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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 81.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
Of the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS
Who infested
QUEBEC
In 1834 and 1835.

Translated for the SATURDAY READER from a
French pamphlet published in 1837.

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

CHAPTER V.

Expedition to Carouge.—Mrs. O.—A practical joke—
Burglary at Paradis', Charlesbourg.

"Arrived at Quebec, Cambray and I recommenced our visits to Mrs. A.'s, where we found Mathieu and G.—n still residing, with whom we renewed our intimacy, and plotted further depredations. Among other plans, it was proposed that we should visit an old man named Paradis, who lived at Caprouge, so we were told, and who, it was said, possessed a large amount of money. Cambray and myself undertook to make all the necessary enquiries, and be ready by the next day; this we did, but with scarcely any success. On coming to the place, we found that Paradis had left some time before, and that he then lived at Charlesbourg. An old woman, Mrs. O., occupied the house with her daughter, where they kept a sort of tavern. As soon as we got back to the city, we hastened to our rendezvous, and informed our associates of the particulars.

"*A propos,*" said Mathieu, "the old woman you speak of ought to have laid up a little money; she and her daughter have been some time in business. What do you say to try that casket to-night?"

"What would be the use of it?" said I. "I know the poor woman well, and am satisfied there is not a half-penny to be found in the house unless, indeed, the little we may have left."

"Never mind, we can try."

"And try we did. We burst open the door with iron levers, and in we went, without further ceremony.

"The poor women, frightened almost out of their lives, escaped through a window at the back. We pursued, and obliged them to return, though sorely against their will; then, opening the cellar door, we pushed them in, where Cambray and Mathieu followed.

"The cellar is the most valuable room in the house," said Gagnon; "we could never have done without it."

"All this took place in the dark, a most necessary precaution with us, considering we never made use of masks.

"Our birds caged, we struck a light, and whilst our companions were indulging in their interesting *l'été-a-l'été*, we saw no reason why we should not enjoy ourselves too; accordingly, we placed a table over the cellar trap, and having furnished it with edibles and drinkables, down we sat, and enjoyed ourselves heartily. Need I say our friends soon joined us, and we had a roaring time of it.

"Supper over, we loaded the trap-door with everything we could lay our hands on—stove, boxes, pots, stewpans—everything. This completed, we set to work to pillage the house, and having appropriated the best articles of clothing we could find, together with a few pieces of silver, we exhorted our fair prisoners to bear patiently with their lot, and bade them farewell.

"The following day was dedicated to a new excursion.

"Cambray and I went to hunt up old Paradis, whom we found with little difficulty; and Cambray, by way of accounting for his presence, asked him the way to Lake Beauport.

"But we did not, however, succeed in informing ourselves sufficiently with respect to the general arrangements of the premises, and Gagnon and I returned the next day to complete our survey. This time Gagnon pretended he wanted to find *Craig's mill*, showing at the same time the address, which had been written on a piece of paper; for my part, I kept out of the way, fearing he might recognize my figure. Having returned to Cambray's, and acquainted him with our observations, that evening we all started on our expedition. This happened, I believe, on the 3rd February, 1835.

"Crowbars in hand, we threw ourselves all together on the door, which gave way instantaneously to the shock, and in a moment we were in the first room. Judge of our surprise on entering, to find an old grey-headed man on his knees, trembling fearfully, his hands raised to Heaven, to whom he was crying, 'mercy, mercy—a thousand times mercy!'

"This man was an old beggar, who had taken up his lodgings there for the night. His fears and his prayers set us all in a roar of laughter. One of us seized the fellow, another rushed at old Paradis, who was in bed at the time, dragged him out by the neck, and a third opening the cellar trap, they were both hurled in to keep each other company.

"I sought to enter a little sleeping apartment, at the door of which I found myself.

"Don't go in there," said Cambray; "let us do the thing orderly, and divide fairly and brotherly."

"Leave me alone," said I, "there's a pretty girl inside—the niece of the old man."

"Stay with us—stay with us, I tell you, or you're a dead man!"

"I was obliged to obey. On breaking open a box, we found a great quantity of gold coin. This Cambray put in his pocket.

"Having made the stove red hot, we determined upon taking Paradis out of the cellar, and seating him upon it. This was to induce a speedy confession on his part with regard to his places of concealment.

"It was an operation we had frequently to resort to in the cases of the unruly—the naughty—children who did not submit gracefully to our persuasiveness; but we were startled by the discovery that some one had escaped by the window of the room which I had intended entering; the girl, doubtless.

"This gave us so much alarm that we made our escape as hastily as possible. When we were at some distance, Gagnon shewed us a pistol he had wrenched from Paradis.

"On the road home, Cambray, coming close to me, said softly, almost in a whisper, 'Let us try and humbug Gagnon and Mathieu; here, hide this,' and he threw me eighteen doubloons and fifteen dollars. The remainder he slipped adroitly into the linings of his trousers and into his boots.

"Arrived at his residence, he drew forth a few dollars; he gave sixteen to Gagnon and Mathieu as their share. For my part, I received forty-eight, and he retained the balance, which must have been upwards of six hundred dollars, seeing that we had laid Paradis under a contribution of one hundred and seventy pounds.

"Matters continued pretty much in this way; when we were in humour, we went on with our work. On one occasion we broke into the office of a Mr. Parke, a merchant in the Lower Town, and there we found little silver and a telescope,

which Cambray appropriated, 'to gratify a whim,' he said.

"Up to this time we lived in the greatest hardihood. We were suspected by nobody, and we had the pleasure each day of listening to the details of our brigandage, and of moralizing thereon, Cambray and I mixing with the most respectable society. When suspicion became aroused, and we were incarcerated, the telescope, of which I have spoken, was found and identified. Nevertheless Cambray escaped punishment in this instance.

"Emboldened by these successes, we did not stop, but pushed our robberies even into the Chapel of the Congregation, the details of which audacious attempt may be found in the trial of Gagnon."

CHAPTER VI.

Sacrilegious Robbery of the Chapel of "La Congregation"—Trial of Gagnon—Verdict.

So far we have taken our narrative from the lips of the witness. We will now, for the moment, adopt another form, as being suited to our purpose, and obtain our details from the trial itself, namely, the sacrilegious robbery of the R. O. Chapel of the Congregation.

During the night of the 9th and 10th February, 1835, the R. C. Chapel of the Congregation of Quebec, was forcibly entered, and value stolen therefrom to the amount of £92 10s., namely: a silver lamp, £20; a crucifix, £10; a statue of the Virgin, £50; four sconces, £10; and two candlesticks, £2 10s.

On the 29th March, 1837, Pierre Gagnon was arraigned before the Criminal Court, charged with having been an accomplice in the robbery of the Congregational Chapel, together with Charles Cambray and George Waterworth.

Tho accused was a man young in years, but aged in crime; nor was this his first appearance at the criminal bar. Repulsive in appearance, and possessed of a harsh and disagreeable voice, it was evident his career had been nursed within the walls of a prison, and was likely to be expiated only on the gallows.

Messrs. Cazault, chaplain; Joseph Dubois, sexton; Joseph Peticlerc, syndic; and Etienne Metivier, watchman, were held as witnesses to testify, both to the robbery and the value of the effects stolen; and in addition to these, was George Waterworth, an accomplice in the crime, who had turned king's evidence, in the hope of pardon.

In the month of February, 1835, the witness, Waterworth, resided with Cambray.

At about eight o'clock on the evening of the robbery, they went to Mrs. Anderson's, where they found Mathieu and Gagnon, who still lived in the same place. Having drunk together, Cambray entered into conversation with Gagnon and Mathieu, but in a very low tone of voice; taking an opportunity, when Mrs. Anderson was absent for a moment, the two last named slipped out and returned shortly afterwards with a crowbar. They then left the premises, and walked through St. Louis Gate towards the Esplanade; it was not, however, until they arrived at the chapel that they fully resolved upon entering it. But there were difficulties in the way—people were seen to remain near it for some time—so, to avoid suspicion, the robbers continued their walk towards St. John's Gate, and then returned to the spot in question by a different route. The people had gone. Mathieu and Gagnon then approached the door of the building, and worked some time to effect an entrance. As soon as they had succeeded in forcing it open, one of them returned to where Cambray was, and said to him: "Now that the door is open, you may walk in." The witness

further said that he perceived they had broken half of a window above the door, the aperture was sufficiently large to admit the body of a man, and he believed that it must have been by this means that one of them had entered, and thus been enabled to open the door from the inside. But to proceed. Mathieu and the two others glided into the chapel, leaving Waterworth to keep watch without, and give alarm in case of discovery, or, in the event of its being occasioned by one person only, to silence him with a blow from a club he carried.

The three remained inside about a quarter of an hour, during which time they lit a candle, with phosphoric matches purchased by Cambray from Sims, an apothecary in the Upper Town. They then wrapped the stolen articles in mantles and in the woman's attire with which Gagnon and Mathieu had been disguised on this occasion. This over, they returned to Mrs. Anderson's; but fearing that their movements might attract observation, they transported their booty to Cambray's. Entering by a yard at the back, they introduced themselves into a hay-loft, where they again struck a light and examined the result of their expedition. Here it was that the witness first set eyes upon the effects, which he observed consisted of a silver image of the Virgin, a lamp, and several candlesticks, he also recollected that it was a matter of debate whether one of the candlesticks was of pure silver. He remembered breaking it with an axe to ascertain the truth, they found it to be only plated. They then descended into the stable, and having raised one of the plunks, they concealed everything beneath it.

A few days after this affair, Mathieu and Gagnon returned to demand their share of the spoils. As Cambray was absent at the time—he had gone out with his wife—the witness gave them each a dollar or two, and told them to arrange with Cambray for the rest. Later on, Waterworth and Cambray made up their minds to take the silver to Broughton, where, as we have stated, the relatives of the former then lived. Accordingly, they procured two barrels, one of which they filled with liquor, and into the other they put the ornaments of the Congregational Chapel. Waterworth then started for Broughton; he was driven there in a cariole by a carter; and besides the barrels, he brought with him several other articles. He arrived there on the second day from the time of his departure, having slept a night at a tavern kept by one Morin, near St. Mary's.

Having stowed the barrels within doors, and given special instructions to his sister with regard to them, he drew from one a jar full of liquor, which he carried to the house of a man named Stevens, who lived at the further end of the township. In this visit he was accompanied by his sister, his brother-in-law, a man of the name of Knox, and the carter. The witness remained the whole night here; but when Knox was on the point of leaving, he desired him to conceal the larger barrel in the snow. This was done.

Cambray made his appearance a few days after this; and he and Waterworth having satisfied themselves as to the safety of the barrel, they both returned to Quebec. Scarcely had they arrived, however, than they learned that Carrier, the constable, had left for Broughton. This happened on Ash Wednesday. Fearful of discovery, and determined at all risks to ward off the impending blow, the robbers started after him on the following day, and travelled nearly fifty miles between five o'clock in the afternoon and one the following morning.

On the road they met Carrier returning, and, doubtful as to the issue of his journey, they accosted him, asking him where he had been. He answered that he had been to Broughton on several business matters. They continued questioning him; but, receiving very evasive answers, Waterworth, to make sure that he had discovered nothing, pretended to be drunk, and insisted upon searching the constable's cariole, under the pretence of looking for liquor; but finding nothing, they continued their journey.

Arrived at Broughton, the witness made special enquiries respecting the object of Carrier's visit. His father, who appeared deeply

affected by the thought that his house, which had hitherto enjoyed an unexceptional character, should have been made an object of search by the police, told him that the constable had been there, but had found nothing. This ascertained, Cambray decided upon leaving immediately for the city, from which he returned in the commencement of the following April, bringing with him two crucibles, a bushel of coal, and a pair of bellows. The following night, Cambray, Norris, Knox, and the witness, retired to the adjoining woods, where they made a fire in the sugar cabin, and endeavoured to melt their silver, but being unable to attain this, they broke it into pieces with a hammer, and having rolled it up in a cloth, Cambray and Waterworth brought it back to Quebec.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 21.

At the very moment that the miller was getting certain in his own mind that Lord Langton would never be permitted to leave the place alive, a sinister voice from among the dense mass of pushing, gesticulating, sword-displaying Jacobites called out—

"Understand, gentlemen, he will be a fool now if he does not go to the king and make the best of it! If he is obliged to give up his own plot for another war, do you suppose he'll be such an idiot as not then to go over to the usurper, and take our lives and properties in hand? Ask him! Ask him whether he means, under any and all circumstances, to pledge himself to stay in exile, and play the devoted, heroic, martyr-like sort of game he suggests! Ask him!"

"I tell you frankly, without waiting for anybody else to ask me, what I mean to do. I shall go from here to our king, and then—"

"Ay, then?" demanded many voices, noticing his pause.

"Then," said Lord Langton, with just a slight flushing of his cheek—"I reserve to myself the question of the future."

"Did I not say so? He warns you fairly. Who will join me to punish this loud-mouthed traitor?"

And then, in the rush that ensued, the bloody business would have been consummated, but for the appearance, on the top of the stairs outside, of the figure of Clarence Harvey, who, open-mouthed, his face as white as the miller's flour, tried to speak calmly, but was in such agitation as to find it difficult to speak at all—

"There are men all about crouching in the darkness!"

What a stop, what a lull in that tumultuous assembly was that which followed these words! Swords dropped, and countenances dropped lower even than the swords.

Again came that sinister voice—

"Is not this what Lord Langton brought us here for?"

A yell rather than a cry arose—a yell of vengeance, even in the very teeth of their own danger.

"Defend yourself now!" shouted the miller; "friends will help you."

As he spoke, he snatched a sword from one of the angry Jacobites, and confronted the mob. Clarence Harvey made a second.

And then two other Jacobites, who were too just or too generous to see such a barbarous act committed as they saw inevitable unless protection were instantly afforded, joined the other two; and, seeing this sight, Lord Langton with a sigh of regret, drew his own blade and started to the front.

The aspect of the swordsmen compelled a parley. Lord Langton held up his hand to speak.

"No, no! down with him! he has blarneyed us long enough!"

Such were the cries that met him; but he managed to silence them by his first few words.

"My friend the miller has placed safety in my hands. Take it. There is a boat in an unknown creek—he will show you the way. Fill the boat with as many as can get in; let others wade

through the water or hold on by the edge. Quick! away! I pledge my honour to you that if you can reach that spot you have a good chance to escape; only move in the silence of death, or death itself waits you!"

In two minutes the room would have been clear of all but Lord Langton and Clarence Harvey, but the king's constables and soldiers were too quick for them.

While the Jacobites were fast struggling with each other to get through a narrow doorway pointed out by the miller, who went in advance, the points of bayonets were seen rising up the staircase, borne by a dense mass of men who moved in terrible silence.

"Away! away!" shouted Lord Langton. "We will keep them at bay for a minute or two!"

In a frenzy of alarm, the fugitive Jacobites did their best to escape; but their hurry was so great as to make them impede each other.

Lord Langton, Clarence Harvey, the miller, and his two new and faithful friends, now barred the road with levelled swords.

"Yield yourselves!" said a stern voice.

"Why?" asked Lord Langton, who was hoping to achieve a brief delay without bloodshed.

"We summon you as rebels. Drop your swords, or we shall advance through your bodies!"

"I am no rebel! And if I were, I have just done your king a timely service, that he ought not thus to repay!"

"You are Lord Langton?"

"I am."

"You are my prisoner."

"And these innocent persons—my servant, and the miller, who thought it was a convivial meeting; and these two friends, who are as innocent of rebellion as—"

"As yourself!" sneered the chief officer.

"Exactly!" said Lord Langton.

"And where are the others?" asked the officer. "But I need not ask you. Our men outside are, doubtless, dealing with them!"

"I yield, then, and beg, in the miller's name, to invite you inside."

Then, moving rapidly back into the room, he went toward the table, intending to pass it, and in so doing caught a glimpse of a paper. It was the list of all the persons present at the meeting!

The head of the police saw the paper at the same moment, and ran forward to seize it; but Lord Langton ran him through the sword-arm, and then, snatching at the paper with his left hand, kept the rest of the men at bay, while he put the paper to a candle and lighted it.

There was a movement forward of another armed officer, leading on the men with levelled bayonets to stop him, and he instantly fell, pierced to the heart.

