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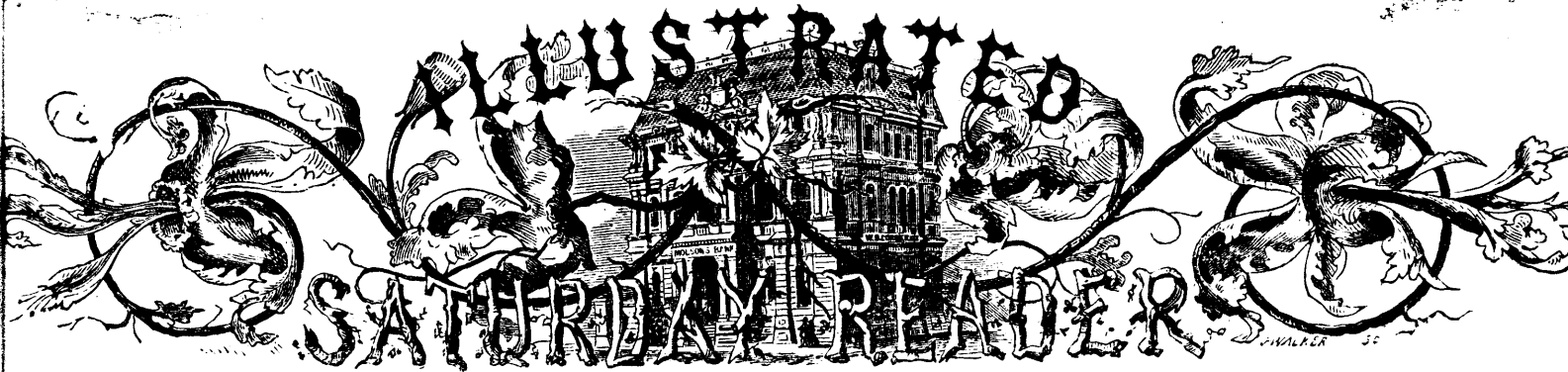
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VOL. III.—No. 59.

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 20, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 20, 1866.

THE LAMIRANDE AFFAIR.

WE do not meddle with mere party politics; but this is one of the historical subjects of the day, and therefore within the limits to which we have always confined our remarks on passing events. We shall not recapitulate the facts of the case, both because they must be already known to our readers, and because the details are of comparatively little importance, in view of the great moral, legal, and international questions involved in the extradition of this man. It is sufficient to say that Lamirande robbed a French trading company, of which he was one of the chief officers, of a large amount of money, and that he covered his fraud by making false entries in the books of the company, which were under his control. By the treaty of extradition between England and France, persons guilty of forgery are liable to be delivered up by either on demand. But the difficulty in the present instance is that, while false entries in books constitute forgery by the law of France, it is not so in England. It is a crime, but a different one in the legal schedule. Notwithstanding Judge Drummond's opinion, and the ruling of a case in England, which to some extent coincides with his view, our own conviction is, that Lamirande, being guilty of forgery according to what was the law of France at the time that the Extradition Treaty was signed, it was the duty of the other contracting party to surrender him; and that there is nothing in the Treaty, or in the Act confirming it, adverse to such an interpretation of the provisions they embody. But this phase of the subject is not now in debate. We have to deal with the mode of placing the supposed criminal in the hands of the French authorities or their representative. That the surrender of Lamirande to the French detective was effected by a clever piece of trickery is generally admitted; and regarding Messrs. Pominville and Betournay, simply as attorneys for the party prosecuting, much blame would not be attached to them for the course they pursued, judged by the common rule of morality in similar matters. They did their duty to their client; and if the law or the existing practice permitted them to pursue the course they took, they may have been morally wrong, but legally and professionally they were not. They were attorneys *ad litem* of the prosecutor, and that was all. But what concerns the public is the fact, that a great crime has been committed; and as a necessary inference, the question is, who committed that crime? Who is chargeable with the act of surrendering Lamirande to the vengeance or justice of a foreign government, in contravention of the maxims of British law and justice.

The parties liable to accusation in this connection are: first, the Governor General Lord Monck, whom we regret to be obliged to mix up in such a dirty business; Mr. Attorney General Cartier; Mr. Solicitor General Langevin, and

the person representing the Attorney General East in this district. Between these the fault must lie. As regards the Governor General, his duty is plain. If Mr. Cartier deceived him, let him dismiss Mr. Cartier; if Mr. Langevin deceived him, let him dismiss Mr. Langevin. That there was deception, there can be scarcely a doubt. The following facts we have upon oath, from Mr. Doutre, the Counsel for Lamirande:—

"On the twenty-ninth of August I went down to Quebec to see the Governor General, and to connect my visit with the interview Mr. Spilthorn had with him at Ottawa. Mr. Spilthorn accompanied me. We had an interview with the Governor, who told us that he suspected what brought us to Quebec. He said there was not a man in the Province so grieved as he was at what had happened to Lamirande. He then said that the warrant for extradition had been asked from him by the Solicitor General, Mr. Langevin. "When Mr. Langevin asked me for the warrant I told him that I had promised the prisoner full time to apply for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Mr. Langevin said that the warrant would in no way interfere with the application of Lamirande for such writ." The Governor said: "I said to Mr. Langevin before signing the writ that if I thought my warrant would in any wise interfere with the *Habeas Corpus*, I would not sign it. Therefore Mr. Langevin is responsible to me for the advice he has given. I have not seen him since. I will send for him before you leave Quebec and have an explanation." The Governor admitted that he had told Mr. Spilthorn on the seventeenth of August at Ottawa that the prisoner would be allowed ample time to apply for *Habeas Corpus*. I have in my possession a letter confirming that fact."

We have all an interest in the question. Either the Queen's representative in this country, must remain under the stigma of treacherously breaking his word and promise, or he must have no further connection with the person or persons who abused his confidence. About that there cannot be a shadow of doubt.

It is not our wish or intention to enter on questions of a party character. We know no party, and care for no party. We merely deal with the historical subjects of the day; for these subjects will be the history of the future. We chronicle events and opinions; nothing more.

It is perfectly vain in this Lamirande case to say, that the Judge has committed errors, and that the counsel for the accused party has committed errors. Let us admit the fact. Judge Drummond has undoubtedly fulminated Orders of Court which he did not enforce. It is for him yet to show whether these were mere theatrical thunder, or if he was in earnest, with a previous knowledge of what he was doing. As for Mr. Doutre, our belief is that his course, from beginning to end, has been marked by a succession of blunders, the more extraordinary in a man of his experience and ability. We do not consider it a mistake in him that he did not at once procure his writ of *Habeas Corpus*, for we believe that the notice given by him to the representative of the Attorney General, and which he was

bound to give, was as good as the writ itself. As soon as that notice was served, the case was fairly before the Court, and any evasion of the jurisdiction of that Court was punishable in the same way that a contempt of the said writ was punishable. We think that it is on this point that all parties are astray. We consider the notice as part and parcel of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, from which it cannot be disconnected, inasmuch as the law, or the practice of the Courts, imperatively demands it as a condition precedent to the issue of the Writ. However, on looking over what we have written, we cannot see that we have been able to throw much additional light on the subject. Some facts, nevertheless, are evident: first, that the Governor General has been foully deceived, and that he is bound to place himself right before the world in the matter, whoever may be the sufferers, or whatever the political consequences may be; secondly, that Mr. Cartier and Mr. Langevin are deeply involved in this filthy affair; and, thirdly, that the person representing the Attorney General in this district ought to be at once displaced, unless he can wholly cleanse his hands from any connection with the vile business.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, September 27th.

Once more, Mr. Editor, at the risk of wearying you with an unvarying tale, I must ask you to "pity the sorrows" of a London correspondent, in this the dearest of all the dead months. I am like a mariner becalmed on the high seas, and whistling vainly for the wind. Nothing comes to me worth sending across the "great water." Even the *Times*, with all its ubiquity, is obliged to fill its columns with a dreary succession of letters from its readers on all sorts of topics, and the other journals follow suit. Don't visit me, therefore, with your editorial anger, if I fail to make something out of nothing, or if I fill my allotted space with unmitigated "padding."—But it is proverbially "a long lane that has no turning" and I begin to see symptoms of reviving life in this body politic. The Londoners are fast returning from their holiday retreats, driven home prematurely by stress of weather; and when this great city gets full there will be no lack of topics for my weekly budget. Only for this we must, as Henry Russell says "Wait a little longer."

The great event of the week has been the Reform meeting at Manchester, which all accounts agree in describing as a most imposing demonstration. The *Times* (no friend to reformers) admits that there must have been present at the open air meeting no less than 200,000 persons; and that in a steady down pour of rain sufficient to damp the most enthusiastic ardour. Mr. Bright was present, but took no part in the morning's proceedings, reserving himself, as at Birmingham, for the evening's work at the famous Free Trade Hall. His speech on the occasion was not his best effort, though it contained passages full of force and power. He was especially bitter in his attack upon Lord Derby, and, as it is very well known that he attacks nobody

without an object in view, I may as well send you an extract. Said the great popular orator:—

"But Lord Derby at this moment is Prime Minister of England, whose failures are in the annals of England for thirty years past. (Cheers.) In 1834 Lord Derby left Lord Grey's Government because he would not permit even an inquiry into the excessive revenues of the Irish Church; but the Irish Church is doomed to destruction. (Cheers.) In 1846 he left Sir Robert Peel, and became the leader of the Tory protectionists, because he would not consent to the abolition of the corn laws; and since he has been foremost in opposition to all good things in Parliament. Lord Derby is not the leader of his party in a high sense. He is not its educator; he is not its guide. But he is its leader in all the foolish contests in which, in its ignorance and its selfishness, it involves itself with the people. (Great cheering.) Only three or four days ago I opened a book which professes to be a history of the governing families of England, and which is composed of articles, interesting many of them, which appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper. There is one of them on the Stanleys of Knowsley, and they are certainly one of the governing families, seeing that Lord Derby and Lord Stanley are both in the Cabinet. But on opening this book I found this curious fact, that during the agitation of the Reform Act—I believe in the year 1831—Lord Stanley, the present Lord Derby, is stated to have leaped upon the table at a meeting where there was a number of reformers assembled, to urge upon them the necessity of refusing the payment of taxes till the Reform Bill was passed. (Laughter.) Well, I was not there to see. I have heard the story several times before, but I see it recorded in this volume, and I therefore take it to be accurate. The same Lord Stanley came forward in 1852 to stem the tide of democracy, in 1859 he was the head of a Government which introduced a Reform Bill of a most fraudulent character; and in 1866 he is the head of a party which has destroyed an honest Franchise Bill, and overthrown an honest and patriotic Government." (Cheers.)

For five weeks here in London we have not had a day without rain, and there are at present no signs of a change. Meanwhile the crops in the northern counties are spoiling in the fields; barley especially is suffering fearfully and John Bull will find his beer as well as his bread go up in price. We are told that America can spare us little this winter, so that we are almost entirely dependent upon Russia to make good the deficiency. There will be busy times at Odessa these next few months and the subjects of the Czar will rejoice.

The Prince of Wales went to Aberdeen, the other day, to inaugurate a statue of his mother just put up at the expense of that loyal burgh. In reply to the inevitable address of the municipal body he delivered a short speech, which has been thus amusingly criticised in a London journal.

For verbal clumsiness and grammatical inaccuracies it is the most miserable document that ever challenged—we ought to say *defied*—criticism. "His royal highness says—"Gentlemen, it has afforded me the greatest satisfaction of attending this day." That is a nice expression, to begin with. If the boy who last blacked his royal highness' boots were to speak so vilely he would be very properly cudgelled and dismissed the service. The next sentence is hopelessly confused—"Her Majesty has desired me to express *how much* she appreciates the motives which have led the people of Aberdeen to give this lasting evidence of their attachment and loyalty to her person, of which (of the "person," the "attachment and the loyalty," or the "lasting evidence?") she has had so many proofs, and *whose* (that is the person, the attachment, or the evidence, at the discretion of the reader) sympathy in her great sorrow has touched her deeply." Surely, the Prince of Wales can make time to take a few simple lessons in English grammar! Or if he cannot, then a national schoolmaster at £100 a year would readily undertake to get up his speeches for him.

An amusing affair in connexion with one of

our criminal courts, has enlivened us a little lately. There was brought up before Judge Payne who presides at the Middlesex Sessions, a young girl charged with robbing her master. The facts of the case were of the commonest description. The girl had gone to the prosecutor's house, hired herself as a servant, and on the evening of the same day marched off with her plunder. So far there was nothing to distinguish the robbery from those of every day experience, but the prisoner appeared in the dock dressed as a lady of the *corps de ballet*, she was, said the reporter, who went into ecstasies over her, unusually handsome and interesting, looking defiance at the jury, and stamping her pretty foot from time to time with impatience and vexation. She charmed the jury into recommending her to mercy; and, what is more, she charmed the judge into complimenting her on her beauty, and into deferring sentence till enquiries could be made about her. On being brought up again Mr. Payne said that she should be released if bail could be found to ensure her coming forward to receive judgment when called upon. Till that could be found she was remanded. But meanwhile, the newspapers began to take the matter up, notably the *Saturday Review*, which concluded an article, headed "The value of good looks," thus:—"Meanwhile, let no woman with any regard for her character or position in society take to stealing five-pound notes, unless she is good-looking and interesting. If, however, she is this, she may commit any offence cognizable at the Middlesex Sessions without the smallest apprehension of any unpleasant consequences. Her counsel has only to resort to the plea of Hyperides in behalf of Phryne, a little modified to suit the greater fastidiousness of the present age. The court on Clerkenwell Green will gnaw their thumbs and grind their teeth like the Court on Mars' Hill in Gêrome's picture, and the lovely sinner is sure of her acquittal." Hardly will this interesting "lady of the *corps de ballet*" have to thank the press for the result. Once more she was brought up before Mr. Payne, and this time the reporter could see no particular beauty in her; she became a "commonplace young woman," and in that character was incontinently sentenced to three months' hard labour. The incident has caused here no end of amusement.

While on the subject of criminal courts, I may as well tell you that the fellow Jeffreys who was arrested for hanging his little son, has been tried; and now awaits the hangman himself. Since his condemnation he has confessed to the crime, stating that on reaching the dark cellar, the boy fainted from fright, and in that state was put to death. Not a voice will be lifted in favour of the murderer, who will be left to meet his just fate.

Miss Braddon, the now famous novelist, has just issued the first number of her new magazine, "Belgravia." It promises well, and is certain to have an enormous sale, more especially if the story it contains, turns out to be equal to her previous efforts. Beyond this "first appearance," there is little doing in literature or art. Arthur Sketchley, it seems, is starting, or has started for America, and will much amuse you with his comical stories of Mrs. Brown, her sayings and doings. Let me tell you beforehand, that he will give you a very vivid and truthful picture of a "respectable" English woman of the lower middle class. We have had Artemus Ward over here some time, but he has only lately appeared in the pages of *Punch*. His articles have made very little sensation hitherto, being destitute of that raciness which caused his American sketches to be so popular. I hear he is about to make his *debut* in England as a lecturer at the Egyptian Hall, and doubtless will have no lack of patronage, if only for the pleasure of staring at so much talked-of an individual. Artemus will have plenty of rivals, however; for on all hands the note of preparation is sounded, and the caterers for London's amusement are busy as bees—for soon the big town will be itself again.

Cromwell.—A servant of the nation, who swept away a sovereign with the dust.

ON THE CLIFFS.

SILENT was at the cliff's bleak side,
Fast at our feet rose the heaving tide;
Down in the west the red sun died;

Died on the billowy clouds' soft breast,
Died on the bright waves' roaring crest,
And dying went to a golden rest.

Purple glow'd amid rocks the beach,
Soothingly rippled the waves beneath,
Hiding the grim rocks' pointed teeth.

Brilliant clouds of many a hue
Sped o'er the sky and pass'd 'rom view,
Leaving above a clear void of blue.

Nothing around us moved or stir'd:—
Save the ocean's murmur we still heard
The moaning cry of the wild sea-bird

Glimmer'd a white sail out afar;
Quietly peep'd forth the evening star.
What such a peaceful scene could mar?

Thoughts of the Past and its fleeting years,
Of our Childhood's changeful smiles and tears,
Of our Youth-time's flick'ring hopes and fears.

Thoughts of the Present, fraught with pain,
And ill'd with longings so fierce and vain,
For that which will never come again.

