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AND THOU ART DEAD.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charm so rare,
Too soon returned to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot.
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not;
It is enough for me to prove
That what I love, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now?
The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be time.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change from foul to fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wast lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that can not die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

—Bow Bells.

AN OLD SEXTON'S STORY.

What was Found in the Vaults of a Haunted Church.

Such a commotion as there was in town when it came to be fully believed that our church was haunted I never saw in my life before, and hope and trust I never may again. It was all that was talked about, from one end of the community to the other, until at last not a child dared to go to bed alone in the dark, and many a grown person was in the same predicament.

The church, you know, is surrounded on three sides by a large number of evergreens, so that even in the broad daylight it is gloomy and solemn, in and around it; and since it had got about that it was haunted, few there were who cared to pass it after dark; and even in the daytime people took pains in crossing to the opposite side of the street, so that they might be as far from the ghosts as possible.

As you can see, it is but a little way from my cottage here to the church; yet even the walls can only be seen in one spot, and about half of one of the windows, owing to evergreens, of which I have spoken growing so close about it, and there, perhaps, it was little wonder that I saw nothing of the ghosts (there were more than one, people said), and it was noised all about the town that strange sights and sounds had been seen and heard coming from within at late hours in the night or very early in the morning.

The first word that I heard about the ghosts came from my wife. A relative had died in a distant town, and I had been summoned there, and found it impossible to return for a week. My wife could not well accompany me, so when she got a letter that I would not be back before a certain day, she went out of town on a short visit, coming back in time to open the church doors of a Sunday morning, and then it was that she learned that there had been terrible carryings on in the church while we had been gone. Lights had been seen gleaming out through the evergreens, and sounds had been heard by people that were entitled to credit, and one more daring than the rest had entered the yard at the dead hour of midnight, and had clambered up to one of the windows, and had tumbled back in great affright, at the risk of breaking his neck, and hurried away as soon as he could, declaring that he had seen a figure dressed in a long white robe glide along the aisle and disappear along the passage way that led to the vaults beneath; and he also maintained that he had heard a sound coming up therefrom so strange and unearthly that it had frightened him more than the object he had seen.

When my wife heard of it of a Sunday morning, from Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, who ran in to tell the news, she declared there was nothing in it; that it was the invention of an enemy who wanted to cast reproach upon me; that I had always taken so good care of the church that there could have been no chance for anything of a ghostly nature to have taken up its abode therein; but when afterward she was opening the doors, she heard it from the lips of first one and then another, until the good woman came to think there must be something in it; and when, later in the day, the pastor referred to it in the desk, she could no longer disbelieve it, though she stoutly affirmed that I had not been remiss in my duty, and that as soon as I returned I would dispose of the ghost in short order.

It was on Thursday that I got home, and before I had been in the house a minute I knew by the looks of my wife that she had got something of importance on her mind, and in less than half an hour I had heard the whole, and a good deal more, I expect, from her lips and those of Mrs. Jones, who ran to tell me, as she declared, "what she knew about it, as she had always been a friend to me, and didn't want me to get into trouble," just as though I could prevent a ghost from taking up its abode in the church if it should be so minded.

After I had heard their story, which, by the way, they enjoyed telling, though I think my wife had rather Mrs. Jones had kept out and gave her the chance of telling the whole, I took down the keys of the church, that are always hung in a particular spot, and went across the yard, under the evergreens, to the porch door.

Glancing up at one of the windows, I saw that the ivy beneath it had been displaced, torn from the wall, where year after year it had clung, and that there was a tramped spot on the ground beneath. So much of the story was true, then, for this must have been the spot where the person had clambered up who had heard the sounds and seen the white figure in the church.

Unlocking the door, I passed in and bolted it behind me, for I did not care to have some one who might have observed my entrance strolling in. I wanted to make a complete examination of every hole and corner within, and I wanted to do it alone. I had come ghost-hunting, and I was afraid that my game would be frightened away if they saw too numerous a party. Every part and parcel of the church I searched, going into nearly every pew, to see if anything were hidden beneath their high sides, into the desk, the singers' seats and the organ loft, even taking a look into the instrument itself. But everything was as it should be; nothing was displaced, and I came down to the floor of the church, and there lighted a lamp I had brought with me, for the purpose of going down into the vaults beneath, which years ago had been used as a burial place, though the practice had long been discontinued as the town had increased in size. The one ghost that had been seen had apparently disappeared beneath the church, as was perfectly proper it should to keep up the ghostly character.

I had not been in the vaults for some six months, the last occasion being that of a stranger who had come to me, saying that he wanted to gain information as to the exact time a certain person had been buried there some twenty years before. He had gone with me to the vaults, found the coffin, with the date thereon, which he was in search of, and had departed, after giving me a liberal fee; and remembered his observing, that to all appearance the vaults were rarely opened, to which I had replied in the affirmative, and to substantiate my words, calling his attention to the creaking of the iron door at the end of the passage, caused by disuse and the corroding of the hinges from rust.