"Gently, gentlemen!" said Lord Langton.

"This is painful work. I seek not to protect myself. Give me a moment, then. Nay, sir, if you will have it—"

and a second man dropped, while the others were paralysed to see the fate of their comrades, as the fateful document was being burnt. Of course, they could have instantly overpowered him with the rush of bayonets; but they seemed to be acting under an order not to kill, but to take prisoner—doubtless on account of the Government's desire to learn at the fountain head all the particulars of the conspiracy.

And then, with a single sweep of his sword he cut through both the candles, and left the room in darkness, as he shouted—

"Quick, my friends! Escape, while they cut each other's throats at their leisure!"

He moved, in the dark, to an open window in a far corner, which he had previously looked at, and was about to leap out, when he was caught by a strong hand, and he heard a stern voice whisper, amid the great confusion of the place—

"Where is she—your abandoned associate? Speak, Lord—, or you die. Tell me—and you escape!"

"Noel!" whispered Clarence, "let him go, or you die. I am here!"

Noel did let go, and struck out his hand to catch Clarence—or Maria—and was successful. "Noel! by heaven I'll stab you, if you stop me!"

"You break faith with me, do you? I thought so, or I would not have changed sides to be revenged on you. But speak."

"Noel, you rush on your fate. I don't want to kill you—no, no; and I don't want to be killed. But it is one of us now, if you don't release me."

The unseen struggle continued for a moment longer; then Clarence Harvey leaped from the window, and Noel lay bathed in his blood on the floor, crying out to the men who were trampling on him that he was one of themselves—their guide!

CHAPTER XCIV. SPITALFIELDS.

Now it happened one night, when the mercer's household at Blackheath were all in bed, that a messenger arrived, and stood demanding, with great vehemence, to see Paul Arkdale. He shouted, rang, and thumped, till both Sir Richard and Paul had risen from their beds to see what the disturbance was about.

"What now?" cried Sir Richard, from the stairhead; but there was such a noise between the indignant servants and persistent visitor that his voice was not heard.

"Oh, sir—oh, dear father, will you not go down and see? Perhaps 'tis he in danger—pursued—who knows?"

"Teena!"

She had risen, and flown along the passage in her scarlet cloak and hood, her face white as a ghost's.

"Go, dear father, or let me. I am sure it is Stephen, or some messenger from him. Paul, will you not go!"

"Gently, Paul—mind who you let in," cried Sir Richard, as Paul ran down. "Devil a Jacobite shall shelter here. Plague take the whole tribe, I say—king and all. I know they'll bring us to the Tower yet."

"Hush, father—listen! 'Tis not his voice I think."

"Why, the child trembles like a leaf," said Sir Richard, supporting her as he leaned over the balustrade. "Ho, Paul! who is it beating the devil's tattoo on my door, in the dead of a dark night like this—eh? Make those fellows stop their confounded bawling—I can't hear a word."

"It's a Spitalfields weaver, sir," shouted Paul.

"And what the deuce has he spun himself here for?"

"There's a man wounded at his house wants to see me."

"Oh, father, father, listen!"

"Hush, child. Wants you, Paul! Why, you are not a doctor."

"Can't you be a little quicker than this for a dying man!" cried the weaver, gruffly.

"My poor, mad fellow, do you take us for a house full of priests?"

"Corpses," muttered the man. "You are as much trouble to wake!"

"Who is the man—do you know his name?" asked Paul.

"Yes; Gervase Noel. But look here," said the weaver, laying a pallid hand on Paul's chest, "are you a Jacobite?"

"No?" answered Paul.

"What, do you mean, you rogue!" roared Sir Richard. "How dare you ask such a question here?"

"You aint," said the weaver, fixing his eyes on Paul; "naore am I. I'd be ruined if I was suspected of harbouring 'em; and I've a family of eight. I wouldn't harbour one if he offered me a fortune. I wouldn't harbour one if he threatened to burn my house down. But to-night this chap comes to the door and drops. I knew him directly; there's a reward out for him and a description. If I'd met him in any other way, I should have gone and gave him up and got the money; but when he comes to the door and looks in and drops, I was done. I couldn't step over his body to go and tell of him. I was done—done out of the reward, my rightful reward—done into lugging him up and hiding him—done into feeding him with the children's food—done

into running here for you. Hang it!" finished the weaver, wiping his streaming brow, "it's my usual luck. I'm always done, some, ow."

"Bless you!" said Christina, who had descended the stairs with Sir Richard. She laid her hand on the man's arm. "Heaven bless and keep you, and may you never have worse luck, good friend, than this kind act shall bring you and yours, if I live till to-morrow."

"My friend," said Sir Richard, "you have given us a lesson in hospitality. Come and profit by it. Summers, wine here."

While the poor weaver refreshed himself, Paul ran up-stairs and made ready to accompany him back to Spitalfields.

"Take my sword, Paul," said Sir Richard, when he came down.

"Nay, it may get your name mixed up in the affair."

"So may you, so may the horse; but we are done into it, as our friend here says. Now, off with you, and have your eyes on both sides the road at once."

The wounded man lay in a room at the top of a house near Spitalfields Square. Paul and his guide passed through a herring shop and up four flights of crazy stairs to come to him.

The room was in darkness till the weaver struck a light and stuck a candle in the crack of the table.

Then Paul saw the face of the sick man. It was quite strange to him—a dark face with long black lashes to the closed eyes, and finely-shaped, marble-like lids, whose expression of peace contrasted strangely with the look of passion and melancholy on the thin, small mouth. Paul thought him asleep.

While they stood, however, looking at him, he said, without opening his eyes—

"Is that you, my kind friend? Did you find the man?"

"I have brought him that calls himself Paul Arkdale, and there he stands," said the weaver; "but he says he knows not your name nor you. He is here on the left, is he not?"

"Yes," answered Paul, kindly laying his hand on the sick man's shoulder, "I am here, Gervase Noel."

The still face winced.

"Master weaver," said the feeble voice, "tell him to take his hand off me. He must keep near, because I can't speak loud; but let him not touch me again."

"Well, you are the queerish fish!" said the weaver; "after my going all the way to Blackheath for this gentleman, that's the way you treat him."

"I am not afraid of him; I should like to be alone with him, if you would not mind."

"Not I," said the weaver; then added to Paul, "I know a barber round by the market as I think would come and look at him in a friendly way, being a little in his line himself. I'll run round and fetch him."

"Has your wound not been attended to?" asked Paul, when they were alone.

"It wants no attention; it will not trouble me long. Are you near enough to hear me?"

"I hear you quite well."

"I'm afraid I don't speak humbly enough for a man who asks a great—a very great favour." Paul was perplexed and silent.

"You are there, still?"

"Yes."

"And hear me?"

"Quite plainly."

"I have a wife."

"I understand," said Paul; "you want us to bring her here?"

"A wife," said Noel, faintly, "and a little child of two years old."

"You want to see them?"

"My little one I shall never see. We put her in the Foundling Hospital."

"Then it is your wife you wish to see?"

For the first time since Paul came in, the sick man opened his large dark eyes, and fixed them on Paul's face. The sight seemed to make him forget what he had intended to say, for he continued to gaze at it with a look of passionate revulsion, which agitated Paul strangely, he could not tell why.

"Come," said he, thinking that the man's mind was failing; "you were going to tell me how I could find your wife, was not that it? Did you think I could bring her?"

The dark eyes slowly filled, the damp hand clutched Paul's sleeve.

"Bring her—bring her to me! that's all I ask. She struck the blow I die of, but tell her one sight of her before I die will—will—"

"Hush! Pray quiet yourself," said Paul.

"Bring her!" cried Noel, grasping Paul's arm more tightly, and drawing himself up near him till the passionate lips almost touched his ear. "Bring her here before my eyes—bring her and with my last breath I will bless you—you, her lover—you, who I know can find her, curse you!" He fell back and hid himself from Paul with helpless loathing.

While Paul sat mute, feeling convinced the poor Jacobite was raving, Noel looked up and said, very quietly and patiently—

"I beg your pardon; I forgot myself—forgot my helplessness, forgot that it is on you I depend for the last—last bit of comfort of my life. Sir, I believe that my wife kept all this from you; I believe it possible that you may be ignorant of whom I speak."

"Assuredly I am," said Paul.

Noel hesitated a moment, then gave a short, strange laugh.

"I don't know," said he, in a voice so bitter it made Paul's blood run curdle, "I don't know exactly whether a husband is expected to study the feelings of his wife's lover, and try to soften the blow when he has to break the news to him that she has a husband. Perhaps the best way will be for you to look at something you will find in a pocket-book in that corner, if it please you, among my clothes there. Ay, you'll find it in the coat lappet."

Paul, kneeling on one knee, took out the pocket-book, and gave it to Noel.

Noel's trembling clammy fingers gave him back a folded paper; and then, falling back, he watched him as he opened it.

He could not see Paul's face, for by some instinct he had turned half round; rested his elbow on his knee, and shaded his eyes with one hand as he prepared to read the paper he had opened.

It was a certificate of marriage between Gervase Noel and Maria Clementina Preston.

Paul remained so long in the same position that the sick man grew weary, and stretched out his hand, and touched him.

"Don't waste time. I am very ill," he murmured, fretfully. "I am going fast—fast."

Paul put back the paper, and stood up with his eyes fixed on the floor.

Noel scanned him with restless curiosity.

"You did not know or guess?" asked he.

Paul's honest eyes looked straight into his dying ones. Noel moved his hand, as if to say he believed him.

"I knew she would not love a rogue," said he, faintly, and began to weep.

"Gervase Noel," said Paul, without moving or lifting his eyes, "there is but one thing I can do for you. I will do that thing, if it be in mortal man's power to do. I can say no more than this. I swear most solemnly I have not seen your wife for many days—know not where to seek her; yet seek her I will, as if my honour and life hung on the finding her."

Noel held out his hand.

"Let me thank you, Paul Arkdale, lest I be gone when you come back."

CHAPTER XCV.—PALL MALL.

On the morning of the following day, Clarence Harvey, then secreted with Lord Langton in a fresh place of lodging, was making his usual investigation in his master's pockets, when he lighted on a piece of paper that much interested him. It ran thus:—

Look to your servant. He is not what he seems to be.

A FRIEND.

"Thanks, sir friend; 'tis a piece of courtesy I will remember," said the amiable youth, as he stuffed the papers back into the pockets.

He stood still for a minute or two looking down, with his effeminate hand to his brow.

Clarence, fortunately, as he said to himself had no longer to fear his master's suspecting him to be other than he seemed. But as regards other persons he still wanted to be unknown. So he rather encouraged the idea that he was a scion of some noble family, at work for "the cause," while appearing to be anxiously cherishing his secret. There was one person, however, whom he had a great objection to be taken for—namely, Mistress Maria Clementina Preston. He bethought himself, as he stood considering, how likely that lady's long disappearance from her usual haunts would be to strengthen such a suspicion, had it once taken root.

He looked out of the window. It was a warm, unhealthy morning; a sluggish breeze blew from the river; the spring sunshine seemed to be dragging itself wearily and sleepily along from house to house; a warm, unfragrant steam rose from the miry streets. It was just such a day, Clarence thought to himself, as would bring the old fops of Pall Mall crawling out, like so many gay-coloured beetles from the earth. The sedan-chair bearers would be airing their splendid dresses in St. James's Street. The windows of White's would be crowded with fine gallants—in fact, all the world would be abroad. How convenient for Clarence Harvey if Mistress Maria Clementina Preston could only show herself among her gay friends on such a day!

When Lord Langton came down to breakfast, his young follower asked and obtained permission to visit a sick friend in the country, and soon set off on his charitable errand, with a tearful eye and a well-filled purse.

Clarence Harvey had his wish, for on the afternoon of the very day when he went to visit his ailing friend, Maria Clementina Preston rode slowly into Pall Mall, with Pompey on the steps of her carriage, and a crowd of gallants round her.

She wore a mantua petticoat, "to bine" and sack of ruby-coloured velvet, and the richness and extravagant style of her dress, and her own bright face—fresh, insolent, and beautiful as ever—caused as much envy and jealousy amongst the women as it caused admiration among the gentlemen, both old and young.

She was most gracious in recognising all her friends, and, indeed, many of those whom most persons in her place would have called enemies. She kissed her fingers to touchy old Lord Richborough, with whom she had once had dealings, and who had charged her with being double-faced, and had threatened her with his stick. She nodded and smiled sweetly to the termagant Duchess of Mountjoy-Llanover, who had once boxed her ears for having political business with the duke without first consulting her Grace. She even ventured to claim a curtsying acquaintance with Mr. Horace Walpole, having been told that her face and manner had been most flatteringly described by him in one of his beautiful letters.

The air of insolent graciousness and patronage with which she bowed to the most distinguished persons, attracted much attention.

"Who is she?" was asked on all sides, by those who had not seen her before; while such as knew her spread the news that the king's spy was again back from Rome, and looking richer and handsomer than ever.

She alighted from her coach in St. James's Street, where she had taken rooms opposite White's, and going up-stairs, followed by Pompey, seated herself at an open window directly facing a window of White's, at which a number of gentlemen were drinking wine. Maria did not recognise any friends among them, though she knew several by sight. There was a duke she had met once at Rome; a general and some young noblemen and officers who had danced with her at a masquerade at Vauxhall.

Maria went out on to the wide leads, fanning herself, and looking as if she had no consciousness of the admiring regard of her opposite neighbours, who had now gathered close to the window.

Touching the dingy evergreens with her exquisite fingers, choosing bits of the pale flickering sunshine to stand in, as she saw the gay ladies in the street shun them, Maria lingered on

the leads till a pleasurable flutter at her heart told her more than one handsome gallant had declared her to be "the prettiest woman in town, by George!"

And, indeed, Mistress Preston was a pleasant sight for a spring day, as she moved hither and thither on the dreary-coloured leads, whereon the deep, warm hue of her dress, and her fair, fresh face, showed to wondrous advantage—as she knew. The gouty dandies in the street below shook their ruffles over their withered hauds, gave their sticks a youthful whirl, tossed back their borrowed ringlets, and felt themselves grown young again.

"Well Pompey," said Maria, as she came in, "I have enjoyed myself to-day, if I die for it. What are you staring at, child?"

Following the direction of his eyes, she affected to see for the first time, and with much apparent confusion, the crowded window of the Chocolate House.

At that instant several gentlemen leaped forward, and raised their glasses.

Maria started—half turned as if to move away—then paused, turned back to the window, smiled, and curtsied low.

The interest of the distinguished group at the opposite window increased—more forms came to it. A passer-by, who had caught sight of Maria's bright blushing face, stood still by the door of the Chocolate House.

Presently one of the gentlemen—a young soldier—who had been writing in his pocket-book, tore out the leaf, and gave it, in Maria's sight, to a waiter, who soon came across with it and something wrapped in a napkin.

"Run down to the door, Pompey," said his mistress.

Pompey obeyed, and in a minute came running up, his face one broad grin, which it had caught from the waiter, and delivered to Maria a tiny note and a bottle of Burgundy.

She let him bring her the paper close to the window, took it with an air of childish surprise, and read the pencilled lines, laughingly—

"When beauty's eyes of heavenly light
Across our glasses shine,
The life, the fire, the colour bright
Deserts the rosy wine."

"Oh! dull as Lethe's tide 'twill stay,
Full beauty's self shall slip,
And all her eyes have stolen away
Yields back her balmy lip."

Maria pulled her laughing mouth straight, and shook her head with an air of sweet seriousness as if saying, "Tis too bad, gentlemen, to play with a poor little girl like me." Then she said to Pompey—

"Really, child, these gentlemen are so gallant, I suppose I ought to drink their healths as they have drank mine. Now fill me a glass and give it me very prettily on your knees; and then we'll close the blinds and shut them out."

Pompey came and went down on his small knees to give her the wine, and Maria drank to the gentlemen like a little queen pledging her courtiers.

As she rose from the most profound and charming curtsy, her eye fell, for the first time, on the person who had stopped in the street against the door of White's, and who had been intently observing her for some minutes.

Her bright smile changed to a look of exquisite pain; she turned from the window, burst into tears, and stamped her foot at Pompey, which so frightened him that he ran and hid himself behind a chair.

His mistress soon looked from the window again, and saw Paul crossing the road.

