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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 83.

FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 6, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE

Of the exploits of the

NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS

Who infested

Q U E B E C

In 1834 and 1835.

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

CAMBRAJ AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

CHAPTER VIII.

Carouge Wood—The Robbers' Retreat—Mathieu—Stewart and Lemire—A Conspiracy.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 22nd May, 1835, two men passed through St. Lewis Suburbs, and directed their steps towards the plains of Abraham.

"For that business," said Waterworth in a low tone to his companion Cambraj, "we will require at least seven or eight determined fellows. Remember, it is in the very centre of the town."

"Bah, seven or eight men to strangle a few women, and pillage a house. You are nothing but a coward, and know nothing about it; the more accomplices we have, the smaller will be our profits; besides that, it does not do to bring too many into affairs of that kind—some traitor."

"Oh, as to that you are right enough; it does not do to trust our secrets to everybody. In an unlucky moment, we might be intimidated, and through weakness or remorse, or even treason, one might be obliged to swallow his own dose, in order to save himself. This is doubtless true."

"A thousand devils; if ever accomplice plays me that trick, if ever I even suspect that any one dared to think of such a thing, he would not remain a sound man much longer. I'd soon make him forget the taste of his victuals."

"For that reason we ought to select men of energy and trust," said Waterworth, a little embarrassed, "men capable of even sacrificing themselves, if necessary, rather than utter a dangerous word. If Dumas was not in prison now, he would answer capitally; he's a crafty rogue."

"Dumas, he never attempts anything on a large scale; he is too fearful of a dance in the air. I have already told you Mathieu is one I am looking for; he's the very man, desperate as a devil, fearing neither heaven nor earth—cunning, cool, discreet, full of energy, and, above all, able to force a lock better than any man living. He is, moreover, one of whom we need have no suspicion—a miserable old valet, who is unconscious of his own abilities, and is incapable of turning them to account. A few dollars to drink, and be merry, is all he will ask; his aim will be no higher than a night's debauchery. In addition to him, we might find a couple of second rate thieves, whom we could pay so much for the night."

"Certes, Mathieu; let it be so, then, since he is the best, and we will find two others as assistants only."

"Still we will be very few," said Waterworth; and here the two companions jumped over a fence, and discovered at a short distance a group of men and women. It was the band they were in search of.

The plains of Abraham, and the neighbouring woods, particularly that of Carouge, are the

rendezvous of a certain industrial class, who find it more convenient to live upon the goods of their neighbours than to earn any for themselves. These men are the outcasts of society, branded with infamy, united by crime, and in league against the law; having no other resource, their lives are spent in plotting against justice, surrounded by perpetual misery and fear. They know neither peace nor security, nor do they even enjoy the regular pittance of the poor. At one time they are glutted with their prey; at another they are almost dying with hunger. On the open hills they hold their gatherings, and spend their nights the victims of infamy and terror.

They know not the repose of honesty, fearful visions haunt them day and night; they have not even the consolation of friendship—those they meet in this place are destitute of either feeling or sympathy—all sentiments of nature are dead within them—interest, purely personal interest, is the strongest passion they know and baseness, calumny and treason is their current change. When in the spring of the year the prisons are emptied, when navigation throws her hordes of divers people upon our shores, this infected body spreads over our fields, and mutineers, adventurers, bullies and debauched characters add daily to its numbers.

Should you trust yourself within the precincts mentioned, you do so at a considerable risk, for if your appearance indicates contribution, some four of these rascals seize you by the throat, levy their toll, and fly, leaving you half dead upon the spot.

In the adjoining woods they have their hiding places, their rendezvous, and their caves, and in the neighbourhood their taverns and their courts.

When they have succeeded in making a good haul, a feast is sure to follow; the kettle is suspended to the branch of some tree, the fowl is cooked in open air, and eaten on the grass; the moon and stars preside over amorous meetings, disgusting orgies, iniquitous conspiracies, and short and restless repose.

Astonishing as it may seem, these hardened and unnatural beings are the slaves of women even more infamous than themselves; for them they commit their thefts, for them they stake their very existence, and for them they waste in prodigality all they have acquired at the peril of their lives. Even here, amid the corrupt and the wicked, love reigns triumphant, asserting its power over the human heart, even when that heart is dead to all other feelings of humanity. Before its omnipotence, every other passion bows, and in its grasp all are helpless.

But it would be too fearful to reveal the scenes of bloodshed to which it has given rise in the woods of Carouge—to relate the jealousies, the retaliations, and the murders it has occasioned in this place; but which are now buried in oblivion, through the apathy and indifference of the beholders.

"Ah, the idle scamps," said Cambraj, as they neared the group, who had already noticed their arrival. "Look at them running; look, they take us for constables. Ha, ha, ha—those gentlemen are never quite sure of being innocent."

Notwithstanding the state of excitement into which the ragged assemblage was thrown, four or five of the vagabonds refused to budge, for they had recognised their visitors, and heartily enjoyed the confusion their presence had occasioned.

Cambraj now left his companion, and, advancing to them, placed his hand familiarly on the shoulder of one of them—a man of about forty years of age, of middling stature, slightly made, and marked with small-pox. He had a pale complexion, sparkingly black and viva-

cious eyes, a narrow and lowering forehead, thick hair, and uneven and hoarse voice, large whiskers coming up almost to his eyes, thin ears, an extremely small mouth, and the entire expression of his features sharp and angular. Altogether, his physiognomy was stamped with the ferocity of a brute rather than the character of a man.

"Mathieu (for it was he), Mathieu," said Cambraj, "I've a secret for you."

"What?" replied the man springing up from where he was, and striking his sides. "What? A nest to rob? Speak—I'm your man."

"Well, comrade, you remember I have frequently spoken to you of Mrs. Montgomery, but as yet we have done nothing in the matter; that there is money there, you know. What do you say to giving us your help? We have almost forgotten our trade, so long is it since we have worked at it; but remember, perseverance and perfect coolness are indispensable. Be secret and courageous, my boy, and the chicken is ours."

"Courage! the devil knows well enough I'm not the man to be frightened; and as to secrecy, I should think twenty years service have taught me that. I will be ready this evening, if you wish; the night will be dark, there will be no moon, and killing may be done without fear."

"Let it be so," said Cambraj, "give me your hand for this evening; but we shall want assistance. Three will never be able to manage it, and that great calf there (pointing to Waterworth) is little better than a drowned hen. Perhaps you are acquainted with some worthy children, able scamps, who might be useful?"

"Scamps! plenty of them; but as to their being able, that's another question. However, there are some clever numsculls. Stewart, for instance, is a wily fox, and well-suited for our purpose. Then there's Lemire, a young hand, it is true, but with plenty of pluck, soul enough for a beef-eater; he would be worth something."

"But you forget Gagnon," said Waterworth, coming up; "he was an old servant of the lady's, and could give us a good deal of advice."

"His advice," said Cambraj. "Pooh! I have sounded him long ago. Never fear, I know his secret, and that's all we want; he would ask too much for his services."

"It will teach him in future not to tell where his nests may be found," said Mathieu, "by my faith, but it will be a rare trick to cook the pear without his knowledge—he who has reckoned upon it for such a length of time. Hallo! Stewart—Lemire—come here, my boys."

At this call two men left the group of thieves, who were lying at a short distance, jealous of being excluded from the secret of the conspiracy which was apparently on foot, and came forward to join their three friends. One of them was a man of about thirty-six years of age, small in stature, but well made, and with rather a passable countenance, considerably at variance with his character, although somewhat severe in expression. This man was an old delinquent, named Stewart, not so much that he was a great criminal as a vicious and corrupt being. The other was much more characteristic and revolting in physiognomy; his copper-coloured skin, like that of an Indian—his demon-like eyes, his pointed and ill-formed head, his gait, his sharp and cunning visage, his figure, his countenance—all bespoke him of dark and dogged disposition, well fitted for the paths of vice. This man could not have been more than twenty years of age; his name was Lemire. He had already appeared on several different occasions at the bar of justice, accused of crimes committed with a fearful degree of audacity, nor had he even escaped the last and solemn sentence of death.

Some years ago, it will be remembered, that an Irishman, crossing the Plains with his dearest wife, whom he had only espoused that morning, and was now about to introduce to his future habitation and his home, was attacked in open day by a band of four robbers. Happily, the bridegroom was a man of considerable physical strength, had a brave heart, and plenty of nerve. Dismaying one of his adversaries, he struck them to the ground, and succeeded in making three of them prisoners. Lemire was one of them; he it was who commenced the attack.

"Come along, my game cocks," said Mathieu, "come along, we want you here. What do you say to distinguishing yourselves this evening?"

"Hush, hush," interposed Cambray, putting his hand over Mathieu's mouth; "secrecy or death—secrecy or death—Mathieu, remember that. Let all of you come and see me this evening, and you'll know the rest. Mathieu, you'll bring them; hide yourselves under the window, and we'll meet you a little after dusk. Good bye."

So saying, he started off with his companion, and the brigands returned to their party.

CHAPTER IX.

The Young Wife: her fears—The Rendezvous—Burglary at Mrs. Montgomery's.

At about half-past nine o'clock that evening, three persons were assembled in a small room.

Waterworth sat silently in one corner of the apartment, his head resting on his hands, Cambray was at a table, drawing with a pencil the divisions of a spacious dwelling, and opposite him sat a young woman of singularly mild and agreeable countenance, delicately made, and apparently in very feeble health. An expression of deep melancholy rested upon her face, adding considerably to the interest of her appearance; she was, moreover, in that state which calls forth our tenderest sympathy. She was evidently in great suffering, stopping occasionally with a white handkerchief the great tears that coursed over her cheeks. A single candle, the flame of which was dimmed by a long black wick, threw a faint glimmer of light over the three figures, and added, if possible, to the solemn and mysterious silence that reigned in the apartment.

"But, my dear friend," observed the young woman, breaking for the first time the monotony of this sad tranquillity, "what sort of life have you been leading for some time past? Alas! you never stay with me now—your occupations are too numerous, your business too extensive. Take care, my dear husband, that you do not involve yourself in difficulties, or get too deeply into debt. I often fear this will be the case, and it gives me much thought and anxiety. You are no longer as you used to be, you have become agitated, melancholy, and unhappy, and you scarcely take any rest or relaxation. Oh! I fear there is trouble at your heart. Ah, can it be that you will not make your wife your confidant?"

"Oh, don't bother me," was the brutal answer of her husband, "if we were to listen to you, women, you'd have us continually stuck in the house, like wax dolls. It is not thus a man earns a livelihood. All your fears and lamentations are nothing but the imagination of women kind. Have you not everything in the world that is necessary to your comfort?"

"Yes, it is true that we have a great deal of money, indeed, I often feel astonished at your success in such trying times as these, but have you not said that you are going away again tomorrow? What is the use of this work, my dear husband?"

"Yes, woman, I've said it, and I'll do it; and before starting I'll take a few moments to sleep in the attics."

At that moment a dog, which had hitherto lain under the table, uttered a low growl, and arose with hair on end; he rushed to the door leading to the yard, and commenced barking furiously.

(To be continued.)

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 49.

He sang, accordingly, a few doleful pieces of music in his little room, so as to almost ravish the heart of the good woman of the house. "The music was so spiritual," she said. And then he troubled himself no more about her, or his lodging, or anything but watching for the chief.

He had to wait many hours, for, to his great annoyance, the chief's first appearance was when he was coming home. However, he did also go away from home at last, and Paul, who eyed him narrowly, saw him turn his head and glance at a certain window.

The incident was so trivial and so rapid, that few eyes would have noticed it at all. Paul saw it, and said—

"That's the room, sure as I'm a sinner! There I shall find my man! Ay, but how get to him? Up-stairs, too, unluckily!"

He scribbled a few words on paper, and read them afterwards to himself, thus:—

Some old friends of yours—not politicians—hang them, say I—no, but right good jolly dogs—six bottle men—lots of blunt, and all that sort of thing, are going to have a carouse in a new neighbourhood. Won't you come? Your chief—amiable man!—need not be a bit the wiser, if you slip out and have a turn with us, then slip back. We'll keep you sober! Trust us! My hand shakes, so a friend writes for me.

This precious document Paul signed with the name of a man of whom he had often heard in his search, as being quite a crony of Scum Goodman's. He rolled a stone up in the paper, and twisted it tight.

Armed with this implement he went down into the street, passed slowly by the house once without venturing to do anything, for he saw people who might see him.

Returning, with still slower footsteps, he caught a favourable moment, and sent his missile right at the window. Down came the broken glass, rattling on the pavement, but down did not come the instrument of the mischief.

Paul returned instantly to his lodging to watch. After a long time—so long that he thought Scum Goodman was not there, or if he was, that he would not come—Paul, to his intense delight, saw the window below the window with the broken glass open, and a man put one leg outside, then the other, then lower the window and walk sharply off.

Away went Paul after him, understanding what had happened—that Scum Goodman had not been able conveniently to leave by the door, so had out-manœuvred them by getting into a room on the ground floor, and from thence setting himself at liberty. Doubtless the chief relied on this slight precaution because of Scum Goodman's having sought the business of informer-general, while being in danger of trial and execution if he failed to fulfil the job.

Paul's rapid footstep behind was heard by the man from the window. He turned, as if accustomed to guard himself in that direction, and was face to face with Paul.

"I have the pleasure to see Mr. Goodman, I believe?" said the latter.

The gentleman addressed measured Paul doubtfully from top to toe, but did not reply.

"Permit me to explain. Our mutual friend in whose behalf I wrote that letter—"

"Oh, you wrote it, did you?"

And Scum Goodman took Paul's arm and walked away with him as if he were an old friend.

Paul kept up the delusion as they walked on towards the Thames. There a waterman hailed them as wanting a job, and Paul said to his companion—

"We will reach the place most quickly by the water, and escape observation besides."

Scum Goodman assented, and they went on board, and were presently descending with the tide towards London Bridge.

With jest and laughter, and scratches of song,

Paul kept his companion so thoroughly amused that he did not seem at all troubled by the length of the voyage, or surprised ultimately to land in Wapping.

The boat was discharged, and the two men entered an ale-house, and went, to Scum Goodman's astonishment, into a small and empty parlour. Paul calling the waiter, ordered wine, pipes, and the best refreshments in the shape of catables that were to be got, which proved to be fried bacon and eggs. When they were alone, Paul locked the door, and sat down by Scum Goodman's side, looked in his face and laughed in a somewhat brazen manner.

Scum Goodman wondered, and laughed too, and then, with a change of feeling, demanded, in stern tones and with a fearful imprecation, what he (Paul) meant? and where was the friend?

"I am your friend," said Paul, hardily.

"You?"

"Yes. Try me. You are in danger!"

"Danger!"

"Ay terrible danger! You are a Jacobite. You have turned informer, and you expect to escape, perhaps be rewarded besides—eh? Isn't that true?"

Scum Goodman's eyes rolled about in astonishment that this young fellow should know so much that was certainly true, and that he should prophesy a danger of which Scum Goodman had all along had a sort of nervous fear.

"You don't deny, so I am not far wrong," said Paul. "Now mark! I know that that diabolical Chief of the Secret Service means to have you made away with as soon as the dirty work is over. The fact is, he's ashamed of you, and his superiors are ashamed of you. So when you have helped to convict an innocent man—Sir Richard Constable—you will be apparently set free, and then you are to fall into the hands of the constables for some other matter—some trumped-up charge, perhaps—and then it'll be quick work: you'll be hanged out of the way, or slipped off for life to the Colonies as a convict slave!"

Scum Goodman's once handsome face became horribly distorted in the double attempt to laugh off the story, and yet to consider it anxiously, as if it might be true.

"I suppose you did not bring me out on a fool's errand, or from pure love of me, to say all this?" he asked.

"No," responded Paul. "I want to see whether you hadn't better try to save life than to take it, supposing—always, I say, supposing—that the one course should be as profitable and as safe as the other."

"What should you say if I took you to a vessel all ready for an instant departure, well manned, and quite capable of setting you on the coast of France in a very short time—what should you say to that?"

"All very fine, my youngster; but how am I to live abroad? Who'll trust me there?"

"Suppose I told you that the instant your consent was given, and you embarked, fifty guineas were ready for you, that fifty more would be paid the instant you landed on the coast of France; and that for three months afterwards you should have guaranteed to you the same sum, month by month, making in all two hundred and fifty?"

Scum Goodman's watery and bloodshot eyes sparkled with something of their old light and vivacity, as if he saw all the bright coin, and the glow from them was reflected back on his own cheek. Still he was silent, wary, thoughtful.

"Suppose, still further, I told you that you will go with a captain who likes cards, and has got—or will get from me—another two hundred and fifty guineas? Eh! Think of the sport! Think of the additional profit!"

Scum Goodman got up, and tried to move about in the small room, as if to warm his feet and cool his head.

"You say you are prepared to do all this, and settle it at once, if I consent?" said Scum Goodman, at last.

"Come with me, before you decide, and I'll show you the vessel," said Paul. "She's close by. Mind a handsome-looking craft wouldn't

suit us; smart, rakish-looking, and obviously fast vessel would not do at all. But she's a capital jade—this *Emma Jane*—for our job!"

Scum Goodman went to look at the vessel, though, being dark, he could see very little of her; but he saw the captain, who was prepared to be very genial, sat down with him to a game of cards, won a guinea or two, looked at the berth proposed for him, and finally consented to go abroad for the good of Paul's friends.

"Up with the sails!" shouted the captain, and before Scum Goodman had time to take a second thought, the *Emma Jane* was gliding down, with a favourable wind and tide, towards Gravesend.

CHAPTER CI.—DANGER AHEAD!

Paul had so skillfully timed his movements that it was precisely at midnight the vessel started. He and the captain played admirably into each other's hands. Paul plied Scum Goodman with drink, and flattery, and jokes, and the captain continued to lose money to him at cards.

While they are congratulating themselves with the darkness of the night, and the secrecy and success with which they have left their moorings, and passed through a good deal of the pool, we must go back for a day or two, to a time when Paul was vainly hunting up his prey.

The captain, after breaking the sixpence, and after Paul's departure, began to reflect a little more seriously on his bargain. It struck him that two hundred and fifty guineas was, after all, a shabby price for the sort of service he was most likely about to render.

Still he did not like to dispute his bargain, in order to enhance the price. That struck him as mean and dishonourable.

But having got thus far, what would be more natural than that loyalty itself should suggest to him the idea that perhaps the secret job might be worth even more than two hundred and fifty guineas to the Government to know of!

