoroughly comfortable. He was no informer, and he had no intention of becoming one, so he warmed himself and dried his clothes by the great turf fire, and ate heartily of some oatmeal bannocks and capital potatoes which were set before him, and he took a very fair quantity of the very best potheen that had ever passed through his lips, drinking *salto cocc* to the health of the King, and openly to that of his host and old Ireland, in every fresh pannikin; the only remark that Paddy condescended to make during the intervals between his draughts being—

"Bedad now, this bates Parliament entirely."

Well, the end of it was, that what with the cold and the hunger, and the thirst, and the means resorted to counteract them, the soldier and sportsman accepted with gratitude the "wrap-rascal" or frieze coat of his entertainer, and lay down beside the fire, and was soon asleep.

He had not slept long, as he thought, before he was awakened by the huge hand of his host being laid upon his shoulder. He started up.

"Shure, then, it's yourself that have had an illigant nap, as ye well may, whose heart is light and bones weary, but you must get up now, sir, for the morning's breaking, and it would be better for all parties that you were away from this before daylight comes."

It was even so, the night had passed rapidly, but refreshingly. Sutherland rose as fresh as a lark, and a hasty bite and sup, consisting of some remains of the last night's meal and a glass of the staple commodity of the cabin, sent him off happily upon his journey, and a liberal douceur to the lame man and boy left happy faces behind him.

His guide of the preceding night accompanied him for a short distance, until he brought him to the track which, as he told him, led to a hill, from the top of which he would be able to see the town, and then, having accepted with reluctance the gift, and with a broad grin the thanks and hearty shako of the hand which accompanied it, he bade the young soldier remember his promise, and left him and went his way.

Now for the sequel.

Sutherland said nothing about his adventure, and very shortly afterwards was summoned home, by the sickness of his father, who was an old man, and had been long failing. He found him in so weak and precarious a state that he was unable to leave him, and continued with him until, after six weeks of anxiety and watching, the old man died.

The necessary arrangements for the family, and the distribution of the property, and administration of the will detained him some time longer, so that it was more than three months before he returned to his regiment.

During that time he had heard frequently from his brother officers, but the news contained in one of their letters affected him strangely.

"We have been still hunting," said the writer, "and have made a capture. Information was laid before the excise officer of the existence of a still in the mountains above us, and I was sent with my party to protect the gaugers. Nasty work, I hate it. Why won't the Government make better whiskey and sell it cheaper? they say that if they did it would not be so good as the old potheen, because it could not be made in such small quantities. I am no judge of what might be, I like the stuff as it is, and have no enmity to the poor fellows who make it, and here am I obliged, not only to punish, but ruin them! I had rather punish the informers."

Not very loyal this of Sutherland's correspondent, but such sentiments were not uncommon with young officers in those days.

"Well," continued the writer, "we went out, made our point, and found the still; I will spare you the details. It was in a subterranean room or cave in the middle of the moors. The distillers had escaped, the informer got the twenty pounds, and I a cold *roidé tout*."

I have said that this intelligence annoyed Sutherland greatly; he could not help fancying that the "still," so captured, was the same whose existence he had promised to conceal, and on his return to the regiment, his suspicions were turned into certainty by a description of the place from whence it had been taken.

Time went on. Again Sutherland was out shooting upon the moors at some distance from the spot of his former adventure, again the mists gathered round him, again he lost his way, and the night drew in. His position recalled vividly to his mind the events of the first evening, and as if to make the resemblance greater, out of the thick darkness rose a tall figure, which the sportsman immediately recognised as that of his guide and host in the secret chamber.

The recognition was mutual, but to the officer the ideas which it awakened in his mind were far from pleasant.

"This poor fellow," he said to himself, "will most certainly connect me with the loss of his still. It is a lonely place to meet with an angry and desperate man, and he has doubtless companions within call, I am in for it sure enough. Well, if I must fight I must, but I will speak him fair at all events." So he looked gravely in his

old acquaintance's face, who returned the glance with a quiet smile.

"So ye are lost agnain, ara yo?" he said; "sure it's a pity but them ye belong to don't take better care of you, ara, and you'll be wanting a lodging agnain, I'll be bound for it, such as you had out before."