He had scarcely reached the door before the waiter from White's came skipping over the road with another dainty little note.

Maria turned from the window with burning cheeks.

"Run, Pompey, run!" cried she.

Pompey ran to the door.

"Stay, Pompey; what are you going to do sir?"

"Run, missis," answered Pompey, showing the whites of his eyes distractedly, as he got behind another chair.

"Little wretch! listen. Go and bring up the

gentleman who will ask for me, then down with you again and tell the waiter to take back what he has brought to him that sent it."

Pompey ran all round the table to get to the door without coming in reach of his mistress's impatient hand, and by the time he got to the stairs a step well known to Maria was heard on them.

She sank down on a chair by the table and covered her eyes with her hand.

She heard Paul enter and pause at the sight of her, and for once in her life felt too much of a coward to move.

It was so hard, Maria thought, after all she had gone through for Paul's sake, and to make herself more worthy of him—it was so hard that it should be her fate to meet him after their long separation under circumstances like these. She had thought of such a meeting with Paul as Paul had had, with his master and Christina that night at Blackheath; and now, to feel Paul standing there looking on her, she was sure, with bitter contempt!

"I bring you a note, Mistress Preston, from your friends over the way," said Paul.

Maria snatched it from him, tore it in pieces, burst into another fit of weeping, and hid her face.

"Maria," said Paul, gently.

She took her hand from her eyes, saying passionately—

"Do not mock me, Paul. You despise me—tell me so!"

Looking up at him, she saw his face was very pale, and his clothes travel-stained.

"Pardon me," said he, quietly, seeing her look of wonder, "Pardou me, madam, for coming to you here amongst your fine acquaintances in such a plight as this. My excuse must be that it is you I have been seeking the whole day."

"Seeking me! And why?"

"Because I have needed your presence this day, Maria, as I have never needed it before."

Maria rose, trembling with surprise and delight.

"Paul," she sobbed, standing before him with eyes cast down, "I must seem to you very worthless. I do seem very worthless to myself; I own it was my frivolous love of excitement, and nothing more or less to my discredit, made me allow such a scene as you have witnessed just now; but, Paul, if indeed I could believe—might dare to think you would seek me—would come to me as a refuge from any kind of grief or adversity, though you were too poor to buy me bread, too sick to work for me, I think, Paul, in receiving you I should receive a new heart, a new soul, all joy and love, and having no room for sin."

"Poverty or sickness, Maria, would be light in comparison with the grief that has fallen upon me, and that has made me come to you."

"Oh, Paul!" cried she, "believe me, 'tis none so heavy but Maria will think it happiness to share it with you. Confide in me. What is this sorrow? Come," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, and resting her wet cheek on his arm. "I hunger for my share of it. Paul, give it me."

Paul looked down in the sweet face and loving eyes, and his chest heaved. He stooped, and whispered hoarsely—

"I will, Maria, Oh, trust me, I will share it with you; but not in this place—not here, midst this splendour and with yon brave gallants looking on."

"Pompey, my hood. Quick, quick!" said Maria. "Now, Paul, to what corner of the earth you will! Lead, and I follow!"

CHAPTER NOVI.—THE PASSING BELL.

Darkness thinly strewn with stars was over Spitalfields when Paul led Maria to the good weaver's door.

"It is the house of a friend, then, you take me to?" Maria had asked, during their hurried journey.

"It is."

"Ay, of yours; but shall I find a friend in him, think you?—for alack, Paul, owing to my unfortunate business, I know there are more than you would credit too ready to do me an ill turn."

"Maria, I believe, on my soul, that this man

to whom we go would not wish to harm you if he knew every error of your life."

"Ah, you judge by your own charity."

"Nay, mistress by his."

The weaver, instead of opening the door in answer to Paul's low knock, softly raised the window.

"'Tis I," said Paul. "How fares our friend?"

"Hush!" returned a voice, in a whisper full of terror. "The house is watched. Spies are in it. Go down to number 9; 'tis empty. Here is the key. There's a door opening to the leads like mine. You can go along the three house-tops, and get into his room that way."

Paul then whispered something Maria could not hear, and the weaver answered—

"It's to begin when he sees a light at this window."

"Put one there now," said Paul; and, hastily drawing Maria's arm through his, went towards the house to which the weaver had directed him.

The key turned rustily in the lock, and the door creaked rustily on its hinges as Paul pushed it open.

"How dark it is!" said Maria, clinging to his arm fearfully as he closed the door.

"Courage, mistress! Trust me, I will find my way."

He half carried her up the creaking stairs, which he ascended at a great speed, often nearly treading on the rats and mice that ran up and down in their alarm at the untimely intrusion.

Maria drew a long breath of relief when she felt the leads under her feet and the fresh night air on her face.

When they got to the weaver's roof, Paul made her sit down on the low wall that divided the houses.

Maria was glad enough to do this, for, though she had uttered no word of complaint at Paul's impetuous haste and strange manner, she was quivering all over with alarm and fatigue. Her alarm, however, was for Paul. She could not imagine what great calamity had befallen him.

She asked herself a thousand questions on the journey, and to none could find an answer which seemed the true one. Had he turned Jacobite? Was his life in danger? Was he thinking of making her his wife and flying the country?

While she sat trembling, she glanced round at the sleeping inhabitants of the leads—the poor weaver's pets—the singing birds and pigeons in their rude houses, and the rabbits peeping from their hutch and moving their long ears nervously up and down at the sound of Paul's restless step.

A large, round, copper-coloured moon had risen, and the forms of the crowded chimneys stood out one by one in a strange and ghostly manner, stealing on the sight suddenly and silently like a band of midnight assassins.

Maria's nerves were wrought up to a painful pitch with fatigue and suspense, and there seemed something truly ominous and frightful in the night. Since she felt the first breath of air on her face on issuing from the deserted house, it seemed to her there was none to breathe. The gaudy little weather-cocks which the children had put on their pigeon-houses stood still, a cat hung with her front paws and half her body over the front of a dove-cote, and waited, with green eyes and lashing tail, the moment to spring.

To be Continued.

CONCERNING THE GRAPHOTYPE.

AS chroniclers of novel matters of interest, literary and artistic, it becomes us to say a few words upon a new art-process for the reproduction of drawings which has been before the English artistic world for a few months past, and which has for its object the superseding of the process of wood-engraving, as too troublesome and expensive for this rapid age.

In order to appreciate the merits or value of a process that is to supersede a system in use, it is necessary that we should look a little into the weak points of that which is to be superseded; and hence we must ask the good reader to give

a moment's attention to the principle of illustration by what are called—with small dignity when we consider the labour of producing them—wood-cuts. The principal value of a wood-engraving lies in the circumstance that it can be printed along with the type which forms the text it is intended to illustrate. This applies to no other mode of illustration. A lithograph, or a copperplate, or a steel-engraving, must be printed separately, at a different press, and by a different method from that used in type-printing; and such processes are, therefore, unfit for ordinary book or periodical illustrations. But in order that an engraving may be printed with the type, it is of course necessary that it be like the type in its character; that is to say, all those parts which are to receive ink and give it off again to the paper, must be raised, or in relief, while all the parts that are to leave clean paper must be hollows. Now just look for a minute at any good wood-cut, and you will easily see what labour is required to secure these conditions. First of all a block of hard box-wood has to be prepared of uniform thickness, and with a perfectly true and smooth surface. Upon this surface the artist draws his picture with pencil or fine brush, just as he would on a sheet of paper. Then the block is placed in the engraver's hands, and then the tedious part of the labour commences. Every portion of the surface not covered by an ink or pencil line has to be cut away to a slight depth so as to leave the said lines standing in relief. Look for a moment at the delicate dots and lines, and what is more, examine closely the complicated cross hatchings upon which the artist relies for his effects, and you will easily be able to comprehend the enormous labour required to cut away the thousands of interstices between these, so as to leave the artist's lines intact. A vast amount of labour is thus consumed in the production of a single illustration, and it is skilled labour, too, for your wood-engraver must be somewhat of an artist to do his work properly. The cost of good wood-cut illustrations thus becomes an alarming item in the expenses of a book or periodical.

The principal weak point about wood-engraving, therefore, is the outlay it involves. But artists will tell us of another evil that they sometimes have to suffer from it. From what we have just said, it will be understood that the artist is at the mercy of the wood-engraver, upon whose talent and care he has to rely for the proper rendering of the style and character of his drawing. The subtle little touches of the artist upon it may, by the most trifling modifications on the part of the engraver in cutting round them, be so perverted as to entirely alter their meaning. The fact is that, in a wood-engraving, we do not see the actual drawing of an artist, but that drawing translated by the engraver. The fidelity with which the engraver actually does render the artist's touch is almost marvellous: as Mr. Holman Hunt observed, "the merit of modern wood-cutters is very great, and the care which they bestow upon the blocks they cut, deserves, oftentimes, the greatest thanks of the designer of the work; but, even under the most favourable treatment by the cutter, much of the original character of the drawing must necessarily be lost."

Considering the enormous demand for illustrations of the wood-cut order, it is not at all surprising that a variety of means and schemes should have been tried, with a view of producing printing-blocks of the same character at a less cost than that at which wood-engravings can be executed. It seems as though it ought to be a simple matter to produce a design in relief; but in practice it has, hitherto, been found almost impossible to do so with any success. One of the methods that have been tried consisted in coating a smooth plate with some wax-like composition, and forming the picture by digging or cutting this away down to the surface of the plate beneath: then taking a cast from the mould thus formed, which cast would of course have the lines in relief as in wood-cut. But this process was so clumsy and uncertain that little use has ever been made of it. Another method was a process which may be described as re-

versed etching. A metal plate was brought to a smooth surface, and upon this the drawing was made with waxy or greasy ink; the plate being then immersed in acid, all the parts not covered with the ink were eaten away to a slight but sufficient depth, and thus the lines were left standing in relief. This plan also failed in practice, because the acid not only eat down into the plate, but extended its action horizontally underneath the lines, and either entirely eat the fine lines away, or so undermined them that they crushed under the pressure of the printing operation, and so rendered the block valueless.

Wood-engraving had little to fear from either of these rivals, but now at length a rather more formidable opponent has come forth to claim a portion, at least, of the ground it covers. The new process has been called the "Graphotype;" and its invention affords an example of the frequency with which simple accidents bring about discoveries that have baffled all attempts at direct solution. A draughtsman and wood-engraver of notoriety in New York was making a drawing upon a box-wood block, and having made an error was painting it out, as is customary with a white pigment. The material he used for the purpose was the white enamel taken off by a moistened brush from the surface of an ordinary glazed visiting-card, printed from a copper-plate. By degrees he removed all the composition forming the enamel, and then he found that the letters were undisturbed and were standing up in bold relief from the surface of the card; the ink forming the letters having protected the enamel beneath them from the action of the brush, while all the surrounding parts were washed or rubbed away.

With a keen eye to application, the draughtsman, Mr. Clinton Hitchcock, saw in the mutilated address card the basis of a mode of producing a relief printing-plate without the skill of the engraver, and he set about experimenting to reduce the method to practice. He took a plate of common chalk and drew a picture with a silicious ink upon it. When the ink was dry, he brushed the chalk all over with a tooth-brush: the interstices between the lines were brushed away, and there stood the drawing in relief, ready to be petrified by means of a chemical solution, and printed from direct, or to be handed to the stereotypist to have a stereo made from it after the usual manner. The whole thing is so absurdly simple that, did not experience teach us that absurdly simple things never come by thinking of, we might well wonder why the idea had never occurred to anyone before.

The process, as it is now being daily worked (by a "Limited Company," of course) differs only in refinement of means from the rough experiment above-described. In order to get a perfectly smooth surface upon a cake of pulverulent yet homogeneous material, fine French chalk is ground and sifted, and ground and sifted again, till it assumes the condition of an impalpable powder. This is spread uniformly and thickly over a metal plate of the requisite size, and a polished steel slab is laid upon it. The whole is then placed beneath a hydraulic press, and submitted to a pressure of about 150 tons: this consolidates the chalk into a hard cake, with a surface as fine as a sheet of polished ivory. A wash of size is passed over it to prevent the ink running or spreading, and it is ready for the artist. The drawing is made with a painty ink, and with fine hair-pencils, as pens would be liable to scratch the chalk, and the artist draws every line as he wishes it to appear in the print. In drawing upon wood certain "effects" are sometimes left to the wood-engraver, who well knows how to produce them by appropriate lines, but in the graphotype everything has to be done by the artist. Although this, at first sight, has its advantages, it has its disadvantages also: the artist must know before he begins his drawing exactly what lines he wants to put down; for when a line is once drawn, it cannot be altered or erased, as on a wood-block, where, after sketching his subject, the artist can correct and work it up as he goes on. All shading, too, must be done in hard lines, as no washes of colour, which are so effec-

tively employed in drawing on wood, can be resorted to.

When the drawing is made, the chalk plate stands in just the same position as a wood-block that is ready for the engraver to commence his laborious work upon. The wood-block would occupy many days—if the drawing were elaborate—to engrave, but the analogous operation in the case of the chalk plate is performed in a few minutes. A brush of suitable stiffness is worked over every part of the surface, and all the spaces not covered by lines are powdered and brushed away, and the drawing is thus left in relief. It matters not how full of detail the drawing may be, whether the design be simple or intricate, the bristles of the brush soon clear out every nook and corner that is unprotected by the inked lines and dots that form it. The plate thus "engraved," is hardened, petrified, in fact, by immersion in a chemical solution. A mould in plaster or other material is made from it, and from this the ordinary stereotype plate is cast, which plate, after being touched up by an engraver, is ready for use as an ordinary woodcut. But it is subject to the defect inherent in all metal-surface printing-blocks, namely, that it will not yield so soft an impression as a wood-block. Wood is partially absorbent, while metal, being non-absorbent, yields up the whole of the ink applied to it, and this tends to produce a blurred impression.

The advantage of the process over that of wood-engraving will be manifest when we consider the rapid manner in which the printing-block is produced, and the consequent small cost entailed in this part of its production. We are informed that a block finished in readiness to go to the printing-press can be executed within four or five hours after the drawing has left the artist's hands, and that, as regards expense, the actual cost of producing a graphotype block of any given drawing is about one-twentieth of the costs of engraving the same on wood; but the cost of the drawing on chalk must, we fear, be more than that on wood, on account of the time it takes, and the peculiarity of the materials the artist is compelled to employ. The Graphotyping Company will not, at present, execute work at that immense reduction; they reserve for themselves a good margin of profit, at the same time doing their work for just half the price of wood-engraving. But there is another important advantage in this process over wood-engraving. The transformation of the flat drawing into a raised design is effected by a means entirely mechanical, and therefore the artist's work is reproduced in exact *fac-simile*; it suffers no alteration or translation at the hands of an engraver. This is a very important feature from an artistic point of view.

Whether the graphotype will ever supersede wood-engraving entirely, we are not prophets enough to say; the best, in everything, will always hold its ground, and the graphotype must excel, or at least equal, wood-engraving in every particular before it can give the latter its *coup de grace*. Considering what has already been accomplished, there is at least a prospect of the possibility of its doing this; but perfection is not acquired in a year, and we venture to think that the present generation of wood-engravers need hardly oppose the process on the ground of any injury they themselves may suffer from its introduction. There is room enough for all the wood-engravers, and for the graphotype as well. Cheap illustrations to accompany cheap literature have long been a desideratum, and the new process will not fare badly if it does no more than supply this, and leaves the art it rivals to continue its present course.

CLOISTER ROBBING.*

MR. Buchanan has collected and translated direct from the Norwegian and Danish a series of ballads very few of which have hitherto been placed before an English speaking public. In our last issue we gave one of these transla-

* From Ballad Stories of the Agerfjells, from the Scandinavian. By Robert Buchanan

tions "The Two Sisters," and now proceed to place before our readers the following fine ballad which is not without a stray twinkle of humour here and there. Sir Morten Dove loves a poor maiden, whom his friends determine he shall not marry. They send him into a far country, and place the fair Adelaide in a cloister. When he returns again he is distraught with misery and knows not how to recover his sweetheart; but in a lucky moment he asks counsel of his brother. The remainder of the story we give in the original lines:

"Then whispered with his brother dear,
The young Sir Morten Dove;
And how may I from cloister steal
Away my own true love?"