The more he thought that idea over the better he liked it. Still, it was not until the afternoon of the very day when Paul brought the mysterious passenger, that he decided to break faith on the ground of his duty as a good subject of King George.

He had a very slight knowledge of the son of the Earl of Bridgemaister, who was fond of the water, and of sailors, and of everything connected with them.

To him he went, was received with great unction, promised the most liberal rewards, praised for his patriotism, and sent back with the injunction to act precisely as he had intended, and take no sort of notice of anybody or anything else.

That was immense relief to the captain's mind, who saw that he might thereafter swear he had kept his contract, and knew nothing as to the cause of failure, if failure should be.

The instant the captain had gone, the young nobleman went to his father, and told him the story, both of them taking for granted it was Lord Langton who was thus about to take flight.

Lord Cecil begged his father to leave the matter in his hands. He had, as the earl knew, the swiftest yacht yet launched by English builders. He would put extra men on board, a small piece of ordnance, run down the river at once to some distance; so as, to be quite beyond the *Emma Jane*, and there wait for her, announcing that they were going to press mariners.

And so at the very moment that Paul and Scum Goodman were first getting into conversation near the chief's house, Lord Cecil's yacht was passing the *Emma Jane*; and if the captain of the latter noticed the incident, he took care to have nothing to say about it even to his own men.

Scum Goodman is already half drunk before they reach Woolwich where there is a frigate of which Paul and the captain have great dread, in case any knowledge of their doings should have oozed out, and them be there waiting to put a sudden stop to their expedition.

With great jubilation, the captain says to Paul—

"There! that's passed! And I take it if anybody was watch'd; they'd think Woolwich quite far enough! give us play!"

"Ay: but don't 'bout till you are out of the wood," said Paul. "There's Gravesend yet, you know, and the block-house with its armed guard. If, indeed, we pass that, then I too will cry Jubilee!"

As they approached Gravesend, Paul drew the captain from the cards, surprised at his reluctance to leave them at a moment so critical.

"We are about to pass the block-house; it's just coming into sight."

The captain and Paul then walked on deck together—the former irritable and mysterious, the latter anxious, and supposing the conduct of the captain was also the consequence of a similar anxiety.

No challenge from the block-house arrested them, and Paul whispered to the captain—

"All's right—we are safe!"

The captain thought so too, and no wonder, for if any force were prepared to arrest the fugitives, surely it would have been displayed before this.

"Let's have that hamper out," shouted Paul.

The hamper was unpacked, and a goodly table spread of roast beef, mince pies, and wine; and Paul had risen, glass in hand, to give his first toast, saying—

"I won't give you the toast that was so long uppermost in my heart, 'To the success of our expedition,' for it has succeeded, but—"

Paul's toast died away on his lips unuttered, and Paul's face lost suddenly all its ruddy glow and animation, and sense of satiric enjoyment of the characters of the men around him, for a sailor put his head down the hatchway, and bawled out—

"There's a swift vessel just put forth from Tilbury, and it's gaining fast upon us!"

CHAPTER CII.—THE CAPTURE.

In an instant the feasters were upon their legs, dismay in every face.

The captain ran on deck; Paul followed. Scum Goodman collected his earnings and then began to think of his precious life.

He ran about, eagerly examining every vacant space and corner like a rat whose hole has been stopped.

Paul soon rejoined him, saying—

"There's a lot of gravel for ballast in the hold; scoop yourself out a place. Don't be afraid. If they don't discover you, they discover nothing. I don't think any of them are likely to know or suspect me, except in connection with you."

"But the captain?" urged Scum Goodman. "Has promised me silence. Besides, he's mixed up, and must be silent. Quick, then!"

Scum Goodman soon wriggled himself into the gravel in the darkest part of the hold, and managed so to dispose of an empty sack that it covered loosely the exposed part of his face, without suggesting anything more than that it was a sack thrown there to lie till wanted.

Paul returned to the deck to help the captain in any measures requisite for their safety, and was much disturbed to find him losing heart, predicting failure, and lamenting he had ever listened to Paul.

"Come, come, my friend," said Paul, "have courage, at all events, to protect ourselves now. There's no real danger. Your tale's ready, and so is mine. I am quitting the service of a master I don't like, and taking advantage of my knowledge of you to get a cheap trip to Holland, where I have relatives."

"Very good," said the captain, with a sardonic sneer. "Tell them that, for here they are."

Lord Cecil, at the head of a party of armed men, now boarded the *Emma Jane*, and, warning the crew they were the king's prisoners, he had the hatches taken up, and went below, casting a glance at Paul in passing as if to say, "who are you?" but too much interested in Lord Langton's whereabouts to stop to dally with meaner instruments.

The cabin was empty; the lockers were all

rigorously examined, but no Lord Langton appeared.

Lord Cecil desired to spare the exposure of the captain in accordance with a well-known rule of state policy; but while he was hesitating as to what he should do, one of his men got into the hold, and cried laughingly to his comrades—

"I shall try to sharpen my sword in a new fashion."

And he began to thrust his weapon into the gravel right up to the hilt, first in one place, then in another, travelling the while nearer and nearer to the concealed fugitive.

Scum Goodman heard those alarming sounds—once—twice—thrice! and the last thrust, seemed so near him that nature could stand no more; so comforting himself that his evidence was still his evidence, and precious to the Government, he determined to risk no longer the neighbourhood of that dangerous blade.

"Avast there!" he shouted, throwing the sack aside. "Can't a gentleman lie down for a nap but he must be spitted through, as if you were going to roast and eat him?"

And so, with as good a grace as he could assume, he came forth, and gave himself up, and, of course, in doing so sacrificed Paul, whose true position was at once understood, as the daring criminal, and, no doubt desperate traitor, who was carrying off one of His Majesty's most valued witnesses.

Lord Cecil, when he had got over the first disappointment about Lord Langton, was not inclined to undervalue the prey he had caught.

As to Paul, he presented an undaunted front; and when they put the irons on him and on Scum Goodman—irons for both hands and feet—and linked them together, he only laughed, and said to Scum Goodman in consolation—

"Tell them I kidnapped you before you know what I was about. Tell them that, and then offer to swear all the harder, and you'll see it will all be right."

CHAPTER CIII.—ROBBING THE SCAFFOLD.

Paul's failure to carry off Scum Goodman was fatal to the mercer's cause. Every one believed that Paul must have acted under the mercer's directions; and thus his supposed desire to escape prejudiced him in the minds of all the timid and the cruel, who, unhappily, were the vast majority. He was tried, convicted, condemned!

Paul was also tried and convicted, but not condemned, for it was believed that being still in point of age a minor—still the mercer's apprentice, in spite of the mercer's friendship—he was therefore entitled, in the absence of any evidences of Jacobite tendencies, to indulgent treatment.

Christina, for similar reasons, was not even brought to trial, and though she was not yet set at liberty, that was rather a gratification than otherwise, to her while the mercer's fate was in suspense.

The aldermen and Common Council of London sent up a deputation to the Government to ask for clemency, but not having faith enough or boldness enough to assert their belief in Sir Richard's innocence, the deputation was soon shown, in the politest manner, that they had no case, and that they had better return home to their constituents and families, and exert themselves to diffuse sentiments of loyalty among the citizens who had so disgraced themselves by electing a Jacobite alderman.

Again the scaffold was erected on Tyburn, and again were great multitudes present. But the change in the tone and feeling of the people this time was remarkable. There was a wide-spread belief in the innocence of Sir Richard. It was believed that personal friendship, in return for past benefits derived from the Langton family, had been the only crime. He was a popular man, besides.

The silence was awful when the condemned man appeared on the scaffold beside the executioner—the only victim of the day.

"Hats off! Hats off! Shame! You're hanging an innocent man!" shouted the crowd.

The mercer heard that, and advanced to the front, and said—

"My dear countrymen, that which some among you have said is true—I am innocent! I am going before an awful tribunal. I will not go with a lie in my mouth; therefore I say I am innocent alike of the intended murder and the insurrection. His Majesty—bless him!—has been deceived in this. Tell him my last words were an appeal to you to cry with me, 'God save and protect this nation, and protect King George to reign over it!'"

The tumult at this appeal became greater than ever.

And then the tumult seemed to be reflected back to the scaffold, where figures were moving strangely about, and where the condemned man seemed himself at a loss to understand what was going on.

Soon it became whispered through the crowd that there must have been a reprieve. In an instant there broke forth the most tremendous uproar ever made by human voices and heard by human ears of—

"Reprieve! Reprieve!"

"He is reprieved! See, they are leading him down! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Again the multitude caught up the shouts, and sent it reverberating far and wide.

Meantime, what was Sir Richard doing—what suffering—what enjoying?

He and the sheriff are together in an enclosed space below the scaffold. The first words of the former show him the bitterness of death has not passed:—

"I have received a communication of a very painful and anxious nature. It is this: I am placed at liberty to stay your execution, and take you back to the Tower, but also to inform you that your execution is only postponed for seven days in order to see whether you are willing to render to the Government whatever help you can in atonement for the crimes you have committed. That is my message. I felt it was impossible to discuss it with you on the scaffold. It came but now; so judge whether I have not done with you as you wish to be done by in postponing the execution, and giving you new chances for life."

"It is impossible but that I should thank you for such an act, but I grieve to say it is one I cannot profit by. I know what it means. The Government thinks I can help them to entrap Lord Langton. I cannot; I would not if I could!"

"Well, Sir Richard, your danger is over for the day. I have acted, and cannot undo my act. As a friend and well-wisher, I beg you to consider seriously what you do."

"I can do no less—I will do no less; and I thank you," said the mercer.

Two days out of the seven days have passed. They have revived the life blood in Christina's cheeks, for if her father has once escaped from the very scaffold itself, it is impossible she believes, that men with human hearts can send him there a second time.

Sir Richard gently strives to check this delusion, for it is a delusion. He believes that the irritation against him will be so great if he persists in refusing, or seeming to refuse to betray his friend, that they will be rather pleased than otherwise to inflict a double punishment in thus hanging him twice.

And then comes the reaction to Christina's hope and confidence, and she sinks so low that the physician Lady Hermit sends her warns Sir Richard she will die unless relieved.

Then at last the heart of the stout mercer gives way, and, for the first time, he begins to dally with the thought—

"What can I do, not too bad, to give this Government an inkling of what they ask, and satisfy them that I have told all I know?"

And while thus thinking, he and Christina have the following conversation:—

"Teena, darling, do you feel able to listen to me calmly, if I speak of possibilities even yet?"

Teena was lying as if in a trance on a bed in the mercer's dungeon, but she heard him, and sat up, with feverish, scarlet cheeks, and her bright eyes glittering like stars.

"Well, darling, if I were to tell them all I know and all I suspect about—about persons who are compromised in the Jacobite plot, they might think the information, such as it is, sufficient to entitle me to claim the reward they offer me—my life; which, for me, now means your life, Teena."

"Is it something that is merely painful, unpleasant, shocking to have to do, but not dishonourable?"

"I must answer you candidly?"

"Yes."

"I fear that it would make me ever infamous."

"And who dares propose it to you?" said Christina, rising to her feet. "Are we not miserable enough already without this dreadful aggravation?"

"But, Teena, darling, life is sweet."

"For me, papa, or you?"

"For both of us."

"Would it be sweet in infamy?"

"Bless thee, darling!—no, no! I did but try, thee. Let them fetch me when they please, I know now what to say: I will tell them that even my little maiden of seventeen—my sweet unsullied flower, just about to open, and show the world its consummate beauty—even she laughs at the cruel grey beards, and bids them do their worst."

CHAPTER CIV.—A LAST VISIT TO THE MOCKERY KING.

Again is the royal exile at Rome receiving a visitor—one who has ventured all in his service, and who now comes to receive his reward, even in failure, through the gratitude of a prince who knows that man proposes, but that it is Heaven who disposes.

The very first face Lord Langton looks on as he enters the courtyard gives him a foretaste of what is to come. It is that of the bulky porter—a Jacobite and politician to the core—who scowls now where he once had fawned and smiled.

Within the house Lord Langton meets a second face, which is equally expressive in a more courtly way, without being in the least degree less irritatingly painful. The marquis of Burford meets him at the entrance of the saloon outside the door, offers no hand to be shaken, but says, with a sneer of exquisite polish—

"I congratulate you, my lord, on your personal safety, while so many brave gentlemen have been done to death."

"Yes," said Lord Langton, as if accepting the congratulation as sincerely offered, "I have been carried safe through many dangers. Where is the king?"

"Oh, he, too, waits to congratulate you! And if he asks inconvenient questions as to what you have done with the means, friends, opportunities placed at your disposal, you must not be too hard upon him; for when a man's house is tumbling about his ears, he doesn't care much for the eloquence of the architect who was going to make all so pleasant for him."

"My Lord marquis, I am not here to quarrel with you."

"Quarrel! I! With our great benefactor!—the man who has won even the admiration of King George, and who may ere long be able to lend us all a helping hand to get us another berth! Quarrel with him! Hardly!"

The marquis turned on his heel, opened the door, and walked into the room, seemingly quite careless as to whether Lord Langton followed or not.

Lord Langton bit his lip through in checking the fury that possessed him; but he knew all dignity would be compromised and lost if now he allowed himself to be drawn into a bitter, wrangling, wordy war. He had work to do too seriously important to his own future happiness to risk a brawl leading probably to a duel, while it was at all possible to direct the interview into safer channels.

"So, my lord," said the harsh voice of the Pretender, who stood moveless to receive Lord Langton, vouchsafing neither movement, nor smile, nor courtesy of any kind, "you bring me back yourself, I see. Our friends have been slaughtered wholesale; our generous ally, the

King of France, has been left to disband the fleet he had gathered for our support; the last gleam of hope for the ruined but noble cause I represent you have buried for ever; but let us be thankful you are spared! It is a great mercy. Would only we know how to show you our boundless gratitude!"

"Sire, have I fulfilled my promise?"

"What promise, sir?" said the king, stung, as if with an adder, by the recoil of his own poisoned sting, when he found the intended victim tossed it aside with manly fortitude.

"I gave your majesty my pledge that even if I failed in rendering to the cause the services hoped, I would present myself to you here; in token at least of my honest devotion and fidelity I am here!"

"Yes, and I only wish that you were not here; whilst I must see in you the man who has so managed matters as to send my best and bravest to die on the usurper's scaffold. It would have been well for your reputation, my lord, had you then died too!"

"Ah, yes, your majesty, that is true! I feel that is indeed true! And were my life my own to play with as I please, I should desire no pleasure more exquisite than that you would allow your marquis here, who thinks it a fine thing to insult the unfortunate because they are unfortunate—I say I should be transported with a lover's ecstasy of feeling life if he and any others like him would take their swords, and fight the quarrel out with me in regular succession till I might fall at last!"

"Well, sir, what more business have you with us?"

"Again to demand—have I fulfilled my pledge?"

"You are here, certainly; but how know I what convenient arrangements you have made before crossing the water? My Lord Langton, I am ill, and wearied to death of the very sight of you. Go and take with you—"

"Sire, by this language and behaviour you depose yourself before even I was prepared to depose you from my heart, my duties, my loyalty?"

"King of mine no longer—pretender by the best of rights—the right of mockery and unreality of all kinds—I throw back upon you your black ingratitude, and I confess now humbly, before all, my great offence that I thought England might be governed by such a man!"

"Prince, farewell! I bear a sword, but it will be used to defend myself in future from my 'friends,' and I go to offer it in determined loyalty to my 'enemies.' Again, farewell!"

"Shall I stab him, or shoot him down?" hissed the marquis. "I will with as little reck as if he were a dog. If one can't do it, there are plenty here—"

"Hush, my lord! Let the traitor villain go!"

Lord Langton turned when he had reached the door, and paused; and then there came back upon him a vivid sense of all that his father had done for that man—of all the sacrifices of place, fortune, rank, he and his father had alike made; and the retrospect, instead of embittering him, caused him to retrace his steps a few paces, and to say, in a voice that trembled with emotion—

"What I have said I shall never unsay; but Oh, sir, ere it be too late, think of what the world—of what England—of what Louis will say, who now waits, he tells me, to receive me with open arms, to tell me, so he says, that he is more moved with my failure than with many men's successes!"

"You go to join him!" demanded the king, after a long and painful pause.

"No."

"Of course not!" said the marquis, aloud.

"No," repeated Lord Langton. "I go back to England to seek for pardon and—"

"I understand. You need not finish your sentence. My dear marquis, I am feeble—will you lend me your arm?"

The marquis came to him, the Pretender rested his hand on the offered shoulder, both turned, and slowly walked away, not even casting a single glance at the disgraced emissary, who stood there incredulous.

After a prolonged pause, during which he took a kind of morbid pleasure in watching the retreating figures as long as it was possible to keep them in sight, he smiled, and said—

"I wrong them! Yes. How could they give me greater cause of gratitude than to show me now, before I finally break with them, how perfectly contemptible they are! And this is the god I worshipped! Dupe!"

"And now, dear England, thou shalt be mine once more; and do what thou likest with me. Death or pardon will be about equally welcome after this!"

CHAPTER CV.—OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

The Earl of Bridgeminster's house became, at a certain period, the subject of a peculiar kind of surveillance, quite unconsciously to its inmates.

In the daytime all went on as usual; but when twilight began, there issued from the thin stream of passers-by one man who, each evening, managed to get close to every one of the windows on the ground floor, and peer in. Then he would be missing for a few minutes, and would re-appear at the window of the room opposite, in a large mansion then vacant, and having no tenant but the aged constable and his wife who showed the place.

This kind of thing went on for several nights without any kind of change other than that he was often interrupted, but always managed, not only to avoid being looked at closely, but to evade suspicion.

But this was by no means the most extraordinary part of the affair.

While he watched the earl's house, it really seemed as though somebody else watched him.

There was a street-crossing very near, and a young handsome-looking, but pale and dirty-faced lad stood there with his broom, and made the way clean, and asked for a copper in reward.

He got not only coppers but silver. The lad was so handsome, and so saucy if any one stopped to speak to him and enter into genial conversation, that people found their hearts and their pockets alike open together to him.

But this lad, while so busy with his broom, with his begging, and his audacious humour, never for one instant lost sight of that dim figure, from the moment it emerged from the crowd.

If the figure went round towards the rear of the mansion, the street-sweeper was sure to be seen skipping along in the same direction too, as if in pure gaiety of heart, or perhaps to warm his feet in the cold April evenings.