And his countenance to Sutherland's suspicious eye assumed an ominous expression.

"I have heard of your loss," he said; "and I swear to you that I had nothing to do with it. I kept my promise faithfully. I was away when your property was taken; I never mentioned it to anybody before or afterwards, I assure you upon my honour."

"Is it your promise, sir?" replied the Irishman, "shure and why wouldn't you keep it? and didn't I know when I took ye to the ould place that you would keep it, by your honest young face? Would I have taken you there at all at all if I hadn't? Is it the likes of you that would turn informer? Bad cess to the whole seed and generation of them; the curse of Cromwell be upon all those informing villians."

"Well," said Sutherland, "I am glad that you did me the justice to think that I kept the secret. However, it got abroad."

"Keep the secret, your honour!" said the other, with an inexpressible look of slyness upon his good-natured face, "will your honour keep another if I tell you one?"

"Surely," replied the officer, "if you like to trust me."

"Well then, by dad," laughed Paddy, "I don't see how I am to help it if you are to get food and lodging, and may be a thrifle of drink, this night on the lone moors. It was the informer that your honour was spaking about, and the ould pot, the poor ould pot, which is gone entirely anyhow." And he shook his head with a comical air of gravity.

"And troth and she was a poor ould pot, and you see, she was worn out to next to nothing, and she done me many a good turn these last ten years, more or less; and she was not, so to say, good for much when I swapped her first; and so just because she was of no use and I had nothing but empty pockets to buy another with, I just—whist, whist, was that a foot I heard?—no, all safe—I just went and informed against her myself, the creature, and they went and got the sogers and carried her off in state; it was honour for the likes of her, and I got the informer's money. It was not so dirty as may be it might have been, and I just went and—put your ear down, sir, and I'll whisper it to you—got a bran new one out of the notes, and if ye'll come with me a little beyondst ye'll find a place the very pattern of the last, and, maybe, pannikin of the right sort out of the new still. Long life to his Majesty, and the back of my hand and the sole of my foot to the blackguard gaugers who paid for her."

MY FIRST (AND LAST) DESCENT INTO A LEAD-MINE.

IT HAPPENED to be staying at a friend's house in one of the northern counties of England one summer, when it was suggested by our host that I should ride over to Aulthorpe, and see the splendid hydraulic engine which had been recently erected for the purpose of draining the lead-mines. My ardour was but slightly damped when I was told that an inspection of the engine was not to be accomplished without the hazard of a tiring and comparatively dangerous descent of the "climbing way."

There were at the time I speak of but few hydraulic engines of the kind we proposed to visit, so the resolve to make the inspection was, in spite of its comparative danger to a novice, quickly formed. On arriving at the mine, we sent for the "captain" of the works, and under his directions, divested ourselves of all our clothes, and substituted the common working-dress of the miners; and each of us was furnished with a lump of clay about the size of an orange, into which (a hole being made with

our thumb) a half-penny candle was inserted. Our party consisted of the captain, one of the miners, my cousin, and myself.

A few yards distant from the "coo" or hut in which we had made our toilets, was a trap-door about a yard square; and this being opened, disclosed a nasty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth," but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On two of the opposite sides of the mine, and resting on little ledges in the angles, were long pieces of wood about three inches wide, by about an inch and a half thick, and eighteen inches one above another. The captain (whom we will call Mr. Darnton) first descended, after him the miner, then my cousin, and last of all your humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digging the outside edge of the soles of your boots into the side of the shaft, so as to get all the hold you could of the narrow ledges of the "stemples," as they are called; and as to your hands, you were cautioned not to lay hold of the nearest stemple to your shoulder, but rather to stoop and rest on the lowest one practicable; so that, in case of a foot slipping, the muscles of the arms might not be suddenly called upon when in the comparatively relaxed position of a bent elbow.

Sixty feet of this sort of work brought us to a gallery about five yards in length, and at the end of this was another sixty feet of climbing way, and then another gallery, and so on, until we reached the "level," into which, at quarter-minute intervals, a tremendous body of water rushed through a cast-iron pipe about twenty inches in diameter. This intermittent little river—for it really was one in miniature—was the water lifted by the engine at every stroke—and she was making at that time four strokes a minute.