Thoughts of the Future's gath'ring gloom,
Thoughts of the strange unlook'd-for doom
Which had buried our Love in an early tomb.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 69.

Once again he awoke, some time towards the middle of the night, and this time with a strange sound in his ears—a loud shrill whistle repeated again and again in quick succession. He started up on his bed, and then, still doubting the accuracy of his senses, stumbled out into the open air. For the first time since his sojourn on the island, the night was comparatively light, for although the fog still hung low and heavy, the moon, no longer hidden by thick clouds, shone brightly through it, and transfused it into a silvery haze. Again that sound—loud, clear, and shrill. Surely it must emanate from some living being. John's heart beat thickly, and for a moment or two both eyes and limbs failed him, as he sank half fainting to the ground. A minute to recover himself somewhat, and then up and away, as fast as he could go, in the direction from which the sound came. He tried to shout; but could not; and so, breathing hard, and stumbling, and then stopping a moment to listen, he at length overtopped the little sandridge, and came down on the "shining levels" of the beach. What his first glance shewed him there might well have been taken by him for another phantom of a weakened brain: a dark, hooded figure, less tall than the first one, with something pendent from its waist, which it lifted ever and anon to its lips, and blew shrilly, and then stopped, as if waiting for some answering signal. As John came into view, the figure waved its hand to him to advance; and then he saw a little boat moored close behind, and felt that he was saved; and a great throb of gratitude for his deliverance went up to Heaven. "Come!" said the figure, with another wave of its hand, as he drew nearer, "I am here to save you. Do not delay, or we shall miss the turn of the tide."

It was the voice of a woman that spoke, but it came with a muffled sound out of the gray hood, which left no feature visible by that dim light, and John failed to recognise it. Still like a man in a dream, John stepped into the boat, and seated himself on the cushioned seat indicated by his guide. The woman followed, and a vigorous push with the oar sent the boat from land. "In that basket at your feet you will find something to eat and drink; but after so long a fast, you must be cautious not to take too much."

A minute or two later, the isle of Inchmallow faded ghostlike in the mist.

The hooded woman pulled slowly and steadily,

and the tide helped them on their way. "It must surely be a blissful dream," thought John, as he lay back with closed eyes on the cushions of the boat. Who was this woman, that had come so mysteriously to his rescue? He asked himself the question once or twice, but he had not sufficient energy left to be strongly curious even on that point: just then, he cared for little or nothing except the one great fact, that he was saved, and that he should see Frederica again. Soon the great cliffs of the mainland loomed dimly into view. "Let me at least know the name of my preserver," said John, as he stepped ashore in obedience to a gesture from his conductress.

"That you must never know," said the woman in gray; "and you cannot serve me better than by not attempting to learn it."

"Is there no other method left me of shewing my gratitude?" asked John earnestly.

"Yes; one thing more you can do to oblige me do not strive to punish the simpleton by whose foolish act you so nearly lost your life. Let him go in peace—he knew no better. And now, farewell. Behind yonder urn of the road, you will find a little country inn. Go there, and knock the people up; they will gladly take you in. They stay till you are strong enough to return home. Farewell."

She pushed off before he could say a word in reply; and presently the fog took her and the boat, and he saw them no more.

CHAPTER XXI.—A MUTE WITNESS.

Nearly a month had passed quietly away at the little station-house at Kingsthorpe, and nothing more had been seen or heard of Mr. Henri Duplessis, or of Madame his sister. Abel Garrod began to allude to them less frequently in his conversation—an omission by no means displeasing to his wife; for Abel had a habit of dwelling on one topic day after day, long after it was worn threadbare for conversational purposes, in a way that sometimes tried Jane's patience severely; and to any other person it would have seemed as if the little drama, one scene which had been enacted under that humble roof, had certainly come to an end, so far as the station-master and his wife were concerned, whatever other "business" might remain to be done by the more important personages of the play. Such, indeed, would have been the case, had Jane Garrod been a woman of ordinary calibre—glad to make a few shillings by the letting of her rooms; pleased at being able to oblige so fine a gentleman as Mr Duplessis; and to have for an inmate of her house a lady of such distinguished manners, albeit of somewhat shabby appearance, as his sister—experiencing for a few days a sort of indolent gratification that the wearisome uniformity of her life had been so pleasantly broken; and then dismissing the whole subject to the recesses of a shallow memory, whence it would rarely be evoked again. But Jane Garrod was a woman of far different stamp—a woman of strong nerve; of an intense, silent, brooding temperament, not impressionable, or readily receptive of new ideas, but very tenacious of any idea which her mind had once thoroughly grasped.

There were several reasons why she should brood over this episode of Mr. Duplessis and his sister. In the first place, she thoroughly disliked the man: with rare intuitive perception, she seemed to see right through the smiling mask which he wore before the world, down into the twilight depths of his nature; and perhaps the view was not a reassuring one. Then, again, her dislike was deepened by the fact of his aspiring so persistently to the hand of the heiress of Belair; for all Jane's sympathies on that score went with handsome young Lord Blencowan, the Nimrod of the county, who did not, however, seem to take Frederica's refusal of him very much to heart. Other reasons there were why the subject was one not to be readily dismissed from her mind. From the moment when, with the assistance of the pocket telescope, she had witnessed the meeting of Mr. Duplessis and Madame on the platform, she had become possessed by a suspicion which she had not mentioned to any one, a suspicion afterwards turned almost

into a certainty, when she pieced together in her memory the many strange scraps of conversation which she had picked up, by accident as it were, while waiting upon her guests. So she went quietly about her household duties, pondering much, but speaking not at all of the things deepest in her thoughts; and thus matters progressed till a certain Sunday morning, three weeks after the departure of Madame, when Jane announced to her husband her intention of walking over to the church at Normanford, and attending service there. Normanford was about six miles from Kingsthorpe, and its church being the fashionable one of the neighbourhood, was attended by the family from the Hall, and consequently by Mr. Duplessis.

Jane Garrod, from her seat in the second row of the gallery, could, by craning over a little, obtain a good back-view of Mr. Duplessis. Yes, there he sat, stood, knelt according to the requirements of the service, consummately dressed; serious and devout in demeanour—but Madame his sister was certainly not by his side, neither could Jane see her among the company that quitted the church. What she did see was Mr. Duplessis whirled away in the Belair carriage, Sir Philip Spencelaugh being evidently well pleased to have him by his side; although there was nothing of pleasure discernible in the pale statuesque face of Frederica, gazing out with a far-away look in her eyes from the opposite corner.

That same Sunday evening, Jane's niece, Kitty, came down from the Hall to drink tea and have a good gossip with her aunt, who had prepared for the occasion some tempting cakes of a kind the young waiting-woman was especially fond of, as a certain method of rendering her good-tempered and communicative. When tea was over, and Abel had gone to the station to look after his evening train, Kitty opened her budget of news. Jane allowed the chatterbox's tongue to run itself down in a florid description of certain articles of millinery which Miss Spencelaugh had received from town during the past week, before she attempted to turn the current of the girl's thoughts into the particular channel in which she wished them to run.

"Has Mr. Duplessis been up at the Hall as much as ever during the past three weeks?" asked Jane at the first sign of a lull.

"This week and last week he was up nearly every day, more or less; the week before that, we hardly saw anything of him."

"How was that? Was he away from home?"

"No, not away from home," said Kitty; "quite different from that, by his own account to Master, when they met together at the corner of the terrace, yesterday was a fortnight, and me within hearing behind the dairy-window all the time. I remember the day, because I broke a tea-cup out of the best set that very afternoon. Says Master to Mr Duplessis: 'We've not seen you up at Belair for nearly a week. What have you been doing with yourself all this time?' To which Mr. Duplessis makes answer that he has been laid up at home ever since Tuesday with the tic something-or-other in his face; but that he is better now; and then they go off together to look at the big vine in the conservatory."

"Mr. Duplessis made no mention to Sir Philip of any lady, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Any lady! No. Why should he? He wouldn't care to talk much about any other lady than Miss Frederica, I guess, and she doesn't care two-pence about him."

"Then she has not learned to love him yet?"

"No, nor never will, for all he's so handsome and smiling.—I don't think Mr. Duplessis ever mentions a word to her about love or marriage, but goes on trying to win her, as I call it, without letting her know that she is being won. It reminds me of the way my brother Dick used to catch sparrows, which, as everybody knows, are awful cunning birds. They would hop round the trap with their heads perked on one side, as if they knew all about it, but always getting nearer and nearer, till they grew so familiar with the danger as almost to despise it, but still resolute not to enter, till all at once, and before they know what was the matter, they

would find the trap dropped gently over them, and their last chance of escape gone. Now, for all the world, that's just like Mr Duplessis and Miss Frederica."

"On the Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday of that week," said Jane to herself, when Kitty had come to a stand for want of breath, "Mr. Duplessis was not confined to his house by tic-douloureux, but was backward and forward here, in attendance on Madame, he said when he took her away, that he was going to take her on a visit to some friends. It is very evident that among those friends the people of Belair are not included. Where do those friends live, I wonder? and to what place has he taken her?"

It was on the night of this same Sunday that Jane Garrod first dreamed about Madame Marie. She thought that she was following her along a gloomy and tortuous road, that wound in and out among great desolate hills and thunder-riven cliffs, when suddenly the woman before her disappeared in a hidden gulf; and as Jane started back with a cry of horror, the face of Duplessis rose close before her own, the handsome features distorted with a grin of fiendish triumph, and the forehead dashed with a streak of blood. Jane awoke trembling with affright, and slept no more that night. On the Monday and Tuesday nights following, she had precisely the same dream; and other omens were not wanting. On the Monday morning, a wandering tinker called at the station-house, who ground and sharpened Jane's scissors; but when, in the afternoon, Jane wanted to make use of them, she found that they would not cut—an infallible sign that something had happened to somebody. Then, again, on the third morning of her dream, as she was looking out of her bedroom window while dressing, she saw a black cat on the station wall—a black cat of portentous size, which turned and bit its own tail three times, and then leaped down and disappeared. Neither Abel nor the lame porter saw this cat nor was any such animal known to exist in the neighbourhood.

If Jane Garrod had heard any one term her a superstitious woman, she would have scouted the imputation, indignantly; but she had been brought up in a part of the country, and among people, where implicit credence was placed in dream-lore, in omens, and apparitions; and the influences of early training were not quite eradicated. Jane affected, even to herself, to attach no weight to the strange dream which she had dreamed three nights concurrently; but, in addition to the other omens spoken of above, it doubtless served to develop more rapidly a purpose which had been slowly ripening in her mind for some time; and so another uneventful week drew to a close.

On Saturday morning, Jane announced her intention of going over to Fairwood to make her usual monthly purchase of groceries and other household stores. Fairwood is eight miles from Kingsthorpe; and Jane's practice was to walk over early in the morning—for she was country-bred, and thought nothing of the distance; to spend the day in making her purchases, and in paying brief visits to sundry old friends, returning home with her goods in the carrier's cart late in the afternoon; and from this custom she did not intend to deviate in the present instance. She had not forgotten that the high-bodied gig in which Mr. Duplessis took his sister away from the station had struck her at the time as being the property of Luke Grayling, landlord of the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood. Now, Luke's wife and Jane Garrod had been school-girls together; and the latter rarely visited Fairwood without calling at the *Silver Lion*, where a hearty welcome always awaited her, and an invitation to whatever meal might be in progress at the time—and there generally was some meal in progress, call when you might, at the *Silver Lion*.

On this particular Saturday, Jane contrived to get through her shopping and visiting earlier than usual, so as to be in time for the three o'clock tea, in which Mrs Grayling always indulged on market days, as a meal that came in readily in the interval between the country business of the morning and the town custom of

the evening. Mrs. Grayling greeted her old friend warmly, and the two were presently seated at the tea-table, gossiping over times past and present. Jane did not exactly see her way to bring round the conversation to the wished-for point; but a remark made by her hostess at length enabled her to lead up to it without subjecting herself to being questioned on a topic respecting which she would just then much rather be silent.

'I suppose we shall have a grand wedding before, long,' said Mrs. Grayling, 'between this Mr. Duplessis and the young lady at Belair?'

'That's more than I can say,' replied Jane. 'Have you ever seen Mr Duplessis?'

'Only once, and that was a month ago, last Thursday,' answered the landlady; 'and a right nice-looking gentleman he is. He came early in the afternoon, and hired our new gig and the gray mare, and drove away in a style which showed that he knew how to handle the reins. I should most likely have asked him his name, for one doesn't like trusting one's best horse to a stranger, however fine he may be dressed, only our hostler's lad, who was in the stables at Belair before he came to the *Silver Lion*, knew him again in a moment and says he to me. . . That's Mr. Duplessis of Lilac Lodge—him as is going to marry the rich Miss Spenceclough. So, when I heard that, I just slipped on my best cap, and ran down into the yard—for Luke was out—to see that everything was right for him, and most polite and affable he were.'

'He brought back the horse and gig all right, and without accident, I suppose?' said Jane.

'Bless you, yes. He got back the same night about seven o'clock. He came back the same as he went, alone. I thought he looked rather pale and excited-like; and I noticed that one of his gloves was split right across the back, and his hat damaged a little; and that his light overcoat, which, on his return, he wore buttoned close up about his neck, seemed on one side as if it had been dragged along a dirty road, but he accounted for all that naturally enough by saying that he had been out with some friends, one of whom had taken rather too much wine, and had afterwards got larking, and damaged the hats and coats of the others all round. He laughed heartily while he was telling me, and said something about bright eyes and a pretty cap, which made my colour come so that I ran back into the house, leaving the hostler to settle with him; and I didn't see him again.'

Jane Garrod sipped her tea, and pondered in silence for a minute or two over what she had just heard.

'But the strangest part of the story is yet to come,' said Mrs. Grayling after a short pause, bending over the table, and speaking in a whisper. 'I haven't spoken about it to a soul, though it has troubled my mind a good deal; even Luke doesn't know of it, and I wouldn't mention it to you, Jane Garrod, if I didn't know of old that you are a woman who can keep a secret.'

Mrs. Grayling rose from her chair as she spoke, and having turned the key in the door, went to a cupboard in one corner of the room, and took from it a work-box, which she unlocked, and drawing something from a secret drawer, held up the article for Jane to look at.

'A woman's blood-stained handkerchief!' exclaimed Mrs. Grayling in a whisper; 'marked in one corner with the name of "Marie." It was found by Tim the hostler under the seat of the gig, the day after Mr. Duplessis was here.'

Jane felt all the colour desert her cheeks as she gazed in silent horror at the handkerchief, knowing well whose property it had been.

'There is this fact to be borne in mind,' said Mrs. Grayling after she had returned the handkerchief to its hiding-place—'that the gig had been used, as one of a number of other conveyances, at a large picnic, the day before Mr. Duplessis hired it, and had not been thoroughly cleaned between times; and it's as likely as not, I think, that the handkerchief belonged to one of the young ladies who were at the party; though how it came to be in that condition, of course I can't say. Anyhow, both Tim and I agreed to say nothing about it—that is, unless

we heard of somebody being missing; for, you see, it might only get innocent folk into trouble, and turn out a mare's-nest after all, and altogether it's an unpleasant thing to have anything to do with. What's your opinion?'

'I think that you are right,' said Jane, 'but I would keep the handkerchief carefully by me: some day, when you least expect such a thing, it may be wanted at your hands.'

The Kingsthorpe carrier that evening set down Jane Garrod as very poor company indeed: a sociable, neighbourly gossip, in his opinion, enlivened the dullness of the way wonderfully; but for once, even the vacuity of his own mind seemed pleasanter to him than the presence of that pale, gloomy, preoccupied woman, who responded to all his observations in monosyllables, and who looked, as he said to himself, 'as if she had got a murder on her mind; and he was not sorry when he set her down at her own door, and jogged on his way alone.'

CHAPTER XXII.—JANE GARROD'S QUEST.

Abel Garrod was struck next day with the pale, anxious looks of his wife, and thought to himself that she was getting to talk less than ever, which was decidedly a pity, as tending, in his opinion, to make her duller than it need be. But, well or ill, Jane went to church twice that Sunday—not to the church at Normanford, but to the little church at Kingsthorpe, only half a mile away, thinking, perhaps, thereby to calm her thoughts, and tranquillize her mind. But, for once, the service took no hold on her, the words seeming to float far away above her head, as though addressed to quite other ears than hers. Do what she might, her thoughts would go back to that terrible token hidden away in the landlady's work-box at Fairwood; and whichever way she turned, she seemed to see before her Marie's pale frightened face, as she had seen it in that last moment ere it passed from her sight for ever. Monday was spent by Jane in a silent inward struggle—the whole of the day, and far into the night, and Abel waking up some time in the dark hours, found his wife pacing to and fro the bedroom, and heard her muttering strange words to herself.