"Go dress thy self in grave-clothes white,
And lay thee in a shell,
And I will to the cloister ride,
The bitter tale to tell."

He dressed himself in grave-clothes white,
And lay in earth-shell cold;
Herr Nilans to the cloister rode,
And the bitter tale was told.

Hail unto ye, O holy maids,
And great shall be your gain,
If my dear brother Morten's course
May in your walls be lain!

All silent sat the holy maids,
In black, black raiment all—
Only the sweet maid Adelaide
Let work and scissors fall.

Then cried the sweet maid Adelaide,
With tears upon her face,
"Yea! bury Morten, if ye list,
Here in this holy place."

"Yea, here, in holy cloister-kirk,
Bury his sweet young clay,
And daily when he lies asleep
I'll kneel me down and pray"

"I was a little child when first
I heard him sue and woo;
The Powers of Heaven know full well
That I have loved him true."

"His cruel father drew him off
Into a strange countree,
And into these dark cloister walls,
Against my will, brought me."

It was Sir Nilans bent his head,
And whispered in her ear,
"Ah, dry thine eyes, Maid Adelaide,
And be of happier cheer!"

"Never shall I forget my woe!
Never forget my wrong!
For murdered is my own true love,
Whom I have loved so long!"

Sorely she wept, Maid Adelaide,
And her wet eyes were red,
When through the dismal cloister gate
They brought Sir Morten, dead.

She crept into Sir Morten's bier,
And prayed to Heaven above;
"I loved thee, Morten, to the end,
As never maid did love!"

She lighted up the wax lights two,
And sat her by his side;
"I would to God, dear love, that I
Had in my cradle died."

"Nine winters, while thou wert away,
Hero weary life I led,
And never saw thy face again
Until I saw thee dead!"

And bitterly wept Adelaide,
Wringing her hands so white,
Herr Morten heard her in his shell,
Laughed loud and rose upright.

Oh, up he stood, and gazed again
On her he loved the best,
And tossed the gloomy grave clothes off,
And caught her to his breast.

'Oh hearken, hearken, my own true love,
Put all thy grief aside;
I thou shalt from cloister follow me,
And be my bonnie bride!

'Black are the horses that await
In the kirk-yard there without,
And black in suits of iron mail
Await my henchmen stout!"

Softly Sir Morten led her forth
Out of the chapel walls,
And over her shoulders, for cloak,
He threw the sable pall.

All silence stood the cloister maids,
Reading by candle-light;
They thought it was an angel bore
Their sister off by night.

All silent stood the holy maids,
Save only two or three,
'That such an angel,' murmured these,
'Would come by night for me!'

Honour to young Sir Morten Dove!
His heart was staunch and stout;
He bore her to his dwelling-house,
And bade the bells ring out.

Honour to young Sir Morten Dove!
And to his sweet Ladye!
May more such maids be carried off
By angels such as he!
The rose and lilies grow bonnily."

ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.

UNDER risk of having this article rejected, I dip my pen in gall. But, before entering into details of what I have undergone in even daring to think of getting married, I must needs relate how such an ambition was stirred in my blood.

A married man I now consider a hero. The possession of a wife is in my eyes a badge of valour—a medal indicative of struggles endured and obstacles overcome. The man who has married a wife cannot altogether be a coward; and if marriage was put as a companion test to the requisite standard of inches, we would have a sort of Gideon's army left—the cream of manhood and bravery. Let our commanders-in-chief look to it. He who can say, "I have three maiden aunts to whom I disclosed, without flinching, the possibility of my speedily being married," is one worthy of all military trust: he will be a brave man and a good soldier.

My three maiden aunts, however, had a certain show of excuse for acting as they did. When I first became acquainted with my Mary's father, he was a choleric old captain, retired upon half-pay, and living with his wife and only daughter in a pretty little place at Forest-hill, Surrey. By some means or other I became very intimate with the captain and his family, and often went down from the City on a Saturday afternoon, to stay over the Sunday with them. So far there was nothing to shock the inexpensively delicate nerves of Miss Caroline, Miss Augusta, and Miss Jemima Potts. But in process of time Mrs. Whitebell died; and from that moment the captain's descent was slow, but fatally sure. He had never been much of a tectotaller; and now, with his wife's supervision removed, he drank deeply. Mary in vain endeavoured to keep him straight. In a word, he drank himself out of money, and out of home; and in the end became the proprietor of some billiard-rooms in the Strand.

Clearly this was no place for my gentle-hearted girl. Though my salary was small enough in all conscience, I deemed it better that she should leave her father and enter upon married life, even at the risk of meeting with some inconvenience and annoyance at the outset. I spoke to her upon the subject; put the matter plainly before her; she acquiesced in all I said, and it was resolved we should be married with as little delay as possible.

My aunts Jemima and Augusta then lived in Buckingham Road, Islington; Miss Caroline Potts dwelling by herself in Upper Clapton. The three ladies were joint proprietors of a some-

what mystical ship called the "Chow Tsun," trading between Shanghai and London; and not unfrequently did these Indies indulge in a little quiet speculation on their own account, by importing from Shanghai a cargo of China and Japan cotton. It was an understood thing amongst them that I was to be heir to this ship; and it was expected of me that I should in all personal matters be under the immediate supervision and control of my three relatives.

Not without trepidation did I approach that intensely solemn and proper-looking house in Buckingham Road. The little maid-servant at once ushered me into the parlour where my two aunts were sitting. I had been in that parlour on many an occasion. I had counted its articles of furniture over and over again, while listening to the meandering harangues of my stately relatives; for obstinately did they persist in considering me quite a boy, though I had petted, and coaxed, and twisted a pale grey moustache into very presentable shape. From the one year's end to the other, there was not a square inch of difference in this apartment. There were the same fire-place ornaments, mostly of foreign manufacture, the same books placed angularly on the same table, the same antiquated glass bottles, containing samples of the first China cotton which the Misses Potts had imported, still arranged, in the same manner, on the same little side-table. And in the hand of my Aunt Augusta, at this moment, was a portion of the same material.

"We are in difficulty, Harry," said my Aunt Augusta.

"Indeed," I replied.

"You see that cotton?"

I signified that I did see the cotton.

"Originally worth nineteen and a half per pound, it is now not worth sixpence a pound." "Fourpence," suggested my Aunt Jemima, laconically.

"These natives," said Aunt Augusta, with her cold grey face opposite mine, and her cold grey eyes fixed upon me, "these natives are villains."

"Beasts," said Aunt Jemima.

"The cotton having been packed, they must have bored a hole in each bale, and, inserting therein a hollow tube—"

"A cane," said Aunt Jemima.

"A cane, must have poured in water to increase the weight of the bale, whereby the fibre is rendered quite useless, and the buyer has thrown up the contract. It is aggravating!"

"Abominable!" said Aunt Jemima.

I had come at an unlucky moment. I wished, for the time being, the "Chow-Tsun," and all its cargo of cotton, at the bottom of the sea. But, if the truth must be told, Mary Whitebell was awaiting me outside to learn the result of my mission, and no time was to be lost.

"Well, Aunt Augusta," I said, with a considerable gulp in my throat, "I'm very sorry about the cotton. You'll get the insurance, however, I suppose—"

"The insurance!" said she, contemptuously, "why—"

"But I just called in for a minute now to—say—to let you know that there was a—that I—in fact that I intend getting married, Aunt Augusta."

"Boys will be boys, Jemima," she said, with a little smile. "And so you have come dutifully to ask our consent. Well, you have it!—has he not, Jemima?"

"Certainly, Augusta."

"But stay, who is the favoured one?"

"You mean the young lady—why, an old friend of yours, Mary Whitebell!"

"Mary Whitebell!"

My aunt sank back in her chair, as though she would have fainted; then suddenly sprang up, and lifting up her right hand, said—

"He's ruined, ruined, ruined!—Jemima, he's ruined! Oh, Jemima!"

I was so taken aback by this appalling announcement that I could not reply.

"He says nothing. He acknowledges it. He knows himself to be an evil-doer, a reprobate, an outcast from society! Oh, Jemima, that it should come to this! After all our early training of him, when our sainted Susan departed;

after all our watering of him, and fostering of him, that it should come to this!"

"Tell me," I broke in, "why you should—"

"Tell him—tell him—! Oh, Jemima, he wants us to tell him! Is he not afraid the earth will open and swallow him up? To pollute our family—our whole family—by bringing into it a worthless, disreputable, low-bred woman!"

"Stay, Augusta, you may wound his feelings," said Miss Jemima Potts.

"You have done so quite sufficiently," I said; "you thought I would always be your messenger-boy, and go your errands for you, and dress as you wished me, and do nothing naughty for fear of a whipping—(you see I was getting bitter in my indignation)—I'll be so no more. You may take your old tub of a ship and fill it with bricks and sink it, if you like. You may try to dam the Thames up with your old rusty cotton; and you may—"

"Oh, Jemima!"

I had to pause in order to throw a tumbler full of water on my Aunt Augusta's face. As she slowly recovered, I said—

"I'm sure I did not intend to be so violent."

"Violent! violent! Oh, the monster! The unfeeling monster! Take him away, Jemima—take him away! He has ruined our family—he has ruined himself! henceforth he is not one of us—no connection, none! Oh, that I should live to see the day that my sister's son should come to me and say such things. Do you ever think of your sainted mother, sir, in heaven? Are you not afraid to think of her? Oh, you vile monster!"

"Come away," said Aunt Jemima, in a voice of portentous melancholy, "you have estranged yourself from us for ever."

I lifted my hat in the hall, and walked out. In the next street Mary met me with a sweet, inquiring smile.

"Well, my dear, the interview has not altogether—that is, you know, they do not say anything against you—nothing in the world—but—"

"I understand," she said, quickly, with tears coming into her soft blue eyes; "they spoke of my father, and consider I am not worthy to be your wife."

"Well, darling, they have some sort of absurd prejudice, you understand, about—"

Here a hand was laid upon Mary's shoulder, and as we both simultaneously turned, there stood before us my Aunt Augusta, with her grey eyes inflamed with passion.

"You impostor!" she cried, vehemently addressing my little pet, "you vile impostor, thus to seek to gain an entrance into a respectable family! And would you bring your billiards, and your low drunken associates to us? Having entrapped this poor boy, would you seek to rifle us of our honestly earned money? You sent him in, did you, to see what chance of spoil there was? Oh, you minx!"

What could I do? She was a woman. Opportunely a cab was passing at the moment, and I hailed the driver. He brought his vehicle to us, and I told Mary to get in. But my aunt was not yet done with her harangue, and in her excitement she caught Mary by the shoulders. As a last resource I smiled significantly to the driver, and he, being a person of penetration, at once understood the hint.

"I see," he said, with a surreptitious wink, "a little touched, poor thing!" I nodded. He stepped forward, and deliberately disengaged my aunt's hands from Mary's shoulder.

"Now go home, my pretty little dear," he said to the elderly lady, in a tone of genuine compassion, "and your mamma will give you pretty lollipops."

Mary and I just caught one glimpse of that look of mingled horror, amazement, and indignation, which dwelt upon my aunt's face; and then we were rolling away in the cab, homewards.

So far I had not been very successful, but at all events I had accomplished the task of announcing what was to happen.

With my Aunt Caroline I expected to get on more satisfactorily. Miss Caroline Potts was a

literary lady. In her youth she had contributed to some cheap periodical, and had never been paid therefor; yet the chief pleasure of her life was to boast of these juvenile literary endeavours, and she generally managed to introduce the subject by a tirade against publishers.

Mary would not, of course, accompany me on this expedition; so I went alone. One day only had elapsed, and I fancied I should have to break the news to Aunt Caroline, as I had done to my other aunts. But Miss Caroline Potts, as I discovered to my horror, had that morning received a visit from her sisters! She welcomed me with an excess of courtesy, and blandly inquired after my health. I replied that I was well.

"You will require all your health, my poor boy," she said.

I ventured to ask the reason.

"Late hours."

I confessed to her that I was as yet in darkness.

"Private tables. A good idea."

I was more bewildered than ever, and sought in vain for an explanation in that cold, grey face, which was even colder and greyer than her sisters."

"Not very reputable, you know, but still a good idea. Save lots of money, and retire to cultivate respectability. Very late hours, though. Will you apply for a beer-license?"

"Aunt Caroline," I said, "I now see what you mean. I perceive my Aunts Augusta and Jemima have been here, and have poisoned your mind with their foolish prejudices. Now let me tell you—"

"Pray be calm," said Aunt Caroline, with a queenly sweep of her arm; "you are misled, and one cannot expect you to understand clearly. You are bound; and until you're loosed one can't expect a lucid explanation. Ah!"

Aunt Caroline smiled; and though I recognised the flavour of an old burlesque pun, I was too much annoyed to heed the petty plagiarism.

"I came here simply to tell you of my approaching marriage. As I perceive you already know of it, my duty is done; and I daresay the sooner I go the better."

"You are out of temper through my observations. That is foolish. My sister Augusta is passionate: my sister Jemima bilious; I am reflective. Being reflective, I observed the wisdom of your choice. In opening a private billiard-saloon—"

"Aunt Caroline, if you please, I shall not stay to be insulted. When you wish—"

"Oh! insulted! I should have fancied that when you made up your mind to marry Mary Whitebell, you also resolved never to be insulted. Those people only should place themselves in equivocal positions who are incapable of receiving an insult."

"I see it is useless for me to argue with you, Aunt Caroline. I have placed myself in no equivocal position. In resolving to marry a good and honest girl—"

The look and smile of incredulity upon my aunt's face at this moment were too much for me. Without a word I rose, took my hat, and walked out, still pursued by the phantom of that cold, sceptical smile. I hurried as quickly as I could to Mary's house, and told her that nothing should ever induce me again to enter the house of any one of these, my sole surviving relatives.

That done, I felt happy. What were the occasional twittings of my male companions? the sulkiness of my landlady when I told her I was about to leave?—what were all the petty troubles and annoyances of taking and furnishing a house to me? Nothing! I laughed, and blew them away as feathers in the wind. The grim countenances of these she-griffins no more haunted my dreams. The spectral "Chow-Tsun," riding over me with all its weight of moist cotton, no longer made the night hideous. In place of apprehension by day, and terror while asleep, I had now visions of sunny July afternoons in Surrey—a pretty house, a pretty garden, and, prettiest of all, a pretty wife, who, as I write, is at this moment engaged in manufacturing certain incomprehensible little garments of snow-white cotton and lace.

WON'T YOU TELL ME, WHY ROBIN?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARIBEL.

1. You are not what you were, Robin, Why so sad and strange; You once were blithe and gay, Robin, Robin, As
 2. On Sunday af - ter church, Robin, I look'd a - round for you, I thought you'd see me home, Robin, As
 3. The o - ther night we dance'd, Robin, lie - neath the haw - thorn tree, I thought you'd sure - ly come, Robin, It

What has made you change? You ne - ver come to see me now As once you used to do . . . I
 once you used to do - But now you seem a - fraid to come, And al - most ev' - ry day . . . I
 but to dance with me. But Al - lan ask'd me first, and so I join'd the reel with him . . . But

miss you at the wick-et gate, You al - ways let me through; Its ve - ry hard to o - pen, But you
 meet you in the mea-dows And you look the o - ther way; You ne - ver bring me po - sies now, (The
 I was hea - vy - heart-ed and my eyes with tears were dim. And, oh, how ve - ry grave you look'c As

ne - ver come and try . . . Won't you tell me why? Ro - bin, Won't you tell me why?—
 last is dead and dry) . . . Won't you tell me why? Ro - bin, &c.
 once we pass'd you by . . . Won't you tell me why? Ro - bin, &c.

Won't you tell me why? Ro - bin, Oh, won't you tell me why?
 Won't you tell me why? &c.
 Won't you tell me why? &c.

STREET WAIF.

By GEO. MARTIN.

From morn till noon, from noon till night,
Pacing the sidewalk, always in sight,
Who has not seen the mysterious wight?
Is he man or ghost?
Is he crazed or lost?
Does he walk with the fiends or the spirits of light?

Answer, ye flagstones that echo his tread;
Answer, ye cold winds that buffet his head;
Tell us, ye clouds, that with plumes outspread,
Smite him with fire,
And mock at his ire,
Shuns he the living for love of the dead?