Our difficulties now had their commencement. "The engine, gentlemen," said our very intelligent guide, "is at the other end of that pipe, and the pipe is fifteen feet long. We must crawl through it, one at a time; and I can tell you it is rather an awkward journey. I will go first, and you can form an idea of the way of crawling by seeing what I do. Be careful to raise yourselves as high as you can when you hear the valve of the engine clap-to, for that is a sign she is beginning her stroke, and the water will be through like a shot; so mind and let it run under you, and take care it does not put your candle out."

We promised to observe all his cautions, and he at once crept into the pipe. There was something frightful about the whole affair, and the danger seemed magnified by the tremendous noise of the valve every time it went-to on the return stroke. It was, even at our end of the pipe, like a clap of thunder, and seemed to shake the solid limestone rock against which we stood.

After about a minute's interval, we heard Darnton shout to us to come on, but to be careful, and not to enter more than one at a time, and for each to wait till the other had well got through.

My cousin now essayed the journey, and being, as he was, a sixteen-stone man, and forty-four inches round the chest, I felt exceedingly nervous on the score of his safe arrival at the other side. Having waited for the next lift of water to run off, he instantly entered the pipe, but on getting half-way through, he turned his shoulders too square, and was for a few moments quite fast, and before he could right himself again, the engine made another stroke, the consequence being that the water was instantly damped up to his face, and the candle put out. A violent struggle and an involuntary raising of the body allowed the water to get away, and he had fortunately just time to get his breath and be ready for the next rush of water, which came with its usual tremendous force, but he was able to allow it to pass under. By dint of great exertion, he emerged on the other side safe, but a good deal frightened.

I would now most willingly have retraced my steps, but did not like being "chaffed," so took my turn, and being of a thin habit of body, got

safe through between the strokes of the engine, and now we were in presence of the monster.

I could not accurately describe this splendid piece of machinery without the aid of diagrams. Suffice it to say, that she is driven by an upright column of water about two hundred and eighty feet high, and takes the pressure just as a steam-engine would—namely, by the opening of a slide-valve. She can work readily up to five hundred horse-power, and would then make seven strokes a minute. When I saw her, she was about half her power. To give some idea of her size, I may mention that the joints alone of the upright piston-rod were at least the size of a farming-waggon body! The operation of taking in the water for each stroke, accompanied as it was by the inward opening of the valve, and the sound of the water, was awful enough, but, as I said previously, the closing of the same valve by the sudden pressure of a column of water equal to five hundred horse-power, was "a thing to remember."

The shaft in which we now stood was about a hundred and thirty yards in depth, and fifteen feet diameter, and in this awful place was the stupendous engine constantly going night and day, in a darkness made almost more invisible by our little candles.

And now came a serious question—Shall we return through that horrible pipe, or shall we ascend by the ladders in the engine-shaft. The alternative was as follows. If we went through the pipe, there was the danger of sticking fast; and if by the main shaft, there was no sort of protection in case of a slip off a ladder; and these ladders were ranged one above another in lengths of about thirty feet, and as nearly as possible perpendicularly, with no sort of fence or guard. At the top of each length was a small platform of wood, about a yard square; and these were the only resting-places. Darnton told us that if we decided to go up the main shaft we must, when once started, go forward; that no retracing of one's steps could be allowed, and that we must not attempt to look down.

After a few minutes' deliberation, we resolved to go up by the ladders. I went last; and what with the darkness, the tremendous noise of the engine when she took a stroke, and last, not least, an incident that I hope never to experience again, I never was more uncomfortable in my life. We had arrived within about twenty yards of the top, and I felt very much fatigued, and the tallow from the candle I held had run all over my right hand, which circumstances rendered a hold of the ladder-staves less secure. To rest my aching arms, I happened to lean back with all my weight, when about the top of the last ladder but two, and this caused the nail fastening that side of the ladder nearest to the wall to draw out, and the ladder itself to twist round! It is now almost thirty years ago, but I can almost at the present day feel my hair stand on end, as it most assuredly did at that instant. Thank God, the other side held, and I got safely to the top; but I resolved that for the future my proceedings should be best described by the words composing the heading of this article.