'I can hold out no longer,' she said; 'I must go on with it. An invisible hand draws me forward, and I cannot resist. Oh! why was not this task given to another?'

Abel marvelled greatly, but being wise in his own dull way, asked no questions, and pretended to be asleep.

Any one going from Kingsthorpe to Fairwood has the choice of two roads by which to travel. The old road is straggling and tortuous, but tolerably level; and winds pleasantly along for a mile or two of the way, close to the high cliffs which shut out the sea on that part of the coast; by it, the distance between the two places is eleven miles and a half. The new road cuts straight across country, regardless of hill or dale, and although by no means so picturesque as the old road, has this great advantage over its rival, that it makes the distance to Fairwood but eight miles and a quarter, and has, in consequence, monopolised the whole of the traffic between the two places; for Fairwood is not touched by the railway. About half a mile before reaching Fairwood, the two roads, old and new, merge into one, and are here joined by the road from Berryhill and other inland towns; at which junction a toll-bar has been judiciously planted, with a thoughtful eye on the pockets of all, not being foot passengers, who may choose to come or go by any of the three routes. To the garrulous graybeard who administered the office of collector at the toll-bar, went Jane Garrod on the afternoon of Tuesday. Jane's visit was made with a purpose; but she was too cautious to let the old man—with whom she had one of those state-of-the-weather acquaintanceships, common enough between people who live wide apart in country places, suspect anything of the kind. During the summer and autumn months, the old man had generally a store of mild ginger-beer in thick stone bottles, set out at his door for the delectation of thirsty wayfarers; and Jane, when she reached the gate this afternoon, bade the old man good-day, and then asked to be

supplied with a bottle of the beverage in question, and sat down in the roomy porch, that she might rest herself, and discuss it with the amount of leisure requisite for its proper appreciation. The afternoon was close and warm for the time of the year, and Jane was really tired with her long walk.

'It's a long tramp, Mrs. Garrod, all the way from Kingsthorpe, at your time of life—not that you be so very old either,' said Matthew as he drew the cork with a trembling hand.

'Ay, that it is,' answered Jane, 'and I never walk it without wishing I could afford to keep my carriage, and ride like a lady. It would be pleasant, now, to have Luke Grayling's gig on such a day as this. A nice trap to ride in; I dare say you know it?'

'Ay, I know the trap you mean well enow,' said Matthew. 'It has been through this gate more than once, or twice either.'

'It's not much used, I think, except for picnics and pleasure-parties,' said Jane.

'I dun know about that,' said Matthew, 'I seen it with a young couple in it going a-pleasuring, more than once, and then, again, I seen it t'other way. Why, no longer ago than last Thursday-night was a month, about half after six, a gent druv up in it alone, and the moment I clapt eyes on it, I knew it was Luke Grayling's turn-out. 'And where be you sprung from?' ses I to myself. 'You cæe down th' old road from Kingsthorpe, but I never seen you go that way this morning.' And 'hen I settled that he must have gone round by Leavenworth, which would account for my not seeing him pass my way. While I was turning the matter over in my mind, the gent paid me the toll, and had got a fair start again, when he turned the horse's head round, and druv back. 'I've had a spill,' ses he to me, 'and got into the mud. I don't like going into Fairwood this figure; and if you can find me some soap and water, and a clothes-bush, and will hold my horse for five minutes, I'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble.' Now, it isn't every day that I've the chance of earning half-a-crown in five minutes, so I nodded my head to him, and got him the soap and water; and then he got down from the gig, and I saw that his hands and face were all muddy, and his hat crushed, and his coat dirty into the bargain. So I nudged the horse while he titivated hisself up a bit; and he gavo me the half-crown all right, and druv off; and I've never clapt eyes on him since.'

'Some young spark, most likely, who didn't know how to drive properly,' said Jane.

'Not so young either,' said the old man. 'About forty, I should take him to be. A fine, handsome gent as ever I clapt eyes on; with long moustachers, and a dust-coloured overcoat buttoned up to his throat. He seemed to me to look very white and ill: he had likely hurt hisself with falling out of the gig, though how he could fall out, I can't think. He asked me whether I had any brandy in the house; but I told him I had only ginger-beer, and wanted him to try a bottle; but he only laughed, and shook his head, and said it was no matter.'

The old man had nothing more to tell; and bidding him good-day, Jane went on her way to Fairwood, from which place she booked herself by coach to Berryhill, and went home thence by rail.

She was up and doing next morning an hour before her usual time, so as to get through her household work as early as possible, anxiously considering meanwhile what her next step ought to be. Now that she had thoroughly made up her mind to go through with the matter, she was determined not to move an inch from anything that it might lead to. She felt, indeed, as though she were being led on by a will other than, and superior to, her own. The one point of the case, as it then stood, on which her mind most persistently dwelt, embodied itself in the following proposition:

'Mr. Duplessis left Kingsthorpe, in company with his sister, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, taking the coast-road, probably as being more unfrequented than the other—a road which has no lanes or by-paths leading to anywhere, except to one or two solitary sheep-farms.

among the hills. He did not reach the toll-bar till half-past six, and then alone, and with evident traces of a struggle on his clothes and person. Allowing an hour and a half as ample time for the drive between the two places, how was Mr. Duplessis employed during the remainder of the time, and what had become of Madame in the interim?

On the road itself, if anywhere, she must look for the further unravelment of the mystery, whose dread presence haunted her by day and night.

She set out as soon as the early dinner was over, outwardly as calm and impassive as ever, but trembling inwardly with vague fears, that grew in proportion with the vagueness of her search. For when she put the questions steadily to herself: 'What am I going to look for?' she could only reply: 'I do not know, and I dare not guess; but I feel that I must go on till the end, even though I should never know peace of mind again.'

The old round-about coast-road to Fairwood turned sharply off to the left about half a mile from Kingsthorpe Station, becoming all at once muddy and picturesque, and seeming as though it had left civilisation miles behind it. Jane knew every inch of the way; when a girl, she had traversed it scores of times with her mother; knew it for three miles of its course as a road over-shadowed with moss-grown trunks and interlacing boughs; shut in by high green banks, the chosen home of primrose and violet; knew it further on, where it came suddenly out of hiding, out on to the bare summits of the cliffs, open to every wind of heaven, with the unquiet sea fretting far below; knew it here for a road unfenced, and dangerous for strangers to traverse on dark nights, when to wander three yards from the beaten track would be sudden destruction to man or beast; knew it still further on, towards the end of its course, where it deserted the sea and the breezy sheepwalks, and shut itself in between decorous stone-walls, and parted with some of its mud and all its picturesqueness and succeeded in mending its ways, and in becoming thoroughly dull and commonplace.

With slow steps and anxious eyes, Jane Garrod traversed this road as far as the first stone-wall, and then back again. 'Nothing to-day, nothing to-day!' she muttered to herself with a sigh of relief as she turned wearily into the house.

She passed next day quietly within doors; but the day following that, a fever of unrest began to burn once more in her veins, and she felt that there was no peace for her till one more effort, at least, had been made to solve the dark mystery which seemed to have shut out for ever her old happy frame of mind. Again, with slow steps and anxious eyes, she traversed the old coach-road as far as the first stone-wall without discovering the slightest token such as she half expected, yet dreaded to find. When she had got about half-way on her return, she felt compelled to sit down and rest for a few minutes; anxiety of mind seemed of late to have weakened her bodily strength. She knew the point from which the finest view on the whole road could be obtained, and as she was now close to it, she made for it instinctively. It was the headland called Martell's Leap. It stood boldly out from the ordinary cliff-line on that part of the coast, and was clothed at its summit with short fine grass, while its white, scarred front had an almost perpendicular fall of more than two hundred feet to the boulder-strewn beach below. It was called 'Martell's Leap,' because, as the story ran, more than a century before, a certain Squire Martell rode his horse over the brink in a fit of madness, and was dashed to pieces at the foot. Jane sat down on the grass close to the edge of the cliff, and loosened her bonnet-strings, and rested her aching head in her hands, and closed her eyes, and went back in memory to the time—more than thirty years before—when she and her mother, coming from one of the lone moorland farms, used to ride in a clumsy country cart along that road to market, and never passed the headland without a shudder at the thought of the mad squire's terrible leap.

Jane's reverie was interrupted by the barking of a distant sheep-dog. She opened her eyes, and gazed out seaward, and drank in the full beauty of the scene. Far away, on the very verge of the horizon, there was a trailing pennon of smoke from some home-coming steamer; and nearer at hand, the sea-birds were wheeling and screaming; but no other sign of life on sea or shore. She had been gazing for a minute or two down the face of the cliff, in a vague, purposeless sort of way, when her wandering glance was caught by a pretty red flower, growing about half-way down, but broke suddenly away from that, attracted by something fluttering in the breeze—something twisted round a bramble a foot or two below where she was sitting: and as she looked, her eyes dilated, and her heart seemed to stand still, and she grasped the grass with both her hands, to keep herself from falling. What was it that she saw?

A fragment of a woman's dress!

As soon as she had recovered in some measure from the surprise of this discovery, she took off her bonnet and shawl, and stretching herself out at full length on the grass, drew her body half over the edge of the precipice, and reaching down with one hand, she succeeded, after several attempts, in grasping the fragment of silk, and in getting safely back again. Then she sat down, and rubbed the silk gently between her hands, and cried a while silently, and then she went sorrowfully home.

Her quest was ended, she had gone as far as she dared to go, from that point, other and more competent hands must take up the clue which she so thankfully laid down, and work out the dark story to its end.

To be continued.

DÉSILLUSIONNÉ.

I.

From the light circled hall, through the dazzling
through
Hand in hand we had noiselessly gone,
And hush'd were the echoes of dance and of song,
As we stood on the terrace alone.

II.

No sound, save the plash of the fountain was heard,
Which murmur'd its lullaby there
To the leaves of the jessamine, languidly stirr'd
By the kiss of the love-laden air.

III.

The moonbeams fell with a light caress,
And played with a tender grace,
On the quivering sheen of her snowy dress,
And the calm of her exquisite face.

IV.

In silence I watch'd, as the waters fell
With a musical, murmuring sound;
Not daring, not dreaming to loosen the spell,
Or profane the enchanted ground.

V.

She stood like a creature of heavenly birth,
With a mission of love to fulfil:—
A spirit removed from the sorrows of earth,
And above all mortal ill!

VI.

As I gazed on her, faintly she whisper'd my name,
And said low, while my breath came thick:
"I have eaten too much of that fowl à la crème!
And think I am going to be sick."

W. CROSSMAN.

"MICHAEL CONSIDINE'S DAUGHTER."

"When will the trial be over, Mark?"

"To-morrow, Woolcot sums up."

"And the unhappy woman—how handsome she is!—has no chance?"

"Not a shadow. Considerine has made her case his stalking-horse, and when he does that, it is always a hanging matter. There's no doubt about her guilt: she was jealous, it seems, and not only killed the man, and the woman who had supplanted her, but intended the world to accuse him both as a murderer and suicide. The execution will be delayed until the child is born."

"Good heavens, how awful! born under the shadow of the gallows!" and Mrs. Pembroke shuddered and drew closer to her husband's side. Presently she put her comely face up to his ear and whispered, "The Lord has denied us the crowning happiness of marriage! Could we not take this child, orphaned as it will be, from its birth?"

"My love!" exclaimed Mark Pembroke, startled at her words.

"Yes dear. I've never complained, you know. I've never told you how I longed for a baby, and—and—" and then she broke down and began to cry.

"Poor wife, poor childless wife," said Mark, caressing her, his own eyes filling with tears.

"We would soon learn to love it, Mark! almost as if it had been truly born to us." So the woman pleaded, and, though mentally Mark shook his head, he made no opposition; and thus it was that Nelly Pembroke became the adopted child of the good people who lavished such love and kindness upon her.

Nineteen years had elapsed since that York assize. Michael Considerine was now on the bench, and everybody said the great murder case had put him there. He and Mark Pembroke had been boys together, fellow-students, and now were warmer friends than ever; yet even to him not a word concerning the child's parentage had ever been said. Mark had answered the first inquiries by saying he had many poor relations, and that Nelly was an orphan; and he never had cause to explain further.

Nelly grew up the light and delight of the household, and now, just as her nineteenth year began, had returned from a finishing school an accomplished and come-out-able young lady, pretty enough to make a fair excuse for Mrs. Pembroke's pride in her, and, what was better still, as good in heart as she was in looks.

Nelly's birthday was to be celebrated by a ball; and as Nelly liked smart dresses, dancing, and nice partners as much as any girl of her age, she was determined the ball should be a success, and worked morning, noon, and night, arranging and decorating with her own deft little hands, whose touch seemed to have a magical influence in giving grace and beauty. Upon the evening preceding the *fête*, Considerine came home with Mark, and hearing Nelly was in the dancing-room, went there to give her a present he had brought.

When the door opened, Nelly, who was perched upon a chair, fastening a wreath, jumped down, pretending to be angry.

"It is too bad coming to look at things half done. Uncle Mark should—what's the matter, Mr. Considerine—what is it?" and with a scared face she looked round, for Mr. Considerine had started as she came up to him, and stood staring at her, or beyond her, with a pale horrified face. Nelly saw nothing but the wreath hanging against the white wall, and when she turned again, Considerine was gone.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Pembroke, as he joined Mark and herself a minute after. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have," was the unexpected reply; "if even man did see such a thing, I saw one just now. You remember that murder case at the York assizes. Ever since then, I've been haunted by the 'Shadow of the Gallows,' and I saw it to-night."

"What does he mean, aunty," whispered Nelly, who had followed him to the room.

"Nothing, my pet; nothing—"

"But I see it too, aunty; a great black one-armed thing, like that in picture-books. I see it, but I thought it was only something in my eyes. Why does it haunt him, too?"

"My dear child!" and Mrs. Pembroke looked helplessly at her husband.

"Take her up-stairs, Mary," cried Mark; "she's been exerting herself too much, and Considerine forgets that a child should not hear such fancies. He is fond of ghost stories, Nelly, my pet, and only wanted to find out whether you were as great a goose as to believe in them. There, off you go; the wreaths will keep until to-morrow better than that little excited head of ours will."

When the door closed behind the girl, Mr. Considine began pacing the room.

"You'll perhaps think me a madman, Mark," he said; "but it's the honest truth I told you just now. Ever since the morning that woman was hung, when I have been extra pressed with work, a shadow, just such as the gillows would throw in the early sunlight, has haunted me. I saw it just now in the dining-room, but I saw something more—this girl Nelly. Who is she? Where did you find her? Is she really a relation? Or is she—my God! if it could be—is she the child I sentenced unborn?"

Considine had run on with one question after another, warding off until the last the suspicion that had taken possession of him. One look at Mark was answer enough, and, covering his face with both hands, the strong man sat down shuddering and sobbing like an hysterical woman. Mark came over to him and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You have been over working yourself. You must not let such—"

"Good God, Mark, she is my own child!" groaned the other, hoarsely. And as Mr. Pembroke stood by silenced and half inclined to go off for a doctor to "minister to a mind diseased," Considine went on. "It's the old story of sin finding the doer out: the woman fell in my way, she was wild with jealousy, and I took advantage of it; she came across the man who had driven her wild, and you know the rest. Some avenging power put me up as counsel for the crown. I was like a madman when I found what I was to do, and some men are eloquent when mad: the woman was condemned, and by my words. I could have torn out my tongue; I could have fallen down and kissed your feet when you were pleading; and when you spoke of the unborn child, of the murder which the law, if carried out, would do, the brand of Cain seemed on me, and I left the court determined to move heaven and earth, to sacrifice anything, rather than go forth in my course with such guilt upon my soul. You know how fate or Providence came between me and my desire, and how for months I was prostrate. Do you know, as I lay under the carriage that day and felt the steam of the smashed engine piercing my very bones, I saw the gallows and heard her shriek; I heard her cry out your name and call God to bless you. I thought then I was dying, and that it was but the dire foretaste of the mystery of death. When I was able to make inquiry, I went back to York and was told the child was still-born; but to-night a sudden light flashed upon me: God whom I thought merciless, has not forgotten me, he has saved me almost by a miracle from a greater sin. I loved poor Nelly; my heart went out to her long ago, and as she grew older she grew dearer, until, ignorant as I was, I could only think of it as love that must make her my wife. I meant to ask her to-night, and behold I have lost and won her at once. Tell your wife, Mark; she will be merciful, for she is a good woman. I'll go now. No Mark, not to-night. I must get away by myself. I'll come to-morrow, and bring her some other gift;" and going over to the fireplace, he dropped the little box into the flames, muttering, "Thank Heaven, it was in time."