Through the long lapse of the changing year
His crumbling garments unchanged appear,
The old drab coat, and the thing so queer
Stick to his pate!
All out of date,
Tempting the beggars to point and jeer.
"Poor Waif!"

Poor Waif? 'tis an answer I will not receive,
Ye demons that goad him, ye angels that grieve;
Tell me the secret whose whispers bereave
His eyelids of joy;
Preserve or destroy,
Crush him in mercy, or grant a reprieve.

Has he been guilty of some dark deed?
Surely no crime in that brow could breed!
So lotty, so mild in its terrible need;
Has he betrayed
An innocent maid?
Or plundered the poor to surfeit his greed?

Has he, for sake of a crumb and a sip,
With loyalty's cry evermore on his lip,
Counselled the use of a merciless whip
When failure brought blame
On the Patriot's name,
And tyrants their hot-sided beagles let slip?

Has he been cruel to nearest of kin?
The mother who loved him, and pleaded to win
Her prodigal back from the desert of sin;
Has he struck in base ire
The cheek of his sire?
Then plunge him in Acheron up to the chin.
"Poor Waif!"

That tender refrain which the Eons repeat,
The Eons, that hover o'er alley and street,
Let me interpret its sound as it meet.
'Tis a piteous cry!
'Tis the sob of the sky!
Is he the victim of woman's deceit?

Oh, ye invisible shapes of the air,
Spirits, or angels, or Eons declare,—
Sees he naught else but a face that is fair?
Murmur again
The tender refrain,
If that, and that only, hath wrought his despair.
"Poor Waif!"

Then have I wronged him? and grieve at his fate;
But love's load of sorrow no love can abate,
Naming, still naming her early and late;
A dim dream of bliss,
The soft light of a kiss,
Only may enter through memory's gate.

Within, what a ruin! arch, column and cope,
The palace of wisdom, ambition, and hope,
All broken and blasted! what spectres now grope
Through the blue charnel gloom
Of each desolate room!
Blind, shrivelled, and maimed, they but mumble
and mope.
"Poor Waif!"

Now am I certain that beauty's false art,
A maid's broken promise, hath broken his heart;
No other evil such look could impart
To manhood's fair brow;
Only speak of her now,
And mark how the eye-drowning sorrow will start!

Wild-eyed, but erect as a soldier-king,
Through the Rue St. Jacques, with a fireless wing,
Onward he strides; let the fire-bells ring,
And their terror outpour,
While the red flames roar,
Nothing cares he for the summons they fling.

And why should he care? why linger, or start?
The fierce-hissing tongues that the fire-flames dart
From window and roof, from the square to the
mart,

Are harmless and mild,
As the laugh of a child,
Compared to the tempest of flame in his heart.

Why care? when the thousands who sweep through
the city,
The Judge with black cap, and the maid with her
ditty,

Bestow on love's ruin no question of pity?
The crowds that he meets
On the merciless streets
Only smite him anew with some word that is witty.

Kind ghosts, whose compassionate voices I hear
High up in the air, come hither, come near!
Close down his eyelids and fashion his bier;
O let him pass
Under flower and grass!
Men are too busy to grant him a tear.

Good Angels! and Eons! oh! bear him away
Out of the city's tumultuous fray,
Tenderly kiss his parched lips, and then lay
His body to rest
On the mountain's lone breast,
Where shadows and sunbeams in happiness play!
"Poor waif! poor waif!"

Montreal.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 23, 1867.

THE CLUB SYSTEM.

THE Publisher of this Journal, resolved to extend its circulation largely, offers additional and very liberal inducements for the formation of Clubs. At the foot of this notice will be found a list of valuable works forming a small library in themselves, and it is believed that there are but few towns or villages in Canada, in which an active friend of the READER, may not obtain a sufficient number of subscribers, to entitle him to the whole list, free of cost to himself. Where, however, the whole list may not be readily obtainable, a very slight exertion will entitle our friends to select from it in the following proportions. We may add that the books are all new copies, and well—many of them elegantly—bound.

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

5	New subscribers, cash in advance, 2 books
10	" " " " " " 4 " "
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or a set of the Mount Royal edition of the Poets, comprising Moore, Burns, Scott, Milton, Thomson, Coleridge, and Beattie, Cowper, Pope, Wordsworth and Shakspeare (2 vols.); in all eleven volumes, printed on toned paper, profusely illustrated, and elegantly bound in green cloth, full gilt. Published at \$11.00.

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

LIST OF BOOKS.

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

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

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Goldsmith's and Beattie's " " " "

Wordsworth's " " " 2 vols.

Shakspeare's " " " " "

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrated.

If preferred the publisher will mail a sixth copy of the Reader free for one year to the forwarder of a club of five subscribers, with cash in advance; or to the forwarder of a club of seven subscribers, cash in advance, a copy of Currie's History of Canada 6 vols., published at \$6.00.

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

ON this subject we confess to lean to an opinion not unlike that which the great political economist, Launcelot Gobbo, professed in the matter of converting Jews to Christianity. He feared that it would raise the price of pork, and insisted that there were already too many Christians in the world. We admit that in entertaining such a view of this important question, we open ourselves to a charge of heterodoxy; and it is probable enough that we are in the wrong. But we really cannot perceive the wisdom of taking trouble and making sacrifices to entice strangers into the country, when our own people are leaving the Province in thousands. We can understand how it is desirable to import Coolies into the West Indies, to supply the demand for labour caused by the indolence of the Negroes; but our people flock into the United States to seek the work which they cannot find at home. Until this point is satisfactorily explained, and the evil remedied, if possible, we would not, if we had our way, expend a cent on immigration or immigrants, who, of course, are welcome to come among us if they come at their own expense. What we object to is their doing so at ours, under the peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded. Why should we send the better men away to get worse, as is generally the case?

We would also hint a doubt if the great American idea of expansion is that best calculated to secure the permanent interests of a nation. It is with new countries as with young men; there may be growth without strength, nay, overgrowth is usually accompanied with weakness, which shows itself sooner or later. To attain a sound state of body, in either case, development is as necessary as increase of size. Rome, as the proverb tells us, was not built in a day; the oak is not the product of a season; and the most perfect of the works of God and man, are those which arrive most slowly at maturity. We do not join in the lamentations of those who deplore the emigration of Canadians from the Province, and regard the fact as a sign of decay. Considered by itself, it appears to us, on the contrary, a hopeful and encouraging indication of the awakening spirit and energy of our French Canadian fellow-subjects especially. Switzerland and Scotland have for ages sent forth their young men to seek their fortunes in other lands; yet both these countries have been eminently progressive all the time, and are now among the most prosperous communities in the world. New England supplies the rest of the United States with a perennial stream of emigration from its adventurous population; yet New England exhibits no symptoms of decline, either as the cause or consequence of this continuous exodus. Still, in our own instance, the circumstance is not without its meaning to our statesmen and legislators. Upon one of the lessons which the fact inculcates, we have already touched.

There is much prejudice to contend against in dealing with this question of Immigration. When Mr. Macdougall was chief commissioner of Crown Lands, he stated in the House of Assembly that almost all the good lands once in the hands of the Government, had been disposed of, and he encountered such a storm of indignation, both in parliament and throughout the country, that he has been prudently silent in the premises ever since. Nevertheless, it is to be doubted if Mr. Macdougall went further than simply telling the truth. Many persons coincided in opinion with the Hon. gentleman, and many more are beginning to suspect that there has been not a little false doctrine and false sentiment indulged in by some among us in connection with immigration. We are at one moment told of the wealth that immigrants bring along with them; and on the other hand, we are appealed to, on the score of humanity towards our poorer countrymen at home. Of the wealth we have not seen very much, so far; and as for the second view of the case, we are inclined to believe that not one in a hundred of these sentimentalists would give a dollar out of their own pockets to carry out the object they profess to advocate. For our own part, we are hard-hearted

enough to suppose that the classes representing the ignorance, poverty, and vices of Europe, would not be a desirable addition to our population, though the better classes might; and we are strong in the belief that the best thing we can do with immigration is, to leave it to its own resources. *Laissez faire* is a good rule in this as well as many others matters. From this slight gossip on a grave subject, it must not be inferred that we consider Canada to be incapable of sustaining a very large population. Far from it. But we imagine that there are other methods of attaining that end than that which has hitherto been tried in vain, and perseverance in which will only do harm in the altered state of the country.

REVIEWS.

OUR METTAL FRIEND. By Chas. Dickens. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: R. Worthington.

This is the second volume of the Diamond edition of Dickens' works now in course of issue by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. We noticed the first volume in a late number of the "Reader," and have only to say of the volume before us, that it equally merits the commendation we bestowed upon its predecessor. The illustrations, specially prepared for this edition, are numerous, and, with a few exceptions, well executed, and the binding and typography leave little to be desired.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: R. Worthington.

The principal poem in this volume relates how Mr. Whittier, in company with two friends—Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields, we believe—camped out on the seashore somewhere in Massachusetts during the heats of the summer vacation. After the friends and the poet are introduced, the poem touches briefly upon the surroundings of their camping place, and then hastens on to an evening, when the two friends, joined by a lady from a neighbouring tent, sat listening to some pieces which the poet read them—they in turn making their comments. The remarks of the friends are characteristic, whilst those of the lady furnish occasion for the introduction of those moral and religious truths which generally form a part of Mr. Whittier's poems. The pieces read by the poet were "The Palatine," "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," "The Brother of Mercy," and other pieces, with which the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are already familiar. Following "The Tent on the Beach" are the "National Lyrics" and "Occasional Poems," a collection of short pieces, which help to fill up this little volume, which we regard as a very pleasing contribution to the poetic literature of the day.

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

HEAPING UP RICHES

Continued from page 12.

"I think papa had better let me come to see him at his lodgings," she said, "wherever they may be, for I should scarcely care about Mr. Sheldon seeing him. No one here knows any thing definite about my history; and as it is just possible Mr. Sheldon may have encountered my father somehow or other, it would be as well for him to keep clear of this house. I could not venture to say this to papa myself, but perhaps you could suggest it without offending him. You see I have grown very worldly-wise, and am learning to protect my own interests in the spirit which you have so instilled into me. I don't know whether that sort of spirit is likely to secure one's happiness, but I have no doubt it is the wisest and best for this world."

Miss Paget could not refrain from an occasional sneer when she wrote to her old com-

panion. He never returned her sneers, or noticed them. His letters were always frank, friendly, and brotherly in tone.

"Neither my good opinion nor my bad opinion is of any consequence to him," Diana thought bitterly.

It was late in August when Captain Paget and his protégé came to town. Valentine suggested the wisdom of leaving Diana in her new home uncompromised by any past associations. But this was a suggestion which Horatio Paget could not accept. His brightest successes in the way of scheming had been matured out of chance acquaintanceships with eligible men. A man who could afford such a luxury as a companion for his daughter must needs be eligible, and the Captain was not inclined to sacrifice his acquaintance from any extreme delicacy.

"My daughter seems to have made new friends for herself, and I should like to see what kind of people they are," he said conclusively. "We'll look them up this evening, Val."

Mr. George Sheldon dined at the Lawn on the day on which Horatio Paget determined on "looking up" his daughter's new friends, and he and the two girls were strolling in the garden when the Captain and Mr. Hawkehurst were announced. They had been told that Miss Paget was in the garden.

"Be good enough to take me straight to her," said the Captain to the boy in buttons, "I am her father."

Horatio Paget was too old a tactician not to know that by an unceremonious plunge into the family circle he was more likely to secure an easy footing in the household than by any direct approach of the master. He had seen the little group in the garden, and had mistaken George for the head of the house.

Diana turned from pale to red, and from red to pale again, as she recognised the two men. There had been no announcement of their coming. She did not even know that they were in England.

"Papa!" she cried, and then held out her hand and greeted him; coldly enough, as it seemed to Charlotte, who fancied that any kind of real father must be very dear.

But Captain Paget was not to be satisfied by that cold greeting. It suited his purpose to be especially paternal on this occasion. He drew his daughter to his breast and embraced her affectionately, very much to that young lady's surprise.

Then, having abandoned himself entirely for the moment to this tender impulse of paterfamilias, he suddenly put his daughter aside, as if he had all at once remembered his duty to society, drew himself up stiffly, and saluted Miss Halliday and George Sheldon with uncovered head.

"Mr. Sheldon, I believe?" he murmured.

"George Sheldon," answered that gentleman. "My brother Philip is in the drawing-room yonder, looking at us."

Philip Sheldon came out into the garden as George said this. It was one of those sultry evenings on which the most delightful of gothic villas is apt to be too stifling for endurance; and in most of the prim suburban gardens there were people lounging listlessly among the flowerbeds. Mr. Sheldon came to look at this patrician stranger who had just embraced his daughter's companion; whereupon Captain Paget introduced himself and his friend Mr. Hawkehurst. After the introduction Mr. Sheldon and the Captain fell into an easy conversation, while the two girls walked slowly along the gravel pathway with Valentine by their side, and while George loitered drearily along chewing the stalk of a geranium, and pondering the obscure reminiscences of the last oldest inhabitant whose shadowy memories he had evoked in his search after new links in the chain of the Haygarths.

The two girls walked in the familiar school-girl fashion of Hyde Lodge, Charlotte's arm encircling the waist of her friend. They were both dressed in white muslin, and looked very shadowy and sylph-like in the summer dusk. Mr. Hawkehurst found himself in a new atmosphere in this suburban garden, with these two white-robed damsels by his side; for it seemed to him that Diana with Charlotte's arm round her waist,

and a certain shy gentleness of manner which was new to him,—was quite a different person from that Miss Paget whose wan face had looked at him so anxiously in the saloons of the Belgian Kursaal.

At first there was considerable restraint in the tone of the conversation, and some little of that unnecessary discussion as to whether this evening was warmer than the preceding evening, or whether it was not, indeed, the warmest evening of all that summer. And then, when the ice was broken, Mr. Hawkehurst began to talk at his ease about Paris, which city Miss Halliday had never seen; about the last book, the last play, the last folly, the last fashionable bonnet: for it was one of the special attributes of this young Robert Macaire to be able to talk about any thing, and to adapt himself to any society. Charlotte opened her eyes to their widest extent as she listened to this animated stranger. She had been so wearied by the Dryasdust arguments of City men who had discussed the schemes of great contractors, "which will never be carried out, sir, while money is at its present rate, mark my words,"—or the chances of a company "which is eaten up by debenture-bonds and preference-shares, sir, and will never pay its original proprietors one sixpence of interest on their capital," with a great deal more of the same character; and it was quite new to her to hear about novels, theatres, and bonnets, from masculine lips, and to find that there were men living who could interest themselves in such frivolities. Charlotte was delighted with Diana's friend. It was she who encouraged Valentine every now and then by some exclamation of surprise or expression of interest, while Miss Paget herself was thoughtful and silent.

It was not thus that she had hoped to meet Valentine Hawkehurst. She stole a look at him now and then as he walked by her side. Yes, it was the old face—the face which would have been so handsome if there had been warmth and life in it, instead of that cold listlessness which repelled all sympathy, and seemed to constitute a kind of mask behind which the real man hid himself.

Diana looked at him, and remembered her parting from him in the chill gray morning on the platform at Forêt-dechéne. He had let her go out alone into the dreary world to encounter what fate she might, without any more appearance of anxiety than he might have exhibited had she been starting for a summer-day's holiday; and now, after a year of separation, he met her with the same air of unconcern, and could discourse conventional small-talk to another woman while she walked by his side.

While Mr. Hawkehurst was talking to Mr. Sheldon's stepdaughter, Captain Paget had contrived to make himself very agreeable to that gentleman himself. Lord Lytton has said that "there is something strange, and almost mesmeric in the rapport between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognise each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or galleys—and they understand each other by instant sympathy." However this might be with these two men, they had speedily become upon very easy terms with each other. Mr. Sheldon's plans for the making of money were very complicated in their nature, and he had frequent need of clever instruments to assist in the carrying out of his arrangements. Horatio Paget was the exact type of man most likely to be useful to such a speculator as Philip Sheldon. He was the very ideal of the "Promoter," the well-dressed, well-mannered gentleman beneath whose magic wand new companies arise as if by magic; the man who, without a sixpence in his own pocket, can set a small Pae-tolus flowing from the pockets of other people; the man who, content himself to live in humble second-floor at Chelsea, can point to gigantic hotels which are as the palaces of a monarch of Brobdignag, and say, "Lo, those arose at my bidding!" Mr. Sheldon was always on the alert

to discover any thing or any body likely to serve his own interest, either in the present or the future; and he came to the conclusion that Miss Paget's father was a person upon whom an occasional dinner might not be altogether thrown away.