PASTIMES.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Cobbler sat on hat.
2. Main sable.
3. Cool sun lay V.
4. Time I saw well.
5. Raps rail.
6. Martha a sun.

ENIGMA.

Underneath the ground I lie,
Useful to light London by,
Round about the walls I stray,
To wash London dirt away;
In a blackbird's throat am I,
Full of cheerful minstrelsy.
Twist a ploughman's lips I sit,
Wildst around him vicious fit,
Ary and unreal elms:
Thoughts fantastic as themselves
Crowd into the rustic's brain,
Long as I with him remain.
In your cellar am I found,
(At least, I trust so) underground,

Full of liquid ruby red,
Lying on a savdust bed.
Now let this my self-praise cease,
Smoke with me the pipe of peace.

CHARADES.

1. Upon my first Dame Margaret rode
To the market town, to buy
Towels, and napkins, and table-cloths,
And hosts of napery.

The worthy farmer's wife the cost
Of all the gear had reckoned,
But she insisted they should be
The finest of my second.

When home she rode, to! she espied
Upon the kitchen wall,
An eyesore to a matron's sight:
Forthwith she raised a squall.

"Here, Molly, hussy that you are,
How dare you idle stay?"
So luckless Molly scolded thus,
Soon cleared my hole away.

A. H. B.

2. My 4, 3, 5, 7, 9, 4, 6 is an Island in Europe.
My 4, 11, 2, 15, 6, 12, 9, 14, 10 is a flower.
My 1, 6, 5, 9, 7 is a largosity.
My 8, 3, 6, 7, 12 you frequently eat and sometimes drink.
My whole is generally dangerous.

POPPIE.

REBUS.

The initials of the words here enumerated, and their initials, give the names of two highly popular dishes:—

A beast, furious, subtle, sleek, and wild.
An exclamation, "Here he is, dear child."
A virgin fair, who a fierce lion tamed.
A Popish service in four letters named.
A sturdy son of the old "Emerald Isle."
A single stone in a gigantic pile.
A character in one of Byron's rhymes.
An epithet for your best friend, at times.
A fluid without which I could not write.
A number which the Muses know at sight.
And what I hope you all will beto-night.

A. H. B.

SQUARE WORDS.

An animal.
A man's name.
Part of the body.
To pull down.

PROBLEM.

A man and boy agreed to run a race, the boy receiving 100 of his own steps in advance at the start, and taking 5 steps for the man's 4; but 3 of the man's steps are equal to 4 of the boy's. How many steps must the man take to overtake the boy? (To be solved without algebra.)

J. MOFFATT.

ANSWERS TO REBUS, &c.

No. 73.

Geographical 'Rebus.—Lord Clive.—1. Lourain. 2. Order. 3. Roca. 4. Denmark. 5. Cor-dilleras. 6. Laaland. 7. India. 8. Varna. 9. Ebro.

Anagrams.—1. Woollen socks. 2. Juvenile balls. 3. Muffs and boas. 4. Minco pies. [Note.—In question No. 2, for "Jane" read "June;" and in No 4, for "Jee" read "ice."] Riddle.—In the time of No a (Noah).

Charade.—1. General Lindsay. 2. Long-fellow.

Double Acrostic.—Peabody—America—1. Tatna. 2. Epic. 3. Alibi. 4. Brother. 5. Umbre. 6. Dream. 7. Yea.

Problem.—The amount of the policy was \$4900.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Geographical Rebus.—Argus, Camp, H. H. V., Dido, Vesta.

Anagram.—1st and 3rd—Geo. B., A. R. T., Argus, H. H. V.

Riddle.—Bericus, Argus, Geo. B., Dido.

Charades.—Poppie, Argus, Bericus, Camp, Dido, Vesta.

Double Acrostic.—Bericus, Camp, H. H. V., Argus, Dido.