"But Nelly will still be ours," said Mrs. Pembroke, when the first astonishment with which she had heard the story had passed off, snatching at one ray of comfort.

"Undoubtedly, he cannot claim her without telling her the story, and that he could never do: there his grief is our gain."

"Oh! Mark, how thankful I am. It is very wicked, I dare say, to be glad he cannot take her, poor man. I used to think his heart was seared by his work, and yet all the time under the ice there lay such a romance as this. And you too, long as you've known him, never to guess."

Mark smiled and patted his wife's cheek. "I was too happy and too busy to take account of my neighbour's affairs, and Considine was not one of those who talk of themselves. Even from a boy he never spoke of anything con-

nected with himself. When Nelly talks to you about this fancy of hers—"

"It is no fancy," interrupted Mrs. Pembroke, "she told me all about it just now."

"Then so much the worse, and more need to treat it as a fancy. Tell her you must have the doctor, nature, I know, plays strange pranks at times, and the haunting horror of the condemned woman has affected the unborn child."

Considine came early the next day, and Mrs. Pembroke very nearly began to cry out of sheer pity, when she met his saddened weary look, for the man had been face to face with a greater Judge than himself, and the verdict had been "guilty."

"Thank you, my kind friend," said he, holding her hand, and reading in her face the unspoken words of sympathy. "I can never hope to repay one tithe of my obligation to you or Mark: we'll talk over what I can do another time; now I must only stay a minute, but I could not rest until I had seen her—just one look in her face."

Nelly was in the supper-room up to her knees in flowers; she had almost forgotten the scene of the night before, and although something in Considine's face recalled it, the flowers and sunshine came between her and the pain of the memory.

"I've brought you a birthday offering, Nelly." It was the first time he had ever left out the conventional Miss before her name. Nelly's heart gave a little bound, and her eyes rose up to his with a shy look of wonder and expectation, her colour coming and going as he went on. "You know I am such an old friend that I claim a right to give you something nice, and to tell you how I love and admire my little friend. If uncle Mark grows tired of you I'll adopt you, and build you a fairy palace full of flowers and sunshine."

He tried to laugh as he spoke, and laid his hand upon the disordered locks of bright hair, amongst which some rose petals had fallen. Nelly at once took the case, stooped, and kissed his hand. Mrs. Pembroke whispered something in her ear, and with a bright blush the girl held up her face, saying:—

"Aunt says I'm to kiss you, sir."

Considine started and caught her in his arms, bidding God bless her; then, before Nelly knew what to say or think, the door closed behind him, and she and her aunt were alone.

"Poor man," said Mrs. Pembroke, misunderstanding Nelly's flushing face; "he had a daughter, and thinks you like her; you must not think anything of his being a little peculiar. He forgets you are not a child."

Tears sprang up into Nelly's eyes,—half-angry, petulant tears. Why did he think her a child? she was nineteen, quite a woman, and—but here Nelly's heart began to throb very fast and strangely interrupted her thoughts, nor had she time then to follow the grievance up for Mrs. Pembroke was curious to know what the judge's present was.

The case was soon opened, and Nelly's eyes were dazzled, for lying upon the deep blue velvet was a gorgeous diamond bracelet.

Mr. Considine, who had no idea what present to give to the young lady, had placed the matter in the hands of a jeweller, who in turn, weighing the value of the gift by the greatness of the giver, had chosen one worthy, as he truly said, of royalty; and though the price did seem rather great, Considine thought it was only ignorance on his part, and would willingly have given twice as much to see Nelly look pleased.

"It must be worth two hundred pounds at least," said Mrs. Pembroke, rather breathlessly, for she, too, had been dazzled by the magnificence of the offering.

"Two hundred pounds, aunt; two hundred pounds for a present to poor little me!" and Nelly bent down, pretending to examine the bracelet, but only to shake off the tears that had come again; not angry tears this time: nor did she say anything more about him considering her a child. "Men do not buy bracelets worth two hundred pounds for children," said Miss Nelly to herself.

Mrs. Pembroke smiled at the girl's bright

face, and watched her flashing the glittering jewels about, thinking in her heart what a mercy it was that Nelly was still such a child, and not, like other girls, fancying everybody who liked or was kind to them must be in love.

Nelly was dressed long before the guests were expected, and in the first drawing-room watching, if the truth were told, for Mr. Considine, who she thought would be sure to come first. What a pretty picture she made, as she stood there before the bright fire, the candle light flashing down upon the rippling golden hair, and making all sorts of shadows in the misty blue dress which, looped up with white roses, floated round the slight girlish figure.

Considine saw it as he came through the hall, for Nelly, determined to catch him before he went further, had left the door open.

"Oh! Mr. Considine," she cried, turning round and holding out the arm bound round with the gleaming bracelet, "how very kind of you! I never dreamt of having such a present in my life; only look how the light seems to gather and flash. I do believe they are bits of real sunlight petrified. I can never thank you enough," and Nelly looked up, thinking that she had intended to give him another kiss; but instead of doing so she held down her face burning with blushes. There was something in his that thrilled like an electric shock through the girl's form,—such a yearning, pitying, loving gaze,—and the strong hand in which hers lay folded grasped it until, but for the counter-excitement, she must have cried aloud with pain. but Nelly forgot the pain when she heard him say that the present was nothing to the love with which he loved her, and then he called her his pet and child, and Nelly's heart sank, for she remembered what her aunt had said, and that after all, he might not care for her, because of the likeness to his daughter, and almost involuntarily the little hand stole up to his shoulder. Nelly's eyes swimming in tears rose to his, and the sweet voice, tremulous in its earnestness, said, "You are unhappy, Mr. Considine, and you have been so very kind to me. I wish I could do anything to please you. I want to thank you, to show you" (the hand dropped, and the voice sank into a whisper, for voices were heard in the hall) "that I really am not such a child, but that I can be wise sometimes;" and then, with a miserable little attempt at a smile, Nelly turned away to play her first part in the act of life—to feel that which every woman has felt some time, that smiles must come to call.

Nelly was young, and nature in a young untired heart cannot look long at bright things without reflecting their light; so before the night was over, Nelly was the happiest and gayest there, ready to accept in good part the incense offered, and to believe the world that had such bright bits must also have stores of joys to come.

At last the guests were gone, all good-nights said, the house dark and silent. Nelly was in bed, but not asleep; her face was resting upon the arm round which the bracelet was clasped. Nelly was thinking of the grave sad face that from time to time during the night had come in amongst the mirth and music like a memory of some lost happiness. She was thinking of what he had said by the fireside before the others arrived, and so thinking she fell asleep, and was still sleeping when Mrs. Pembroke came in on her way down-stairs, and a tender happy smile was on the old lady's face. "She's only a child yet, Mark," she said, as she poured out her husband's coffee. "You remember how she used to take her toys to bed with her, and how you found the new box of ninepins under her pillow, well, she has the bracelet on, poor little thing, and then how I used to vex myself whenever I saw a man near her, thinking they wanted to rob us of our darling!"

But Mrs. Pembroke was wrong, as elderly ladies very frequently are when they begin to account for the actions or motives of the second generation. Poor Nelly had said farewell to her childhood.

Mr. Considine had gone on circuit the day after the ball, much, let it be said, to Mark and

Mrs. Pembroke's relief, both these worthy people being secretly jealous of this unexpected claimant upon Nelly's love, and exceedingly doubtful and perplexed as to the possibility of keeping up the secret.

About a fortnight after this, Mark told his wife he thought Nelly looking pale. "She's fagged with all this gadding and heat, wife: you must take her down to the farm. I'll write or telegraph to Mrs. Brown, to get the old Home ready; you and she can run down on Tuesday; Michael Considine and I will follow on Friday."

Nelly was delighted, and owned herself tired of dancing and croquet. The "old Home" was the place of all others she liked best: a rambling farm-house, with an old-fashioned garden, where there was a wilderness of flowers, blooming as no London flowers ever do bloom, filling the air with perfume, and suffering themselves to be gathered every day without any visible diminution in beauty or fragrance.

The great wide porch was shaded with jasmine and honeysuckle, and the old walls were clustered with monthly roses and vines; under the broad eaves a colony of swallows were always twittering, always stirring about, always in hurry, and always a delight to watch.

Beyond the garden lay a green meadow, at the foot of which ran the mill-stream dammed back to form the pond, a long, deep, silent pool, draped with the largest willow trees in the country, in which lay the biggest trout, and along the banks of which grew a carpet of bright-eyed forget-me-nots; a lovely quiet place was the mill-pool, the mill-wheel, killed by distance, waking the silence by a soft slumberous sound. A favourite haunt of Nelly's was the pool; she was there every day, generally towards evening, when the red lights from the setting sun were glinting through the trees, throwing strongly defined shadows upon the brown water, and the trout rose lazily to suck down the unsuspecting flies or moths, taking their evening meal as it were under protest.

Nelly generally carried a book with her; but nature was just then the pleasanter book and Nelly was no idle student. The mill stood at the head of the village street, and the village was one of those quaint clusters of buildings with now and then where railways are unknown. Houses with gables and over-hanging windows, built half of wood, half stone or brick, with a queer old alehouse and swinging sign, the hostess of which was wont to boast that the business had descended from father to son for four hundred years, which, being beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, was left undisputed.

Nelly was known and loved everywhere. There was not a cottage where at some time or other she had not been the messenger of relief or comfort; for here, as in other villages, there was the usual round of sore throats, bad hands, and rheumatics to cure, and Nelly was dispensing doctor general—carrying about the universal cures compounded by Mrs. Pembroke from an ancient recipe-book belonging to the house: thus the arrival of the "family" was hailed with genuine delight, and for the first three days there was plenty to do in calling at the different cottages, visiting favourite haunts, and picking flowers to fill the endless jars which ornamented every chimney-piece and window in the house.

Upon Friday, Mark and Mr. Considine came down, and in the evening Nelly left the old people sitting after dinner, and stole away to her favourite seat under the willows, and there in a short time her reverie was broken in upon by Mr. Considine, who, sitting down upon the green bank beside her, talked of the pleasant country, and the pleasure of being there and idle after the bustle and trouble of circuit, to say nothing of the noise and heat of London. Nelly listened and answered. Then, as the shades of evening drew closer round them, and the red clouds were reflected like patches of blood in the clear water, the solemn influence of the hour fell upon them, and both were silent: Nelly's eyes watching the changing cloud scene mirrored before her; Considine gazing upon the childlike face, and trying to read what was

passing there. Suddenly he saw the eyes dilate, the colour flush up, then departing, leaving the face white with terror, and stooping forward she laid one hand upon his, pointing to the water with the other. Following the direction indicated, he saw a dim shadow, a ghastly one-armed thing, the curse that had embittered so many years of a triumphant career.

His first thought was of Nelly, and the first impulse to shield her mind from the impression by accounting for the strange shadow by natural means; but in vain he looked round among the trees where the branches were interwoven thickly, but where there were no bare arms. Nelly's eyes had followed his, and looked back into his as he turned again.

"Is that the shadow you said haunted you?" she asked. "Why do I see it too? Aunt says it is fancy; but if you see it and I see it, how can it be fancy? Why do we only see it—you and I?"

Considine did not answer. He kept his face turned away, and Nelly, after waiting, stooped forward, and looking into his countenance, saw the sweat-drops beading brow and lip, and the agony he dare not show her. The girl's face changed instantly; there was no blush of maiden shame, but a woman's strong love and anxiety, as she said passionately and bitterly at last—

"You are ill. You are unhappy. Why will you not let me share your pain? You think me a child, but you have taught me to be a woman. What can I say to make you trust me?"

"Heaven, have mercy on me! Nelly, be silent. You are killing me!" and unfastening the clasping fingers from his Considine sprang to his feet, and, standing there before her, told the story of her birth and of his sin.

How Nelly looked, what Nelly said, he never rightly knew. He saw only a mass of light muslin, and heard a low cry of agony as two hands were stretched out, as if to ward off some blow, then clasped together again in agony.

Two hours afterwards, Mrs. Pembroke was sitting by Nelly's bed-side, where the poor girl lay moaning incessantly,

"Why did he tell me? Why did he tell me?" Poor Mrs. Pembroke had asked the same question, and Considine had replied that there was no alternative; the hour had come, and then he had gone away, not farther than the village inn, however, where he waited to see his child again.

A few days passed over, Nelly was passive and apparently better, so Mrs. Pembroke went over to the rectory, and sitting there a little longer than she intended, the darkness of a summer evening had fallen before she reached the village street. On her homeward walk, Mr. Considine, who had seen her set off and had been watching for her return, joined her, and together they walked on talking of Nelly; but when close to the inn, where three country labourers were drinking their ale and smoking their pipes at the door, a woman servant from the house ran up from the mill road.

"Something has happened," gasped poor Mrs. Pembroke, with that presentiment of evil which comes over us at times; "run forward—I cannot."

"Oh! ma'am, oh! sir," cried the woman. "Miss Nelly—" then, unable to finish the sentence, she dropped down upon her knees, crying hysterically, and Considine, bidding the men stay with Mrs. Pembroke, hurried forward to learn what had happened. He had not far to go in uncertainty, for by the gate into the mill walk stood another servant. She pointed to the green bank, and there he saw Mark kneeling and supporting a white figure. He knew the truth now, and had no need to have it seared deeper into his heart by the bitter words that broke in the first agony from poor Mark Pembroke. Passive as a child he stood aside as the crowd gathered and as the attempts to restore life were proceeded with—attempts which, by God's mercy, were crowned with success. And Mark was carrying the half-inanimate form into the house as the doctor galloped up and took the case, happily now a hopeful one, in hand. But when one danger was over, another was imminent. Brain fever followed the shock, and

for hours and days the poor girl's ravings were even harder to bear than the first trial.

Day and night Mark and his wife watched, and day and night Considine sat in her room. No one could move him; he laughed in Mark's face as the latter spoke of rest or food. And then they left him alone, for the man's remorse was stronger than even their love. At last a change came: and the opiates took effect.

"If she awakens free from delirium she will live," pronounced the doctor. "If not, death will be the merciful alternative to permanent insanity."

Who can tell the agony of the watch kept in the little white draped room, or the depth of repentance of the conscience-stricken man leaning his white unshaven face upon his hands, his eyes bloodshot with wakeful nights staring forward across the darkened room, watching the pale face where life and death flickered to and fro!

The mid day sun had been shining when the sleep fell upon Nelly, and midnight had crept upon the watchers without any definite change.

Mrs. Pembroke had laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, and exhaustion had brought sleep. A servant had stolen in, and left a shaded lamp. The doctor had come and gone downstairs again to wait—lying down upon the drawing-room sofa to snatch an hour's sleep.

The window of the bed-room was open, and the summer wind came in laden sweet with the breath of the flowers the sick girl had loved.

Hour after hour went on, and the first red streak of day dawn was brightening in the east, when Nelly opened her eyes and turned her face towards the window, drawing up the bed-clothes. The action was so quiet and natural that Mark, unable to bear the suspense, uttered her name aloud. Nelly started for a moment; a puzzled look was in her face: then the light came.

"Oh! uncle, how wicked I've been!" she sobbed. "Where is he—my father, my father?"

In an instant Considine was kneeling at her side, his face buried in the counterpane, and his sobs shaking the bed.

"You'll forgive me," she whispered, with the thin weak hand on his head.

"My darling! my darling!" was all the stricken man could say.

Nelly was safe now, and said nothing more about forgiveness. She read it in every word and look of love that soothed and tended her during the long week in which she was regaining strength, and in the thought and tenderness with which they took her away from the old house without letting her see the fatal pool.

Mr. Considine set the world's curiosity and opinion at defiance, and owned Nelly as his daughter; and, strange to say, the world never discovered the secret of her birth. But, stranger still, Nelly had forgotten it. The fever had as it were, wiped out the fatal explanation in every particular, save one, that Considine had claimed her as his daughter. The shadow of the gallows was gone. Nature had worked out her meed of punishment; and mercy had fulfilled the promise, "I will not be angry for ever."