One night about eleven o'clock, when the streets were swept by such furious gusts of wind by such literal fountains of water as to make the street-sweeper's vocation unnecessary, the lad seemed most happily unconscious of an inconvenience, and stood there to be drenched with wonder, almost angelic patience.

And, just as he had fancied might happen in such a night, the figure chose that wild and wayward season to bring to an end the system of watching by something more venturesome.

He went straight into the little courtyard of the earl's house, as if to pay a formal visit, and disappeared.

Within a few seconds the lad was standing at the door, panting for breath, gazing after the figure till he could see it no more on account of an intervening wall.

Then he threw the broom up high into the air, and with a wild cry, that still was not loud, said—

"At last! at last!"

CHAPTER CVI.—INSIDE THE HOUSE.

The figure passed into the courtyard, and glided instantly to the nearest wall for covert.

It was dark, but not so dark as to prevent any eye that happened to look across the place from seeing the movement—if any such eye happened to look.

Moving along the wall, the figure came to a wide opening—the coach-house. Pausing there, to listen for any sounds near him, or for footsteps,

the figure presently stepped across a little pathway of light, that came from an open door leading into the house.

The passage taken by the figure led him straight into the stately hall, the very place he seemed to have avoided when choosing so humble a mode of entrance.

With quick decision, the figure moved on towards the grand staircase, but stopped, listened, and retreated to the shelter of a vast statue of the Laocoon, occupying one of the sides of the superb hall.

It was the earl and his son who descended the staircase, and the former was saying to the latter, in answer to some question—

"No, not yet; but you are sure of him!"

They had to pass the Laocoon; and had they turned as they did so, they must have seen an addition to the sculpture that would have surprised them. But they were too much engrossed in their talk to do other than go straight on, in to a room on the ground floor.

Swift as a shadow move: under the influence of a flying cloud, did the figure move away from the statue, and up the staircase to the first landing, where it saw rather than heard another figure approaching—that of the earl's valet, going to have his bit of nightly gossip with his master while undressing him.

Was the intruder, then, hopelessly caught?

He stepped into a little closet that opened from the landing, conscious that he might be seen, if the valet looked straight before him.

Inside the closet he stood, prepared as for a death grapple, if the valet opened the door.

He did not; thinking, probably, nothing of the incident, as the servants had at times business there.

Again the figure emerged into the light and reached the upper floor, and there was compelled to pause, and wonder which of all these splendid chambers it would be safest to venture.

One looked to the figure, after long and intense listening, as if it might be rather a dressing-room than a bed-chamber, judging of it by the ground-glass window that, for some reason or other, had been inserted in the door—probably through deficiency of light in the front, where were many stately Corinthian pillars and a portico.

He stepped softly to it, bent his head, seemed satisfied, tried the handle, opened the door without noise, and then again breathlessly paused, with the handle in his hand.

He saw a bath—he saw pictures on the walls. Rapidly he took in their scope and character; they were sweet, pure, ideal—not "sensuous, earthly, devillish," like so many of the so-called works of art hung in bed-chambers during the last and a part of the previous centuries.

He saw, in another direction, a cabinet of marquetry work, and he saw what his eyes had yearned for—traces of womanly neighbourhood in the riding-habit, hung gracefully over a lofty, straight-backed chair.

"Can this be the place?" the figure seemed to be asking itself, as if preparatory to one yet more daring step than any he had achieved.

He straightened himself, as if to brace up his whole frame, breathed a short prayer to Heaven to guide him rightly and happily through, and then went on into his room, and into the full blaze of the light.

A lady, who had just begun to undress, and whose long hair was falling in exquisite beauty round her neck started to her feet with a half-uttered shriek.

"Herminia!"

"Lord Langton!"

She had risen to her feet, in her first alarm, unconscious of the falling drapery; then, recollecting herself, with her neck suffused with blushes, she fell back into her chair and drew her clothes round her, and fastened them by crossing her arms upon her breast; and then, with dignity, she waited, calmly gazing upon him.

"Herminia!" he said, in agitated accents—for the sense of the wondrous beauty of his wife mingled inevitably with all the deeper and

darker thoughts of their position—"Herminia, at last I come to you!"

"To me!" she said, in accents and with a tone that left it a matter of extreme doubt in what spirit she was prepared to receive him.

"Yes," he said. "I have but now returned from Rome, where I have fulfilled to the letter the mission that I undertook. I pledged myself, many months ago, that I would see the leading men of our party, test the chances of a successful insurrection, promote it, if I saw sufficient reasons, and if not, then I would go back to him and resign all further connection with the Stuart cause! I failed, and have said so, and have had my reward. I did put my faith in princes, and I am justly punished!"

"Oh, the ingrate! Mind him not! And have you really resigned his ill-omened service? Have you done that, Stephen?" eagerly questioned the Lady Herminia.

"I have. I have utterly, and for ever, renounced my allegiance—nay, I have let them know I was quite prepared henceforward to offer my sword to the reigning monarch—to your king, Herminia—who shall henceforth be mine, if he will accept my services!"

"Oh, he will—he must! But, oh, my own dear husband—if I dare call you so—we must not deceive ourselves. Your danger is great. The king is actuated by the bitterest feelings towards you, and I cannot deny that my own father is the king's chief adviser in this. But dear, dear Stephen," said she—for he had thrown himself at her feet, and was holding both her hands in his, gazing up at her with a face full of such earnest, passionate, almost reverential worship, that she hardly dared meet his glances—"but dear, dear Stephen, if they kill you be assured they will know they will also kill me! Oh, Stephen, my father reckons sadly without his host, if he really thinks we are to be divided now, in life or in death!"

Her arms round his neck, her head bowed to his, and the lips met in one fond kiss of purest affection. Forgotten were all the dangers, the bitter trials, the shattered hopes of the past. They thought of nothing but the present, and of the merciful chance which had enabled them to defeat the machinations of their foes, and to meet each other, for the purpose of renewing the vows plighted by them in their earlier years. From the deepest abysses of gloom these two hearts were suddenly raised into such an ecstasy of delight, as is possible only in that state which most nearly approaches heaven—the perfect love of two lovers whose hearts have been drawn together by a strange and mysterious affinity, which seems to govern their whole being.

(To be continued.)

NEW AMERICA.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, not earlier in the holiday-time of last year than August, scorning such designs for recreation as would have satisfied him no very long time ago by a trip to Brighton, or Bath, or Scarborough, or, by a great effort, to Paris, starts for the furthest reachable corner of America, returns, and before the end of January—in five months—presents us with a handsome book of travels: not confused quires of imperfect observations: "dashed off" against time in express trains, but a careful, wise, and graphic picture of the most prominent social phenomena which the newest phases of the New World present. The accident of travel has inflicted on literature many incompetent authors; but here, a practised writer—with a distinct purpose set in his mind, gifted with knowledge of what is already to be learnt and keen perception of whatever is new to be met with in his travels, an accomplished literary artist—expresses himself clearly and vividly, interesting his reader not less by his manner than in his matter.

After a weary and perilous journey across the desert that lies between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Dixon and his com-

panion arrived at Utah, the Mormon city. He describes a square block, ten acres in extent, as the heart of the city—the Mormon holy place, the harem of the young Jerusalem of the West. This centre gives a pattern of form and measurement to the whole city. As yet only the foundations, of massive granite are laid; Brigham Young attending to the social and physical requirements of his people as matters of earliest importance, while leaving the perfecting of the temple to a later and riper time. The city, which covers three thousand acres of ground, is laid out in blocks of ten acres each, each block divided into lots of one acre and a quarter, as the regulation amount of land for a cottage and a garden. From each side of the temple starts a street, a hundred feet wide, going out into the level plain, and in straight lines into space. Streets of the same width, and parallel to these, run north and south, east and west, each planted with locust and ailanthus trees, and cooled by running streams. But in Main-street, the chief thoroughfare for hotels and shops, the gardens have been cut down for the exigencies of trade, and some of the larger stores are built now of red stone, standing side by side with wooden shanties and adobe cots. In each apportioned lot stands a cottage in the midst of fruit-trees; sometimes there are two or three cottages in the orchard, wherein dwell the various wives of the polygamous saint. Elder Hiram Clawson's house is in a lovely garden, red with delicious peaches, plums, and apples, where live his first and second wives, with their nurseries of twenty children; but there is a dainty white bower in the corner, smothered in roses and creepers, and here, with her four boys, lives the youngest wife, Alice, a daughter of Brigham Young, and popularly supposed to be the supreme favourite. They say that Elder Hiram Clawson is courting Emily, the sister of Alice—that he will be soon married to her also; yet “the perils of a double alliance with the Mormon pope are said to be great. Envy among the elders, collision with the Gentiles, jealousy at Camp Douglas, hostility at Washington; but Elder Clawson is said to be ready to take his chance with Sister Emily, as he had done with Alice, answering, as the Mormons put it, Washington theories by Deseret facts.”

No beggars are seen in these long straight dusty green-lined streets—scarcely even a topsy man; and if you see one, he is a Gentile. The people are quiet and civil. The streets are pastoral and picturesque, as are no other streets in the world. Standing under the locust-trees is an ox come home for the night; a cow at a gate is being milked by a child; Snake Indians, with their long hair, their scant drapery, their proud reserve, are cheapening the dirtiest and cheapest lots; a New Mexican in his broad sombrero is dashing up the dust on his wiry little horse, miners in huge boots and belts are loafing about; officers from the camp, in their dark-blue uniforms, keep a sharp look-out on Mormon ways, and those wild uncerthly folk, eager, excited, fatigued, but full of hope and happiness—those sunburnt emigrants just come in from the prairies, sitting under the acacias and dabbling their feet in the running creek, are Woolwich artisans, sober Monmouth farmers, and smart London tradesmen, who have conquered the perils of the journey, and are now admitted as brethren to their Mormon home.

One of the most curiously instructive things in Utah is the office which Brigham Young has assigned to the theatre. With the foundations of the temple not yet raised above the ground, the theatre is in perfect order. As Mr. Dixon says, “Young feels inclined to go back upon all first principles, in family life to those of Abraham, in social life to those of Thespis. Priests invented both the ancient and the modern stages, and if people like to be light and merry, to laugh and glow, why should their teachers neglect the thousand opportunities offered by a play, of getting them to laugh in the right places, to glow at the proper things? Why should Young not preach moralities from the stage? Why should he not try to reconcile religious feeling with pleasure?”

Accordingly, the Mormon theatre is under the peculiar care of the high priest and his family,

where his daughters act, and where, seated in a rocking-chair in the centre of the pit, he is to be seen surrounded by his elders and bishops, with their wives and children, laughing and clapping like boys at a pantomime. When he chooses to occupy his private box, one of his wives, “perhaps Eliza the Poetess, Harriet the Pale, or Amelia the Magnificent, rocks herself in his chair while laughing at the play.” There are two private boxes at the side of the proscenium; one is reserved for the Prophet, the other is for the actresses on duty for the night, but not immediately engaged in the business on hand. The plays are short, the curtain rising at eight and coming down at about half-past ten; and, as the Mormons sup before going out, they do not allow their amusements to interfere with the labours of the coming day. The bell rings for breakfast at six o'clock, whether it was theatre night last night or no. As a Mormon never drinks spirits, and rarely smokes tobacco, the only dissipation of these hundreds of hearty playgoers is that of sucking-peaches. Neither within the house nor about the doors is there any riot or confusion. No pickpockets, no ragged boys and girls, no drunken and blaspheming men. Hiram Clawson, the president of the playhouse, has made it as near like what he conceives a playhouse should be, as is possible. Behind the scenes are every comfort and convenience—light, space, cleanliness, delicacy; the green-room is a real drawing-room; the scene-painters have their proper studios; the dressers and decorators have immense magazines; each lady, however small her part in the play, has a dressing-room to herself. Among the actresses are three of Young's daughters; for “he does not think it right to ask any poor man's child to do anything which his own children would object to do.” The first time that Mr. Dixon saw the Mormon prophet, pope, and king, was at the theatre, where the piece was Charles the Twelfth, and highly enjoyed by the audience. “Where Adam Brock warns his daughter Endiga against military sparks, the whole pit of young ladies cracked off into girlish laughter, the reference being taken to Camp Douglas and the United States officers stationed there; many of whom were in the house and heartily enjoyed the fun.”

The interference of these United States officers and soldiers is a very sore point with the saints. “They cause us trouble,” said Brigham Young; “they intrude into our affairs, and even into our families; we cannot stand such things, and when they are guilty we make them bite the dust.”

In person Brigham Young is like a middle-class Englishman from a provincial town; with a large head, a broad fair face, blue eyes, light brown hair, good nose, and merry mouth. He was plainly dressed in black, when Mr. Dixon saw him at the theatre; and he sat with his pale and pensive wife Amelia, who surveyed the audience through her opera-glass from behind the curtain of the box. This perfecting of the theatre before the raising of the temple is a type of the whole religious and secular life of the Mormons; and how, having so much religion in their blood and bones, they can afford to dispense on occasions with religious forms while attending to the service of things which cannot wait, and to the human needs which are imperative. Brigham Young's first exhortation to a troop of emigrants bore on these preferences. He bade them leave all care for their souls alone, and not to “bother themselves much” about their religious duties. “Your first duty,” he said, “is to learn how to grow a cabbage, and, along with this cabbage, an onion, a tomato, a sweet potato; then how to feed a pig, to build a house, to plant a garden, to rear cattle, and to bake bread; in one word, your first duty is to live. The next duty, for those who, being Danes, French, and Swiss, cannot speak it now, is to learn English, the language of God, the language of the Book of Mormon, the language of the Latter Day Saints.”

The most wonderful thing in this strange sect is the rapidity with which it has increased. Thirty-six years ago there were six Mormons in America, none in England nor the rest of Europe; to-day there are not less than two hundred thousand, twenty thousand of whom

are in Salt Lake City, and a hundred and fifty thousand in the one hundred and six dependent settlements. In this space of time they have drilled an army more than twenty thousand strong, raised a priesthood, established a law, a theology, and a social science of their own, profoundly hostile to all reigning colleges and creeds; all this in the face of the bitterest persecution. The old saying that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church has been exemplified in this case as in all others; and persecution, so far from stamping out Joe Smith and his half-dozen followers, has strengthened, raised, and consolidated them into a powerful nation and a formidable sect. It is a story as old as time.

The secular doctrines of the Mormons are chiefly: 1. The freedom of the church, which is open to all men of every clime, colour, and race, save the negro, as the descendant of Cain. 2. Toleration of differences in belief and habits of life. 3. The actuality of a divine government in the church. 4. The services of God, being and including the enjoyment of life. 5. The nobility of work.

This last principle, that manual labour is good and noble in itself, has never been taken as a fundamental truth by any church. All through Christendom the gentleman is not the man who labours, but the man who enjoys the fruits of others' labours; and, in the Hindu ordering of society, the high-caste Brahmin deems work a curse, and the hewer of wood and drawer of water as far below the rank of gentleman as a dog is below a man. But with the saints work is righteousness; and to be a toiling and producing man is to be in a state of grace. Side by side with the nobility of work lies the righteousness of Marriage with the Mormons; not only as expedient, not only as respectable, but as absolute holiness—celibacy being absolute sin. It is the will of God that men and women have to work out—that is to say, all human beings have a function to discharge on earth—the function of providing tabernacles of the flesh for immortal spirits now waiting to be born. Mormonism is the most practical protest that has ever been made against those celibate bodies and institutions which hitherto have been regarded as especially sacred and pure. Captain Hooper, the representative of Utah in congress, has never been able to rise high in the church, because he is a steadfast monogamist. “We look on Hooper as only half a Mormon,” said the apostle Taylor (“at which every one laughed in a sly peculiar way”), Taylor having three wives, while some have five, and others seven. As for Brigham Young, the women who are sealed to him as his nominal but not actual wives are almost countless; his actual wives are about twelve in number. The queen of all is the first wife, Mary Ann Angell, an aged lady, whose five children are now grown up; and perhaps the most distinguished is Eliza Snow, the poetess, and generally reputed Young's wife only in name. “About fifty years old, with silver hair, dark eyes, and noble aspect, simple in attire, calm, lady-like, and rather cold, Eliza is the exact reverse to any imaginary light of the harem.” The Mormon rite of sealing a woman to a man implies other relations than our Gentile rite of marriage; it is only by a wide perversion of terms that the female saints who may be sealed to a man are called his wives. But the oddest form of sealing is that which unites the living with the dead, either by a proxy on earth, or by direct, if shadowy, bondage with the grave.

The effect of this polygamous life on the bearing of the women themselves is by no means satisfactory. Saddened, secluded, taking but small part in the conversation even when they do appear, respectful to humility to the father or husband, deft and clever servants—but only servants—giving no sign by look or word that they feel themselves mistresses in their own houses, the wives of the Mormon are by no means living advertisements of the blessings of polygamy. Many young girls will not marry. They prefer to remain single, and to work hard, rather than to live in comparative ease and leisure as the fourth or fifth wife of a Mormon bishop. Belinda Pratt holds to the man's doc-

trine that the women like it; and that the more loving the wife, the more eager she is to see her lord united with a new spouse, even seeking out and courting for him such as she might consider likely to please. But no other Mormon woman would own to this, and every one to whom the question was put flushed out into denial, though with that caged and broken courage which seems to characterise every Mormon wife: "Court a new wife for him!" said one lady; "no woman would do that, and no woman would submit to be courted by a woman!" "I believe it's right," said a rosy English girl who had been three years in Utah, "and I think it is good for those who like it, but it is not good for me, and I will not have it." "Do the wives dislike it?" she was asked. "Some don't, most do. They take it for their religion. I can't say any woman likes it. Some women live very comfortably together—not many; most have their tiffs and quarrels, though their husbands may never know of them. No woman likes to see a new wife come into the house."

The manner of living is still an open question in Utah, as to whether it is best to provide a separate home for each wife or to assemble them under one roof. Young sets the example of unity. A few old ladies who have been sealed to him for heaven live in cottages apart, but all his actual wives—the mothers of his children—dwell in one block close together, dine at one table, and join in the family prayers. On the other hand, Taylor the apostle keeps his families in separate orchards and cottages; each saint being left free to arrange his household as he thinks best, provided he keeps public peace.