Unlocking the door that led into the passage, and shielding the light with my hand to prevent it being extinguished by the chilling drafts of air that came rushing out, I descended the steps and stood before the iron door, which, contrary to my expectation, unlocked without difficulty, and turned upon its hinges without a sound, while I was expecting to hear the noise that, in spite of myself, had startled me on the occasion of my last visit.

The shadows caused by the rays of the lamp, chasing each other over the piles of tarnished and decayed coffins that lay on either side, looked ghastly enough, but apart from this there was nothing to be seen.

Everything remained as it had done on the occasion of my last visit, except it seemed to me that in one place the coffins appeared to be placed differently from what I had been accustomed to see them. I might, however, be mistaken in this, so seldom had my visits been; and at last, satisfied that there was nothing out of the way there, I turned to retrace my steps. As I did so I saw something glittering upon the floor. I stopped and picked it up, and saw that it was a half dollar, bright and untarnished, as though it had just come from the mint. How it came there I could not conjecture, unless it had been dropped there on my previous visit. I had not lost it now, as I had none of that denomination about me when I came in. Wondering that it should have lain there six months without tarnishing, I placed it in my pocket and thought no more of the circumstance.

For two days and nights succeeding my visit nothing was heard from the ghosts, but on the third night a man who had occasion to pass it at midnight saw a light within, and heard a muffled sound that seemed to come from the earth beneath his feet. He was a man that could be believed and the whole town was in an uproar again when his story came to be known, as it soon was by every man, woman and child in the place.

Our pastor came to me, and said it was my duty to sift this matter to the bottom, as I had the care of the church, and that I should devote my whole time to it. I told him of what I had done, and hinted that I thought it was as much his duty as mine to lay evil spirits that were full of unrest, and offered to watch with him that night in the church; but as he was rather a timid man, he would not agree to this, though telling me that it was my duty to do so; I did, but to no purpose whatever. The ghosts kept out of sight and the mystery was not solved.

The next day but one I went into a store to buy some small articles that I needed, and tendered the half dollar that I had found in payment. The storekeeper bit it a moment and threw it into the scales.

"A counterfeit half," giving it back to me. "Where did you get it?"

"Counterfeit! You must be mistaken," I said, giving no answer to his question.

"I am not. There are any quantity of them in circulation in the town, and some one has palmed this off on you. The police have been trying to get a clue for some time, and it is suspected that there is a nest of counterfeiters in this town.

An idea at that moment entered my head, suggested by the words of the storekeeper. I took up the rejected coin and glanced at it, and my suspicions were confirmed.

The coin was dated the present year, and as it was only May, it could not have been dropped by the stranger who with me had visited the vaults six months before.

Some one unknown to me had entered there since that time. Was not here a clue?

I went at once to headquarters of the police, and told my story to the chief, and showed the coin that had been pronounced bogus. He listened eagerly to my story, and, like the store-keeper, pronounced the coin a counterfeit.

He told me to say nothing to any one, but to get quietly home, and to-night to watch again the church. He had a clue that they were going to tow up that night, and if that resulted in nothing, they would accept of mine, and help me solve the mystery of the ghosts and the uncanny sounds that had been heard.

By ten o'clock that night I was safely ensconced in the church in a spot in the gallery where I could command an unobstructed view of the body of the house and where I could hardly be seen, even by the sharp eyes of a ghostly tenant of the place.

Did they make their appearance that night they should not escape my glance, unless they vanished into thin air the moment my presence should be detected. I heard the clock striking eleven, and all was still about me—so still that I could plainly hear the beating of my own heart and the nibbling of a mouse in a pew below.

Now and then the sighing of the wind through the evergreens without came to my ears, awakening a spirit of loneliness in spite of my efforts to shake it off.

Another hour went slowly by, and I think I must have fallen into a doze, when I was suddenly awakened by the iron tongue of the bell.

I started up and rubbed my eyes, and casting a glance down upon the floor below me, I saw a sight which caused me for a moment to experience a decided sensation of alarm.

A figure in white, whose robes seemed to trail on the floor, was moving along the main aisle in the deep gloom that pervaded the place.

Slowly it went on, and at last disappeared in the direction of the passage that led to the vaults below. It vanished while I stood rubbing my eyes, and frozen as it were to the spot.

Shaking off the fear that assailed me, I rose from the bench upon which I had been sitting, and took a step toward the stairs that led below; but another sight arrested my footsteps.

Another figure clad in white moved along in the steps of the other; but this one had a most unghostlike tread.