I. D. FENTON.

MARRIED LIFE.—Oh, ye husbands and wives, deceive not one another in small thing nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life—a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together, and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always to please one another. Consider, ye daughters, what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to engage the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honour and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, ye sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families.

THEY TELL ME I AM QUITE FORGOT.

Words by Mrs EVANS BELL.

MUSIC BY W. T. WRIGHTON

Voicf.

They

NOT TOO SLOW—BUT WITH EXPRESLIION.

PIANO

FORTE.

tell me I am quite for-got, I would be glad but yet I weep They say a-no-ther claims thy
knew that love was kin to grief, I now its vows were rare-ly true That few and fee-ble were my

heart I wish her hap-py yet I weep. I would be firm and curb the grief That
charms I knew but trusted though I knew For o'er my rea-son such the spell, Thy

preys un-ces-asing on my soul. Con- ceal'd from ev'-ry care-less eye . . . My burn-ing tears and sighs con-
giance, thy fa-tal whisper, caet. I lov'd! I gavo up all for love . . . And can but love thee to the

ad lib:

trol, My burn-ing tears, My burn-ing tears and sighs con-trol.
last I can but love, I can but love thee to the last.



When he reached the lobby, some great letters on the wall caught his eye.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 93.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE PLAY.

Christina's troubles were not of a kind to prevent her from enjoying herself at the play.

She was but sixteen, and, as yet, the theatre had lost none of its wondrous enchantment. There, where the gallant gentlemen bent over lovely ladies in the boxes—where the changing lights and snatches of sweet music took the heart by surprise—where even before the wondrous curtain rose, the hand of art was at work tuning the soul that it might play upon it with the more power—there, where the heated air made slow, sad pulses beat fast, and dim eyes grow bright, and where worn-out hearts were awakened, though on the morrow they would declare they had dreamed—there, in that palace of romance and love, where to her pure eyes all things were pure, Christina was happy in her love for Paul—happy, deliciously happy, in its very unfortunateness; since it seemed to bring her near to the heroines she worshipped. To-night, when she was to see Garrick for the first time, she thrills at every movement of the great stage-curtain, and fixed upon it eager, wistful eyes; while Sir Richard vainly tried to draw her attention to the friends and patrons he recognised amongst the fashionable and distinguished personages with which the theatre was crowded.

He had, however, a more attentive listener in the gentleman in a foreign garb who had accompanied himself and Christina to the play that night, and who sat behind the young lady's chair, concealed by the curtain, with only the sleeve of his blue silk tunic and the edge of his

white turban visible to the opposite side of the house.

If, by any sudden impulse, he leaned an inch or two forward, Sir Richard would lift his hand nervously, then check himself, look at his turbaned friend, and smile or whisper to Christina—

"I am uneasy without cause on our distinguished friend's behalf. His disguise is perfect."

And then Sir Richard would press him to take a more prominent seat, but would give a sigh of intense relief when the "distinguished friend" refused.

At the very instant when the curtain which Christina watched with so much awe was rising, and when she began to feel in her very flesh the "nipping and eager air" on the battlements of Elsinore, there was a murmur through the house: every head turned away from the stage. Sir Richard looked round, then turned pale, and whispered agitatedly to his friend—

"My lord, it is the king."

Christina looked up at the royal boxes, which, indeed, were fast filling with most gaily-dressed company.

In the box next to that where the king and queen sat were three persons—a tall, thin man, with a red scarred forehead and haughty, restless eyes, whose glances, quick, bright, and suspicious, seemed to Sir Richard's turbaned friend to penetrate to every corner of the theatre.

Next to this gentleman, and in the centre of the box, was a young lady with large, square brows, a complexion like cream, and blue eyes that looked towards the stage with a weary and abstracted gaze. Her black velvet dress made the soft whiteness of her face more striking, and the strange mode of head-dress—the hair powdered and arranged in a high, stiff pile above the head—became her better than the same fashion became any lady in the theatre.

The third occupant of the box was a young man foppishly dressed, and with a handsome

but rather gloomy face, and bearing a resemblance both to the lady and the elder man.

Seeing that these three persons attracted little less attention than the royal party, Lord Langton inquired of Christina who they were.

Christina did not hear his question, as she had that instant caught the lady's eye, and received from her and the younger gentleman a gracious bow and smile.

"Do you know that lady?" said Lord Langton.

"She has been very kind to me, my lord," Christina answered, turning timidly to look in the face which she found herself liking more and more.

"Do you think her fair, my lord?"

He looked across carelessly.

"Yes, passably; nay, very fair."

Christina watched him, and smiled.

"All the town thinks so, my lord," said she.

"And rightly," replied Langton, with warmth. Then he whispered. "Were *your* king *my* king, I should pay the beauteous and majestic lady yonder the best compliment man could pay, by taking her for a royal princess; as it is, that would be but a doubtful compliment, I fear, to such loveliness."

"Hush!" said Christina, laying her finger on her lips with a pretty air of fright; "No treason, my lord. I am a faithful subject of King George, and I maintain he has as much grace as a Stuart, but that unlike a Stuart, he does not carry it *all* in his person and manners."

"The king is dead. Long live the king!" said Langton, with a melancholy smile. "Your father has not let you lag behind the times, Mrs. Christina; but you have not told me who the pale beauty is. Is she of any family whose name I may perchance remember, I wonder?"

"The name, my lord," said Christina, in a low voice, "is not one of which *we* are especially proud, still less is it dear to Jacobites' ears."

"What!" said Langton, "is that sombre-looking gentleman—with whose face, by-the-by, it seems to me I must have had some early acquaintance—is he one of the many traitors to our dear and hapless—"

Christina raised her fan warningly, then whispered hurriedly and with averted eyes, for David Garrick was on the stage—

"Judge for yourself, my lord; it is the Earl of Bridgeminster."

Absorbed by the expression of that face that stopped even the murmur of applause which greeted its first look, Christina saw nothing of the emotion the name she uttered had brought into the face of her listener.

He did not look at the opposite box immediately, but continued gazing at Christina's face with eyes half wistful, half doubting.

"Your pardon," said he, gently, "but, madam, did I hear the name aright—Bridgeminster?"

Christina smiled, and nodded absently.

"And the lady?"

"She is his daughter, my lord—the Lady Hermia."

"Thank you. That is, you say, Lady—"

"Hermia, my lord."

"Hermia. The Lady Hermia Bridgeminster?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Thanks, thanks. Pardon me for taking your attention so long."

While Christina's tearful and dilated eyes turned once more to the great actor's face, and became blind to all-else, the quiet form beside her, in its Eastern garb, seemed to shrink and draw back, as if smitten by fear.

Unseen by any of the eyes which Garrick held spell-bound, a hand drew back a corner of the curtain of Sir Richard's box, and with his elbow on Christina's chair, and his brow leant forwards on his hand, Stephen Langton looked across the crowded heads and rapt faces, his own face pale, and his eyes misty with the emotion that made him almost fear to remain where he was.

When he first looked, the lights in the theatre were lowered, and the face of Hermia in its pale, pathetic beauty, seemed to gleam in the dim light like a lily in a twilight garden.

He saw nothing of the two men beside her, he saw nothing of Garrick; all that evening he saw nothing—save with an unconscious eye—nothing but that face which had smiled on him through the cathedral shadows, across the perilous sea, and that had sent him the ray of hope which saved him from death in the smuggler's cave.

Christina did not notice his silence—noticed nothing, in fact, but Garrick—till Sir Richard, at the beginning of the last act, whispered—

"Teena, there's that young rascal, Arkdale. Look at the fellow's wig and coat; is that a figure for an honest 'prentice to cut. Times have changed, by George; but I knew the day when his bones would have ached for it!"

Christina's face flushed suddenly—not through shame for Paul, nor indignation at Sir Richard's anger, but because a glow of great delight came over her heart to think that Paul was there. Paul would see her, was looking at her now in all her splendour of white and green and diamonds, in which Lord Langton had compared her—and very prettily, she thought—to a daisy in grass, bright with the morning dew. And Sir Richard had said, "'Gad, my lord, 'tis a sort of dew you Jacobites would soon dry up in poor England were you not sharply looked to."

Yes, Paul was there, and as to his fine dress, could she not forgive him when it was put on for her sake, and that he might not look mean in her eyes? besides, he was so handsome, so gallant, such a dress seemed to belong to him by good rights, and of course he could not know how dearly she loved him in his 'prentice clothes. If his extravagance pained her, it was because it grieved her father, and must needs bring trouble upon Paul himself.

She hoped he was not suffering now, but was as happy as herself, for Christina was supremely happy just then. She saw no happy ending to her love for Paul—she desired to see none, for Garrick's voice and Garrick's face had made her in love with tragedy, and no earthly lot seemed

so exquisite as the prospect of being persecuted for Paul's sake, of dying for him, or, better still, of their both being persecuted and dying together.

Glancing once away from the stage to Paul, with delicious tears in her eyes, she saw he had moved from his place. Her eyes seemed to know by instinct where to find him, for she saw him immediately in a box below that in which he had been standing.

She sees him, and her sweet, soft eyes grow large, and her face pale, and as tragic as *Hamlet's* as he looks on his dying mother, whose cry of—

"No, no; the drink, the drink!"

Christina does not hear. Her own insignificant little life, at this moment, is to her a great and terrible tragedy; for there stands Paul, behind a gay and laughing little lady, who is looking mockingly at him, over her fan, as he bends, with a grace and passion Christina has never seen in him before, and touches with his lips the long curl the lady wears on her neck in the style of Mr. Pope's Belinda.

The lights dance before Christina's eyes, her hands grow damp, her heart cold, oppressed, stifling.

Can this be Paul—her Paul? The "prentice lad of low degree," to whom she—a young lady, a rich knight's daughter—has given her love?

Yes, truly; it is Paul. For now he looks up, and steals a half-frightened glance at Sir Richard, who has risen to his feet, in his rage at the sight of him.

Christina does not know Sir Richard has seen Paul and his companion, and, even in her misery would fain not betray Paul by a look or word.

So she turns towards the stage, and meets the dying face of *Hamlet*, which, wrought upon as she already is, proves too much for the child's overstrained heart, and provokes the cry she has tried so bravely to suppress.

She knows people have heard her, and that friends are hurrying to the box, as she lies on Sir Richard's breast; and Sir Richard, who knows all that has passed, looks at her with fond eyes, as she tries to smile on the faces crowding round her, and to murmur, through her blanched lips—

"The play—it was the play and Mr. Garrick; but I am better."

"Yes, yes; it was Garrick," said Sir Richard. "Garrick, confound him!" But that last imprecation had nothing to do with Garrick.

The little knot dispersed, and Christina was taken home; and it was talked of even to Garrick himself how he had sent Sir Richard Constable's pretty daughter into fits.

Paul Arkdale heard of it in the presence of his fair enchantress, and thought to himself for an instant what a kind and tender heart his master's child possessed. But his thoughts went no farther than that. He never dreamt of her illness having been caused by any secret grief; still less, that he himself had aught to do with it.

It is true he found her eyes looking on him kindly when he first glanced up at her, thinking to himself, with a little 'prentice sort of pride in his master's daughter, that she outshone all other ladies there; and for a moment a feeling of shame and contrition smote him, to think how little of late the welfare of his master's business had been in his mind.

To do Paul justice, however, he was innocent of the presumption of which Sir Richard in his own mind accused him. Christina's evident interest in him he took as part of the goodness and sweetness of her nature, which at one time or another nearly all Sir Richard's work-people had experienced.

That very night—as she sat there in her glistening silk, and with the diamonds quivering on her white neck and arms, and all her heart's love in her face, she had seemed to Paul as radiantly beautiful and as far above him as the stars of the sky; and he had cast down his eyes because he felt himself unworthy even as her father's servant to look upon her.

He would, perhaps, have been made even more ashamed of himself than he was by Christina's kind looks, had not his mind been full of other

thoughts—delicious, tormenting thoughts, which caused him to turn his eyes restlessly first in one direction, then in another, in search of something which he seemed at once longing yet fearing to see.

It was not often that Paul was spoken to with respect by the fine ladies who frequented his master's shop; and when one morning a lovely creature came to him with outstretched hand and beaming face—then starting back, blushing, apologising and declaring she had taken him for my Lord So-and-so, whom she had known in Italy—it was not likely that Paul would forget it. He had been little in danger of doing so even before the flattering incident was brought freshly to his mind by the charming smile he received from the same lady when she came again to the shop—and when she asked, "Was he not fond of Garrick, she was, and went to see him so often."

From that hour Paul's peace of mind was gone. He thought of nothing else from morning till evening, and all night dreamt of nothing else. He went to the play every night, and saw her with her friends—she smiled and bowed to him, but never spoke till one night Paul saw her going out to her carriage alone, and flew before her to open the door, and a few confused words and looks were exchanged between them, which Paul would have hardly dared to remember as being other than a dream, if he had not carried home with him a tiny perfumed glove which, in her confusion, she had dropped on giving him her hand.

Should he see her to-night, Paul wondered, as he withdrew his eyes from Christina's pure and sensitive little face. Was she here? and would she perhaps again be left alone?

He had scarce felt the floor under his feet when he had seen her, late in the evening, enter her box, glance rapidly round the theatre, see him, and, with a joyous, child-like movement, beckon him with her fan.

Paul thought the very door-opener must hear his heart beat as he entered her box and saw she was then alone.

She started—half-extended her hand—then drew it back, saying, with downcast eyes and a charming confusion—

"You—you have come. I did not mean—I had forgot you might not—not remember me."

"Oh! madam," stammered Paul, "that is impossible."

"How impossible for me to have been remembered?" said she, with a touch of merriment in her confusion.

"Alas! madam," Paul said, with a despairing effort. "I mean—you know what I mean—"

"Certainly; that my face is so insignificant, it were impossible to remember it."

"Madam," said Paul, gaining courage by her raillery, "it is too cruel to take a man's senses, and then laugh at him for the want of them—what I would have said had I been less—less moved by the light of finding myself in your presence—is this—that it were impossible for me to forget you while memory remains to me—and this!"

And Paul dared to show her the little glove he carried in his breast.

"How do I know 'tis mine?" asked she, turning away from it and from Paul's eyes, that were full of gratified vanity and pleasure.

Paul smiled, and bending over her shoulder breathed tremulously and reverentially—

"Maria!"

Her eyes answered instantly to the name, and then Paul's eyes and hers smiled into each other with, apparently, a world of meaning; while, in reality, all they meant was—that the name was in the glove.

"And I am to believe," said Maria, "just because you show me this to-night, that you have kept it ever since I lost it? Confess that you laid your hand on it to-night by chance."

"Madam, on the 'word of—" Paul would have liked dearly to say "a gentleman," but the arch, violet eyes reminded him by the most faint gleam of satire of where he had first seen them—so he said boldly, and with heightened

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colour, while his voice was very tender and humble—

"On the word of an honest 'prentice, this little glove has lain on my heart since the moment I saved it from the mire of the streets. But, madam, in mercy doubt my word, if believing it will make you angry—as I fear it will."

"As I fear it should," said Maria.

"But does not?" pleaded Paul, with his trembling hand on her chair.

Maria raised her eyes to his with a hesitating, wistful look.

"Do you know," said she, "I feel that I should, by rights, be angry, if I wish for your—your respect."

"In that case," answered Paul, softly, and in a voice trembling with delight, "your anger would be too much kindness for me—and so, perhaps, embolden me to incur it again—so be not at all angry with me. I have suffered enough for my presumption—for I know—"

Maria looked up with a tender, child-like curiosity.

"What do you know, Paul?" she asked.

The sound of his own name coming from her lips, in music, struck Paul dumb. He turned pale, his eyes became suffused with delicious moisture, and his head grew giddy—and then it was his lips touched the curl, and Christina's tragedy began.

Some few minutes after Paul's master had left the theatre, Maria said, suddenly—

"Paul, you must leave me. I see some friends of mine have observed me, and are rising to come to me."

"And, heavens! what a degradation should they find you in such company!" said Paul, taking his hand from her chair.