"Women," said Young, "will be more easily saved than men. They have not sense enough to go wrong. Men have more knowledge and more power, therefore they can go more quickly and more certainly to hell." "The Mormon creed," adds Mr. Dixon, "appears to be that woman is not worth damnation. In the Mormon heaven men, on account of their sins, may stop short in the stage of angels; but women, whatever their offences, are all to become the wives of gods."

This, then, is the religion which the republican platform has pledged itself to crush. "We mean to put that business of the Mormons through," said a New England politician; "we have done a bigger job than that in the South, and we shall now fix up things in the Salt Lake city." The United States has a law against polygamy, and on that ground the anti-Mormons will take their stand, and enforce monogamy and morality at the point of the bayonet. Whether or not they will succeed, if they try, remains to be proved. Persecution has never yet destroyed a church; and when once polygamy becomes the seal of martyrdom, even such men as Captain Hooper and such women as the rosy-faced English girl will rush into it, fascinated by its penalties, if not tempted by its pleasures. For the strength of Mormonism is in its religious fervour; and this is a power which nothing can crush. Right or wrong, the Mormon believes what he practises, and lives up to what he believes. His is no Sunday religion, taken out to be aired once a week, then laid aside as something unfit for the remaining six days: it is a religion of every day and every hour. But its doctrine of polygamy, in which now lies so much of its success as a social organisation, will eventually prove its ruin. In a country where there are seven hundred and thirty thousand men in excess of women, human nature will not bear the selfishness of the polygamist; and where, in certain other parts, men have to perform women's work because of the dearth of women, it cannot long be conceded that in other parts women should be reduced to the level of mere nurses and servants because of their excess. In some of the western regions, the disparity is such as strikes the moralist with awe; in California there are three men to every woman, in Washington four, in Nevada eight, in Colorado twenty, while in the whole mass of whites throughout the United States generally the disproportion is five in the hundred. What is hardly less strange than this large displacement of the sexes among the white population is the

fact that it is not explained and corrected by any excess in the inferior types. There are more yellow men than yellow women, more red braves than red squaws. Only the negroes are of nearly equal number, a slight excess being counted on the female side.

"This demand for mates," writes Mr. Dixon, "who can never be supplied, not in one place only, but in every place alike (Utah alone excepted), affects the female mind with a variety of plagues; driving your sister into a thousand reckless agitations about her rights and powers; into debating woman's era in history, woman's place in creation, woman's mission in the family; into public hysteria, into table-rapping, into anti-wedlock societies, into theories about free-love, natural marriage, and artistic maternity; into anti-offspring resolutions, into sectarian polygamy, into free trade of the affections, into community of wives. Some part of this wild disturbance of the female mind, it may be urged, is due to the freedom and prosperity which women find in America as compared against what they enjoy in Europe; but this freedom, this prosperity, are in some degree at least, the consequence of that disparity in numbers which makes the hand of every young girl in the United States a positive prize." "I was very bad upon him, but I got over it in time, and then let him off," said a young and pretty woman of a favoured lover, whom afterwards she had rejected; and "in that phrase lay hidden," says Mr. Dixon, "like a password in a common saying, the cardinal secrets of American life, the scarcity of women in the matrimonial market, and the power of choosing and rejecting which that scarcity confers on a young and pretty woman."

The result is that a revolution is preparing in America—a reform of thought and of society—a change in the relations of man to woman which is not unlikely to write the story of its progress on every aspect of domestic life. The revolutionists and reformers are the women themselves. They are in a manner the dominant party, and mistresses of the situation. They care nothing for men's jests and gibes, but demand absolute equality of the sexes as a divine law and a human right; and repudiate as a shameful sin the absorption of the wife in the husband, and his power over her, as has been ever the rule throughout all Christendom—in greater extent than in the East.

Of the remaining sects and communities which Mr. Dixon mentions, none are more curious and unnatural than the Shakers of Mount Lebanon. Here, in direct opposition to Mormonism, celibacy is the rule of life and the acted law of God; and, with celibacy, the most skillful care of the soil, the most perfect order, temperance, frugality, worship, spiritual seecism, cleanliness and wholesome life. But no love, no maturity, no marriage. Yet there is a peculiar preference and a certain spiritual selection among the brothers and sisters, which, though it may not be called love in the Gentile sense, is something as near akin to it as any of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearance may indulge. The Elderess Antoinette, with whom Mr. Dixon lodged, told him, "in the presence of four or five men, that she felt toward Frederick, her co-ruler of the house, a special and peculiar love, not as towards the man, and in the Gentile way, as she had heard of the world's doing in such matters, but as towards the child of grace, and agent of the Heavenly Father." She told him, also, that she had sweet and tender passages of love with many who were gone out of sight—the beings whom we should call the dead—and that these passages of the spirit were of the same kind as those she enjoyed with Frederick.

In the Shaker houses the ladies sleep two in a room; the men have separate rooms; the ladies have looking-glasses, but are warned against vanity. "Females," says Elder Frederick, "need to be steadied some." They are free in the matter of colour and material for dress, but they are strictly confined to shape; they eat in silence, thrice in the day—at six in the morning, at noon, and at six in the evening—rallying to the sound of a bell, and filing into the eating-room in a single line—women to one end,

men to the other. After a silent prayer on their knees, they help themselves and each other as they list, without compliments or thanks; and they are strict vegetarians. They are active in work—no man suffered to be an idler, not even under the pretence of study, thought, or contemplation; they believe in variety of labour as a source of pleasure, and pleasure is the portion meted out by an indulgent Father to his saints; and their farms, their schools, their accents, and all their other industries, are acknowledged to be the best in the United States. Their church is based on these ideas: the kingdom of God has come; Christ has actually appeared on earth; the personal rule of God has been restored. The old law is abolished; the command to multiply has ceased; Adam's sin has been atoned; the intercourse between heaven and earth has been restored; the curse is taken away from labour; the earth and all that is on it will be redeemed; angels and spirits have become as of old, the familiars and ministers of men. No Shaker marries, and no Shaker dies. The soul simply withdraws and leaves the body which is now as a worn-out garment; but the spirit is as living and present to secesses like Sister Antoinette as when it animated its earthly tabernacle. Antoinette and those like to her are never alone. Shut up in the visible solitudes of their own chambers, they hear, see, and converse with their departed friends as distinctly as if all were still in the body. So indeed do other denominations, springing out of diseased imagination, with more show of truth and earnestness than ever belonged to the impostures of Home, the Davenport, and their congeners.

Amongst the spiritualists of a doubtful sort are the Dentonists, as they may be called—the order of Female Seers, who, by pressing a stone, a shell, a weed to their foreheads, pretend to read off, as from an open book, all the natural history connected therewith. They call this gift psychometry. (They, or rather their offspring, the followers of Eliza Farnham, are the great champions of woman's superiority over the baser male sex; which is a step in advance of woman's rights. There was a time, they say, when men were like hairy monkeys; but even then the women were superior, in that they were less hairy and more erect. One of the apostles of the sect, Helene Marie Weber, is a practical farmer, and takes her produce to market dressed like a man, in boots, "pants," and buttons. Her every-day garb is a coat and trousers of black cloth; her evening dress is a dark blue coat with gilt buttons, buff cashmere vest richly trimmed with gilt buttons, and drab trousers.

Then there are the Tankers, or Harmless People, whose chief principle is that of fraternal love, and who marry among themselves under a kind of protest, and with the feeling that celibacy is holiness, and marriage, if not a crime, yet is akin to it. There are also the Bible Communists or Perfectionists at One. A Creek, the rule of whose life is pantogamy, about which not much need be said, save that they have established their community on religious principles, which are briefly these: (1.) reconciliation with God; (2.) salvation from sin; (3.) brotherhood of man and woman; (4.) community of labour and its fruits. John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the sect, a tall pale man with sandy hair and beard, grey dreamy eyes, good mouth, white temple, and a noble forehead, says that all other communistic institutions have failed, because they were not founded on Bible truth; they began at the third and fourth stages; they left God out of their tale; and they came to nothing. The Perfectionists live on the principle of holiness, each brother and sister doing as he likes; but there is a counter-check to this in the principle of sympathy, akin to that which public opinion holds with us. Thus a brother may do as he likes, but he is trained to do everything in sympathy with the general wish. If the public judgment is against him, he is wrong, the family being supposed to be wiser than the unit. If he wants anything for himself—a new hat, a holiday, a damsel's smiles—he must consult with one of the elders, and see how the brotherhood feels on the subject of his wish. If against him he must retire. Until

this doctrine of sympathy was introduced, the community of Perfect Saints had little of what the world would call success.

The great trade at Oneida Creek is in traps. Brother Newhouse, an old trapper who settled down to machine work at Oneida Creek, took the matter in hand, and made a trap which made the family. In a single year they cleared eighty thousand dollars of profit by these traps, and even now their yearly revenue is about three thousand pounds, English money. The advanced Saints are vegetarians, the weaker still indulge in flesh; they drink no wine, nor beer, unless it be a dose of either cherry wine or gooseberry wine taken as a cordial. "I tasted three or four kinds of this home-made wine," says Mr. Dixon, "and agree with Brother Noyes that his people will be better without such drinks."

These are the more salient points of Mr. Dixon's book, but by no means the only passages of mark. On the contrary, the whole narrative is full of interest from end to end, as well as of most important subjects for consideration. No student of society, no historian of humanity should be without it, as a reliable and valuable text-book on New America.

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

THE STORY OF A BALE OF GOODS.

AT the north-west corner of Drury Lane, London, there is a narrow alley, called Ashlin's Place, bordered north and south by gin-shops and public-houses, marine store-shops and costermongers' lodgings. Two hundred years ago, this neglected neighborhood was the residence of noblemen, baronets, and fashionable gentlemen. It is now dirty and squalid, the home of every variety of struggling poverty.

In Ashlin's Place, there still stands an old, dilapidated house, in the last stage of misery and decay. The building leans forward in a staggering, crippled way, like a sick and decrepid old man with one foot in the grave. It has seen evil days and much sorrow, always has been a doomed sort of place, and is, in fact, ripe for carting away, whenever the improver ventures up Ashlin's Place. Bathed in the noisome and pestilential air of an ill-paved, filthy, and badly-drained alley, it is just the place from which fever and death could with difficulty be driven, if they once found an entry.

But dismal and repulsive as the old house in Ashlin's Place appears, even to the most hasty observer, it strikes a greater terror and disgust when one is told that in this very house, that awful visitation, the great plague of London, broke out on one too memorable December day, 1664. Here began that ghastly disease that carried off not much less than a hundred thousand persons in London alone.

It was in this spot that the fatal bale of cotton goods from Smyrna, where the plague then was, opened: from this came the seeds of the great pestilence. The bale had been sent through Holland, where, in Amsterdam alone, twenty thousand persons had been carried off. There is reason to suppose that the house was, at the time, an old clothes shop, and that some Frenchmen, who were either lodgers there or lived next door, fled to Bearbinder Lane, near the Mansion House, now called George Street, and there died, spreading the disease in the city. The signs of infection soon showed themselves—feverishness, hard breathing, torpor, vomiting, dryness of the tongue, swellings behind the ears and under the armpits—then delirium and death. The Governmen sent three doctors to inspect the bodies in this alley, and certifying that they had died of the plague, the horrible fact was announced in the next weekly bill of mortality. Alas! the city trembled. A few weeks later a wise law was passed, to lock up the infected houses through London, and to place watchmen at the doors, night and day, to prevent exit or entrance. A great red cross, too, was painted on the door of all houses where the disease had shown itself, with these words, "Lord, have mercy upon us!"

The livid, plague-struck bodies were emptied from carts into great pits, that had been dug for the purpose at Finsbury and elsewhere. On several occasions, persons who had fallen down sick on the steps of churches or in doorways, were carried off in these carts, and came to their senses only just in time to escape being buried alive.

Many of the London doctors basely fled; but others (such as brave Dr. Hodges) persevered in their daily visits, taking the precaution of smoking a pipe and drinking a cordial before they sallied out on their daily rounds; when they entered infected houses holding to their noses their walking-canes, the hollow tops of which were smelling-bottles, filled with sponges dipped in aromatic vinegar.

From the records of a family in Wood Street, preserved in a scarce volume, we have a very clear view of the precautions taken by prudent people during the Great Plague of London. The master, when the disease grew deadly, and a thousand a-day were dying, sent his errand-boy home by the carrier and dismissed his apprentice. For his porter he built a lodge outside the door, in which the man sat to receive orders, go messages, and carry letters to and from the post-house. On the second floor they made a wooden window, covered with tin, in which was a pulley and a rope to draw up provisions, or to let down victuals, cordials and wages to the watchman at the front door. This window was never opened without flashing off gunpowder to disinfect air, and nothing was received into the house till it was first fumigated and purified. As soon as the plague reached fifteen hundred a week, this prudent man wrote letters to his country dealers to tell them that he should send them no more goods, or receive any from them. He also ceased to deal with a higgler woman, who brought meat from Waltham, and opening his own magazine, daily distributed bread and biscuits to his family by weight. For several weeks, the constant passing bells and the weekly bills of mortality brought them by their watchman, informed them of how the disease was going. The third week the porter told them, to their horror, that the next house but two was infected, that three houses on the other side of the way were shut up, and then that two servants of an adjoining house had been sent to the pest-house at St. Luke's. The people in the next house had fled into the country, leaving the place boarded up, and in the charge of the constable and watch. A few days after the two next houses to them were visited, and at last shut up and marked with the fatal red cross. In one of these the whole family perished. About this time they first heard the dead-carts pass, and the mournful cry, "Bring out the dead!" Two thousand two hundred bodies, the porter told them, had already been thrown into the Finsbury plague pit.

The master of the house now took further precautions. He made all his family sleep on the first floor, and kept the upper storey ready prepared for an infirmary, where the sick might remain isolated. The nurse was to be drawn up by the pulley before mentioned, and the dead to be lowered in the same manner. Our citizen ordered that, if he was stricken first, no one but the nurse should see him or attend him; but his wife assured him that if he was taken ill nothing should prevent her going up into the infirmary also, and being shut up with him.

Three hours every day this shrewd and good man prayed with his family, and once a week they held a solemn day of fasting. The careful father was always first up, and going round to the bedroom doors, asked his servant and children how they did. When replied "Very well," he answered always, "Give God thanks."

On one of these days, when the air was heavy with continual knells, the master was horrified by not finding the porter below answer when he called to know if he was ready for his breakfast of warm broth. The two next days he was missing, the third day, calling to him from within the door, a melancholy voice outside answered—

"Abraham the porter is dead."

"Who, then, are you?"

"I am his poor distressed widow, come to tell you he is gone."

"Alas! poor woman, what can you do, then?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am provided for. I have the distemper already upon me. I shall not be long after him."

The man trembled, but said, "If you are in such a condition, good woman, why did you come out?"

"I came, sir, because I knew you would want poor Abraham to wait at your door. I thought I would let you know."

"Well, but if he is dead I must want him. You cannot help me if you are in such a condition as you speak of."

"No, sir, I cannot help you; but I have brought you an honest man here that will serve you faithfully, as my poor Abraham did."

"That is kindly done," said the master. "But how do I know what he is, as he comes with you that are sick? How do I know that he is not infected? I shall not dare to touch anything that comes from him."

"Oh, sir," she said, "he is one of the safe men, for he has had the distemper and recovered; so he is out of danger, or else I would not have brought him to you. He will be very honest."

The citizen, however, would not employ him till he brought the constable of his parish and another man to vouch for the truth of what the woman had stated. He then threw some money to the stricken woman, and she went away to die.

No more knells were heard after this time. It was forbidden to ring the bell, and the dead-cart carried away the rich as well as the poor. Calling, one morning, to the new porter, the citizen was told by a watchman at a neighbouring door that he had been taken off in the dead-cart the night before. It was no security, he said, even to have had the distemper three or four times. Heartsick at this, the citizen shut the wooden hatch, and, sitting down, wept to think on the death of the two men who had lost their own lives in trying to save his. He then took a large glass of Canary wine, his usual cordial, and putting on as cheerful a face as he could, kept the matter secret from his family. A fortnight after he again opened the window, and asked the watchman how the people were in the house.

The man replied, "Alas! master, they are all dead and gone but the journeyman, and he is carried to the pest-house. I am now placed next door, and they have three people sick and one dead here."

This week's bill showed eight thousand deaths. The disease was spreading towards Aldgate, Stepney, and also in Southwark. The citizen's family beginning now to get scorbutic, from the continued salt meat, he gave them lemon-juice daily, kept them moving about the house, and burned incessant fires in every room. Just as the city was beginning to recover its health, this excellent man was taken ill, to the dismay and grief of all his family. He instantly went up to the infirmary, and in two days, to their universal joy, recovered. Some months after, when the dead-carts ceased their dismal rounds, the weekly bills showed a great decrease in the deaths, carriages were again heard in the streets, and servants could be seen opening windows and lighting fires, the good citizen sallied out to Tottenham High Cross, and, hiring a healthy house, removed there safely with all his family. This narrative, simple as it is, gives us a clearer picture of the horrors of the plague than even such highly-coloured descriptions as those of Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who was at the time only two years old.

There was nothing supernatural about the plague. The dirt of London brought it, as it brought and will bring the cholera. London people lived, at that time, for the most part in very narrow streets, where the gables almost joining prevented any healthy current of air. Science was then in its infancy, and infusions of sage, rue, saffron, treacle, and perfumes were almost the only medicines.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 6, 1867.