"Take a chop with us to-morrow at six," he said, on parting from the Captain, "and then you can hear the two girls play and sing. They play remarkably well, I believe, from what other people tell me, but I am not a musical man myself."

Horatio Paget accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given. It is astonishing how genial and friendly these men of the world can be at the slightest imaginable notice. One can fancy the striped tigers of Bengal shaking paws in the jungle, the vultures hob-nobbing in a mountain cleft over the torn carcass of a stag, the kites putting their peaks together after dining on a nest of innocent doves.

"Then we shall expect to see you at sharp six," said Mr. Sheldon, "and your young friend Mr. Hawkehurst with you of course."

After this the two gentlemen departed; Valentine shook hands with Diana, and took a more ceremonious leave of Charlotte. George Sheldon threw away his chewed geranium-stalk in order to bid good evening to the sisters, and the little party walked to the garden-gate together.

"That Sheldon seems a very clever fellow," said Captain Paget, as he and Valentine walked towards the Park, which they had to cross on their way to Chelsea, where the Captain had secured a convenient lodging. "I wonder whether he is any relation to the Sheldon who is in with a low set of money-lenders?"

"What, the Sheldon of Gray's-inn?" exclaimed Mr. Hawkehurst. "We can easily find that out."

Horatio Paget and Valentine Hawkehurst were frequent visitors at the Lawn after that first evening. Mr. Sheldon found the Captain useful to him in the carrying out of certain business arrangements on more than one occasion, and the relations between the respectable stock-broker and the disreputable adventurer assumed a very friendly character. Diana wondered to see so spotless a citizen as Philip Sheldon hand-and-glove with her father. Mrs. Sheldon and Charlotte were delighted with the Captain and his protégé; these two penniless Bohemians were so much more agreeable to the feminine mind than the City men who were wont to sit in the dining-room slowly imbibing Mr. Sheldon's old port in the long summer evenings, while their wives endured the abomination of desolation with Georgy and Charlotte in the drawing-room. Captain Paget paid Mrs. Sheldon flowery compliments, and told her delightful stories of the aristocracy and all that shining West-end world with which he had once been familiar. Poor simple Georgy regarded him with that reverential awe which a middle-class country-bred woman is prone to feel for a man who bears upon him that ineffaceable stamp of high birth and good breeding, not to be destroyed by a half a century of degradation. Nor could Charlotte withhold her admiration from the man whose tone was so infinitely superior to that of all the other men she had encountered. In his darkest hour Captain Paget had found his best friends, or his easiest dupes, among women. It had gone hard with him when his dear friend had withheld the temporary accommodation of a five-pound note; but it had been much harder when his friend's wife had refused the loan of "a little silver."

Valentine Hawkehurst came very often to the Lawn; sometimes with his friend and patron, sometimes alone. He brought the young ladies small offerings in the way of a popular French novel fit for feminine perusal, or an occasional box for some theatre which had fallen upon evil days, and was liberal in the circulation of "paper." He met the two girls sometimes in their morning walks in Kensington-gardens, and walked with them in the leafy avenues, and only left them at the gate by which they departed. So much of his life was a listless waiting for the arising of new chances, that he had ample time

to waste in feminine society, and he seemed very well inclined to loiter away the leisure hours of existence in the companionship of Diana and her friend.

And was Miss Paget glad of his coming, and pleased to be in his company? Alas, no! The time had been, and only within a few months, when she had sickened for the sight of his familiar face, and fancied that the most exquisite happiness life could afford her would be to see him once more, any where, under any circumstances. She saw him now almost daily, and she was miserable. She saw him; but another woman had come between her and the man she loved; and now, if his voice took a softer tone, or if his eyes assumed a tender earnestness of expression, it might be Charlotte's influence which wrought the transformation. Who could say that it was not on Charlotte's account he came so often, and lingered so long? Diana looked at him sometimes with haggard angry eyes, which saw that it was Miss Halliday who absorbed his attention. It was Charlotte, — Charlotte, who was so bright and happy a creature that the coldest heart must needs have been moved and melted by her fascination. What was the cold patrician beauty of Miss Paget's face when compared with the changeful charm of this radiant girl, with the flashing gray eyes and piquant features, and all those artless caprices of manner which made her arch loveliness irresistible? Diana's heart grew sick and cold as she watched these two day by day, and saw the innocent school-girl's ascendancy over the adventurer. The attributes which made Charlotte charming were just those very attributes which Valentine Hawkehurst had been least accustomed to discover in the womankind he had hitherto encountered. He had seen beautiful women, elegant and fascinating women, without number; but this frank girlish nature, this happy childlike disposition, was entirely new to him. How should he have met bright childlike creatures in the pathways which he had trodden? For the first time in his life a fresh young heart revealed its treasures of purity and tenderness before his world-weary eyes, and his own heart was melted by the new influence. He had admired Diana; he had been touched by her girlish fancy for him, and had loved her as well as he had believed himself capable of loving any woman. But when Prudence and Honour counselled him to stifle and crush his growing affection for the beautiful companion of his wanderings, the struggle had involved no agony of regret or despair. He had told himself that no good could ever come of his love for Captain Paget's daughter, and he had put aside that love before it had taken any vital root in his heart. He had been very strong and resolute in this matter—resisting looks of sad surprise which would have melted a softer nature. And he had been proud of his own firmness. "Better for her, and better for me," he had said to himself; let her outlive her foolish school-girl fancies, and wait patiently till her beauty wins her a rich husband. As for me, I must marry some prosperous tradesman's widow, if I ever marry at all."

The influence of the world in which his life had been spent had degraded Valentine Hawkehurst, and had done much to harden him; and yet he was not altogether hard. He discovered his own weakness very soon after the beginning of his acquaintance with Mr. Sheldon's step-daughter. He knew very well that if he had been no fitting lover for Diana Paget, he was still less a fitting lover for Charlotte Halliday. He knew that though it might suit Mr. Sheldon's purpose to make use of the Captain and himself as handy instruments for the accomplishment of somewhat dirty work, he would be the very last man to accept one of those useful instruments as a husband for his step-daughter. He knew all this; and knew that, apart from all worldly considerations, there was an impassable gulf between himself and Charlotte. What could there be in common between the unprincipled companion of Horatio Paget and this innocent girl, whose darkest sin had been a neglected lesson or an ill-written exercise? If he could have given her a home and a position, an untarnished name

and respectable associations, he would even yet have been unworthy of her affection, unable to assure her happiness.

"I am a scoundrel and an adventurer," he said to himself in his most contemptuous spirit. "If some benevolent fairy were to give me the brightest home that was ever created for man, and Charlotte for my wife, I daresay I should grow tired of my happiness in a week or two, and go out some night to look for a place where I could play billiards and drink beer. Is there any woman upon this earth who could render my existence supportable without billiards and beer?"

Knowing himself much better than the Grecian philosopher seemed to think it possible for human nature to know itself, Mr. Hawkehurst decided that it was his bounden duty, both for his own sake and that of the young lady in question, to keep clear of the house in which Miss Halliday lived, and the avenue in which she was wont to walk. He told himself this a dozen times a day, and yet he made his appearance at the Lawn whenever he had the poorest shadow of an excuse for going there; and it seemed as if the whole business of his life lay at the two ends of Charlotte's favourite avenue, so often did he find himself called upon to perambulate that especial thoroughfare. He knew that he was weak and foolish and dishonourable; he knew that he was sowing the dragon's teeth from which were to spring up armed demons that would rend and tear him. But Charlotte's eyes were unspeakably bright and bewitching, and Charlotte's voice was very sweet and tender. A thrilling consciousness that he was not altogether an indifferent person in Charlotte's consideration, had possessed him of late when he found himself in that young lady's society and a happiness which had hitherto been strange to him gave a new zest to his purposeless life.

He still affected the old indifference of manner, the idle listless tone of a being who has finished with all the joys and sorrows, affections and aspirations of the world in which he lives. But the pretence had of late become a very shallow one. In Charlotte's presence he was eager and interested in spite of himself; childishly eager about the veriest trifles which interested her. Love had taken up the glass of Time; and the days and hours were reckoned by a new standard; every thing in the world had suffered some wondrous change, which Valentine Hawkehurst tried in vain to understand. The very earth upon which he walked had undergone some mystic process of transformation; the very streets of London were new to him. He had known Kensington-gardens from his boyhood; but not those enchanted avenues of beech and elm in which he walked with Charlotte. In the plainest and most commonplace phraseology, Mr. Hawkehurst had fallen in love. This penniless adventurer, who at eight-and-twenty years of age was steeped to the lips in the worst experiences of a very indifferent world, found himself all at once hanging upon the words and living upon the looks of an ignorant school-girl.

The discovery that he was capable of this tender weakness had an almost overwhelming effect upon Mr. Hawkehurst. He was ashamed of this touch of humanity; this foolish affection which had awakened all that was purest and best in nature that had been so long abandoned to degrading influences. For some time he fought resolutely against that which he considered his folly; but the training which had made him the master of many a perplexing position had not given him the mastery over his own inclinations; and when he found that Charlotte's society had become the grand necessity of his life, he abandoned himself to his fate without further resistance. He let himself drift with the tide that was so much stronger than himself; and if there were breakers ahead, or fatal rocks lurking invisible beneath the blue waters, he must take his chance. His frail bark must go to pieces when her time came. In the meanwhile it was so delicious to float upon the summer sea, that a man could afford to forget future possibilities in the way of rocks and quicksands.

Miss Paget had known very few pleasures in the course of her unearned-for youth; but she hitherto had experienced no such anguish as that which she had now to endure in her daily intercourse with Valentine and Charlotte. She underwent her martyrdom bravely, and no prying eye discovered the sufferings which her proud nature supported in silence. "Who takes any heed of my feelings, or cares whether I am glad or sorry?" she thought; "he does not."

CHAPTER VI.—THE COMPACT OF GRAY'S INN.

The sands which ran so swiftly in the glass which that bright young urethra Love had wrested from the hand of grim old Time, ran with an almost equal swiftness in the hour-glasses of lodging-house keepers and trades-people, and the necessities of every day demanded perpetual exertion on the part of Mr. Hawkehurst, let Charlotte's eyes be never so bright, and Charlotte's society never so dear. For Captain Paget and his protégé there was no such thing as rest; and no ingenious Captain took care that the greater part of the labour should be performed by Valentine, while the lion's share of the spoil was pounced upon by the ready paw of the noble Horatio. Just now he found his pupil unusually plastic, unusually careless of his own interests, and ready to serve his master with agreeable blindness.

Since that awkward little affair at Forêt-de-chêne, that tiresome entanglement about a King of spades which had put in an appearance at a moment when no such monarch was to be expected, Captain Paget had obtained the means of existence in a manner which was almost respectable, if not altogether honest; for it is not to be supposed that honesty and respectability are by any means synonymous terms. It was only by the exercise of superhuman address that the Captain had extricated himself from that perplexing predicament at the Belgian watering-place; and it may be that the unpleasant experiences of that particular evening were not without a salutary effect upon the adventurer's future plans.

"It was touch-and-go work, Val," he said to his companion; "and if I hadn't carried matters with a high hand, and sprung my position as an officer in the English service upon those French ruffians, I don't know where it would have ended."

"It might have come to a metallic ornamentation of the ankle, and some amiable 444, who has murdered his grandmother with a red-hot poker and extenuating circumstances, for your companion," murmured Valentine. "I wouldn't try it on with that supererogatory king again on this side of the Channel, if I were you."

The Captain bestowed a freezing look on his flippant protégé, and then commenced a very grave discussion of future ways and means, which ended in an immediate departure for Paris, where the two men entered upon an unpretentious career in the commercial line as agents and travellers for the patentees of an improved kind of gutta serena, which material was supposed to be applicable to every imaginable purpose, from the sole of an infant's boot to the roof of a cathedral. There are times when genius must stoop to pick up its daily pittance; and for twelve months the elegant Horatio Paget was content to devote his best energies to the perpetual praise of the Incorrodible and Indestructible and Incombustible India-rubber, in consideration of a very modest percentage on his commercial transactions in that material. To exert the persuasive eloquence of a Burke or a Thurlow in order to induce a man to roof his new warehouses with a fabric which you are aware will be torn into ribbons by the first run of stormy weather, for the sake of obtaining two-and-a-half per cent on his investment, may not be in accordance with the honourable notions of a Bayard, and yet in a commercial sense may be strictly correct. It was only when Captain Paget had made a comfortable little purse out of his percentage upon the Incorrodible and Incombustible that he discovered the extreme degradation of his position as agent and traveller. He determined on returning to the land of his birth. Joint-stock companies were beginning

to multiply in the commercial world at this period; and wherever there are many schemes for the investment of public capital, there is room for such a man as Horatio Paget; a man who, with the aid of a hired brougham, can inspire confidence in the breast of the least daring speculator.

The Captain came, accompanied as usual by that plastic tool and subaltern, Valentine Hawkehurst, who, being afflicted with a chronic weariness of everything in life, was always eager to abandon any present pursuit in favour of the vaguest contingency, and to shake off the dust of any given locality from his vagabond feet. Captain Paget and his protégé came to London, where a fortunate combination of circumstances threw them in the way of Mr. Sheldon.

The alliance which arose between that gentleman and the Captain opened a fair prospect for the latter. Mr. Sheldon was interested in the formation of a certain joint-stock company, but had his own reasons for not wishing to be identified with it. A stalking horse is by no means a difficult kind of animal to procure in the cattle-fairs of London; but a stalking-horse whose paces are sufficiently showy and imposing—a high-stepper, of thoroughbred appearance, and a mouth sensitively alive to the lightest touch of the curb, easy to ride or drive, warranted neither a kicker nor a holter—is a quadruped of rare excellence not to be met with every day. Just such a stalking-horse was Captain Paget; and Mr. Sheldon lost no time in putting him into action. It is scarcely necessary to say that the stockbroker trusted his new acquaintance only so far as it was absolutely necessary to trust him, or that the Captain and the stockbroker thoroughly understood each other without affecting to do so. For Horatio Paget the sun of prosperity arose in unaccustomed splendour. He was able to pay for his lodgings, and was an eminently respectable person in the eyes of his landlord. He enjoyed the daily use of a neatly-appointed brougham, in which only the most practised eye could discover the taint of the livery stable. He dined sumptuously at fashionable restaurants, and wore the freshest of lavender gloves, the most delicate of waxen heath-blossoms or creamy-tinted exotics in the button-hole of his faultless coat.

While the chief flourished, the subaltern was comparatively idle. The patrician appearance and manners of the Captain were a perennial source of profit to that gentleman; but Valentine Hawkehurst had not a patrician appearance; and the work which Mr. Sheldon found for him was of a more uncertain and less profitable character than that which fell to the share of the elegant Horatio. But Valentine was content. He shared the Captain's lodging, though he did not partake of the Captain's dinners or ride in the smart little brougham. He had a roof to shelter him, and was rarely unprovided with the price of some kind of dinner; and as this was the highest order of prosperity he had ever known, he was content. He was more than content; for the first time in his existence he knew what it was to be happy. A purer joy than life had ever held for him until now made him careless whether his dinner cost eighteen pence or eighteen shillings; whether he rode in the most perfect of broughams or walked in the mud. He took no heed for the future; he forgot the past, and abandoned himself heart and soul to the new delights of the present.

Never had Philip Sheldon found so willing a tool, so cheap a drudge. Valentine was ready to do any thing or every thing for Charlotte's stepfather, since his relations with that gentleman enabled him to spend so much of his life with Charlotte.

(To be continued)

"ELIA."—Mr. Moxon, the London publisher, has brought out a new edition of the "Essays of Elia," and advertises it with the following notice: "This edition possesses the Dedication, and Lamb's explanation of his pseudonym, now published for the first time; all other editions are therefore incomplete."

TABERNACLE LODGE.