She rose, took his hand, and going away from the front of the box, looked at him steadily, and it seemed to Paul as if the simple childish beauty had changed suddenly into a woman, with eyes full of a sad wisdom, disappointment, weariness. "Paul," said she, almost mournfully, "it is you who are too good for friends of mine. Go, go! And, Paul, listen to me, and don't call me cruel, for I intend doing you a great kindness, in spite of myself. Paul, I tell you to see me no more, keep from me, shun me as you would a pestilence. I shall bring misery on you. Fool, fool! away from me!"

She hid her face in her hands, which Paul caught in his own, and kissed, murmuring—

"Oh, madam, to see you again, once again, alone like this, were a joy I would purchase, if need be, with a long life of misery. Say you will see me once more, and trouble not about the price I must pay for such happiness."

"You see, Paul," said Maria, smiling her old bright smile, "you won't take a kindness at my hands. Well, what can I do? People will not let me do right when I try. So you really wish us to meet again?"

"As if it were possible for me to exist without our meeting again," said Paul.

"Well, well, have you ever been to Ranelagh?"

"Never," answered Paul.

"Never! Oh, 'tis the most charming place. Will you take me there to-morrow?"

Paul flushed from brow to chin, and felt as if he were shrinking up with shame. He had not a penny in the world, and, moreover, was at that moment as deep in debt as a 'prentice could well be. What could he say? That he could not get out to-morrow? What, and lose a delight so great as having Maria a whole evening to himself in such a paradise as Ranelagh?

He looked on her with eyes full of passionate perplexity. What could he say or do?

"Come," said Maria, a little coldly, "if the idea does not please you, pray, sir, tell me so?"

"Not please me!" stammered Paul. "Oh, madam, the thought of so much happiness takes away my senses."

Maria laughed merrily, then sighed—

"Oh, Paul, Paul, I envy you. Well, 'to be, or not to be?'"

"To be," answered Paul, with sudden desperation, and feeling as giddy as though he had passed the verge of some fatal precipice. "And, madam, may heaven forgive you if you fail me—if you deceive me—for you know not—"

"What?" asked Maria, looking half-offended and half-afraid; for there was something in Paul's face besides the passion she understood—something which puzzled and slightly troubled her. But it vanished before her pretty pouting look. Paul kissed her hands, and said—

"Yes, yes, I will be there; we will go together. May I meet you somewhere?"

"I will be at the gate nearest the gardens at six in the evening."

"And there, madam," said Paul, "you shall find your poor servant waiting."

"Come, then, say good night to me, Paul, for I see my friends have left their places, and will be here immediately."

The cold air of the passage freshened Paul's senses, and made him see, with cruel clearness, the dangers and perplexities which the last half hour had brought upon him. He rushed down the stairs, as if he could escape by flight the things he feared; he pushed rudely past gentlemen and ladies—past friends of his own humble position, who pointed him out to each other with contempt.

When he reached the lobby, some great letters on the wall—letters of an old play bill—caught his eye and fascinated it.

He stood still and stared, while his very lips grew white. Then, as if unconsciously, his feet were drawn to the spot. He looked at the letters closely, with wild burning eyes, till they seemed to topple and mingle in a wild grotesque dance, to turn into gibbets and hanging figures, and all kinds of hideous things.

Paul drew a quick, sharp breath of pain, and turned and fled.

Still those letters seemed to dance before him. The very heads on Temple Bar took their shapes; and the name that had frozen his heart, when he read it on the theatre walls, grinned at him in the moonlight in letters of death.

All night, as he lay awake in his chamber, the waves breaking against the old bridge seemed to hiss into Paul's ears the same name, and to cry to him warningly or mockingly—

"George Barnwell! George Barnwell!"

CHAPTER XXV.—THE CHAPEL OF ST. THOMAS.

It was ultimately decided between the mercer and the Earl of Langton that the latter, to keep up more perfectly his assumed character, should receive no sort of personal attentions from the former, beyond occasional visits to the house at Blackheath, whither Sir Richard would invite him in the presence of his own people, on the assumed ground of his having been a great traveller, and of his being able, therefore, to speak of all sorts of matters, commercial and otherwise, in which the mercer was interested. The consequence of this was that the earl was obliged to take up his abode in the merchant's house of business, surrounded with the noise and hubbub of London at their greatest point of intensity; and where his sleeping chamber was a great attic, shared with Paul, though possessing the luxury of a pallet-bed for each.

But the earl became greatly interested in his present place of abode when Paul had taken him all over it. It had originally been a chapel, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and the whole of the external walls remained, but with additional parts built out here and there. Within those external walls the chapel consisted originally of two parts—an upper chapel, and a lower chapel, or crypt. The crypt was about twenty feet high; the smaller roof was supported by clustered columns of great beauty, and had an entrance from the river by means of a flight of stairs leading from the long projecting starling, or foot of the pier. The upper was still more beautiful; with a continuous range of lancet-headed windows, looking out upon the river, and also having a flight of stairs outside, for descent to the river.

The chapel ceased to be used for Divine service about—or soon after—the time of the Reformation, and then it fell into the service of trade, and became sadly maimed and mutilated. Divisions were now down the length of the chapel, so as to form numerous rooms; and though, in one respect, the desecration was

great, in another, the result was very picturesque and effective.

Nothing more quaint could be imagined than the coming into so many small rooms, and with such beautiful and costly windows. The parlour behind the shop, for instance, had quite a range of triple windows. Another room had on one side the semi-circular display of a beautiful chantry; a third had a niche occupied with a fine piece of sculpture, showing St. Thomas for-giving King Henry for his very naughty conduct; a fourth had, in a long oblong recess, with semi-circular top, the recumbent figure of some great personage, evidently the architect of the bridge, Peter of Colechurch, who is known to have been interred in the chapel; then, lastly, there was an upper room that looked on the Thames, which had a superb display of coloured glass, perfectly gorgeous with rubric, cerulean, blue, bright orange, and intense green—the glorious dyes belonging to an old English art, which has been since almost lost, but is now again reviving.

The earl thought he should never tire of exploring the beauties of this place, so oddly mixed up with all the miscellaneous and extremely abundant stores of a rich mercer's stock. But care was everywhere evident not to despise unnecessarily what remained of the beautiful chapel of St. Thomas; the mercer was too proud of it for that. Antiquarians used to come to see it, and nothing delighted the mercer more than to go through the place with such men, and dwell with loving interest on all that was known of its history while lamenting its approaching downfall, for the chapel was doomed! Not on its own account; for though it was probably the very oldest part of the existing bridge, which had been renewed over and over again, it was still in excellent preservation. No, it was doomed because the bridge itself was doomed. This fine old structure, after long centuries of use, was giving way in every part at last. The houses leaned against each other sadly out of the perpendicular, and accidents were continually occurring, showing on how precarious a tenure even men held their houses and their lives on dear old London Bridge.

It was a great privation to the mercer to be obliged to leave all this to be shown to the earl by Paul, who was not much of an antiquarian, but who had managed to pick up the more noticeable facts, and who had the good sense to see the earl's eager interest in the place, and, in response, do his best.

And let us note, in passing, that this walk through the place—which made it at once familiar to the earl—was valuable to him as affording reader means of escape in case of need. It also involved certain consequences to Paul, of which that young gentleman had, as yet, not the remotest fear or suspicion, but which were to affect his future seriously.

When all else had been viewed, Paul demanded if Mr. Daniel Sterne would not like to see their stew, or fish-pond?

"Stew—fish-pond?" queried Daniel Sterne.

"Yes; catch the monks, or anybody belonging to them, having a place without means to get the best of everything! Come with me, and I'll show you where they used to catch their fine salmon and grill, and whatever else struck their delicate fancies."

Down they went, by long winding stairs, till, at last, they found themselves in a dark, vaulted chamber. Opening a door on the immensely long starling, Paul said—

"There's our stew; that large, square opening you see in the starling. I amuse myself often by fishing here in the Thames; and when I catch anything, I extricate the hook as neatly as I can, and use the fish to stock my stew. Some of them are alive; so I can find you something delicate whenever you like to ask me. I can't promise you salmon; they have gone long ago, poisoned out by the abominable nuisances that they let people throw into the river."

It is night. The soldier, fatigued, is lying on his pallet-bed, beneath the sky-lit roof, in a depressed mood, wondering how he can acquit himself loyally of his duty to his sovereign with-

out compromising his own position more and more deeply with that other sovereign, who will ultimately have to be accounted to, if the mercer's politics are the true ones for patriotic Englishmen.

Paul and he have long since wished each other good night; and when the earl thinks of his companion at all, it is to envy his peace of mind, that causes him promptly to drop asleep, and begin, rather too audibly, to snore. The snore, however, soon ceases, and all is quiet, and the earl's thoughts take the direction we have already indicated.

Not for long. Quite by accident, his eye, passing across Paul's bed, sees Paul through the obscurity half raised on one arm, and in an attitude that looks very like an inquiry as to something, perhaps this—"Is Daniel Sterne asleep, I wonder?"

Interested in Paul both for his own sake and for his brother's, the earl cautiously avoided any kind of movement or appearance of intention to watch, and he was soon satisfied as to the policy of this proceeding.

Paul lifted the bed-clothes, put one leg out of bed, then the other, and began, with extreme care and deliberation, to dress. But by no means in the same clothes with which Mr. Daniel Sterne was acquainted.

Taking a chair in his hand to a corner of the attic, he stood upon it, then opened a trap-door in the sloping roof, by sliding it along, drew from the receptacle thus opened a bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief, opened the bundle, and, to the earl's immense surprise, displayed what was evidently a richly-laced gentleman's suit; the colour, he could just make out, was red.

The ordinary clothes were now tied up in the same bundle, and put away in the roof, and the sliding door brought back to its place; and this done, Paul produced a sword in its scabbard, which gleamed faintly.

"Will he dress in the dark?" thought the earl.

That question seemed to puzzle Paul himself; for, after he had got the clothes on, he sat down upon the bed, as if reflecting on the impossibility of venturing forth without at least one look at himself in his glass.

After that pause, he went again to his treasury, and drew something forth which the soldier could not make out; with this he left the attic, and closed the door after him.

"Shall I follow him?" thought the earl. "Why? Have I not enough of my own affairs to attend to, without heeding the vagaries of this youth? And yet, who knows but that this may be one of those critical moments in the life of the young man that may determine his whole future to ruin or salvation?"

The noise of a flint and steel just outside told the earl what Paul was doing—merely striking a light, and doing it so as not to awaken himself. He would return, then.

Paul did so; and came in with a silent step, but a sort of jaunty air, wearing an old cloak that hung outside, which covered the dress he had just put on, and looking altogether as if he were engaged in the most natural and innocent thing in the world.

The earl guessed his intention, and was on his guard. Lying profoundly still, he saw through his closed lids the faintest possible gleam of the light of the dark lantern Paul carried; and not till he heard the sound of Paul's movements in the remotest part of the attic did he venture to take another glimpse.

He did not see him at first. There was a little enclosed corner, opening to a dormer window, which concealed him. There was Paul's glass, and there the sill of the window served him for a dressing table.

Now and then the earl, as he listened intently, had fancied all through these proceedings he had heard Paul sigh, as if there were no gaiety of heart in all this business, but something that looked like uneasiness—perhaps of conscience, perhaps even through guilt.

Whence came the means for the purchase of such a dress?

At that moment came back vividly to the

earl the remembrance of that dangerously attractive-piece of fascination he had seen bow to Paul.

Was that the lady he was now going to see, and in such a false disguise?

Thus ruminating, the earl determined not to speak to him, which would probably end in Paul's crippling him, and in failure to do him any good; but to follow him, if he possibly could, and judge for himself whether Paul's adventure was one only of imprudence, which he might be left to fight his way out of, or one of a more dangerous character, which might make it advisable to offer him a friendly but strong hand of help.

Rapidly arranging in his own mind how he would collect his own dress, and put it on in the shortest possible space of time, he saw Paul, with the lantern again opened, and his old cloak again on, re-crossing the attic, and intending, no doubt, to take another glance at the sleeping merchant.

That ordeal again passed, Paul quickly left the room, and as quickly the earl, springing from bed, prepared to follow him.

He was glad to find, when he was ready and he had softly unclosed the door, that Paul was only then on the next story below him, having been delayed—so the earl guessed—by fears of some one in the house. Who that was, the earl knew—an old servitor, who was at once porter and domestic by day, and watchman and commander at night. He was the only person that slept in the house besides Paul, except when the mercer himself, with or without his daughter, was staying for a night or so, for the sake of the theatre or the opera. The mercer was now at Blackheath, and had only left the business within a couple of hours, having been delayed accidentally late, and then having been hurried away by his daughter's repeated wishes, and exclamations of weariness and depression: a fact which was destined to colour a good deal of Master Paul's future life.

Down the two men went, step by step, each taken with extreme care, divided only by a few feet from each other: the earl scarcely able to distinguish Paul's shadowy figure—losing it for a moment, then recovering it; Paul never looking back in the intensity of his gaze, sideways into the rooms he was passing, and downwards over the stairs, where he expected, no doubt, every instant to meet old Janvers, the watchman, who was accustomed to exercise a pretty sharp control over the apprentice's domestic habits.

Suddenly the earl was brought to a stand. Quite unconsciously he had got near to Paul, who had stopped.

Slipping behind the corner of a dark passage going off he knew not where, he waited to see what this delay meant.

Soon a light became visible; then heavy steps were heard. The watchman was coming up, and he seemed to have a habit of striking as he went at doors and walls with a heavy, iron-shod staff, as if to warn all intending evil-doers he was well armed.

What would Paul do?

What must the earl himself do if Paul comes back?

He answered that by gliding back a few steps, till he found another opening, or corridor, going off at a right angle. Leaving that for Paul, he went still farther back, till he found an open door belonging to a small closet, so he discovered as he felt all about it with his hands.

Presently he was aware that Paul had fallen back, but knowing the watchman's habits better than the earl, he did not accept the shelter so politely provided, but re-ascended one flight of stairs.

This incident at once suggested to the earl that it was he who would probably be caught, and be unable to give any explanation short of the exposure of Paul.

Up came the watchman, and he did turn into the very corridor where the earl was; but he also turned off into that one at right angles, which the earl had left for Paul; and then, at the same moment, Paul swiftly descended, and pursued his journey, and the earl as swiftly follow-

ed, wondering whither Paul would lead him. No doubt he was aiming to leave the house—surely not a very easy thing where there were so many valuables to guard, and where a man was ever on the nightly watch.

Paul now was on the ground floor, if we may so call the floor that was level with the footway of the bridge. He did not turn towards the short passage leading to the iron-plated door, with great studs all over it, and an immense lock and chain, that no art of man could open without noise. No; he went straight to that parlour with the triple range of beautiful windows, which formed the mercer's sitting-room, and the door of which was ajar.

Losing sight of Paul beyond that door, the earl hesitated a moment as to his own advance, wondering whether Paul had merely gone in for some special purpose meaning to come out again, or whether he was to find an exit by that, seemingly, unlikely route. If the latter, he might venture in; if the former it would be dangerous, as Paul, returning, might suddenly confront him.

He dreaded to go in. It was a strange and beautiful picture he looked on. The moon had begun to shine, and through the lancet-headed windows the river lay displayed in great beauty, looking chiefly eastward, but also having a glimpse westward—through certain accidental openings in the opposite buildings—of a piece of the great city spread out on both sides, low and far in the soft and starry night. And there the glittering river curved amid darkened buildings with long ranges of black barges sleeping at their feet.

Where was Paul? He was standing as if fascinated, not by the beauty of the picture on either hand, but by something he saw in a large recess, originally a chapel or shrine, which now formed the mercer's bureau. There stood his writing-table, there his ledger-shelf, there his iron-banded, round-headed money-chest, which, for the first time in the memory of man, had been left open in a moment of forgetfulness by the mercer, when plagued by Christina's incessant desire to go home to Blackheath, that she might there weep in solitude over her bitter disappointment as to Paul.

Of course the earl saw nothing from where he stood of what Paul saw. And yet there was something in Paul's attitude, his dress, his profound melancholy at the moment when he should have been most full of spirits, that told the earl almost instinctively what it was Paul gazed on and how terrible the temptation must be.

He felt he would give much, risk much, to whisper one earnest word into Paul's ear—one timely word. And yet the youth might be perfectly innocent, and the earl's fear an outrage upon him!

Besides that, the earl had a profound feeling of the necessity of knowing the whole truth about Paul before he meddled. The virtue that requires propping at every step is no virtue at all, and the mere pretending it is virtue leads only to fresh complications of vice.