It walked with the sound of a heavy person wearing cloth slippers, and I even noticed by the scuffling, that it appeared as though they were down at the heel.

Of one thing I was assured; it was flesh and blood that I had to deal with.

Standing there, I counted five of these white robed figures that one after another disappeared in the direction that led to the vaults.

Then, though I waited several minutes, none appeared, and noiselessly I descended the stairs and moved along in the direction they had taken.

I had no need to light the lamp that I had brought with me, for I knew perfectly every inch of the way, and to have done so would have only defeated the object for which I had come.

As I had expected, the first door leading to the vaults was unlocked, and readily yielded to my hand. But a few days before I had unlocked it, as I well remembered, and it seemed hardly probable to me that ghosts would require an open door through which to pass. Noiselessly I passed down the stone steps.

The iron door stood open and through it came a faint light, and at the further end of the vault I saw a sight that effectually dispelled all thoughts of the unearthly that might have lingered in my mind.

In a space, where the coffins had been piled up about them to give more room, were half a dozen men at work upon a large amount of counterfeit coins that lay about them in various stages of completion.

Some rude benches served as tables, and on these some lights were so arranged that they fell brightly and clearly upon them and their work, while the rest of the vault was in a state of semi-darkness.

The white robes that they had worn through the church had been taken off, and were thrown over a pile of coffins on one side, and divested of them they had nothing of the ghost about them, save the locality in which they were.

Above the din that rose from their work I heard my name mentioned.

"He'll hardly watch again very soon, I think; but if he should we must either dispose of him or leave these quarters," said one of the gang, who seemed to be an acknowledged leader.

"Yes," said another, by way of answer; "but if we leave this place we will hardly find one that suits us so well. Better make way with him if he gets to be—"

What more he said I do not know, for at that moment I was conscious of some one behind me, and the next a violent blow sent me to the earth, and for a few minutes I was unconscious of what was passing about me.

The first words I heard as I came to myself were these:

"Let's put him into this empty coffin and nail him up. They'll never think of looking for him there."

"Yes, that's a good project, and if they delay in finding him, it will give us the more time to get off. It was lucky for us, Jim, that you were a little late."

"Yes, devilish lucky; but let's put the old fellow in, for we must be out of here as soon as possible."

I tried to speak, but strive as I would I could not raise my voice to a whisper.

The demons about me would bury me alive, and I could not utter a word for my life.

Two of them took hold of me and dropped me into the coffin they had placed by my side. In vain it was that I struggled to move or speak.

"It's just a fit," I heard one of the villains say. "Now for the lid."

It was placed on, and a nail or two driven into the decayed wood. Then I felt myself lifted up and placed on the top of the pile beside them.

Cry out I could not. I was buried alive.

"Now, boys, let us secure what we have got, and then get out of this den as soon as possible," said the leader of the gang. "Pack everything up, so that those who come here in search shall see nothing to attract their attention."

There was a sound of people moving hurriedly about me for a few minutes, and then all at once they were as silent as the grave. The next moment a cry of alarm rang out, and a voice shouted:

"Through the church! We are discovered."

There was a sound of many feet, and the report of a pistol.

I heard a cry from one of the gang. "Too late; we are surrounded," and then a cry for quarter, and I knew by the voices and the trampling of feet that the vault was full of police.

I was stifling in the old musty coffin, and I struggled to free myself. In my efforts, as returning strength came back, the coffin in which I was enclosed slipped and came toppling down among the group beside me, and bursting, left me struggling at their feet.

The policeman started back in affright, but a glance at me and a few words I managed to utter reassured them, and they gathered round, eager to hear how I came in that situation. I told my story in a few words, and with a thankful heart that I had become restored to consciousness sufficiently soon to escape before they took their prisoners away.

A portion of the money and tools was found lying upon the tables, and the rest was hidden in the coffins that had been emptied of their contents for that purpose. That which I had occupied had been used for a like purpose.

The counterfeiters were marched away to the lockup, and from the chief of the police I learned how they had arrived so opportunely for me as they had done. Immediately back of the church, in the cellar of a baker, an entrance or passage had been found the day before, and the baker, upon being arrested, confessed that it led to the vaults of the church, and that both passage and vaults were used by a gang of counterfeiters.

They were to meet that night, and, unknown to me, he had placed a guard concealed in the evergreens about the church, through which a portion of the gang had entered, through the window beneath which I had seen the ivy disturbed.

They had sought this means of entrance, as at times it was impossible for them to enter the vault by the way of the baker's passage, for fear that the police might be on their track. They knew that I was in the church, though seeing nothing of me as they had entered; half an hour after the last one had climbed the wall, they surmised that I had fallen asleep, and they were going to call me as they went. Both means of exit being cut off, they had fallen an easy prey, and the gang was captured entire.