THERE are mysteries that may be guessed; mysteries that may be guessed at; and, finally, mysteries that will never be guessed at all. The interpretation of many a dark enigma that, in its time, moved the hearts of thousands with a curiosity almost painful, lies in the secret-keeping earth, the component elements indistinguishable dust. Nothing, perhaps, remains but the recollection of a sort of confused drama, played in snatches, out of earshot, by very-much-in-earnest actors, till the curtain ceased to rise, and there was only silence, and a taste of tears.

It was—unless we accept the one solution which will be offered at the end—a mystery of this last description that, nearly a century ago, in the little hamlet of Holyton, between Garcoch and Thankerton, in Westmoreland, supplied food for conjecture not only to the dwellers in that sequestered neighbourhood, but the country at large.

Holyton, in the last century, was but an irregular clump of little detached dwellings, nestling in the bend of a valley, and holding itself coyly aloof from the rest of the world. The highway from Garcoch to Thankerton passed within a mile, and, as if suddenly remembering that there was such a place as Holyton, shot off a by-road—slimy and forbidding enough—in search of it.

Holyton's wants were few, and its one little shop went near—with the exception of meat—to supply all the essential needs of life. There were no poor in the village. At least one-half of the limited population were Quakers. Those who were not of that brotherhood were accustomed to walk four long miles to their place of worship at Thankerton; and this little Sunday procession—sole link between Holyton and the world—afforded to its contented people all the excitement they desired.

There was one exception to this habitual non-intercourse with the rest of mankind, comprising an excitement the quiet folk did not desire—and that was the periodical visits of Nin Small, a travelling tinker, a man of savage aspect, of colossal size, of bellicose propensities, and of temper when in his cups, which can only be compared to that of a bull, naturally irritable, exasperated by toothache. Mr. Small was reported to be of gipsy descent. He had, indeed, not attempted to conceal that his ancestors had been lords of Little Egypt, until expelled by the Saracens on account of their Christian faith, which, notwithstanding, they seemed somehow to have left behind them. Mr. Small's manifest short-comings in this particular, not to speak of his unstable temper, caused great uneasiness at Holyton; but the carnal aid he afforded—for he was a first-rate and most expeditious workman—was too valuable to be lost. Moreover he was an embodied news-letter. Great was the mass of tidings, six months old, he had to relate; and no sooner was the burly ruffian, with his barrow seen tramping up the little-frequented thoroughfare, than it was who should catch him first—tired, indeed, and thirsty, but fairly civil, and full of news and work. The joy, in fact, at his arrival, was only surpassed by that which hailed his departure!

Quaker houses are proverbially neat; but the last, and largest, cottage in the village, where resided a widow, Dorcas Hodgkin, and her little daughter, was both neat and pretty. Hodgkin had met with some reverse of fortune, followed quickly by his death, leaving his wife and child in circumstances that threatened to compel them to part with the home endeared to them by the recollection of many tranquil days. There seemed but one alternative, and that Dorcas did not like. But it did not matter, for the chance of finding a satisfactory lodger, at a place so secluded as Holyton, seemed beyond the pale of hope.

It happened that old Adam Parslet, who inhabited one of the smaller tenements, had crept out into his very diminutive garden, and, while pottering among his lettucees, became aware of a horse's rump and the astounding phenomenon of a stranger passing through the village, leading his horse by the bridle.

Casting impatient glances right and left, the stranger desisted Adam, and halting, leaned upon the piling.

"Ho, there, old Adam!"

"Thou knowest my name?" said the old man, in some surprise.

"I see your occupation, which was Adam's," replied the stranger, with a sneer. "Is there never a forge at hand? See how my good horse is lamed by your cursed roads."

"Execration will little mend them, friend, and may do thee self very grievous hurt," said Adam.

The stranger uttered a short hollow laugh.

Adam noticed that his face was very thin and pale, and his eye somewhat sunken. The features, however, were cast in a refined mould and but for their expression, which, when it was not one of profound melancholy, smacked of disdain, he might have been esteemed a sufficiently personable man, of about thirty. His hair fell in jetty ringlets over the collar and cape of his riding-coat, which, like the rest of his dress, was of fine material. His horse was a magnificent roadster—one of those for which, in days when this manly mode of travel was in vogue, no price was considered too high. Pistols in the holsters, and a small valise strapped to the back of the saddle, completed the ordinary equipment of a well-to-do traveller of the time.

"Good morrow to thee, John the less," said old Purslet to a Quaker youth, who passed and smiled to him.

"Are ye all 'ducks in this neighbourhood?" inquired the stranger.

"If by 'ducks' thee meanest Friends, hadst thee not better say so," returned Adam Purslet, "seeing that the term hath not obtained among us?"

The traveller repeated his sepulchral laugh, and again inquired, with some impatience, whether a forge existed in the neighbourhood.

Adam replied that there was none nearer than Thankerton, at which the stranger croaked a laugh.

And John the less, who had lingered near, regretted that Nin Small was not just then at hand, as he that restored Dorcas Hodgkin's boiler to a condition rather better than new, could surely construct a horse's temporary shoe.

"When would this Tubal Cain return?" inquired the traveller.

"If thee hast studied thy Bible only to devise ill-fitting names, I have fear of thy condition, friend," said Adam.

"When, I ask you, will this fellow be back hither?" repeated the stranger, with a raised voice.

"We look for him very shortly," said the lesser John.

"To-day?"

"In four months," said John, cheerfully.

The traveller turned his sunken eyes upon them, for a moment, in silence. Then, as suddenly resolved, he said:

"Good. I'll wait for him."

"Thou hast more patience than I should have believed of thee," remarked the plain-spoken Adam. "Wait four months to have thy poor beast shod, rather than put him to pain? I stand rebuked before thee."

"The place seems quiet as the grave," the stranger remarked, looking up and down the little street, in which no sign of life was visible. "I need repose and stillness. Is there any house of entertainment or lodging in this—what d'ye call it?—Holyton?"

Inn there was none. As for lodging—Adam hesitated, for he knew that Dorcas Hodgkin had conceived the idea of accepting an inmate, could such be found, in preference to abandoning her much-cherished home. Yet something seemed to whisper him that the strange, pale pilgrim, who wanted repose and stillness, would not prove an eligible tenant. Nevertheless, the conscientious Adam could not deny that the prettiest cottage in the place stood in need of a lodger; and, as the stranger, noticing his hesitation, pressed him on the subject, but a few minutes elapsed before Mrs. Hodgkin had to descend and give audience to an unexpected visitor.

No record of the dialogue was preserved, excepting that the stranger, on learning the proposed rent, produced a bundle of notes, and was with difficulty prevented from paying two years in advance. With regard to references, he had observed that, though he was not in the habit of carrying about his character in his pocket, he would obtain one, by an early post from the metropolis, of such a nature as to occasion the most poignant regret to the Friends among whom he hoped henceforth to sojourn, that he did not actually belong to their fraternity.

Gentle Dorcas Hodgkin thought little of the scarcely covert sneer, for, strange to say, the face and manner that had so unfavourably impressed neighbour Purslet, had, upon her, the precisely opposite effect. She saw, in her intending lodger, a man aged before his time by mental and bodily ills of no common kind. His soft voice and most melancholy smile conveyed, she thought, an appeal for that sympathy only the more precious to haughty natures because it is not sought in words. Even his curious hollow laugh exacted pity, for it told something about the chest and lungs which might require more than repose and solitude to set it right.

Thus it came to pass that the stranger, who announced that his name was Lopré, took up his abode at Tabernacle Lodge, and began, without delay, to reap opinions of the most audacious nature from all sorts of men. His merit, it must be admitted, was of a negative character. He bore himself like a man of breeding, and he did no harm. Some baggage, including sundry huge brown books secured with brazen clasps, arrived from southwards, and the bringer took back Monsieur Lopré's horse, to be sold, for what he would fetch, at a neighbouring fair.

Monsieur Lopré, who was French in nothing but his name, turned out, in fact, the pearl of lodgers. He gave so little trouble, that Dorcas felt almost dissatisfied. There was no channel of approach by which she and little Ruth—her mother's active and interested ally—could make known to the solitary man the sympathy they felt for his evidently failing health and broken spirits. He ate little, and drank less. A slice of brown bread and a cup of cream for breakfast, an omelette or a couple of rashers of farm-bacon for dinner, appeared to be the objects of his choice; but if, for these, a dish of tom-tits or a stewed squirrel had been substituted, Dorcas felt, with a heavy heart, that her lodger would have accomplished his meal with unchanged indifference. His time seemed to be about equally divided between eager study of his mighty books and meditative wanderings—sometimes protracted far into the night—among the dense neglected woods that, beginning just without the village, clothed the adjacent slopes for miles around.

Some weeks had elapsed in this fashion, when Dorcas's interest in her singular guest was increased by hearing, as she fancied, sounds of deep distress issuing from his chamber. This occurred more and more frequently; and, though it was manifest to the listener that every effort was being made by the unhappy man to suppress these tokens of suffering, it was equally clear that his anguish, whatever its nature, could not be tamed to silence. At such times he would move about the room for an hour together, until, apparently exhausted, he would sink heavily upon the couch, when choking sobs and half-articulate ejaculations bore testimony to the tempest that continued to rage within.

On one of these occasions—it was about noon—Dorcas was passing his door, when an exclamation struck her ear, having so much the tone of actual corporal suffering, that, acting upon womanly impulse, she opened the door and went in.

Lopré was seated at the table, reading. He had one of his great books open before him, over which, as she entered, he spread his handkerchief, and he gazed at Dorcas with an air of indifferent question, so well and hastily assumed, that, but for his still quivering lip and the drops that stood upon his brow, she might have fancied her ears had been deceived. As it was, murmuring an apology, she withdrew.

Ruth could not scold her mother; but she did hazard the undutiful remark that, had she been in that mother's place, she would have ventured more.

Ruth was a very pretty little damsel of ten, beyond her years in intelligence, and the most precise of little puritans. She dressed, and endeavoured to demean herself, exactly like her mother. She had the self-possession of middle age, and her remarks were often more in harmony with that period of life than with her own. She was, perhaps, the only creature in the village who had never experienced that mysterious feeling, not absolutely unmingled with fear with which Monsieur Lopré, with his eccentric habits, haughty demeanour, and unspoken griefs, was beginning to be viewed. But the child's heart was sorry for the lonely man, and the wistful expression of her soft blue eyes, as she occasionally ministered to his wants, had attracted the notice of the recluse, and perhaps induced him to break his habitual silence, and exchange a word or two with his little attendant.

One morning they met upon the stairs:

"Here's a letter for thee, Augustus," said Ruth, and put it in his hand.

"You have learned my name, my little maid?"

"'Augustus' is on thy letter," observed Ruth, in a tone of gentle reprobation. "If that be thy baptismal name, thou shouldst have told us sooner, Augustus. Thou needs not to hide what is fit and true."

"Are you not a marvellous little atom, to lecture an elder thus?" said Lopré, much amused.

"I have more to say to thee still," said Ruth, calmly.

"Say on, little grandmother. I hear," replied the lodger, opening his letter with an agitated hand.

"I do not like thy ways."

"What?" exclaimed Lopré, in a tone so fierce, that poor little Ruth turned pale, and began to lose heart. But she made an effort, and added:

"It—it—is—for thy own sake, Augustus. Thou art not happy, and I fear thou art not in the way to be so. Thou hast not once attended thy steeple-house—and—"

"Steeple-house! Walk ten miles to hear some droning booby misquote other idiots' dreams?"

"I would not counsel thee to go for such a purpose," said Ruth, "but that thou mightest, peradventure, be stirred to prayer. Augustus, thou neglectest that exercise. Canst thou say thy catechism?"

"My catechism and thine are different, my pretty little saint," said Lopré, with a grin that made his cadaverous face more ghastly still. "But, see, you must scold me no more to-day. We are going to be busy, for once. Say to your mother that I look for a friend to dine with me. This letter warns me he will be here at six, evening. He is young, and rich, and self-indulgent, and will look for a delicate repast. Spare no cost. Here's money." He put a purse of guineas in her hand. "For the wine, I will take care of that."

"Doth the stranger rest here?" inquired Ruth. "He—rests—yes—no—that is, he will depart late to-night," replied Lopré, with some confusion of manner.

But Ruth's hospitable thoughts were now in the ascendant, and, after another word or two of necessary directions from Lopré, she tripped away to her mother.

According to the accounts subsequently collected, it was near dusk when the expected guest cantered up the village street, and dismounting at Tabernacle Lodge, threw his rein to John the less, who, as the least employed member of the community, was often made of use when help was needed.

The age of the new comer seemed hardly to exceed eighteen. He was a very handsome youth, but pale and dissipated-looking, and a somewhat heavy eye and languid gait told too plainly of the inevitable tax that debauchery and excess had begun to levy upon a frame and constitution intended by nature for long and vigorous life.

The friends greeted each other with great cor-

diality, embracing, and—as was not unusual—kissing each other on the cheek, after which Lopré led his young guest to a chamber, and while the latter made some change in his toilet, busied himself in preparing the materials for what promised to be a convivial evening.

The resources of both Garcosh and Thankerton had been taxed for that supper, the like of which had never been heard of in Holyton; but the kindly Dorcas was glad to see her mournful-tenant roused and cheered, and did her utmost to gratify the epicurean visitor.

It is to be inferred that she succeeded, for the mirth and merriment that began from the moment the stranger rejoined his host ceased not for hours to startle the quiet Friends of the immediate vicinity with unseemly shout and song. The younger reveler had a sweet and musical voice, and the lyrics he selected, though, being—perhaps fortunately—in the French tongue, their purport was to the listeners unintelligible, sounded pleasant to the ear; and, judging from the incessant croak of Lopré's laughter, afforded to that gentleman, at least, unmitigated satisfaction.

One thing, to the credit of the latter, was observable—that, whenever little Ruth was present, he exercised a certain control over his companion's wild and reckless talk, and once, when the young libertine, attracted by the little damsel's extreme beauty, began to address her with silly words, Lopré silenced him with a look no man could misunderstand.

When at length they came forth, which was not till long after moonrise, and the guest's horse, in the custody of the lesser John, was heard pawing at the gate, the youth showed fewer signs of the carouse than did the far more temperate entertainer. The latter looked flushed, was agitated, and had his arm round his friend's shoulder. Was it in affection, or to steady his own steps?

"Farewell, my Frank," he said, as his friend put foot in the stirrup.

The young man looked up to the star-sown sky. The light Ruth was holding full upon his upflashed face, and showed it curiously grave and pale.

"I mean to be guided by that star," he said, "and it has gone out. How singular!"

"Most of her sisters will have followed suit before you get through the wood," said Lopré. "But you cannot miss the way. None have done so yet."

"What the devil do you mean by giving a fellow God-speed in such a tone as that? I—I tell you what, Augustus," he added, irresolutely, "I am loth to part with you so soon, and I—"

"You shall not, then," interrupted Lopré. "I'll walk beside, and put you in the way. My cloak and hat, Ruth."

She brought them, and the stranger leading his horse, they walked away together.

"Thy friend hath forgotten his weapons of wrath, and I am glad of it, Augustus," said little Ruth, next morning, suddenly exhibiting a pair of pistols.

Lopré gave a quick start, and the colour rose to his brow, as he snatched them from her.

"I marvel not that he was ashamed of them in a house of peace, and so hid them beneath thy reading-chair," continued the little damsel, with some severity.

Lopré laughed, and the circumstance was forgotten.

Frank's visit seemed to work a remarkable change for the better in the tenant of Tabernacle Lodge. He gained colour and flesh. His appetite improved. He was cheerful—almost sociable. No accents of truth were heard, as before, issuing from his chamber. He delighted in Ruth, and held long bantering conversations with her—sometimes opposing her arguments and exhortations, sometimes exhibiting tokens of most suspiciously sudden conversion.

It was probably about three months after Frank's visit, that the appearance of Ninian Small—that de-red yet de-ivided tinker—roused Holyton from its accustomed torpor. Having been absent somewhat longer than usual, Nin had his hands full, and it was not till the close of the fourth day that he had leisure to commence

the drunken orgie that, surely as day follows night, succeeded his intervals of labour.

It was customary with the quaker portion of the community, as soon as it was satisfactorily ascertained that Mr. Small was drunk, to withdraw into their respective tabernacles or dwellings, and make the entrances thereto as secure as possible. But, at present, Nin was in a stage so little advanced as to be harmless company, and more than one Friend lingered round the spot where Mr. Small, seated upon an inverted bucket—which he preferred to any description of chair hitherto in use—amused a knot of villagers with news from London.