But could he not get nearer? There were heavy curtains hanging by the sides of the windows: could he get there he felt sure he would be safe from Paul's interference, whether Paul had or had not to leave the room to get out upon the bridge; and he thought, too, he would have a full command of the recess.

Paul at that moment went into the recess, and a moment after faint gleams of light issued. He was again using the lantern.

Suspending his very breath, the earl advanced on tiptoe, till he heard a board creak, and he stood still, conscious he was caught if Paul had heard, and should move back.

Paul had not heard, and the earl moved again, and so swiftly that the current of air made by his passage alarmed Paul, who turned, saw nothing, moved a step or two back into the room, saw one of the curtains shake, but saw through the open part of the window, through which a fresh and sweet breeze stole in.

Let us leave the earl to his self-imposed duty of watching, and accompany Paul on this the most perilous night of his life, and one that he

will never be able to forget, either for itself or for its consequences.

Yes, Paul was in danger—was enduring just now a terrible temptation. He had but some miserable bits of silver in his pocket, and yet he was going to lead a young and beautiful woman to enjoy the delights of Ranelagh, which, of course, involved a costly supper.

Paul had not been so silly as to put himself into this position intentionally. Some youthful scape grace had offered to lend Paul money, and Paul had ventured to rely for once on the promise, and been disappointed.

Knowing not what else to do, he had invented a very pretty little bit of acting, to display just before entering the gardens, that should explain his dilemma in a manner perfectly satisfactory as far as regards his position as a gentleman; and then, if she liked to offer him a loan, as he fancied she would be sure to do, why he must stomach the humiliation as well as he could, and never again be caught in such a dilemma.

Imagine, then, the effect of a sight of the mercer's open money chest to a young man with principles decidedly as yet unsettled, and embarrassed by such temptations.

Again he advanced into the recess, till he was able to put down the lantern on the writing-table, with its light direct upon the chest, which stood endways towards him, and to rest his own right hand upon the corner of the table, as if for support.

Then he stood and gazed. Gazed upon the erected, rounded lid, with that large and fantastically-shaped key catching the light, and standing prominently above every other object.

It was curved like a finger, or looked so in the vague gleam of light, and it had strangely-shaped openings; and whether or no it was really like what Paul fancied, or that the fancy sprang itself from his heated imagination, it is

certain Paul saw in that key the curving finger and mocking eyes of a demon, whom he shrank from, and yet nevertheless felt half compelled to obey.

"Pay the price of your enjoyment now!" it seemed to say to him. "Fool! you cannot escape. You act the gentleman, do you? Well, at least act him out. Don't leave a young and beautiful woman to pay your tavern bills when you invite her to a feast. Come; you know you must do it. Show, man, some courage! Risk your own precious self! Do boldly what must be done to enable you to get off with honour. Of course you can repay the old fellow some time or other. And if not—isn't he rich? Come! if it will be any comfort to you, we'll agree to say *'This shall be the only time! Never, never, never more! Only this once! Only to get out of such an otherwise hopeless position.'* Come, come, don't I know what is in your reach here; that the worst is *not* the money you want for indulgence to-night, but the money you want to pay for those fine clothes, which the tailor means to expose you to your master for not paying if the money doesn't reach him to-morrow? To-morrow, Paul, sure as fate, sees you exposed to him and Miss Christina! And if he does expose you, back you go, my new-bearded young prodigal, to Bolton, to disgrace your family, and take to shaving beards at a penny a head? Ha! how do you like that? Come, then, do it. This is to be the only time. Ay, swear to that if you like. Am I not—I, your own familiar, here to register your oath? We understand, only this once!"

Such were the thoughts that jostled each other in Paul's seething, superstitious brain, as he still stood, helplessly gazing, venturing no nearer, and not resolutely going away.

Then he saw the vivid picture of the tailor before his master—exposing him, showing what

kind of clothes Paul had been wearing; thus suggesting to the mercer other and worse things of which Paul had certainly not yet been guilty.

He saw that; and he also saw the home meeting at Bolton—the boy who had gone forth so bravely, returning so disgraced; and then again there came the sneering appeal of that mocking demon to hasten and save himself, but accompanied now by another voice, strangely sweet, strangely like Christina's, crying in the deepest emotion—

"No! Fly! It is ruin! Fly while you are still innocent and safe!"

No, he would not touch the mercer's gold. No, no, thank God! He would only look in.

He drew nearer. He saw dimly a drawer full of loose gold, and bags of guineas ticketed. He took up one to look at—it was £100; another, it was £50; another, it was only £25. He held it tremblingly a moment in his hand, and then put it down.

It was mere curiosity, now, of course, that made him open another drawer, full of bank-notes. He took out a batch to look at—rustling, filmy paper—and glanced at the first. It was for a hundred pounds. He ran over the others, till he came to a bunch of fives.

From these, with trembling fingers, he was selecting several, when, again, the Familiar's voice whispered him—

"Fool! You will never prosper in this mode of life, if you begin so badly. What good will notes do you? How will you venture to change them? take gold!"

Hastily Paul replaced the notes, and took up the smallest of the bags of gold, looking hesitatingly at the ticket—"Twenty-five guineas." What was the matter now? Why, Paul was amusing himself with a delicate piece of casuistry. He would not, he thought, take a single guinea more than his indispensable need required. Oh,



Joan locked her fingers lightly over her knees, and looked down sideways into the water.—See page 42.

not for the wealth of worlds! Pity the mercer was not by, to recognise as it deserved such sublime self-abnegation.

Paul wanted just twenty-three guineas. That was the sum he had striven to borrow; that was the sum he would take now, if he did take anything. So the bag was untied, and two guineas taken from it and added to loose money in the drawer.

The gold was his. He closed his lantern, turned, got back to the parlour, and went to the window—close to where the earl had been lately concealed, but where he was no longer. What had become of him?

Why, not a half a minute ago, while he was waiting to receive Paul when his guilt should be clear, intending then when denial would be useless, to appeal to him with all the earnestness of his soul to repent and make instant restitution before discovery. While he was thus waiting, he heard the watchman approaching, and saw that in all probability Paul would be caught in the very act, and thus his utter ruin be accomplished.

The generous, earnest-minded earl instantly resolved to meet the watchman himself, and draw his attention off with some excuse for his being found wandering about; but the watchman turned away into some other part of the long, rambling passage, and the earl returned.

Returned to find the place empty! Paul had evidently got out through the window, and the earl cursed the misfortune that had thus deprived him of his only chance of saving from destruction a youth, of whom he felt sure great things might have been made.

Back to his garret bed then went the earl, deeply grieved at his want of success—and half-inclined to blame himself that he had not interposed sooner; even while his conscience acquitted him of any more serious error, than an error of judgment.

The upshot, however, he feared, that he himself instead of being the instrument of saving Paul might be compelled to become his accuser!

(To be continued.)

CLUBS AND CLUB-MEN.

CLUBS are as old as most other good and pleasant things. Mr. John Timbs, from whose agreeable volumes on Club Life in London the facts and anecdotes of this paper are derived, traces them back to a very early period. The Greeks had their symposia, the Romans their confraternities; and probably, if we were equally well acquainted with the social life of the Oriental nations of antiquity, we should find that they also formed convivial brotherhoods, and met at stated times and places for eating, drinking, and story-telling. Mention is made of a "Court de bone Compagnie" in England in the reign of Henry the Fourth: Occleve, the poet, was a member of it, and perhaps Chaucer, though, if the latter, it could only have been very shortly before his death. But we do not hear much of clubs in this country until the time of Elizabeth or James the First. We are all, however, familiarly acquainted with the famous literary association which has cast an undying halo round the name of the Mermaid Tavern. It was there that the most illustrious poets and scholars of that grand age were accustomed to meet; it was there that the "wit combats" between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson took place, of which "old Church Fuller" has given so lively an account; and it was there that, according to Beaumont, the conversation was so brilliant that the air became charged with a sort of electric influence, capable of making "the two next companies right witty, though but downright fools" before. It is to be regretted that we have not more particulars of the origin and development of the Mermaid Club. It is even somewhat doubtful whether Shakspeare was a member; and the pleasant tradition that the society was founded by Sir Walter Raleigh seems to rest on no sufficient authority. Then there was the Apollo Club, held at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, of

which Jonson was president, and for which he framed a Welcome in verse, inscribed in gold letters on a black board: this, together with the bust of "the boon Delphic god" placed above the door of the principal room, called "The Oracle of Apollo," may still be seen at the banking-house of the Messrs. Child, which occupies the site of the old hostelry, or very nearly so.

Political clubs were common in the early years of last century. The most famous were the Mug-house Clubs, which were originally nothing more than associations for ale-drinking (no other liquor being allowed) and the singing of songs. Politics were at first studiously excluded; but, on the death of Queen Anne, the question of the succession so agitated men's minds that the Mug-house gentlemen took a decided stand on the Hanoverian side, and became a formidable power. They held their meetings in various parts of the town, organised themselves into armed bodies, and made public demonstrations on every anniversary which was capable of receiving a political or religious colour. This was a species of defiance which the Jacobites were not slow in accepting, and a series of formidable riots ensued. Down-right battles took place in the leading streets; the Mug-houses were more than once besieged by Tory mobs, and people were sometimes killed. The combatants on each side were, for the most part, armed with oaken staves; but other weapons were not unfrequently used. In the year 1716, the Jacobite mob, enraged by a defeat they had recently suffered at the hands of the Muggers (who seem generally to have had the best of it), attacked a famous Mug-house in Salisbury-court, Fleet street. They were led by one Vaughan, who is described as having been "formerly a Bridewell boy;" and with shouts of "High Church and Ormond! down with the Mug-house!" they advanced against the premises. Read, the landlord, threw up a window, and, presenting a blunderbuss, vowed he would shoot the first man who should try to force his way in. Vaughan, however, pushed on, followed by the others; Read fired, and the Bridewell boy fell mortally wounded. The mob, rendered furious by this deed, burst open the door, sacked the house, and would have hung up the landlord to his own sign-post, as they threatened to do, had he not already escaped by the back door. It was now proposed to set fire to the whole street; but before this could be accomplished, the sheriffs sent to Whitehall, where a squadron of horse had been already drawn up in anticipation of some such disturbance, and the arrival of the soldiers speedily caused the dispersion of the crowd. Read was afterwards tried for murder, but found guilty of manslaughter only; and five of the rioters, who had been captured by the military, were ultimately hanged at Tyburn.

Another political club was the Kit-Kat, established about the close of the seventeenth century, in Shire-lane, Temple-bar, by thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen attached to Whig principles. Authorities differ as to the origin of the grotesque name of this club; but it seems probable that it arose from the members meeting at the house of one Christopher Katt, a famous maker of mutton-pies, or from the fact of the pies themselves forming a standing dish at the club suppers. The club is mentioned in No. 9 of the Spectator, and among its supporters were no less a hero than the Duke of Marlborough, no less a statesman than Sir Robert Walpole, no less a lawyer than Somers, and such wits and authors as Addison, Steele, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Garth, not to mention others of less celebrity. It is unfortunate that the name of Shire-lane has been changed during the last twenty years to Lower Serle's place. The glories of an old city are in its memories; and, seeing that with so many of the Tatlers are associated Shire-lane (or, as it was then written, Sheer-lane), it would be pleasant, as one passes through Temple-bar, still to behold the familiar words painted up at the corner of the obscure and narrow turning round which the brilliant writers of Queen Anne's days have passed to and from their mirthful gatherings. Many of

the houses of Shire-lane are, for the most part, old enough to be the identical buildings which were standing when the Whig statesmen and wits assembled at the Kit-Kat, and when "Mr. Bickerstaff" wrote lively sketches of society from his apartments there. The lane has miserably fallen in the social scale since then: wretched little workshops occupy the ground floors; dirty children welter about the gutters; the dust and soot of nearly two centuries incrust the walls and ceilings; yet this dingy defile is irradiated by a light which can never die out of English letters. A thousand pleasant thoughts of graceful humour and kindly moralising—a thousand pictures of a bright gay phase of manners, now sufficiently removed to be already acquiring the tender and freakish light of the past—are associated with the very words, "Shire-lane." A good anecdote of Garth is told in connexion with the Kit-Kat. He paid a visit to the club one night, but said he must shortly go, as he had fifteen patients to attend. Some good wine, however, being produced, Garth forgot all about his patients until reminded by Steele. Hereupon the jovial author-physician said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

The Cocoa-Tree Club, in St. James'-street, arose out of a Tory chocolate-house of Queen Anne's days. It assumed the higher form of a club in 1746; and sixteen years afterwards we find Gibbon, of the Decline and Fall, a member. Several members of Parliament and persons high in office belonged to this club, which, it used to be said, exercised a very important influence on the course of politics. In these days, members of Parliament bribe; a hundred years ago they were bribed. The Cocoa-Tree gentlemen were not above taking their bank-notes for two or three hundred pounds each, when the Ministry, being hard-pushed, were obliged to resort to this device; and the peace of Fontainebleau is alleged to have cost the Government twenty-five thousand pounds. Gambling also went on to a fearful extent at the Cocoa-Tree. Horace Walpole relates, in 1780, that a Mr. O'Birne, an Irishman, won a hundred thousand pounds of a young Mr. Harvey. "You can never pay me," said O'Birne. "I can," replied the young fellow; "my estate will sell for the debt." "No," said the Irishman, "I will win ten thousand—you shall throw for the odd ninety." They did, and Harvey won. At most of the fashionable clubs of the last century gaming was carried on in the most reckless manner. In the club-book of Almack's there is this note:—"Mr. Thynne, having won only twelve thousand guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust, March 21st, 1772." To lose twenty thousand pounds in one evening was not unusual. Generally, ten thousand pounds in specie lay on the table. A curious account is given of the way in which these desperate gamblers equipped themselves for the sport. They took off their embroidered coats, put on frieze garments, protected their lace ruffles with pieces of leather, shaded their eyes with broad-brimmed straw hats adorned with flowers and ribbons, and wore masks "to conceal their emotions!" There is something singularly dramatic, and even terrible, in that last provision—something suggestive of the white cap at executions. Behind those masks, what fever of suspense, what ferocity of exultation, what gloom of despair, must oftentimes have lurked! That suicide was not an uninfrequent result of such high play can hardly be wondered at. Lord Mountford, a member of White's, where the gambling was fearful, got so involved that he determined to ask for a Government appointment; failing which, he would take his own life. He did fail, and, after asking several persons what was the easiest mode of dying, invited some friends to dinner on New Year's-day, and the evening before supped at White's where he played at whist until one o'clock in the morning. A fellow-member drank to him a happy new year; "he clapped his hand

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strangely to his eyes." In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses, made his will with great deliberation, and then asked the lawyer if it would stand good, though a man were to shoot himself? The answer being Yes, he said, "Pray stay while I step into the next room," and, retiring, shot himself dead. According to Walpole, three brothers, members of White's, contracted a debt of seventy thousand pounds, while Lord Foley's two sons borrowed money so enormously that the interest alone amounted to eighteen thousand pounds a year. The same vivacious chronicler of the manners of his times gives an almost incredible account of Fox's love of play and dissipation. In the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, February 6th, 1772, he spoke very indifferently; and Walpole says this was not surprising under the circumstances. "He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th. An hour before, he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended, losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds; and, between three and four in the afternoon, he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost eleven thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles ten thousand pounds more on the 13th; so that, in three nights, the three brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost thirty-two thousand pounds." Captain Gronow relates that, many years ago, Lord Robert Spencer and General Fitzpatrick were allowed to keep a faro-bank at Brookes', and that the former bagged, as his share of the proceeds, one hundred thousand pounds; after which he never again gambled. George Harley Drummond, the banker, only played once in his life, when he lost twenty thousand pounds to Brummel, and was obliged to retire from the banking-house. In the first half of the eighteenth century, ladies of title kept gambling-houses. An entry in the journals of the House of Lords, dated the 29th of April, 1745, shows that Ladies Mordington and Cassillis claimed privilege of peerage in resisting certain peace-officers while doing their duty "in suppressing the public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies;" but the claim was not allowed.