Problem.—H. H. V., Geo. B., A. R. T., Argus, Camp.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

ALFRED H.—The circumstances which led to the composition of the grand song of the first French Revolution are as follows. In the beginning of 1792, when a column of volunteers was about to leave Strasburg, the mayor of the city, who gave a banquet on the occasion, asked an officer of artillery named Rouget de Lisle to compose a song in their honour. He complied, and the result was the *Marseillaise*, both words and music being the work of a single night. De Lisle entitled the piece, *Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin*. Next day it was sung with rapturous enthusiasm, and, instead of 600 volunteers, 1000 marched out of Strasburg. The song was unknown at Paris until the following July, and was introduced there by Barbaroux when he summoned the youth of Marseilles to the capital. It was received with transport by the Parisians, who, ignorant of its real authorship, named it *Hymne des Marseillais*, which name it has ever since borne.

SUBSCRIBER, WHITBY.—Will find that the annoyance she complains of will be removed by applying Murray and Lanman's Florida Water immediately after having used a good rough towel to dry her face with; if however the peculiar greasiness still remains Violet Powder, will remove it. "Subscriber" should on no account use the cheap scented soaps for the skin, but always purchase the very finest quality.

M. L. A.—Although a creditable composition, the Waltz is not up to the mark for publication. The melody is defective in rhythm, the sixth, seventh and eighth bars being entirely devoid of form. We shall be always glad to publish original music when good—perhaps M. L. A. will try again.

AMY.—The height of Queen Victoria is about five feet one inch.

HERALD.—Coats of Arms took their rise from the knights painting their banners with different figures to distinguish them in the Crusades. They became hereditary in families at the latter end of the twelfth century.

QUOTATION.—Pope is the author of the frequently quoted lines "Men change their fortune, manners change with climes, Tenets with books, and principles with times."

W. S., KINGSTON.—We admit and admire the modesty of our correspondent's request, and regret that we cannot comply with it. What a sadly mistaken notion it is that passable rhymes constitute poetry.

GRAMMAR.—Asks which of the two forms of sentence is correct: "The Government is responsible" or "The Government are responsible." Both are correct. Government is a noun of multitude, and may be used either in the singular or the plural.

E. L. A.—There is such a word as abecedarian, and it means a teacher of the alphabet.

ARGUS.—The verses are respectfully declined.

H. H. V.—We shall have much pleasure in complying with our correspondent's request.

CHESS.

Twenty-one players entered the Tournament of the New York Chess Club, and at last accounts eighty-nine games had been lost and won. Not many even games, so far, have come off between the best players, and even these do not appear to have been recorded.—Captain Mackenzie has played twelve games, for the most part giving immense odds, and out of this number his great skill and remarkable precision have enabled him to place eleven to the credit side of his score.

A match at chess between the Edinburgh and Glasgow Clubs, was lately played simultaneously in the club rooms of the two cities. Twelve players from each club took part in the encounter, six of the Glasgow Club playing in Edinburgh, and the same number of the Edinburgh players in Glasgow. The arrangement was that each pair should play three games, making in all thirty-six; and as each club was represented by their best players, the match was throughout extreme-

ly well contested. On time being called at six o'clock, thirty-four games had been played, of which number Edinburgh had scored fifteen, and Glasgow thirteen. There were six games drawn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM, NO. 51.

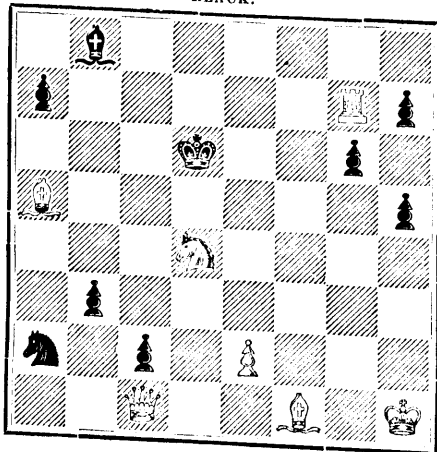
Received from I. R. M. B., Hamilton, and Alma Brantford; and to No. 51, from Victor, Montreal, A. H. W., Sherbrooke, and Oceola, Cobourg.

I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON.—There is another variation for the defence in Problem 49 which we have explained by letter.

S. D., LONDON, C. W.—Thanks for the enclosures. Your appreciation of our efforts is indeed gratifying.

PROBLEM No. 54.

BY G. H. L., MONTREAL.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 52.

WHITE.

- 1 Q to K Kt 8.
- 2 Q to Q 8 (ch.)
- 3 R mates.

BLACK.