He had got through his political budget, and come to subjects of a miscellaneous character, in which may be termed court and criminal gossip, bore a considerable share, and mightily interested the listening circle. It must be confessed that Mr. Small kept his imagination under no very stern control, and when he found, from the open mouths and eyes about him, that he had got hold of a good thing, usually went in for what would, in this age, be called "sensation."

"Ses the king—God bless'n' (hats, except those of the Friends, removed), 'ses he, 'I'll nivir stand it, Charlotte, d'ye mind me? I won't. He's my godson, is George Frank. Bein' a saviourin and a godfather, my parlyment shall offer a 'ansum reward. Twenty Pounds."

'Come, that worn't extravagant, for a Lord,' growled a bystander. "But he never come back?"

"Never more heard on," said Ninian. "He had spent all his fortune. But his jewels, his nags, his piccers, his— Well, whatever else my lord took his pleasures in, they was kft, as if he meant to come back next day. Five pounds was added to the reward (parwad'n he was found murdered), and—here's the bill—no 'tain't—I spiled it w' a sausage—but it was gir' out that, 'Whereas the Lord George Francis Olliphant had disappeared, aged eighteen, and nobody know'd what the devil had become of him, but thought that a cruel, barbarous, and detestable murder had been committed on his carcase—thus here reward, exetterer. GEORGE REX."

The recital of this important and authentic document justified a pause and a draught, the former short, the latter long, after which Mr. Small resumed:

"He had been heard by his vally to say he were invited to visit an old friend, whose name he didn't mention, and which lived nowhere about. Consequently, it was thought to be one Captain Gullayne, a very nice gentleman indeed, but unlucky at play, and had took, it was thought, to the road. The captain, bein' advertised in the Flyin' Postman, tellin' him a aunt had died at an advanced age, and left him a legacy, declined to answer—and was accordingly described. Fifty guineas reward. He was a pale, thin,—a pale—a th—"

The speaker's voice faltered, and became inarticulate. His massive jaw dropped, and his great eyes seemed glued to some object without the circle. It was the face of Lopré, steady and white as the moonlight, exactly fronting him.

"Go on, my worthy friend," he said, quietly. "The description. You have it in your pouch."

"Tis lost—be cursed to it," said the tinker, sullenly. But he ceased to fumble in his pocket, and suddenly changed his subject and his manner together. Swallowing another hasty draught, he rose, and, with a powerful kick, sent the bucket spanging among the shins of his audience.

"There's enough of stories!" he bellowed, "more ale, there. Hilloo for a rouse?"

And Mr. Small, throwing his gigantic person into an attitude that might be accepted either as an invitation to drink or fight, gave notice by this gesture that the moment had arrived when the lovers of peace and order might gracefully retire.

Two or three Friends could be seen slipping away, like rabbits to their burrows, and even the "Tip us a stave, Jehosaphat!" addressed to one of them, as he trundled off, failed to arrest that gentleman's flight. Lopré had passed on his way, and there remained only two or three rough fellows who were accustomed, so long as

their means permitted, to share the potations of the convivial Small.

Ninian continued to drink and roar, but evinced a less social disposition than usual, and finally staggered away, forbidding his friends to follow. But, first, leaning—or, rather, falling—against the shoulder of the nearest, he managed to blurt out the question:

"Where do 'e live?"

"Who live?" inquired his friend.

"Pale face—gellyman—" explained Mr. Small.

The other informed him, adding, however, that the party in question was, probably, at this moment, in accordance with his well-known habit, rambling in the woods.

Mr. Small thrust his friend from him, playfully indeed, but so forcibly, that the latter receded some paces and fell, being asked at the same time, what the something he meant by leaning upon him, Small? This done, Ninian tacked away in the direction of the woods. As he went, his muddled brain wrestled with a little sum.

"Fifty guineas—and t-twenty pounds is—s-sev-enty pou—nef mind th'od shill—and fipounmore—make handern—I must have it all— all— Stay, where's Scripsion?" But he had blundered into the wood-path, and could no longer see at all.

Lopré had not taken his accustomed way. He had gone slowly home. At the gate he found Dorcas, with a pale and anxious expression on her usually composed features, watching and listening. The poor woman did not attempt to conceal her uneasiness. Little Ruth, who was in the habit of going twice a week to a farmhouse, nearly a mile distant, across an angle of the woods, Ruth, who should have returned two hours since, had not made her appearance.

While she was yet speaking, the disturbance made by the brawling tinker reached their ears, and a neighbour, who passed, told Dorcas that the ruffian had reeled away, mad with drink, towards the woods.

The mother turned whiter yet—and made a faint step in the direction indicated.

"He is a savage creature, in these seasons of drink," she said, "he might not even respect my innocent. I'll—"

Lopré touched her arm.

"Have no fear. I will seek her," he said, and strode away.

"Thee wilt be careful of theeself, too," cried Dorcas, after him. "Strive not, if thou canst help it, lest he proves stronger than thou."

Lopré turned his face in acknowledgment of this discreet counsel, but his short hollow laugh was the only reply.

Ruth, fearless little messenger, had been delayed far beyond her usual time, but, nevertheless, refused all escort, and was already half through the darker portion of her way, when she became conscious of the approach of the drunken giant, who, swaying about his mighty arms, and roaring fragments of a ribald song, appeared to be seeking an outlet from the wood. Suddenly, as if abandoning the effort, he flung himself down at the side of the path.

Ruth hoped he would go to sleep.

"Then," she thought, "I can slip by."

After a pause of some minutes, the attempt was made. But, unhappily, Mr. Small was not only awake, but active. If Ruth had walked coolly past, it is possible he might not have molested her, but the manifest purpose of escape acted as an incentive. He made a swoop at the little sitting figure, and clutched her dress. Ruth shrieked, for she had an intense dislike and dread of the man.

"Stop your something screeching, you something'd little something!" growled Small, tossing her from one arm to the other, as though she were a doll. "Kiss me, or I'll drown yo in the ditch! What, scratch me, will ye?" bellowed the infuriated ruffian, "then, here goes."

He lifted her high in the air, with what fell purpose who can say? for at that instant the child uttered another cry.

"Ah! Augustus! Dost thou see?"

A hand of steel was twisted in his neckerchief. Another hand caught Ruth as she fell, fo. the

arms and knees of the drunken man relaxed, and, after a second struggle, his ponderous frame remained an inert mass in his assailant's grasp.

Poor Ruth was smoothing her ruffled plumes: "I thank thee. The Lord bless thee, Augustus! But oh, Augustus, he is choking! Loose thy hand. Thou must not slay the violent uncouth man."

"Quick, then, child—bring water. There's some in the ditch behind us," cried Lopré, impatiently.

But the merciless gripe did not relax—no, not while Lopré's other hand searched the wretch's pocket, and drew out the printed "Description"—until Ruth, with her handkerchief saturated like a sponge with water, ran back to his side. Together they untied his neckcloth, threw open the rugged chest, and sprinkled water on the face and head, but one of them knew full well that the ocean itself and a college of doctors to boot, could not restore one gasp to Nimian Small.

"It is drink, not I, that did this—the sottish hound!" said Lopré, as he rose from his knees and, with little ceremony, pushed the body from the road. "Home, now, my little maid. We must report at once what has happened."

He took the child's hand and led her, tottering and horror-stricken, home to the village.

Great, as may be supposed, was the disturbance created by this untoward event, and the proceedings of the district coroner in reference to it. Opinions were divided as to the actual cause of death, but not as to the innocence of Lopré of any homicidal intention (who was there to say how long and how fiercely the death-gripe continued?). Violent passion—sudden effusion of blood upon the already stupefied brain—accidental injury—the clubbed wits of a sapient twelve, and an admirable conclusion—"Homicide by misadventure."

If Dorcas Hodgkin had followed the bent of her secret inclination, she would have requested her pearl of a lodger, absolved though he was, to seek another home. However blameless in intention—and something whispered that was not too certain—he had slain a man, and Tabernacle Lodge was not precisely the city of refuge she could have desired. Often did she resolve to speak, and as often did the careworn melancholy face appeal to the good woman's sympathies and transform her suggestion that he should change his abiding-place into the expression of a hope that he was comfortable where he was. Ah! that she had acted upon the first wholesome thought!

There was another reason for permitting him to remain. Since the tragical affair in the wood, Ruth's interest in their lodger had increased tenfold. Not for an instant did the little maiden doubt that, under Providence, she owed her life to his timely interposition, and how could she repay him better than by redoubling her care for his soul? She took him firmly in hand, and, if patient listening and indulgent acquiescence be tokens of conversion, Ruth had every reason to be content with her disciple. The latter, on his part, seemed to grow ever more and more attached to his little friend, and could not bear that she should be many hours together out of his sight. He was fond, but never familiar, treating her very much as a well-grown child might treat a governess, young in years, but honourable by virtue of her office. They occasionally strolled through the woods together, and, at the period at which we now arrive—that is to say, about eight months subsequent to the death of the tinker, Small—this had grown to be almost a daily custom.

Lopré's health had declined somewhat rapidly of late. What was worse, the tokens of some gnawing affliction, bodily or mental, or both, had returned, and sobs and half-stifled ejaculations of the sufferer often broke upon the midnight silence of Tabernacle Lodge. The only seasons of relief appeared to be those in which the two singularly assorted friends lost themselves in the mazes of the wood, and the sulminating peace was when, seated under some old tree, Ruth's sweet voice would dwell upon that eternal rest to which her innocent heart panted to direct her hearer's.

A terrible incident suddenly occurred. Little

Ruth, who had gone out, at noon, on one of her farm-house journeys, was brought home, in the arms of two labouring men, frightfully injured, unconscious, and plainly dying. The men had found her lying, as if asleep, within a few yards of the very spot at which Nimian Small had met his violent end. The child lay in an easy attitude of rest, her dress composed, not a hair disordered, no soil, no scratch, no sign of violent usage; but closer examination revealed the evidence of a heavy blow on the back of the skull, and a deep puncture in the chest, which seemed to have bled internally.

The mother's shriek, as she realised the fatal truth, rang through the house. As it died away, the ghastly face of Lopré peered forth from his chamber-door, as in inquiry. Dorcas saw him, and her frenzy took a different turn.

"Begone, man of evil!—man of blood!" cried the bewildered woman, in her anguish. "It is thou—surely thou—that bring'st this trouble on us. Look, look! Mine innocent!"

Lopré made a step forward.

"I—I? What does she mean? What has happened? Who is—is dead?"

"Nobody said she was *dead* but you," said one of the men, with gruff pity. "But she was hard struck—and such a little one!"

They told him what had happened.

Lopré's face could not look more corpse-like; but his quivering lips betrayed his emotion, and could scarcely enunciate words:

"Has she spoken?"

Being answered in the negative, he staggered back into his room, and closed the door.

A silence, almost of the grave, reigned in that sorrowful house during several hours. Then a voice, almost awful in the hush, and the abrupt breaking of it, said, at Lopré's door:

"She has spoken."

"And—then?" gasped a choking voice within.

"She calls for thee."

Like one walking in a frightful dream, Lopré came forth and followed Dorcas into Ruth's little chamber. The dying child lay with her face towards the door, and the large heavy eyes grew brighter as he entered. The little hand made a feeble gesture, in obedience to which, and a whisper to her mother, the latter requested the doctor and others who were present to retire, herself accompanying them beyond the door.

What precisely passed was never ascertained, and our narrative can only be framed in harmony with the singular surmise hereafter to be mentioned.

"I rejoice that thou art come. Kneel beside me, Augustus, for none but God must hear us now," said Ruth. "I have been wondering why thou didst raise thy hand against so weak a thing as I; one who loved thee heartily, Augustus, and ever strove to minister to thy welfare, both of body and soul. Was I not even entreating thee to meekness and to charity, when thou didst rise and use me thus?"

Lopré only gazed at her, and groaned.

"There is mercy in thee," the child continued, "else thy wrathful weapons had not failed. Thou hast not pierced my heart, Augustus; but thou hast broken it. I shall not die of thy wounds, but of thee—of sorrow and fear of thy eternal weal, unless thou seest how thou art captive to the power of darkness, urging thee to deeds of cruelty against thy better will. I was suffered to be thy help, thy good, thy staff and stay, and thou hast cast me suddenly, broken, from thy hand. Think of me the more, Augustus, when I am gone. Go burn thy lawless, wicked books, the traps of Satan to ensnare thy soul—burn them, I say; thy dyng teacher bid thee. Add not rebellion to witchcraft, the sister-sin, now that thou art shown the truth; but turn thee quick to the Atoner, that I may meet thee there."

The heavy eyes rolled upwards, then closed, and a lonely smile settled on the gentle face, which had not passed away, when, some hours later, all that pertained to earth, of little Ruth, was dressed for its early grave.

That very strong suspicions should attach to Lopré was only to be expected. Although no one had seen him return home, it was known that they had gone out together, and had been seen walking apart, but conversing with that

quiet tenderness that had, of late, invariably marked their intercourse. One of the men who had brought the child home was, for some unexplained reason, so impressed with Lopré's guilt, that he had, on his own responsibility, hurried away to the nearest magistrate and demanded his arrest. This, however, occupied some time; and it was very midnight, or rather early morning, when those charged with the warrant reached Tabernacle Lodge.

During this period Lopré had remained secluded in his chamber, and was often heard moving busily about, as if preparing for departure. The door was therefore watched; but he made no attempt to escape, and, on the arrival of the constables, it was thought advisable to defer his capture till dawn, especially as the blinds permitted an occasional glimpse of their intended prisoner, and a strong light in the room confirmed the suspicion that he was merely destroying papers.

With the first streak of day, the watchers, not without caution—approached his door. Before they could summon him, Lopré stood before them, holding forth his hands as though to receive the handcuffs. Disordered, haggard, yet with eyes ablaze with insane fire, his spectral aspect almost daunted the stout thief-catchers. But the war was all within. He was quiet—totally dumb—and exhibited no outward sign of emotion, but *once*, when, on the way to the gate, he was suddenly asked if certain dark-red stains on his sleeve were the blood of the murdered child.

In this mute, half-conscious condition, the unhappy man remained for a week, growing weaker and weaker, until all idea of subjecting him to an examination was necessarily abandoned. On the ninth morning of his imprisonment, the watchers in his cell made this report:

About midnight, Lopré, who, though always preserving silence, had been unusually restless, tossing on his truckle-bed, and breathing hard, sank into a torpor. This had lasted about half an hour, when a sudden sound and movement startled the custodian then on duty. The prisoner had risen to a sitting posture, his eyes staring wild, his hand grasping the air. He was trying to speak, and he did get out some words, but they were "nothing, no meaning, as I could see," said the watcher. Pressed on this point, he explained that the words, "so's he could remember," was only this:

"My little saint! . . . My saint!"

That, having uttered these meaningless words, he dropped suddenly back, and seemed to sleep. At daybreak, observing that he remained still in the same position, very quiet, they went to examine their prisoner, and found he had expired.

Two incidents succeeded Lopré's death—the arrival of a London constable, who identified the body as that of the once-renowned gamester and debaucher, Captain Gullayde, and, secondly, the discovery of the remains of Lord George Francis Olliphant, which, with skull fractured, and a ball through the breast, had been buried in the wood.

And wherefore these apparently motiveless crimes? Shall we refer them, without comment, to the great assize, where secrets cannot live? Or can we accept the idea suggested by a writer of the day, and founded upon some scorched pages of one of the volumes Lopré, or Gullayde, had sought to destroy, namely, that the study of certain treatises, now happily obsolete, concerning occult philosophy and the "black art," acting upon a brain half-maddened by every species of excess, had beguiled the unhappy student into the belief that he had embraced the service of the powers of evil, and must blindly work their will?

THE LATE PROFESSOR AYTOUN.—Mr. Theodore Martin, joint author, with Mr. Aytoun, of the *Bon Gaultier B allads*, issued to be writing the biography of his friend, with copious selections from his correspondence. Mr. Aytoun, who died in 1865, was son-in-law to "Christopher North," whom he succeeded as principal contributor, and adviser to "Blackwood's Magazine"—a periodical which, from the first, has been edited by its founder or one of his sons.