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

R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

A LATE Eastern Townships paper says: "A poll on a by-law for repealing the by-law under the Temperance Act, passed in this township two years ago, was held at the village of Dunham on Monday last. So little interest seemed to be manifested that but eight or ten votes were polled, and only one of these in favour of the Temperance Law." This is an important announcement, especially when it is considered that in no part of the Province has the temperance cause had more zealous supporters than it has had, for years, in that section of Lower Canada. In the neighbourhood of Dunham particularly, it appeared to have taken deep root, and the good it effected was great and indisputable. If this retrograde step were confined to the locality in question, the circumstance, however much it might be regretted, would perhaps not be regarded of very general consequence; but when we find the sentiment evinced by the course pursued at Dunham largely exhibited elsewhere, the case becomes truly serious. In Massachusetts the prohibitory system has caused much discussion, one party demanding still more stringent laws against the liquor traffic than those now in force, while another party ask for their repeal, insisting that they have been the source of much and increasing evil, and have failed in their object at the same time. A committee of the State Legislature has had the subject under consideration, and the results of their enquiries have partly been published. The testimony of many witnesses whom they have examined in the matter is of a most startling character, in view of the station of these persons, and that they could have no special interest in the question at issue. The Rev. Dr. Ide, of Springfield, testified as follows: "The people seemed intent upon enforcing law rather than using moral means to promote the cause of temperance. He believed every effort had been made that was possible to enforce the law, but it had been of little avail, and liquor could now be obtained the same as before seizures were made. Both intemperance and the sale of liquor, he thought, had rapidly increased, for the past few years, especially among the young men who have grown up during the existence of the prohibitory law." The Rev. D. Bacon, of New Haven, said that, in Connecticut, "there was now more intemperance than ever before, and all interest in reformation, on the part of good temperance men, seems to have been greatly diminished." Dr. Andrew Peabody thought that "the prohibitory law had produced no permanent good, and had done a great deal of evil." The witness declared that the prohibitory law in New Hampshire, from which he came, had entirely defeated the expectation of its friends in the city of Portsmouth. The late Mayor of Fall River "knew, from his own personal observation, that more places were in existence, secretly, than ever before, and the prosecutions for drunkenness had been larger during the past year than the previous one, while untold injury had been done by the formation of clubs by young men." The Police Justice of Pittsfield, the City Marshal of Laurence, the Mayor and City Marshal of Bedford, Professor Bowen of Harvard University, and a large number of other gentlemen, clergy and judicial

officers, spoke to the same effect. But when the witnesses ventured to propose a substitute for prohibition, their views are, at least, somewhat vague and unsatisfactory, and often contradictory. One is of opinion that, as the trade in liquor cannot be suppressed, it must be endured, and that all efforts should be made to regulate it. Another would trust wholly to moral suasion, and the progress of morality and religion; and yet another regards the use of alcoholic drink as a sin and a crime, and would punish the vendor of the article.

It is impossible to overlook or ignore the importance of such testimony; and here in Montreal, our recent experience has led many to the same conclusions as those which seem to prevail so largely among our neighbours. It is known that the Sunday tavern law has proved a failure, and that on that day the drinking places are more crowded than at any previous period; thus adding the crime of law-breaking to that of Sabbath-breaking, without any diminution of the vice of intemperance.

But what is to be done? Even admitting the facts and inferences contained in the foregoing testimony, the friends of temperance will never give up a cause which is so dear to their hearts, and a greater and holier doctrine has not been taught to man since the Sermon from the Mount. In a late number of the Reader we described the scheme of Dr. Brandt of Stockholm, which is widely different from the leading principle of the Maine Liquor Law. Its chief features are these: He is opposed to the license system, and to the government raising a revenue from the sale and consumption of liquor, as sanctioning a mischievous and immoral traffic; and he would subject the merchant to certain legal and political disabilities. Now it is to the last of these propositions that we would draw the attention of Temperance men. It cannot well be denied that as far as at least as large cities and towns are concerned, the prohibitory policy has not been successful, and something more is wanted to render it so. Is it not possible that that object might be attained by adding to the prohibition the penal provisions recommended by Dr. Brandt. Those who agree with the persons who gave their testimony before the committee of the Massachusetts Legislature would probably prefer the Doctor's scheme in its entirety, but the Orthodox Temperance advocates, we suspect, must either adopt that portion of it which we have indicated, or something equivalent to it, if they are not prepared to encounter a storm which they will find difficult to resist.

We fear that at no period since its institution has the Temperance cause been threatened with more imminent danger than at the present moment. Had it only its "natural enemies" to combat, it would have little to dread in the long run, but things look as if many will be arrayed against it who ought to be among its firmest friends. Zeal and good intentions are not alone necessary in such a crisis, prudence, sagacity, wisdom, are also required.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKSPERE.

A BOOK under this title recently published, and having for its author one Nathaniel Holmes, is a literary curiosity. Its object is to deny Shakspeare's capability of writing the plays and poems bearing his name, and to make the reader believe in the improbability that such works were written by mere genius without learning. Shakspeare's want of learning, having, in Mr. Holmes' mind, a sure foundation, upon Ben Jonson's ambiguous statement that he had "but small Latin and less Greek;" and he adds, "rare Ben" must certainly have known the truth of the matter, and emphatically declares that his learning must have been little enough, however obtained. We, in reviewing this book, do not want to accuse the author of not having learning, but we are afraid the mad ravings of Celia Bacon, who wanted to claim for her namesake, my Lord of Verulam, the authorship of Shakspeare, has warped his cooler reason. For

this Nathaniel Holmes is a judge learned in the law, but we are not inclined to believe in his equity when he robs Shakspeare of his birthright, and gives it to Lord Bacon upon no other grounds to our mind than certain parallelisms in subject, idea, and language; and, forsooth, because Bacon received an University education, and there are extant manuscripts of his works; and there is no proof of Shakspeare's education, and more, not a line of his writings preserved.

Our space will not permit us to touch upon more than these three points—parallelisms, want of education, and absence of manuscripts. We shall select but a few of the parallelisms. The judge claims for Bacon the proud title of poet, and has devoted twenty-three pages of matter to prove him to be so, and yet he has only given us fourteen lines from the xc. Psalm. Two of these we select as a parallelism which is to determine Bacon the author of Shakspeare.

As a tale twice told, which sometimes men attend,
And sometimes not, our lives steal to an end.
(BACON.)

Life is as tedious as a twy'old tale
Vexing the dull ear of a frowny man.
(SHAKSPERE.)

In the civ. Part., Bacon has the following line,

"The greater navies look like walking woods."

and Shakspeare has in Macbeth,

"I looked towards Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move."

To comment upon them, is almost an insult to our readers. We may as well compare Brady and Tate, Sternhold and Hopkins to David and Job or Isaiah and Ezekiel. Is it possible that Bacon, with the true ring of the four paraphrasers, and, we may say, spoilers of the Psalms, could have given us the "Oh speak again, bright angel" of the imaginative Romeo? Or the "Queen Mab" of the fanciful and witty Mercutio! Compare the mechanism of Bacon's verse with the music of Shakspeare's.

Bacon was of the cold, philosophic school, and could consort with Aristotle, Plato and Socrates, not with Homer, Sophocles and Eschylus. He may feel more at home with Hobbes, Kant and Hartley; while Shakspeare would be more genial with Lopez de Vega, Goethe and Dante.

Now as to Shakspeare's want of education. Where is the proof? We have strong presumptive evidence that Shakspeare did receive in every just sense of the words, the education of a scholar, because the means of getting it was within his reach, viz, the free grammar School of Stratford, where it is reasonable to suppose his father, who was chief alderman of Stratford, should have sent him to school. Here Shakspeare could have learnt Latin and Greek; and there were lands specially granted to the guild of the holy cross of Stratford-upon-Avon, upon condition that the said guild should find a priest, fit and able in knowledge, to teach grammar freely to all scholars coming to the school in the said town to him, taking nothing of the scholars for their teaching. We may infer whatever he learnt, he learnt well. We may with safety argue that what man has done at an early age, and with moderate education at one period of time, may be done by another. See Pascal reproducing the Alexandrian's problems at the age of fifteen; Ferguson making clocks from the suggestion of his own brain, while tending cattle on a Morayshire heath; Burns while following his plough along the mountain side cherishing his poetical faculty, and, comparatively without education has given to Scotland a great spirit which has shed a lustre on their popular language and literature. That great man, and original thinker, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, says: I would rather have written one simile by Burns,

"Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white then gone for ever."

than all the poetry his countryman, Walter Scott, is likely ever to produce.

Look at Bunyan, anything but a courtier or scholar, yet there are many who believe him as an artist, to be the greatest dramatic author since the days of Shakspeare. Again, at Chatterton, the charity school boy; Byron and Leigh Hunt

writing poems at the age of twelve. We cannot but believe that there are some geni who conduct the wandering footsteps of a mortal bard to their springs and shades, and who touch his ear with finer sounds, and heighten to his eye the bloom of nature. We will say a few words about the absence of manuscripts! What can that prove? Nothing.—The same absence of manuscripts would cause the authorship of the so-called Bacon's works to be doubted. There are no manuscripts of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlow, and many other of Shakspeare's dramatic contemporaries. Yet, who doubts that Jonson is the author of *Every Man in His Humour*, and the prologue to that play, wherein, in his envy of the author he girls at the York and Lancaster plays, at the *Winter's Tale* and the *Tempest*? Does it stand within the prospect of belief that Jonson, who was in the pay of my Lord of Verulam, and who lived upon terms of intimacy with him, who was his great admirer and deemed "him by his works one of the greatest men (not poets), and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages," would let fly a malicious shaft at England's High Chancellor? Rare Ben Jonson, with all his faults, is worthy our love and respect, for he was a very great genius; immaculate or not, he was not unjust to his contemporaries; he was too open hearted, and we may believe too truthful to have written that noble panegyric, a credit alike to his mind and nature, had he thought he should have perpetuated a lie.—"To the memory of my beloved, the Arrnon, Mr. William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us." That Jonson thought Shakspeare a poet, there can be no doubt, such an one that he would not lodge by Chaucer or Spenser, one that outshone Marlow's mighty line, and one who, despite his small Latin and still less Greek, would call forth *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles* to do him honour; and further says of him,

And like Apollo he came forth to warn
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm

Give us Ben Jonson's contemporaneous testimony; it will outweigh in our minds the testimony of one who comes to his task with prejudice. We are rather inclined to be with Milton, Dryden, Pope; Hazlitt, Coleridge, Collier, Schlegel, Ulrici, and Goethe, who have believed in Shakspeare's identity, and who have never hinted that he was an upstart crow beautified with the feathers of Verulam.

Francis Meres in his "*Palladis Tamia*" published in 1598, speaks of Shakspeare as indisputably the greatest of English dramatists, both for tragedy and comedy. My Lord Southampton, living in Shakspeare's day, speaks of him as his friend the author. But Nathaniel Holmes, in 1867, has published a book doubting him to be either dramatist or poet or author. The work contains an immense amount of research, and will well repay the reading; but we very much doubt if the author will succeed in making many converts to his theory.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LABOULAYE'S FAIRY BOOK: translated by Mary L. Booth, with Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: R. Worthington.

In the last number of the "*London Quarterly Review*," a pleasant writer glances over the wide domain of children's books of Fiction, and shows what classes are healthy, and likely to add to a child's true enjoyment and real good, and what are unhealthy and sure to do him harm. The Reviewer (to quote his own words) takes up the following position: that there is a fair wise moral lying hidden in sound healthy fiction which all may read who will. It may not always lie on the surface, yet always near enough to be apparent in any good story, allegory or fable. The youngest reader who has any brains, and takes an interest in what he reads—as every child does who is kindly taught—gets hold of the moral for himself without having it preached into him, and without even a reflection tagged on as an antidote to the fiction. The Reviewer contends that wisdom as well as pleasure may

be gathered even when the main idea of the story is obviously pure fiction, and, as a proof of this, Chamisso's story of "*The Shadowless Man*" is instance, the lesson of which is, that not one of God's gifts, not even the least, not even a shadow can be bartered away. If useless, He would not have given it. Even such an outrageous story as "*Bluebeard*," as the writer afterwards remarks, has its meaning and its use—for how could one better show the danger and folly of that meddling and itching curiosity which besets us all, or the perils of lying? These views, which are undoubtedly correct, are strictly applicable to the volume before us. It consists of twelve "*Fairy tales of all nations*," written by M. Laboulaye, Member of the Institute of France, who is described by Miss Booth, the translator of the work, as "one of the first humourists as well as one of the first judicial writers of France." The tales are of varying excellence, but each contains some valuable lesson of wisdom or courage, clarity or self-denial. "*Abdallah*," the longest story in this collection, formed a separate volume in the French original, and cost the author more than a year's study, as it is replete with interesting details of oriental life. Among the shorter tales we may make special mention of "*The Twelve Months*," (a Bohemian tale full of poetical beauty) and of the amusing but tragic "*Story of Coquerico*," which will stand the test of comparison with the best similar efforts of Hans Andersen. The volume is printed in a style worthy of its contents, and is illustrated with numerous engravings, apparently copied from the French.

TWO MARRIAGES: by the author of "*John Halifax, gentleman*," and "*THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF*," a Novel by Miss Thackeray, author of "*The Story of Elizabeth*." New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: R. Worthington.

"*Two Marriages*" will not add materially to the well earned reputation of Mrs. Craik, better known to all novel-readers as Miss Mulock. at the same time, it will certainly not detract from it. The book consists of two stories entirely independent of one another. The former and shorter of these, "*John Bowberbank's Wife*," is a pathetic tale of the lasting misery entailed upon two lives, by an act of treachery on the part of the heroine's father which prevented her from being married to the real object of her affections. The hero and heroine of the story, thus cruelly separated by falsehood, contract alliances afterwards, in which their hearts are wholly uninterested, and discover too late the fraud that had blighted their happiness. The heroine dies, worn out by the intensity of her suffering; but shortly before her death relates the story of her early love to her husband, a wealthy old man, who finally adopts her former lover as his partner in business. All jealousy between the two men is thus killed by the hand of death, and united, as it were, by their love for the dead woman, they become firm and faithful friends.

"*Parson Garland's Daughter*" is the title of the second story, which is full of delicate touches of nature. Keith Garland (whose mother died in giving birth to him) is the only son of the clergyman of a small English parish. His father at the cost of half his income sends him to the University of Cambridge, where the boy works hard and conscientiously. During the long vacation, while wandering up and down the country, the luckless undergraduate is captivated by the bright eyes of a peasant girl, whom eventually, from a sense of honour, he marries. News of the fact quickly reaches the poor clergyman, who had set his heart upon his son's marrying some gentle and graceful woman, who "should shine upon the evening of his days, like the dim reflection of days departed." He hastens to Cambridge, and finds that tale, which he had hoped might be false, is only too true. Keith is forthwith removed from the University, and emigrates to Canada, leaving his humbly-born wife in the care of his father. The old man at first has but little sympathy with her. His pride is hurt, and he almost bates the cause of his son's errors. But at length he determines to do his duty towards her, and having taken her home to the parsonage, commences the appar-

ently hopeless task of cultivating her intellect and refining her manners. This is the most beautiful part of the book, and the characters of the old man and his daughter-in-law are painted with considerable skill. As the girl is docile and fondly attached to her husband, the task soon ceases to be a labour, and becomes a pleasure. The parson, however, is subjected to some indignities, when it is discovered by some purse proud neighbours that the beautiful girl, with whom they had been associating on equal terms, is of humble origin and unsatisfactory antecedents. Conscious that he had done his duty under trying circumstances, the old man bears these outrages with becoming dignity. Finally, when he has a paralytic stroke, Charlotta Garland begs of her husband to come back to his father in England, and in the love and innocence of her heart offers at the same time to be divorced from him, as she feels that she is not worthy of being his wife. Keith returns, expecting to meet with but little change the same wife whom he had left with his father. To his astonishment and delight he discovers that the lowly country girl has developed into a noble and beautiful woman, well worthy the love of the most exacting of lovers. And so the tale, that commenced inauspiciously, ends happily.

Of "*The Village on the Cliff*," we have no space to write as we would wish. It is a reprint of a Novelette, which for the last nine months has formed an attractive feature of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Those who remember that remarkable little volume, *The Story of Elizabeth*, will hail with delight this companion volume. In both works they will find the same wonderful realism, the same fresh and graceful fancy, and the same vivid power of picturesque description. There is an exquisite purity about all that Miss Thackeray writes, which would charm (one would think) by way of contrast the readers of the conventional novel, (that absurd compound of murder, bigamy, lost wills and law), which has considerably demoralized the taste of the present age.

Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. announce, to be published in semi-monthly parts, a "*Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible*," mainly abridged from Dr. W. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*; with important additions and improvements, and five hundred illustrations.

Dr. Smith's *Dictionary* is a work of acknowledged excellence, but its size, cost and scholarly character must prevent its general circulation. The "*Comprehensive Dictionary*" will be such a modified abridgment of the original work as will make it acceptable to the great mass of those who desire and need a *Dictionary of the Bible*. The whole work will probably be contained in twenty-two numbers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—We have received from the publishers the April number of this widely circulated magazine. The articles are numerous and of varied excellence, but all readable. We must except however the mass of rubbish which appears under the heading of the "*Editor's Drawer*;" there is scarcely a scintillation of wit or humour in the six dreary pages. For sale at Messrs. Dawson Bros.

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

HEAPING UP RICHES

Continued from page 57.

CHAPTER VII.—AUNT SARAH.

After that interview in Gray's-inn, there were more interviews of a like character. Valentine received further instructions from George Sheldon, and got himself posted up in Haygarthian history, so far as the lawyer's information furnished the materials for such posting. But the sum total of Mr. Sheldon's information seemed very little to his coadjutor when the young man looked the Haygarthian business full in the face, and considered what he had to do. He felt very much like a young prince in the fairy tale who has been bidden to go forth upon an adventurous journey in a trackless forest, where,

if he escape all manner of lurking dangers, and remember innumerable injunctions, such as not to utter a single syllable during the whole course of his travels, or look over his left shoulder, or pat any strange dog, or gather forest-fruit or flower, or look at his own reflection in mirror or water-pool, shining brazen shield, or jewelled helm, he will ultimately find himself before the gates of an enchanted castle, to which he may or may not obtain admittance.

Valentine fancied himself in the position of this favourite young prince. The trackless forest was the genealogy of the Haygarths; and in the enchanted castle he was to find the crown of success in the shape of three thousand pounds. Could he marry Charlotte on the strength of those three thousand pounds, if he were so fortunate as to unravel the tangled skein of the Haygarth history? Ah, no; that black-whiskered stock-broking stepfather would ask for something more than three thousand pounds from the man to whom he gave his wife's daughter.

"He will try to marry her to some rich city swell, I daresay," thought Valentine; "I should be no nearer her with three thousand pounds for my fortune than I am without a sixpence. The best thing I can do for her happiness and my own is to turn my back upon her, and devote myself to hunting the Haygarths. It's rather hard too, just as I have begun to fancy that she likes me a little."

In the course of those interviews in Gray's-in which occurred before Valentine took any active steps in his new pursuit, certain conditions were agreed upon between him and Mr. Sheldon. The first and most serious of these conditions was, that Captain Paget should be in nowise enlightened as to his protégé's plans. This was a strong point with George Sheldon. "I have no doubt Paget's a very good fellow," he said.—It was his habit to call everybody a good fellow. He would have called Nana Sahib a good fellow, and would have made some good-natured excuse for any peccadilloes on the part of that potentate.—"Paget's an uncommonly agreeable man, you know; but he's not the man I should care to trust with this kind of secret." Mr. Sheldon said this with a tone that implied his willingness to trust Captain Paget with every other kind of secret, from the contents of his japanned office-boxes to the innermost mysteries of his soul.