- K to Kt 3 (best.)
- K to B 4 or K 2 (a.)

(a.) If the Black King is moved to any other square, then the Q mates.

A smart skirmish between two Toronto amateurs.
MUZIO GAMBIT.

WHITE, (Mr. B.)

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 P to K B 4.
- 3 K Kt to B 3.
- 4 B to Q B 4.
- 5 Castles.
- 6 Q takes P.
- 7 P to K 5.
- 8 P to Q 3.
- 9 Q Kt to B 3.
- 10 Q B to Q 2.
- 11 Q R to K sq.
- 12 R to B 2 (a.)
- 13 B takes Q P.
- 14 Q Kt to K 4.
- 15 Kt to K B 3 (ch.)
- 16 B to Q B 3.
- 17 Kt to Q 7 (dis. ch.)
- 18 Q to K Kt 4 (ch.)
- 19 B to K 4 (ch.)
- 20 Q takes Kt (ch.)
- 21 Q takes K R P (ch.)
- 22 B to K B 3 (ch.)
- 23 P to K R 4 (oh.)
- 24 Q takes B (ch.)
- 25 Q to K R 3 Mate.

BLACK, (Mr. J.)

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

(a.) K to R sq is usually played at this point.
(b.) Putting his head into the lion's mouth. The game is now irretrievably lost.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

It is a beauty's privilege to kill Time, and, in revenge, Time kills beauty.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, and never excuses himself.

The earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven, of futurity.

Vices, like shadows, towards the evening of life grow great and monstrous.

It is not always the darkness which hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.

FITNESS should everywhere be studied, that means may be adapted to ends.

HE who gains the victory over great insults is often overpowered by the smallest; so it is with our sorrows.

THERE are moments when the soul expands, as if it wanted ell ow-room in the little house it inhabits; and it is then that a man feels surprised, amazed, at his ever having committed a mean or cruel action.

WHAT woman needs is not as a woman to act or rule, but as a nature to grow, as an intellect to discern, as a soul to live freely and unimpeded, to unfold such powers as were given her when we left our common home.

MAKE the best of yourself; there is no danger of your learning too much. Read, study, think, for the sake of gaining maturity of judgment and a well-disciplined mind. Lose no opportunity of attaining knowledge, whether it promises to be of immediate use or not. It is good for its own sake. Its acquisition will strengthen the mind as exercise strengthens the body.

WHY do young ladies confess that ritualistic curates are a desirable speculation?—Because they are pretty in vestments.—Punch.

"I do not say that that man will steal," said an American witness on a trial, "but if I was a chicken I'd roost high when he was around."

A DEBATING society has under consideration the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" the result is expected to be, "No; but impossible."

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as the boy said when he threw his hoop in the way of a policeman who was chasing him.

AN auctioneer put up Drew's "Essay on Souls" for sale, which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who gravely asked if he had any more articles on shoemaking to sell.

A FRENCH newspaper critic lately went into ecstasies over what he called "that noble monody of Sir Thomas More, the celebrated Irish poet, beginning, "We left him alone in his glory."

"My native city has treated me very badly," said an intemperate vagabond on leaving the presence of the magistrate in Dublin the other day, adding, "but I love her still."—"Bedad! true, faith!" replied the policeman, "her still is all you do love!"

WHAT is the greatest virtue in a sea-captain?—Wrecklessness.

WHY is the letter F a great stumbling-block?—Because it makes all fall.

A BACHELOR arithmetician says a girl is a sum when she causes one to sigh for her.

AN American editor, speaking of a blind-sawyer, says, "although he can't see, he can saw."

A POET intended to say, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire," instead of which the printer made him say, "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

NEVER chew your words. Open the mouth and let the voice come out. A student once asked, "Can virchue, fortichude, gratichude, or quiechude dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichude?"

WHAT key will unlock most men's minds?—Whiskey.

MAN and wife, like verb and nominative, should always agree.

THE young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

WHY is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

WANTED to know—whether the volume of sound has yet been found?

WHEN does a farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn?—When he pulls its ears.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—According to Cocker, although it is impossible to square a circle, it is extremely possible to get round a square. Moreover, a round sum is often the best thing for the squaring of accounts.—Punch.