Betting was formerly indulged in at the clubs with as much frantic zest as gambling: anything served as an excuse, and sometimes the occasions of the bets were so shocking that men of the least decency would have shrunk from associating with any form of pleasure. A man dropped down at the door of White's, and was carried into the house: immediately the betting harpies were staking large sums on the question whether he was dead or not; and when it was proposed to bleed him, those who had taken odds that life was extinct, protested against such a course, on the ground that it would affect the fairness of the bet. Bad as this was, there was a worse case, for which Walpole is again the authority. If true—though one would fain believe it an invention—it is sufficient to leave a stain of murder on the very name of White's. A youth betted fifteen hundred pounds that a man could live twelve hours under water. He accordingly hired some poor wretch, probably in as desperate a plight as the assassins in Macbeth, and sank him in a ship. Both ship and man disappeared, and were never heard of more. Walpole adds that these miscreants actually proposed to make the attempt a second time. It is a singular fact, that the Lord Mountford whose suicide we have just related, betted Sir John Bland that Beau Nash would outlive Colley Cibber, and that both the persons betted on survived the betters. Bland, as well as Mountford, died by his own act. White's used sometimes to be honoured by the company of highwaymen—Hogarth shows us one in the gambling-scene of the *Rake's Progress*; but the worst of them could not have been greater scoundrels than some of these betting and gambling gentlemen.

One of the most famous convivial associations

of the last century and of this, is the Beef Steak Society. We read of a Steak Club in the Spectator. Steele, in No. 338 (April 21st, 1712), speaks in terms of the greatest affection of Dick Eastcourt, the providore of the club; and in No. 468, bearing date August 27th, 1712, records his death in a very touching manner. This club, however, was not the same as the famous society established a few years afterwards, and still surviving, though the latter may, perhaps, have been in some measure suggested by the former. The "Society" (for the members disdain to be considered a club) originated, as is well known, in Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, cooking and eating his beefsteak in the presence of a distinguished visitor. The peer (Lord Peterborough, was so charmed with the odour of the simple and masculine fare that he begged to be allowed to join; a further supply of steak was sent for, and a few bottles of wine from a neighbouring tavern gave a zest to the feast. On going away at rather a late hour, the old earl proposed to renew the meeting. On the following Saturday Peterborough arrived with three or four friends, "men of wit and pleasure about town;" and so jovial was the meeting that it was proposed to form a Saturday club, to assemble in Rich's room, and the fare to be restricted to beef-steaks, port wine, and punch. The "Steaks" soon became fashionable, and the greatest lords, as well as the most intellectual men, were ambitious of belonging to such an illustrious association. The meetings were at first held in a room over Covent Garden Theatre; but when the house was burnt down in 1808, the members assembled for a time at the Bedford, and then in apartments over the English Opera House, now the Lyceum Theatre. Here, again, they were burnt out; but, strange to say, the original gridiron of the society (according to some, Rich's own gridiron) was saved from both fires, and now occupies the centre of the ceiling in the dining-room of the Lyceum—a dining-room, according to Mr. Peter Cunningham, beautifully fitted up with old English oak, "ornamented with gridirons as thick as Henry the Seventh's Chapel with the portculis of the founder." Churchill and Wilkes, in the last century, were members of the Steak Society; but the former made himself so disagreeable, that, becoming unpopular, he resigned to avoid expulsion, and the latter also fell into disgrace in *re* the Essay on Woman. George the Fourth was one of the Steaks when Prince of Wales, having been elected in 1785; and various dukes, royal and not royal, have felt proud of presiding in the chair. Very naturally, considering its origin, "the Sublime Society," as it is sometimes called, has enrolled many actors in its lists, and in the club-books occurs the entry—"J. Kemble expelled for his mode of conduct." He had probably been giving himself pompous airs. His predecessor, Garrick, being a more genial man, was very much liked; and one night, when he had to play Ranger at Drury Lane, of which he was then manager, he stayed so late with his brother Steaks that he kept the stage waiting. He was sent for, and came in hot and breathless. "I think, David," said Ford, one of the patentees, "considering the stake you and I have in this house, you might pay more attention to the business." "True, my good friend," replied Garrick; "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house." Another good thing was said by Garrick at one of the club dinners. He had remarked that, in order to prevent irregularities at the theatre, he always made a point of ticketing and labelling every play that was to be returned, so that it might be found in a moment. "A fig for your hypocrisy?" exclaimed Murphy across the table. "You know, David, you mislaid my tragedy two months ago, and I make no doubt you have lost it." "Yes," replied Garrick; "but you forget, you ungrateful dog, that I offered you more than its value, for you might have had two manuscript farces in its stead." We ought not to dismiss the Steaks without mentioning old Captain Charles Morris, the bard of the club, who wrote indifferent poetry (called by courtesy Anacreontic), brewed the finest of punch, made himself universally beloved for his

good nature and joyous spirits, and died in 1838, at the patriarchal age of ninety-two.

There have been various clubs which, arising out of some whimsical feeling, have kept their place in club history for their oddity alone. Thus we read in the Spectator of a club of Uglies, a club of Dwarfs, a club of Tall Men, a club of Fat Men, a club of One-eyed Men, and an Everlasting Club, the rule of which was that the members who were at any time sitting were on no account to rise until they were relieved by another set, so that, by a judicious apportionment of the four-and-twenty-hours, the club was perpetually in session. It is difficult to say, however, to what extent the account given of these clubs is fictitious and jocose, and how far it may be relied on as truthful. But there was really a club called "The Eccentrics" in the earlier years of the present century, and it boasted some of the most brilliant names in literature and statesmanship. The great modern clubs are, as we have said, scarcely "clubbable" in their character. But the associations of which Douglas Jerrold was the leading spirit—the Mulberry Club, the Museum Club, and some others—were quite after the fashion of the Johnsonian period; and since 1831 the Garrick has drawn together a large number of authors, actors, painters, and persons interested in the arts and amenities of civilised life.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLE.

WHO
A T R I I V C E E
GIVE
GIVE.

REBUS.

A word of sad import, and pregnant with ill;
To wreck and to ruin—to madden and kill.
Beheaded, 'tis destined to hallow and bless,
And bestows on the offspring, Health, Wealth, and Success.
Behead and curtailed; and it then will reveal
What we value to find good, in woman and steel.
But back to the word in its fullest profusion;
'Tis the parent of Penury, Pain, and Confusion;
'Tis the curse of the Creation—the woe of the World;
The standard of sadness and suffering unfurl'd;
And the widow and orphan unite in the wail
That proclaims it the builder of workhouse and jail.

X. L.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 17 letters:
With my 17, 14, 6, 16 and 7, 10, 15, lawyers
are familiar.
My 9, 2, 11, 16, 1, is descriptive of Queen
Victoria.
My 5, 9, 8, 12, 4, is a Canadian village.
My 13, 9, 16, 14, is a range of mountains.
My 1, 3, 11, 16, 14, applies to every good
citizen.
My 9, 6, 5, 10, 1, was often applied to Stone-
wall Jackson.
My *whole* is a pithy old proverb.

RAGDE.

2. My lawyer enforces my *first* with good zeal,
Convinced that my *second* will be,
Thus, gaining my cause, he will joyfully feel
That my *whole* has been given to me.
3. My *first* had some time passed away,
The shades of night were deepening fast,
When, as I homeward took my way,
A man—and once a friend—I passed;
I saw him turn his steps aside,
Into a place I knew full well
To be reputed, far and wide,
As a notorious gambling hell.
With saddened thoughts I onward went,
And, as I walked, I pictures drew
Of how the evening would be spent
By this man, and his lone wife, too.
I pictured him with eager eyes,
Fix'd on the painted cards he deals;
And when my *second* he describes
Is dealt to him, what joy he feels!
I pictured her, who, all forlorn,
Yet thinks of him as once she knew,
Before the passion that has drawn
Him forth to join the gambling crew;
And as she waits, with patient look,
His homeward coming with the dawn,
She seeks my *whole* within the Book
That heals the heart, however torn.

W. S. L.

ANAGRAMS.

STREETS IN MONTREAL :

1. Test rag rice.
2. Tree setts in a gun.
3. I let Pa run at Tess.
4. Let Tom resin Ee.

ARITHMOREMS.

M. W.

BRITISH POETS :

1. 200 and *ye forge a fur. eh!*
2. 200 "*shy sheep brey yes.*"
3. 1607 "*hot soger.*"
4. 1202 "*W. row ape.*"
5. 1001 "*John soaps E.*"

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

19. A young mathematician being asked the age of his two sisters, replied; "If you square the age of the elder, the result will be four times the product of their joint ages, diminished by 140, or the square of the age of the younger, increased by 61." What were their ages.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c.

No. 57.

Arithmorem. Havana. Tobacco.—1. Habibut. 2. Allegro. 3. Verb. 4. Andalusia. 5. Narcotic. 6. Nitric. 7. Acapulco.

Word Puzzle.—Do unto others as ye would others should do unto you.

Charades.—1. Bugbear. 2. Vivacity. 3. Bar-gains.

Decapitations.—Scowl-cowl-owl.

Arithmorem.—1. Edgar Allan Poe. 2. Allan Cunningham. 3. Lord George Gordon Byron. 4. Sir Walter Scott. 5. Alfred Tennyson. 6. Edmund Spenser.

Square Words.—M O N T H
O P E R A
N E V E R
T R E A T
H A R T S

Enigma.—The Wind.

MISCELLANEA.

A well-known shirt maker in Paris has just made a dozen shirts, for which £120 are to be paid. They are, it is stated, of the finest cambric, and have fronts embroidered with gold threads.

One steam vessel may be considered to perform the work of four sailing craft, each of the same tonnage.

At a meeting of the French Academy of Science, a young German girl won the title of "Officer of the Imperial Academy."

When there is a "smacking breeze," send out the pretty girls to take the weather; when there is a "spanking breeze," send out the bad children.

A magnificent gymnasium has been opened in Rue de Martyrs, Paris, at a cost of about three hundred thousand francs. It is intended principally for ladies, and is under the direction of M. Eugène Paz.

It is stated that, even after the reduction required to place the Italian army on a peace footing, there will still remain a standing army of two hundred and fifty thousand men.

DURABILITY OF WET TIMBER.—Of the durability of timber in a wet state, the piles of a bridge built by the Emperor Trajan over the Danube afford a striking example. One of these piles was taken up, and found to be petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch; but the rest of the wood was perfect.

AN EXEMPLARY PATENTEE.—Elias Howe, the patentee of the sewing-machine needle, announces that he does not intend to apply for a renewal of his patent, on the ground that he has already made by it 2,500,000 dollars, which he regards as fortune enough for one man.

The population of Italy, from the last census, reaches nearly twenty-three millions, which will be increased to twenty-five millions at least, by the annexation of Venetia.

A letter from Switzerland says that the ascent of Frohnalpstock, seven thousand and ninety-two feet, was accomplished, a few days back, by a little girl barely six years of age, in company with her grandfather. Alpine clambering should be left to children and our grandmothers.

A dancing master has introduced a new sensation, which is very peculiar, and destined to be extensively practiced. It is styled "Kiss Cotillion," in which the gentleman always kisses the lady as they swing corners.

"IN SOME FORGOTTEN BATTLE SLAIN."—Some men excavating for gravel at a place between Alton and Farnham have alighted on ancient interments. Portions of ten skeletons were dug out, together with several brass and iron ornaments, the ribs and head of a horse, several arrow heads of iron or steel, and four swords, with cross-hilts, one of which is broken. There was also a monile, or horse necklace, consisting of 120 beads of opalized glass. It would appear that the whole were thrown into a deep pit, without any order or arrangement, probably about the reign of Henry III, or his successor.

An Italian brigand named Pace, who haunts the *terra di ludoro*, has very exclusive ideas about the profession he carries on with such distinguished success. He brooks no rivals, and not only denounces any other "gentleman of the highway," who may practice in his district, as "impostors," but actually arrests and gives them up to the police. He lately sent four of these competitors to the nearest post of *gendarmes*, requesting that they be severely punished.

Young lady sweeping the streets with a trail two yards long. Young man stepped upon it, partly tearing it from the waist. She turned slowly upon him and said, "Sir, you are a rowdy." He retorted, "Madame, you are a dowdy." "If I were a man, I would thrash you," she said. "If you were pretty, I would kiss you," said he. "This is insufferable," said the lady, gathering up her calico, and turning away. "That is true," he replied, "whether your remark applies to yourself, your dress, or the weather."

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

TO TOLL COLLECTORS.—Can a man with wooden legs be considered a "foot" passenger?

A PARADOX.—When a bootmaker commences to make a boot, the first thing he uses is the last.

SEASONABLE LUXURY.—*Old Gent (disgusted)*: "Here, waiter! Here's a—here's a—a—caterpillar in this chop!" *Waiter (flippantly)*: "Yes sir. About the time o' year for 'em just now, sir!"—*Punch*.

A SAVING CLAUSE.—John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," she said at once, "I'll not have you;" but before John could recover from his surprise she archly put in, "But you may have me!"

A FOURFOLD ATTRACTION.—In a low neighbourhood in London may be found a hairdresser's shop, the four panes of whose window have these inscriptions:—"Clean water," "Clean brushes," "Clean towels," "Clean talk."

"WHY are pipes most ridiculous things?—Because the best of them are but meer-sham (meerscham).

WHAT is the difference between a sailor who is ordered to the masthead and a gentleman's hat?—The one mans the top, and the other tops the man.

An assessor found some people so dirty this year that he felt warranted in recording them as real estate.

MUZZLING.—At a recent public meeting in the country it was resolved that "all persons in town owning dogs, shall be muzzled."

SOLUTION OF HAUNTED HOUSES.—A haunted house is a tenement of any number of ordinary storeys, to which is added an extraordinary one, in the form of a ghost story.

A CLERGYMAN once asked a sprightly shepherd-boy, "What are you doing here, my lad?"—"Tending swine."—"How much do you get?"—"One shilling a week."—"I am also a shepherd," continued the clergyman; "but I have a much better salary."—"That may be; but then, I suppose, you have more swine under your care," replied the boy, innocently.

GRANDILOQUENT poets sometimes write very funny things when they intend to be only grand and terrible, as in the following case:

"With eye of fire majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely through his double-barrel'd nose."

A NEW READING.—During the recent visit of the British Association to the Midland Railway Company's works at Derby, Mr. Colville, M.P., one of the members-for that borough, explained, to the amusement of the assembled *savans*, that Derbyshire is proud of her antiquity, which can be traced back to the time of the Apostles, when it was said that Paul went from Derbe to Lystra, which a philosophical friend had interpreted that St. Paul went from Derby to Leicester.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—Said Angelina to Edwin, as they looked through an old glee-book, "Edwin, dearest, pray what is the meaning of the line—

'Unnumber'd surges grace the foaming coast?'

Serge, you know, is woollen stuff, like my bathing-dress, you know. But one don't spell it with 'u,' you know." Said Edwin, "I'm sure I don't know. Praps it's a misprint. Fellow very likely wrote it down at Ramsgate. Tried to count the bathers there and found he couldn't do it."

VOLUNTEER DRILL FOR SINGLE MEN.—*Fall in* love with some good and industrious young woman. *Attention* pay to her faithfully and respectfully. *Right face* in popping the question, like a man. *Quick march* to her parents, and ask their consent. *File right* with her to the church, and go through the service of matrimony. *Halt* and reflect seriously upon the new duties which you have assumed, and then perform them. *Right about face* from the haunts which you frequented when single, and prefer your own home. *Advance arms* to your young wife when out walking with her, and never leave her to trail behind. *Break off* staying out at night, and other bad habits, if you wish to have a happy home.

A MAN who had seen nothing of genteel life, unexpectedly succeeded to a fortune. His riches procured him attentions and invitations to the houses of persons of rank. He dined one day at a gentleman's house, when, after a good quantity of wine had been drunk, and the company proposed going away, the host drank "*Bon repos*." This new toast the man of money treasured carefully in his mind, and soon having a large party to dine with him, after "The Queen," he gave "*Bon repos*." To his astonishment, the company rose and left the house. The cause of their sudden departure being afterwards explained to him by one of them, he said, "I really thought '*Bon repos*' was a French general."

A SERENADER OF YOUNG LADIES.—Speaking of a young man who is in the habit of serenading young ladies of that city, the *Selma Messenger* says:—"For having heard him declare in tuneful strains to each of six young ladies in one evening that she was 'all the world' to him, we can safely indorse him as the most 'harmonious *lyre*' of our acquaintance."

A MAN by the name of Perrot, offers, with a new machine which he has invented, which is moved by steam and exploded with gas, to kill at the rate of sixty thousand men every twelve hours.

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.—A Chinese widow, fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly, she saw no harm in aiding the operation.