"You see Paget is thick with my brother Phil," he resumed, "and whenever I find a man thick with my relations, I make it a point to keep clear of that man myself. Relations never have worked well in harness, and never will work in harness. It seems to be against nature. Now, Phil has a dim kind of idea of the game I want to play, in a general way, but nothing more than a dim idea. He fancies I'm a fool, and that I'm wasting my time and trouble. I mean him to stick to that notion. For, you see, in a thing of this kind there's always the chance of other people cutting in and spoiling a man's game. Of course, that advertisement I read to you was seen by other men besides me, and may have been taken up. My hope is that whoever has taken it up, has gone in for the female branch, and got himself snowed up under a heap of documentary evidence about the Judsons. That's another reason why we should put our trust in Matthew Haygarth. The Judson line is the obvious line to follow, and there are very few who would think of hunting up evidence for a hypothetical first marriage until they had exhausted the Judsons. Now, I rely upon you to throw dust in Paget's eyes, so there may be no possibility of my brother getting wind of our little scheme through him."

"I'll take care of that," answered Valentine; "he doesn't want me just now. He's in very high feather, riding about in broughams and dining at West-end taverns. He won't be sorry to get rid of me for a short time."

"But what'll be your excuse for leaving town? He'll be sure to want a reason, you know."

"I'll invent an aunt at Ullerton, and tell him I'm going down to stop with her."

"You'd better not say Ullerton; Paget might take into his head to follow you down there in

order to see what sort of person your aunt was, and whether she had any money. Paget is an excellent fellow, but there's never any knowing what that sort of man will do. You'd better throw him off the scent altogether. Plant your aunt in Surrey—say Dorking."

"But if he should want to write to me?"

"Tell him to address to the post-office, Dorking, as your aunt is inquisitive, and might tamper with your correspondence. I daresay his letters will keep."

"He could follow me to Dorking as easily as to Ullerton."

"Of course he could," answered George Sheldon, "but then you see at Dorking the most he could find out would be that he'd been made a fool of; whereas if he followed you to Ullerton, he might ferret out the nature of your business there."

Mr. Hawkehurst perceived the wisdom of this conclusion, and agreed to make Dorking the place of his relative's abode.

"It's very near London," he suggested thoughtfully; "the Captain might easily run down."

"And for that very reason he's all the less likely to do it," answered the lawyer; "a man who thinks of going to a place within an hour's ride of town knows he can go any day, and is likely to think of going to the end of the chapter without carrying out his intention. A man who resolves to go to Manchester or Liverpool has to make his arrangements accordingly, and is likely to put his idea into practice. The people who live on Tower-hill very seldom see the inside of the Tower. It's the good folks who come up for a week's holiday from Yorkshire and Cornwall who know all about the Crown jewels and John of Gaunt's armour. Take my advice, and stick to Dorking."

Acting upon this advice, Valentine Hawkehurst lay in wait for the Promoter that very evening. He went home early, and was seated by a cheery little bit of fire, such as an Englishman likes to see at the close of a dull autumn day, when that accomplished personage returned to his lodgings.

"Deuced tiresome work," said the Captain, as he smoothed the nap of his hat with that caressing tenderness of manipulation peculiar to the man who is not very clear as to the means whereby his next hat is to be obtained.—"deuced slow, brain-belabouring work! How many people do you think I've called upon to-day, eh, Val? Seven-and-thirty. What do you say to that? Seven and thirty interviews, and some of them very tough ones. I think that's enough to take the steam out of a man."

"Do the moneyed swells bite?" asked Mr. Hawkehurst with friendly interest.

"Rather slowly my dear Val, rather slowly. The mercantile fisheries have been pretty well whipped of late years, and the fish are artful—they are uncommonly artful, Val. Indeed I'm not quite clear at this present moment as to the kind of fly they'll rise to most readily. I'm half-inclined to be doubtful whether your gaudy pheasant-feather, your brougham and lavender-kid business, is the right thing for your angler. It has been overdone, Val, considerably overdone; and I shouldn't wonder if a soter little brown fly,—a shabby old chap in a rusty great-coat with a cotton umbrella under his arm,—wouldn't do the trick better. That sort of thing would look rich, you see, Val,—rich and eccentric; and I think on occasions—with a very downy bird—I'd even go so far as a half-orth of snuff in a screw of paper. I really think a pinch of snuff out of a bit of paper, taken at the right moment, might turn the tide of a transaction."

Impressed by the brilliancy of this idea, Captain Paget abandoned himself for the moment to profound meditation, seated in his favourite chair, and with his legs extended before the cheerful blaze. He always had a favourite chair in every caravanerai wherein he rested in his manifold wanderings, and he had an unerring instinct which guided him in the selection of the most comfortable chair, and that one corner, to be found in every room, which is a sanctuary secure from the incursions of Boreas.

The day just ended had evidently not been a

lucky one, and the Captain's gaze was darkly meditative as he looked into the ruddy little fire.

"I think I'll take a glass of cold water with a dash of brandy in it, Val," he said presently; and he said it with the air of a man who rarely takes such a beverage; whereas it was as habitual with him to sit sipping brandy-and-water for an hour or so before he went to bed as it was for him to light his chamber-candle. "That fellow Sheldon knows how to take care of himself," he remarked thoughtfully, when Valentine had procured the brandy-and-water. "Try some of that cognac, Val; it's not bad. To tell you the truth, I'm beginning to get sick of this promoting business. It pays very little better than the India-rubber agency, and it's harder work. I shall look about me for something fresh, if Sheldon doesn't treat me handsomely. And what have you been doing for the last day or two?" asked the Captain, with a searching glance at his protégé's face. "You're always hanging about Sheldon's place; but you don't seem to do much business with him. You and his brother George seem uncommonly thick."

"Yes, George suits me better than the stock-broker. I never could get on very well with your ultra-respectable men. I'm as ready to undertake a dirty job as any man; but I don't like a fellow to offer me dirty work and pretend it's clean."

"Ah, he's been getting you to do a little of the bear business, I suppose," said the Captain. "I don't see that your conscience need trouble you about that. Amongst a commercial people money must change hands. I can't see that it much matters how the change takes place."

"No, to be sure; that's a comfortable way of putting it, at any rate. However, I'm tired of going about in the ursine guise, and I'm going to cut it. I've an old aunt settled in Dorking who has got a little bit of money to leave, and I think I'll go and look her up."

"An aunt at Dorking! I never heard of her before."

"O yes you have," answered Mr. Hawkehurst with supreme nonchalance; "you've heard of her often enough; only you've a happy knack of not listening to other people's affairs. But you must have been wrapped up in yourself with a vengeance if you don't remember to have heard me speak of my aunt—Sarah."

"Well, well, it may be so," murmured the Captain, almost apologetically. "Your aunt Sarah? Ah, to be sure; I have some recollection: is she your father's sister?"

"No, she's the sister of my maternal grandmother—a great-aunt, you know. She has a comfortable little place down at Dorking, and I can get free quarters there whenever I like; so as you don't particularly want me just now, I think I'll run down to her for a week or two."

The Captain had no objection to offer to this very natural desire on the part of his adopted son; nor did he concern himself as to the young man's motive for leaving London.

CHAPTER VIII.—CHARLOTTE PROPHESES RAIN.

Mr. Hawkehurst had no excuse for going to the Lawn before his departure; but the stately avenues between Bayswater and Kensington are free to any man; and, having nothing better to do, Valentine put a shabby little volume of Balzac in his pocket and spent his last morning in town under the shadow of the mighty elms, reading one of the great Honoré's gloomiest romances, while the autumn leaves drifted round him, dancing fairy measures on the grass, and scraping and scuffling on the gravel, and while children with hoops and children with balls scampered and screamed in the avenue by which he sat. He was not particularly absorbed by his book. He had taken it haphazard from the tattered collection of cheap editions which he carried about with him in his wanderings, ignominiously stuffed into the bottom of a portmanteau, amongst boots and clothes-brushes and disabled razors.

"I'm sick of them all," he thought; "the do Beausants, and Rastignacs, the German Jews, and the patrician beauties, and the Israeliish Circes of the Rue Taitbout, and the sickly self-sacrificing provincial angels, and the ghastly

ricilles filles. Had that man ever seen such a woman as Charlotte, I wonder—a bright creature, all smiles and sunshine, and sweet impulsive tenderness, an angel who can be angelic without being *poitrineaire*, and whose amiability never degenerates into debility. There is an odour of the dissecting-room pervading all my friend Balzac's novels, and I don't think he was capable of painting a fresh, healthy nature. What a mass of disease he would have made Lucy Ashton, and with what dismal relish he would have dilated upon the physical sufferings of Amy Robsart in the confinement of Cumnor Hall! No, my friend Honoré, you are the greatest and grandest of painters of the terrible school; but the time comes when a man sighs for something brighter and better than your highest type of womanhood."

Mr. Hawkehurst put his book in his pocket, and abandoned himself to meditation, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, unconscious of the trundling hoops and screaming children.

"She is better and fairer than the fairest heroine of a novel," he thought. "She is like Heloise. Yes, the quaint old French fits her to a nicety :

*Elle ne fu obscure ne brune,
Ains fu clere comme la lune,
Envers qui les autres estoilles
Ressembent petites chandoilles.*

Mrs. Browning must have known such a woman :

'Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace:
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face.'

and yet

'She was not as pretty as women I know.'

Was she not? mused the lover. "Is she not?" Yes," he cried suddenly, as he saw a scarlet petticoat gleaming in the distance, and a bright young face under a little black turban hat—prettiest and most bewitching of all feminine headgear, let fashion change as it may. "Yes," he cried, "she is the loveliest creature in the world, and I love her to distraction."

He rose, and went to meet the loveliest creature in the world, whose earthly name was Charlotte Halliday. She was walking with Diana Paget, who, to more sober judges, might have seemed the handsomer woman of the two. Alas for Diana! the day had been when Valentine Hawkehurst considered her very handsome, and had need to fight a hard battle with himself in order not to fall in love with her. He had been conqueror in that struggle of prudence and honour against nascent love, only to be vanquished utterly by Charlotte's brighter charms and Charlotte's sunnier nature.

The two girls shook hands with Mr. Hawkehurst. An indifferent observer might have perceived that the colour faded from the face of one, while a blush mounted to the cheeks of the other. But Valentine did not see the sudden pallor of Diana's face—he had eyes only for Charlotte's blushes. Nor did Charlotte herself perceive the sudden change in her dearest friend's countenance. And that perhaps is the bitterest sting of all. It is not enough that some must weep while others play; the mourners must weep unnoticed, unconsolated; happiness is apt to be selfish.

Of course the conversation was the general sort of thing under the given circumstances—just a little more inane and disjointed than the ordinary small talk of people who meet each other in their walks abroad.

"How do you do, Mr. Hawkehurst? Very well, thank you. Mamma is very well, at least no, not quite well; she has one of her headaches this morning. She is rather subject to headache, you know; and the canaries sing so loud. Don't the canaries sing abominably loud, Diana?—loudly they would have made me say at Hyde-lodge; but it is only awfully clever people who know when to use adverbs."

And Miss Halliday having said all this in a hurried and indeed almost breathless manner, stopped suddenly, blushing more deeply than at first, and painfully aware of her blushes. She looked imploringly at Diana; but Diana would not come to the rescue; and this morning Mr.

Hawkehurst seemed as a man struck with sudden dumbness.

There followed presently a little discussion of the weather. Miss Halliday was possessed by the conviction that there would be rain—possibly not immediate rain, but before the afternoon inevitable rain. Valentine thought not; was indeed positively certain there would be no rain; had a vague idea that the wind was in the north; and quoted a dreary Joe-Millerism to prove the impossibility of rain while the wind came from that quarter. Miss Halliday and Mr. Hawkehurst held very firmly to their several opinions, and the argument was almost a quarrel; one of those little playful quarrels which form one of the most delicious phases of a flirtation.

"I would not mind wagering a fortune—if I had one—on the certainty of rain," cried Charlotte with kindling eyes.

"And I would not shrink from staking my existence on the conviction that there will be no rain," exclaimed Valentine, looking with undisguised tenderness at the glowing animated face.

Diana Paget took no part in that foolish talk about the possibilities of the weather. She walked silently by the side of her friend Charlotte, as far away from her old comrade, it seemed to her, as if the Atlantic's wide waste of waters had stretched between them. The barrier that divided them was only Charlotte; but then Miss Paget knew too well that Charlotte in this case meant all the world.

(To be continued.)

MY FRIEND'S VILLA.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

"**S**O you are determined, Signor Owen," said Count Galli to me as we returned together from a pleasant evening party at the Casa Guidi, "determined to leave Florence to-morrow, and spend a hermit's week in that dismal villa of mine on the road to Pistoia? Eh bien! tastes differ. I pity you, that's all; and in the name of all that is beautiful in the Pitti Gallery, and all that is sublime in the Duomo, let me, as an old friend, dissuade you from going."

"Count Galli," replied I, as we entered his house, not far from the Roboli Gardens; throwing down my white glove on one of the huge mosaic tables as I spoke, "don't compel me to refuse to take your advice; I must hide myself for a week. I have some literary work to do that cannot be delayed. To-morrow, my good friend, I positively tear myself from the Ghiberti gates, and from pleasant walks in the Cascine, to bury myself in that quiet villa of yours among the hills, far from all the fascinations of your delightful Florence. I have been there before, Count, and I know the delicious quietude of the spot."

"Now, one cigar, then, my friend, before we part for the night," said the Count; "and the more so because you will probably start before I am up to-morrow. Francesco Luigi"—here he clapped his hands, a habit the eccentric old nobleman had contracted from a long residence in the Lebanon—"bring some cigars and a bottle of yellow Chartreuse. I must tell you one or two things that have made Carmigniano disagreeable to me."

"My friend," said he, "most men have a secret. Trees may grow over it, and flowers flourish on the turf above it, but there it remains still, deep in their souls, like the dead body in a murderer's garden. I also have mine. When I was a stripling my father and mother lived at Carmigniano. I used to amuse myself by fishing in the trout-streams between the mountains. Sometimes I ventured too far from home, lost myself, and had to seek shelter for the night at the peasants' cottages. My favourite walk was to a ruined tower, once a villa of the Medici, that was stuck, like a bull's horn, on the edge of a neighbouring mountain. It was overgrown with brambles; and the quick green lizards flashing across the stones of the ramparts were the only living things to be seen within the walls. One day I met a peasant girl watching

some goats that were feeding beside the torrent that passed below the castle. She was very beautiful, with those dark eyes, that lavish wealth of black hair, and that rosy-brown complexion which distinguishes our country beauties. God help me! I was very young and passionate; I fell at once into an abyss of love; but a love pure and unselfish as it was timid and innocent. I made the contadina sit by my side and tell me the legend of the tower. Years ago, she said, with a voice that was angel's music to my ear, her violet breath playing upon my cheek,—years ago a wicked marchese had lived in that castle. He was cruel; he oppressed the poor, and hated all good men. He had a special and inextinguishable hatred for the poor mendicant friars, who occasionally wandered up the valley from Florence to seek alms for their convent from peasants poorer even than themselves. When he could catch one of these holy men, he would have a deep hole dug in his olive-garden, bury the friar in it up to his chin, and then bowl stones at him till he died. At last the people of Florence heard of this; came here, attacked and burnt the castle, and tying the marchese to one of their military engines, hurled him into the valley below, where he lay till the foxes and crows devoured him piecemeal. Well, I need scarcely tell you, a poet, how my love grew till its roots filled every fibre of my heart and brain; how I found excuses every day to obtain stolen interviews with Lisa; or how at last—for my love was always a pure and refined one—I swore, one Ave-Maria time, to wed Lisa and defy my kinsfolk, as soon as I returned from Paris, where I was to be sent for a year. I went to Paris. I am afraid that a wicked but secret joy filled my heart when my proud mother died; and in less than eight months my father wrote to me to return to Florence to accept a commission in the army of those accursed Austrians. I came on the third day. I made some excuse to hurry down to Carmigniano. I rushed into Lisa's cottage. O giorno maledetto! O cruel fortune! I found her sitting on the floor singing a song I had once taught her, as beautiful as before, but a maniac. Some accursed being, born of hell and doing Satan's work, had discovered our love, told my father, and persuaded him to tell Lisa that I was married in Paris. She had fallen into a fever, and finally her reason had left her. My friend, I try to be a Christian; I seldom miss confession; but I swear to you by the glory of Paradise, that even now, if I know where that accursed villain could be found, I would never rest till I had split his heart with this knife, or till, in a death-grapple, one of us had thrown the other into the bottomless darkness."

Here the Count, overcome with agony of grief and rage, hid his face for some minutes in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro. I had never felt so strongly the difference of the Englishman and Italian as I did now, when I saw a love and rage so inextinguishable still cast up flames from the old man's heart.

"What will be, will be," he continued, after a short but painful pause. "I placed Lisa with Tyecechi, a young doctor of Carmigniano, and allowed him an annual pension for her support. I never saw her again. I have never been to Carmigniano since; but even in that plausible doctor I was deceived. Five years after that, our good old fattore (steward), Antonio—your favorito—came to me, and told me that I had been cheated; that Lisa was dead two years since, and that Dr. Tyecechi, worthy Tyecechi, had concealed the poor girl's death in order to steal the pension. I sent for him, and reproached him with the theft; but somehow or other the rascal got over me with his plausible ways and his lies framed to please me. Liar! I know they were to please me. He told me that Lisa before her death had recovered her reason, and died kissing my miniature. I forgave him, and sent him back to Carmigniano without a public exposure."

"Signor Owen, be ware of that man; he is bad; there is a taint in his blood. I could bet a thousand scudi he is the man, or it is his son, who continually writes me anonymous letters about the good old fattore, heaping abuse on him, and trying to make me distrust him. The people at

Carmigniano are rough and bad. Robberies are frequent there, and no one ever seems to catch the thieves. There must be connivance somewhere."

I expressed my sympathy in a few sincere words. But how hard it is to find in a moment the right plaster for the right wound!

"Dear Count," I said, "time brings roses; time to me is sorrow's best anodyne. You and Lisa will one day meet in heaven."

And here, to change the conversation, I sat down to the spinnet and played that charming old air of Gluck's, "Che farò senza Euridice?" music so full of quaint melancholy.

It soothed my friend.

"My Lisa," I said, "is in England. I fear no shafts from dark eyes when I think of her. In spite of all your evil omens, Count, I long for the quiet of your Carmigniano—its gray olive-trees, its cream-coloured oxen, its little green wheat-fields, its flowery vines."

The Count had shaken off his brooding thoughts, and was again the volatile gay old nobleman. He displaced me at the spinnet, and dashed off the drinking song from *Fra Diavola*.

"Ha! heretic," he said, shaking his eye-glass at me, "give me life in the city, as one of your Anglo-Italian poets says; the blessed church-bells to waken one; the diligence rattling in with the news from Bologna; then the marketplace below one's window gay with Pulcinello, the travelling doctor, or a crowd reading the last edict (curse it!); or at noon a procession, with our Lady in spangles, and seven swords in her heart, the monks and the penitents with candles, the soldiers in the rear. O, give me the city!"

"I am satisfied, O Mecenas," said I, "with the olives blowing silvery in the wind, the wheat sharp and green pricking up from the clods, and in due time with the fire-flies sparkling in the twilight, and the cicadas chirping in the hot noon-tide. I am a poet, you know; and it is my profession to like these things better than what I think the lower delights of your artificial pleasures."

"Well," said the Count, rising and lighting his bed-room candle, "you ought to be able to decide by this time, for you spent all last May at Carmigniano; but I notice that you never require more than one month's leave. Buona sera—Bu-o-na se-ra!"

I was just shaking hands with the good mercenary old Count when Luigi entered, and, in the brisk manner of a stage servant, handed a clumsy letter to the Count.

"It is a letter from Antonio," said the servant; "it came this morning, but Francisco forgot to give it you."

"And, diable! why didn't Francisco bring it, that I might scold him?" said the Count laughing. "O, these servants, these servants! When shall we be waited on by machinery?"

The Count read the letter: "Dearest master—(good old Antonio)—I and Catherine—(dear old souls—mumble-mumble)—sold two meadows of hay to Dr. Tyeccchi. Third year—not paid. Tells me of a plan to rob the house; but I have hired as a watchman young Lorenzo, the miller's son."

"Tell Antonio, my dear Owen, to press the doctor for payment, and by all means to hire another watchman. Now doesn't that deter you from detestable Carmigniano? If it were not for old Antonio, I'd sell that place. I tell you it is unlucky to our race."

"No," said I; "I go, and my servant goes with me, and we have each a revolver. Besides, it's only for a week. Good night, Count—a rivederlo!"

The next morning early I started for Carmigniano with my servant, and arrived there late in the afternoon, the road from Florence to the village being steep and bad.

I found Antonio and his good old wife in a state of fear at some village gossip hinting at an intended robbery; but my coming reassured them, and the sight of my revolver, and that of Jackson's, seemed to make Antonio quite martial.

Before I went to bed that night, I ordered the miller to be sent for, that I might see how far I

could trust our watchman. I found him a clear-eyed, frank young fellow, full of honesty and courage; from that moment I threw aside all anxiety, ordered him a glass of absinthe, and went to bed.

The next morning I was sitting at breakfast at the open window, sipping my coffee with that luxurious idleness with which a busy man prepares for a hard day's work. It was a fine May morning, and the air (as it does sometimes in spring) seemed to be laden with the scent of flowers. There was just breeze enough to vibrate the vine-branches at the window, and to stir inquiringly among the leaves of the "Guicciardini" that lay before me on the snowy table-cloth for reference. I had laid down the tedious historian for a moment to read one of Michael Angelo's finest sonnets, when the door opened, and who should come gliding in but Dr. Tyeccchi! He did not seem to look me straight in the face, though there was a hard smile on his pale lips; and he advanced rubbing his hands together in the fawning manner of a low-bred parasite who tries to be grandly courteous and to assert an equality.

"Bevenuto," said he in a harsh Italian patois. "Welcome again to little Carmigniano. Ha! how I have longed for a chess-fight once more with you, Signor Owen! And how is the dear Count, our excellent lord and master? How we wish for him here! It is a dull monotonous life for us country doctors—no opera, no processions, nothing."

I shook the intrusive doctor's hand somewhat coldly, I fear—for I can never conceal a dislike—and offered him a chair.

"But, doctor," said I, "you have scarcely known much, except through reading, of the gay city life you lament so much." (The moment I said this, I remembered that I had heard that the doctor had been driven from the great hospital at Florence for misconduct.)

The doctor coloured. It was not a blush that rose on his yellow cheek, but a fever-spot of red glowed on each cheek-bone. "Yes," said he; "I have known city life; but poverty compelled me to come and settle amongst these rude and turbulent village people. Ha! signor mio, how the good priest and I have been longing for your return! There is no society for us nearer than Pistoia, and even the best friends grow at times tired of each other, you know."

Now this was a falsehood; for the priest himself had told me that he would never associate with the doctor, for he cheated him at cards and had given up confession. I thought it best, however, to say nothing; for I knew the stealthy serpent-like nature of the man I had to deal with.

I am not naturally suspicious, but I could not help observing that the doctor, as he sat opposite to me, kept his snuff-box open on the table, and his hand, the forefinger and thumb of which held a pinch of what I supposed to be snuff, was extended across my books, so as almost to touch my coffee-cup.

"Delightful book!" said the doctor gaily, as he took up a volume of Redi; "but have you read the *lussuriosi sonetti* of Aretino?"

"No!" said I angrily; "that infamous writer is unfit to be read by any honest man."

The doctor bit his lip, and replied:

"Well, well; every one has scruples; I myself am no prude; I profess to be a cosmopolitan, though I have not travelled; but look! what is that bird there over the dove-cot?"

I turned and looked round quickly at the back-window. I could see nothing. I snapped round again equally quickly, and saw the doctor's hand touch the milk-jug, and draw swiftly back from it, but not swift enough to escape my notice.

He coloured again.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he, laughing (a dry metallic laugh it was); "in my hurry to point out the kite, that flew away just as I called out (bungler that I am!), I nearly upset the milk-jug. And now let me retire, for I see you look full of business. Be assured I should not have come in so suddenly and unannounced, had not I seen good old Antonio busy nailing up a pomegranate-tree in

the garden, and I would not disturb him. I hope to see you often, signor carissimo. Addio, addio, addio!"

And the odious man bowed himself out with as much ceremony as if I had been Lorenzo de Medici come to life again.

Ten minutes afterwards old Antonio entered to take away the breakfast things.

"Have you been gardening, Antonio?" I said, "No, signor mio; I have been down in the village to buy charcoal."

I saw in a moment that the doctor had watched his opportunity to find me a lone; but I did not mention my suspicions to Antonio.

"Antonio," said I, "if Dr. Tyeccchi calls any day while I am here, mind I am engaged."

"Si, signor." And old Antonio gave me a respectful wink, which implied a supreme knowledge of my wishes.

"Antonio," said I, as the faithful old fattore was just piloting my breakfast-tray through the doorway; Antonio turned his head back over his left shoulder—"Antonio, pour out the rest of that milk into a saucer, leave it on my table, and send Zanze in to me."

"Si, signor," replied Antonio, with his usual grave bow, this time somewhat impeded by the loaded tray.

A moment after, the door was opened by Antonio, and in sprung Zanze, a favourite large milk-white Persian cat that I had bought at Venice: he began to arch his back and sidle to me, and purr in a low beseeching way. I put down the saucer of milk; Zanze lapped it up eagerly. A minute or two afterwards I was roused from my writing by a scream and a dash at the door. It was poor Zanze. Then he came to my side, mewed as if he were in pain, lay down, shivered, and died. Three minutes afterwards the body was stiff and stark. I could not doubt but that he had been poisoned; but I did not at the time suspect the doctor, or establish in my own mind any connection between his visit and Zanze's death.

Antonio, who wrung his hands when he saw dead Zanze, attributed his death to the malice of a neighbour's son. The next two days I spent head down at my task, and in writing home to my wife; but the third day, a letter from a correspondent, an antiquarian at Pistoia, determined me to take horse and visit that town, in order to see an old Lombardic church, some account of which would serve to illustrate one of my principles in an architectural work which I was then engaged upon.

I gave orders to have my carriage instantly prepared for the road.

Antonio heard the news of my intended departure with singular alarm. A presentiment of some evil seemed weighing upon him. He hoped I would soon be back, and asked me if I should object, as the house would now have fewer defenders, to have a second watchman. I laughed at the old servant's fears, but at the same time ordered the miller to hire a colleague in the village.

The carriage came round to the door, and I got in. As I passed through the corridor leading to the entrance, I had, I should mention, found Antonio praying before a statue of the Virgin, before which a lamp was kept continually burning by the Count's wish, and I distinguished my name in the prayer he uttered half to himself. Both he and his old wife came to the door to see me off, to bow, and to wish me *buon viaggio*.

Just as Antonio slammed the door, a little peasant girl leaped up to the window, and offered me homage in the shape of a bunch of those little red tulips that grow among the corn. I threw her a silver bit, but I saw Antonio's shadow spit on the ground three times, as Italians do when the omens are bad, and, taking the flowers from her hand, he trod them under foot.

I had no time to stay and ask Antonio the meaning of his action; for off dashed the horses, and in a minute or two we had left Carmigniano far behind us.

All that five hours' journey I was tyrannised over—I know not why—by one thought. How is it that the mind sometimes seems to keep singing one and the same note, and will pass o

to no other? The face and bearing of Dr. Tyeecchi kept continually occurring to my imagination. I tried to exhaust the thought and throw it aside, but I could not.

Again and again rose to the carriage-window that hard livid face, with its unchangeable mocking expression, with its small metallic eyes, and its bitter pinched mouth. The dry neutral-coloured hair, the flesh unwarmed by blood, but darkened by bile and green humours, every detail of that loathsome man passed and inventoried themselves in my mind. It was not till I arrived at Pistoia that those disagreeable thoughts passed away. I finished my sketches and notes on the second day, and started again for Carmignano.

The horses went well till we came within seven miles of the village. Then the near-horse suddenly betrayed a lameness for which no examination of the foot could account. It soon increased to such an alarming degree, and our pace became so intolerably slow, that I got out, and expressed my intention (as the road was straight and clear) of walking on to Carmignano, followed by my servant, each of us armed with a revolver.

It was one of those nights when the moon, without being visible, seems to cast a dim light through the struggling gray clouds that environ it. Once, and only, a clear fresh wind swept away the rolling and struggling vapours, and out slipped the moon for a moment and launched herself into the dark blue ocean of air.

The mountain road was dry and hard; below, in the ravines, we could hear the roar of the leaping torrents, the wind surging among the sloping fir-trees. I was in high spirits with my walk, and sang one of Uhland's fine ballad as a vent to my animal spirits.

We entered the village. There was the mill, there the priest's house, there the cluster of cottages; yonder the road flying on toward Florence. We reached a by-road leading to the villa. I saw no signs of the miller or his friends patrolling. I had half-determined to fire my revolver to alarm and expose these loitering hirelings, when, to my astonishment, two men suddenly brushed past me, and ran furiously down the road in the direction of the village. They did not see us, for we were at that moment hid in shadow.

They had got about a hundred yards from us still running violently, when the moon turned its lamp upon them for a moment. That moment's glimpse convinced me that, whoever the second fugitive might be, the first was Doctor Tyeecchi.

A strange vague alarm seized me, I hurried on. I found the villa-gate thrown open, on the doorstep lay the body of a dead man, the chopper that had killed him lying beside it. We lifted it, it was Antonio dead, but still warm. A lantern, extinguished, lay beside him. The doorstep was a pond of blood, the half-shut door and the door-posts were crimson-wet with the gore of the poor fattore.

But this was not all. Leaving Antonio's body, we ran in to see after the safety of his old wife. Alas! the wretches had been before us. We found her chopped to death on the marble staircase leading from the hall. One hand still clutched the balustrade. She had been killed, I think, as she had turned to fly to her bed-room, and there bolted herself in from the murderers.

After what I had seen I could not doubt but that the murderer was the doctor and some unknown accomplice, perhaps his son. The motive—robbery, revenge, a desire to escape the payment of some debt, or all these motives combined. Poor Antonio's presentiment, though merely a vague fear, had indeed come true.

The trial of the doctor and his son was an unsatisfactory one. The Florentines have a dread of capital punishment; and by their law no man can be found guilty of murder on the evidence of one witness alone. My proof of the doctor's identity was thought insufficient. The only accepted witness was the little girl who brought me the red tulips. She was the niece of the doctor's housekeeper. She deposed that on the night of the murder, being a-bed, she woke up and saw the doctor and his son enter

the room and change their coats, which were wet and stained with something red. But this was not sufficient for a conviction: and the doctor, on showing a receipt, said to be in Antonio's writing, for the three years' hay, escaped.

At the trial Tyeecchi had looked anxious, but betrayed no emotion. He was plausible, fawning, deprecating as ever, and audibly prayed God to pardon me, when I stood up to give my evidence.

The very day of his acquittal I was taken ill of a low fever, and being very weak, and now and then light-headed, my servant sent for Dr. Tyeecchi, there being no other medical man to be found nearer than Pistoia.

I myself was too ill to be consulted on the subject. All I can remember is, that on feebly opening my eyes I saw Dr. Tyeecchi, pale and trembling, enter the room, and looked about him in a troubled way.

"Was it not here," I heard him say to the servant "that the good old f—f—fattore was m—m—murdered?"

"No," replied the servant roughly, "that was at the outer door—it was his wife that the wretches killed on the stairs outside this room."

Then the doctor advanced, lancet in hand, to bleed me, but he was so nervous that he could not strike the vein.

I could bear it no longer; perhaps he would pierce an artery, or poison my medicine in revenge. I had just strength enough to pull my arm under the clothes.

"Why, doctor," I said in a low voice, "the last time you came to this house you let blood sooner than this."

"The doctor turned ashy pale, stammered, dropped the lancet, and exclaiming, "His mind is gone!" rushed from the room.

I had just strength enough to say, "Luigi, do not let that man enter the house again. Despatch a mounted messenger directly to Florence to Count Galli, and ask him to send me Dr. Guarducci."

In a week I had pretty well recovered, and was able to return to Florence. Three days before, doctor Tyeecchi and his son had left Carmignano, on their way to Leghorn, to embark for Alexandria—a great resort for implicated Italians. The younger son, a farmer, remained in the village.

A month later I started for England and Paris. In the November of that year I received a letter from Count Galli; it contained the following passage:

"You remember that rascal Tyeecchi, whose crime gave such a ghastly conclusion to your visit to my villa—that visit which I warned you against; but you English are so obstinate, and you call it being firm—firm: yes, so is a wild boar when it charges on a hunting spear. Well, I think, after all, the rogue came to a bad end. He sailed in the *Carmagnuola* from Leghorn, in June last. That vessel was burnt at sea. Not one passenger escaped, and only three seamen and the captain. One of these survivors, writing to a New York paper, says, 'We pulled from the wreck about six p.m. The passengers had all taken refuge in the mainmast, the flames being then, as it was believed, put out. At half-past six, however, there was a tremendous explosion. The fire had reached the magazine. There was a roar, a fan of fire, a burst of splinters and bodies, and then we saw the smouldering wreck, looking scarcely larger on the horizon than a red-hot coal, sink down swift into the yawning darkness.' So much for Dr. Tyeecchi, the Jonah of that unhappy vessel, the *Carmagnuola*, of Livorno. The family indeed seems a doomed one; for Orazio Tyeecchi, the youngest son, is now in prison for murdering his mistress, of whom he was jealous, and a friend who tried to interpose between them. The Carnival was dull this year. I want an English baronche of the best quality; never mind price," &c., &c.

Mrs. EDWIN JAMES.—"Muriel; or, Social Fetters," is the name of a volume by Mrs. Edwin James, announced for early publication in London.

M. DU CHAILLU IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

THE position of an explorer of unknown countries is peculiar and very difficult. If he returns home with nothing new or striking to relate, he is voted a bore, and his book has no chance of being read; if he has some wonders to unfold, connected with Geography, the Natives, or Natural History, the fate of Abyssinian Bruce too often awaits him: his narrative being held up to scorn and ridicule, as a tissue of fignents.

M. Du Chaillou's present volume is an itinerary of some three hundred miles in an easterly direction from the mouth of the river Fernand Vaz, situated about three minutes to the south of the equator. The objects of his journey, although his record of it does not partake of a strictly technical character in any respect whatever, were scientific. He took great pains, before starting on his expedition, to acquire that special knowledge and that mastery over instruments philosophical and artistic, which should give his researches the value of great intelligence and absolute trustworthiness. We are treated to a little botany, a little geology, a little mythology, meteorology, and astronomy, and to a little more still of geography, zoology, and ethnology. But about his principal objects in the journey, of which the volume before us is the chronicle, the traveller may be allowed to speak for himself:—

"The principal object I had in view in my last journey, was to make known with more accuracy than I had been able to do in my former one, the geographical features of the country, believing this to be the first duty of a traveller in exploring new regions. To enable me to do this I went through a course of instruction in the use of instruments, to enable me to fix positions by astronomical observations and compass bearings and to ascertain the altitudes of places. I learnt also how to compute my observations, and test myself their correctness. It is for others to judge of the results of my endeavours in this important department of a traveller's work; I can only say that I laboured hard to make my work as accurate as possible, and although I was compelled, much to my sorrow, to abandon photography and meteorological observations, through the loss of my apparatus and instruments, I was fortunately able to continue astronomical observations nearly to the end of my route."

After more than eight months travelling, M. Du Chaillou had succeeded in penetrating nearly three hundred miles into the country, and halted at Mounou-Kembo, in Ashango-land. Here it was that the accidental discharge of a gun in the hand of one of his followers, was the sudden collapse of the expedition. A man was killed, but he, wretched kern that he was, might have been paid for in beads. The negotiation, indeed, was being already carried on amicably, when it was unfortunately discovered that the head wife of the hitherto placable chief had also been slain. The insatiable bullet had penetrated the hut in which the wives and other domesticities of the great man were sheltered. The explorer had now nothing to look to but retreat, and no one to depend on but the intrepid Commen, who had attended him so far from their homes as African savages seldom have the pluck or the enterprize willingly to wander. The whole band was now too small to carry off the goods, specimens, and photographic apparatus and drawings. Maps, observations, rifles,—all had to be thrown aside into the bush in the scamper for life, out of the range of the poisoned arrows that harassed their retreating body. A few well-directed shots, and a courageous stand, at length caused the discomfiture of the pursuers, but not before M. Du Chaillou had been wounded in the side, and Igalu, the unlucky cause of all the disaster, but our traveller's staunchest and most intrepid friend, had been wounded in the leg. Happily, all reached the coast, in life and health, in September; and M. Du Chaillou embarked for England, where, in classic Twickenham, he has spent the intervening months in elaborating the volume which has already given entertainment to thousands, and

brought its author into hot water and disputation with his old critic, Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, about *inter alia*, for some elegant animal which, for its sins, or for some other peculiarity, has been entitled *Hotamogale Velox*.

To attempt, in the space at our command, an orderly epitome of M. Du Chailia's five hundred pages, would scarcely be for edification. We purpose to cull here and there an extract, throwing light now on one thing, now on another, for the benefit of the delighted reader.

"On the 1st of November a negro from a neighbouring village brought me a young male chimpanzee about three years old, which had been caught in the woods on the banks of the Npoulounay about three months previously. Thomas, for so I christened my little *protégé*, was a tricky little rascal, and afforded me no end of amusement; he was, however, very tame, like all young chimpanzees. Unfortunately Thomas was lame in one hand, several of the fingers having been broken and healed up in a distorted position. This was caused by his having been maltreated by the village dogs, who were sent in chase of him one day, when he escaped from his captors and ran into the neighbouring woods. I had Tom tied by a cord to a pole in the verandah of my hut, and fed him with cooked plantains and other food from my own table. He soon got to prefer cooked to raw food, and rejected raw plantains whenever they were offered to him. The difference in tamability between the young chimpanzee and the young gorilla is a fact which I have confirmed by numerous observations, and I must repeat it here, as it was one of those points which were disputed in my former work. A young chimpanzee becomes tame and apparently reconciled to captivity in two or three days after he is brought from the woods. The young gorilla I have never yet seen tame in confinement, although I have had four of them in custody, while still of a very early age.

"One day I witnessed an act of Master Thomas which seemed to me to illustrate the habits of his species in the wild state. A few days after he came into my possession I bought a domestic cat for my house; as soon as the young chimpanzee saw it he flew in alarm to his pole, and clambered up it, the hair of his body becoming erect and his eyes bright with excitement. In a moment recovering himself he came down, and rushing on the cat, with one of his feet seized the nape of the animal, and with the other pressed on its back, as if trying to break its neck. Not wishing to lose my cat, I interfered and saved its life. The negroes say that the chimpanzee attacks the leopard in this way, and I have no doubt, from what I saw, that their statement is correct.

"My pet preserved his good health and increased in intelligence and gentleness until the departure of Captain Vardon for England. I then sent him home, and on his arrival he was deposited by my friend in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, I dare say, very many of my readers have seen him, and have laughed at his amusing tricks. I am credibly informed that his education at the Palace has become so far advanced that he understands what is going on when his own "cartes de visite" are sold. A feint is sometimes made of carrying off one without paying for it, but Thomas rushes forward, screaming, to the length of his tether, to prevent the irregular transaction, and does not cease his noisy expressions of dissatisfaction until the money is paid down.

(At the recent fire in the Crystal Palace poor Thomas fell a victim to the devouring flames.)

From the chimpanzee to the gorilla ought not to be a very unnatural transition:—

"I had been at the village long before news came that gorillas had been recently seen in the neighborhood of a plantation only half a mile distant. Early in the morning of the 25th of June I wended my way thither, accompanied by one of my boys, named 'Odanga. The plantation was a large one, and situated on very broken ground, surrounded by the virgin forest. It was a lovely morning; the sky was almost cloudless, and all around was still as death, except the slight rustling of the tree tops moved

by the gentle land breeze. When I reached the place, I had first to pick my way through the maze of tree-stumps and half-burnt logs by the side of a field of cassava. I was going quietly along the borders of this, when I heard, in the grove of plantain-trees towards which I was walking, a great crashing noise, like the breaking of trees. I immediately hid myself behind a bush, and was soon gratified with the sight of a female gorilla; but before I had time to notice its movements, a second and third emerged from the masses of colossal foliage; at length no less than four came into view.

"They were all busily engaged in tearing down the larger trees. One of the females had a young one following her. I had an excellent opportunity of watching the movements of the impish-looking band. The shaggy hides, the protuberant abdomens, the hideous features of these strange creatures, whose forms so nearly resemble man, made up a picture like a vision in some morbid dream. In destroying a tree, they first grasped the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pulled it down, a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely-formed a stem as that of the plantain. They then set upon the juicy heart of the tree at the bases of the leaves, and devoured it with great voracity. While eating they made a kind of clucking noise, expressive of contentment. Many trees they destroyed apparently out of pure mischief. Now and then they stood still and looked around. Once or twice they seemed on the point of starting off in alarm, but recovered themselves and continued their work. Gradually they got nearer to the edge of the dark forest, and finally disappeared. I was so intent on watching them, that I let go the last chance of shooting one almost before I became aware of it.

"When I returned to Nkongon Mbouda I found there my old friend Akondogo, chief of one of the Commi villages, who had just returned from the Ngobi country a little farther south. To my great surprise and pleasure, he had brought for me a living gorilla, a young one, but the largest I had ever seen captured alive. Like Joe, the young male whose habits in confinement I described in "Equatorial Africa," this one showed the most violent and ungovernable disposition. He tried to bite every one who came near him, and was obliged to be secured by a forked stick closely applied to the back of his neck. This mode of imprisoning these animals is a very improper one if the object be to keep them alive and to tame them, but, unfortunately, in this barbarous country, we had not the materials requisite to build a strong cage. The injury caused to this one by the forked stick eventually caused his death. As I had some more hunting to do, I left the animal in charge of Akondogo until he should have an opportunity of sending it to me on the Fernand Vaz."

"The natives of all the neighboring country were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high price for them, that many were stimulated to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident.

"One day, as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the *Cambria* (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. I had not long to wait; in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wrists bound to the upper part and the ankles to the lower, so that she could not reach to tear the cords with her teeth. It was dark, and the scene was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fiendish countenances of the Calibanish trio—one of them distorted by pain, for the mother gorilla was severely wounded—were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

"The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the

name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might; happily the chain was made fast, and I took care afterwards to keep out of his way. The old mother gorilla was in an unfortunate plight. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, besides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She groaned and roared many times during the night, probably from pain.

"The wounded female died in the course of the next day; her moanings were more frequent in the morning, and they gradually grew weaker as her life ebbed out. Her death was like that of a human being, and afflicted me more than I could have thought possible. Her child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. It moaned at night most piteously. I fed it on goat's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unaccountable dislike to the milk. It had, I think, begun to know me a little. As to the male, I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera towards him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

"I must now relate how these three animals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had come to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernand Vaz, about thirty miles above my village. At this part a narrow promontory projects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the distinguished traveller, Captain Burton, to show him a live gorilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected; for I had written to invite him whilst he was on a tour from his consulate at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast. A woman, belonging to a neighbouring village, had told her people that she had seen two squads of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantain field. The men resolved to go in chase of them, so they armed themselves with guns, axes, and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favourable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise in their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavours to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise.

(To be continued.)

A COSTLY BIBLE.—Twelve copies of a volume entitled the "Hundred Guinea Bible" have been printed by Mr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow. The "Bookseller" says: "It is the most sumptuous and best printed Bible ever produced in this country. The size is atlas folio, the type used is a beautiful, sharp-cut great primer, set up in two columns, with two narrow central columns of references; a thick red border line is printed outside the text; the paper made use of is very thick, made specially by Dickenson, costing, we believe, as much as fourteen pence [British] a pound."

J. FENIMORE COOPER.—An edition of Cooper's Works, at sixpence per novel, is now being published in London.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.—It is said that Mr. Musgrave Clay, an American, is about establishing in Paris a new weekly journal in English. It is strange that, as yet, there has not been any successful antagonist to "Galvani's Messenger."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. BLACK.—You must state the rate of interest to be allowed by the Savings Bank, also the premium at which you expect to buy bank of Montreal stock. It will also be necessary to say at what rate per cent you wish the dividend upon your stock calculated; without these particulars it is impossible to answer your question.

F. A.—The Coldstream Guards is the oldest corps in the British army, except the 1st Foot. General Monk, in 1660, raised a regiment at Coldstream which was first called "Monk's Regiment," but when Parliament consented to give a brigade of guards to Chas. II, this corps, under the name of Coldstream Guards, was included in it.

LOPEZ.—Detroit is one of the oldest cities in the United States; it was founded by the French in 1670, as an outpost for the prosecution of the fur-trade on the right bank of the Detroit river.

C. E. B.—Every naval or military officer on half pay can be called into active service by the government at any time.

GEO. E.—The word "choir" is pronounced "quire," and by old writers is frequently spelt so.

DOR.—We did not answer the question because the number is not uniformly as stated.

H. A. E.—St. Sebastian was a Christian martyr condemned to be shot to death by arrows in one of the persecutions of the Church under the Emperor Diocletian. He was fastened to a tree, and after being pierced with a great number of arrows was left to perish.

SHERBROOKE.—We regret that we are unable to comply with your request.

A. C. McL., BROCKVILLE.—We are obliged to you for your courteous attention, but can make no use of the photographs.

ALICE G.—The verses are respectfully declined.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A REGULAR MYSTIFICATION.—Being caught in a fog.

QUESTION FOR ETYMOLOGISTS.—Do the "roots of words" produce "flowers of speech?"

DANGER TO COMMISSIONAIRES, OR KILLING NO MURDER.—The law provides no punishment for despatching a messenger.—*Punch.*

TOO LARGE A MIND.—A thief's apology, when caught in the act, was that he had a mind so large that he thought everything belonged to him.

THE AGE OF STEAM.—A fine old English gentleman, seeing the numerous large advertisements which adorn the metropolis, remarked with joy that the days of posting had returned.—*Punch.*

MISERABLE PEOPLE.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, and dresses playing drip, drip, at every step.—A young doctor, who has just cured his first patient, and has no prospect of another.

Why does the atmosphere of a dungeon resemble a great philosopher?—Because it's vault air (Voltaire).

"I come to steal," as the rat observed to the trap. "And I spring to embrace you," as the trap replied to the rat.

An old card-playing dame, when rebuked for her waste of time, replied, "Ah true, there is a deal of time lost in shuffling the cards."

"Would I were a man!" exclaimed a strong-minded woman in her husband's hearing. "Would you were!" was his only comment.

On Lord Howe's return to England, after his memorable victory on the 1st of June, he went one Sunday to his parish church. On seeing him there, the clerk, who was a bit of a wag, gave out the psalm beginning—
"Lord How glorious are thy works!"

PUNCH'S ADVICE HOW TO KILL TIME.—Shoot every day.

Two kinds of fish are plentiful in our rivers now skates and soles.

PASTIMES.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. The rat of Bleshme.
2. Daniel Nec.
3. I sell dove in glebe.
4. O Sir Scope.

BERICUS.

46. WORD CAPPING.

1. If the cap of a noise be changed, I become an animal; again, and I become circular; again, and I am tied up, again, and I am recovered; again, and I become a large heap, again, and I become a weight, again, and I am a sore, again, and this time adorned with two caps, I am broken into pieces.
2. I am a fruit, change my cap, and I become a companion, again, and I am a tax, again, and I am a part of the body, again, and I am a name (female's); again, and I am behind time; again, and it is my lot; again, and I rested myself on the ground; again, and this time allowed to wear two caps, I am much used by youth; again, and I become what is used at meal times.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. The end of man.
Torn.
To shelter.
Poetry.
To come into.
2. Avarice.
A dress.
A murderer's victim.
A summoner.

CEPHAS.

CHARADES.

1. In the chapel vast my first is seen
Chanting the Vesper Hymn,
And wearing my second, too, 'twixt,
As part of their dress so dim;
My whole is a flower you've oft set eyes on,
But mind how you use it—'tis deadly poison.
2. My whole was a king in ancient times.
My 6, 2, 3, 11, 14 is a fierce animal.
My 12, 10, 6, 6, 13 is an article used at school.
My 4, 5, 1, 7, 11 is a carpenter's machine.
My 8, 9, 3, 10 is a form of medicine.

CEPHAS.

NUMERICAL WORD PUZZLES.

- I.
A hundred, five, one, nought, and an I.
You often may hear, but never can see!
- II.
One thousand, two fives joined, nought, and A X
Is the choicest of blessings given 'mongst men!
- III.
Fifty, a five, one, nought, and E,
Is the emblem of peace to both you and me!
- IV.
Two hundreds, a fifty, a nought, and a K
Is seen by most people, at least once a day.

PROBLEM.

A has by him 1½ cwt. of tea, the prime cost of which was \$384. Now, granting interest to be at 5 per cent. per annum, it is required to find how much per lb. he must sell at B, so that by taking his negotiable note payable at 3 months, he may clear \$84 by the bargain.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS, &c., No. 81.

Rebus.—Dickens.—1. Dundee. 2. Isis. 3. Cadiz. 4. Kent. 5. Ennis. 6. Niger. 7. Shiraz.

Arithmorems.—1. Sir Edwin Landseer. 2. Sir Godfrey Kneller. 3. William Mulready. 4. Paul Sandby. 5. Sir Joshua Reynolds. 6. Sir Peter Lely.

Square Words.—T R O T.
R A V E.
O V E N.
T E N T.

Charades.—1. Whiskey barrel. 2. Maximilian.

Enigma.—Dream.
Problem.—3 Horses at \$108; 6 Cows at \$40; 18 Sheep at \$15.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rebus.—Bericus, Ana, Violet, Argus, Grove, Ellen B., Geo. H., Den.

Arithmorems.—Ana, Argus, Ellen B., Celt., Den.

Square Words.—Argus, Bericus, Celt, Ana, Grove, Geo. H., Den.

Charades.—Geo. H. Celt, Argus, Ana, Ellen B., Violet, Den.

Problem.—Bericus, Argus, Celt, Geo. H., Leo

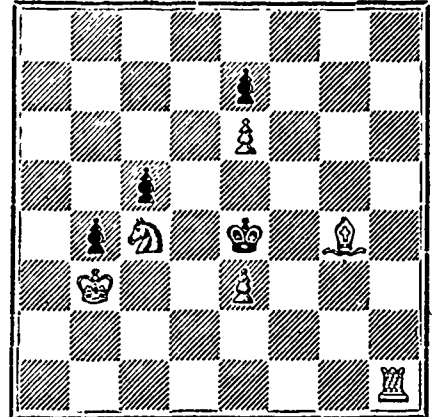
CHESS.

Answers to correspondents crowded out.

PROBLEM, No. 62.

By E. H. COURTENAY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 60.

- WHITE. BLACK.
- 1 Kt to K 5. Kt to K B sq, or Kt to K Kt 6 (a.)
2 Q to Q 3. Any move.
3 Q or Kt mates.
- (a.) 1— B takes B.
2 Q to K 2. Any move.
3 Q or Kt mates.

Game played in London, years since, between an Amateur of Boston, and Maelzel's Automaton. The Amateur received the odds of Pawn and move.

REMOVE BLACK'S K, B, P.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE, (Amateur.) | BLACK, (Automaton.) |
| 1 P to K 4. | 1 P to K Kt 3. |
| 2 B to Q B 4. | 2 P to K 3. |
| 3 Kt to Q B 3. | 3 P to Q B 3. |
| 4 P to K 5 (a.) | 4 Q to K Kt 4. |
| 5 P to Q 4. | 5 Q takes Kt P. |
| 6 Q to K B 3 (b.) | 6 Q takes Q. |
| 7 Kt takes Q. | 7 P to Q Kt 4. |
| 8 K B to Q 3. | 8 P to Q R 4. |
| 9 K Kt to Kt 5. | 9 K Kt to K 2. |
| 10 P to Q R 3. | 10 B to Q R 3. |
| 11 Q Kt to K 4. | 11 K Kt to Q 4. |
| 12 Kt to K B 6 (ch.) | 12 Kt takes Kt (c.) |
| 13 P takes Kt. | 13 P to Q Kt 5 (d.) |
| 14 K B to K 4. | 14 P to Q 4. |
| 15 K B to B 3. | 15 B to Q B sq. |
| 16 B to K B 4. | 16 B to K R 3. |
| 17 P to K R 4 (e.) | 17 B takes Kt. |
| 18 P takes B. | 18 Kt to Q Kt 3. |
| 19 B to K 5. | 19 K to B 2. |
| 20 K to Q 2. | 20 P to Q B 4. |
| 21 R to K R 6. | 21 R to Q R 2. |
| 22 Q R to K R sq (f.) | 22 K to Kt sq. |
| 23 P to B 7 (ch.) (g.) | 23 R takes P. |
| 24 K to K 2. | 24 R to K R 2. |
| 25 B takes R. | 25 K takes L. |
| 26 K to K 3. | 26 Kt home. |
| 27 R P takes P. | 27 B P takes Kt P. |
| 28 B to K 2. | 28 Kt to B 2. |
| 29 B to Q 3 (h.) | 29 Kt to K 3. |
| 30 R to Q R sq. | 30 Kt to K B 4 (ch.) |
| 31 B takes Kt. | 31 K P takes B. |
| 32 Q R takes P. | 32 R to K sq (ch.) |
| 33 K to Q 2. | 33 B to K 3. |
| 34 Q R to Kt 5. | 34 B to K B 2. |
| 35 P to K B 3. | 35 R to Q R sq. |
| 36 R takes Q Kt P. | 36 R to Q R 8 (j.) |
| 37 K to K 3. | 37 R to K Kt 8. |
| 38 K to B 4. | 38 R to K 8. |
| 39 Q R to Kt 7. | 39 R to K 7. |
| 40 P to Q B 3. | Black resigns. |

- (a) Rather bold to sacrifice P against such a practised antagonist.
(b) Forcing the exchange of Queens.
(c) Compulsory in order to save R's P.
(d) This P is advanced to force the B from his advantageous position.
(e) Better perhaps than to take K P with Kt, for if that case he must necessarily lose that passed P, as it would be no longer defensible.
(f) White has a fine game—every piece on the quiver and ready for an opening into the enemy's camp. Black is certainly out-generalled in his favorite game (g) Well played.
(h) Intending to capture K Kt P.
(j) These long strides with R are unavailing; Black has not the slightest chance to evendraw the game.