The mystery was solved. That morning, while partaking of my breakfast, I told the history of my night's adventure to my wife and Mrs. Jones, who gave a cry of horror when I told them that for a time I had occupied a second-hand coffin.

That day the vault was arranged as it was before it was profaned by the presence of the counterfeiters, and since that no more ghosts have disturbed the good people of our part of the town, or at midnight walked the aisles of the church.

Treatment of Asiatic Cholera.

Asiatic cholera is so well known to be such a terribly fatal disease, that any plan of treatment that gives promise of success must excite general interest. A method has lately been introduced by Surgeon Major A. K Hall, of the army medical department, which, it is hoped, will lessen the mortality caused by this fearful malady. It consists in putting sedatives under the skin by means of a small syringe (hypodermic injection), instead of giving stimulents by the stomach. Surgeon Major Hall has served nearly twelve years in Bengal, and has suffered from the disease himself. In most accounts of the state of the patient in the cold stage, or collapse of cholera, the heart is described as being weak, and the whole nervous system much exhausted. Stimulants have, therefore, almost always been administered; but experience has shown that they do more harm than good. Surgeon Major Hall observed, in his own case, while his skin was blue and cold, and when he could not feel the pulse at his wrist, that his heart was beating more forcibly than usual. He, therefore, concluded that the want of pulse at the wrist could not depend upon want of power in the heart. A study of the works of a distinguished physiologist, Dr. Brown-Sequard, with some observations of his own, suggested the idea that the whole nervous system is intensely irritated instead of being exhausted, and that the heart and all the arteries in the body are in a state of spasmodic contraction. The muscular walls of the heart, therefore, work violently, and squeeze the cavities, so that the whole organ is smaller than it ought to be; but it can not dilate as usual, and so can not receive much blood to pump to the wrist. Surgeon Major Hall looks upon the vomiting and purging as of secondary importance, but directs special attention to the spasmodic condition of the heart and lungs. The frequent vomiting generally causes anything that is given by the mouth to be immediately rejected; so it occurred to him that as the nervous system appeared to want soothing instead of stimulating, powerful sedatives, if put under the skin, would prove beneficial. A solution of chloral hydrate (which has a very depressing action on the heart) was employed in twenty cases where the patients were either in collapse or approaching it, and eighteen of these recovered. They were natives of Bengal. It is probable that among Europeans, in severe cases, more powerful depressants may be required; and Surgeon Major Hall recommends the employment of solutions of prussic acid, Calabar bean, bromide of potassium and other true sedatives. Opium (which is not really a sedative, but a stimulating narcotic), and all alcholic stimulants are to be avoided, and nothing given to the patient to drink, in collapse, except cold water, of which he may have as much as he likes. It is to be hoped that this sedative treatment may have an extended trial, and that before long we may have further favorable reports concerning it.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Southwest Pass.

SOUTHWEST PASS, July 29, 1876.

To Captain C. W. Howell, Corps of Engineers, United States Army:

Depth of channel at mean low tide, sixteen feet six inches. Least width for that depth, eighty feet. High tide at 3 A. M. Height above mean low tide, two feet three inches. Depth of channel at high tide eighteen feet nine inches. Bottom hard.

CHARLES H. ELWELL,
Master of the Essayons.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Wait but a little, sweetheart, you said—
Her fine hair under your finger tips,
Watching the droop of her fair young head
And the death-white curve of her quivering lips,
"Wait till the violet beds are filled
By the bountiful hand of the maiden spring;
Wait till the birds are beginning to build;
Wait till the brooks are beginning to sing.

"Wait, with a song in your heart my girl,
For the life I bear in the land so new—
A life as pure as the purest pearl
And white as the lily, because of you.
And, oh! remember that come what may,
Ere the robin's call to her mate is heard,
I shall lean to the light of your eyes and say,
'Our nest is waiting, my wounded bird.'"

Hard was the snow on the hills that day,
Winds were cruel as want or war
The sky was sullen and cold and gray,
And ships were wrecked on the harbor bar.
And, "Oh, but, my love, my love, and mine,
Whithersoever your way may be,
My heart shall cling to your faith divine
'Till his pulse is under the dust!" said she.

And so you parted. The desolate days
Went loitering on to the longed for time,
When all the glittering garden ways
Were red with roses and rare with rime.
The birds were merry in every tree,
The wind sang high and the brooks sang low,
And the ships sailed cheerily out to sea
And the sea was summer's in foam and flow.

And she—your darling? I smooth your hair,
But words fall back from my pitying lips,
A faint on my heart! For how can I bear
To poison your life in a long eclipse?
Here is a picture. She bade me say
Your faith had failed her (God help you, friend!)
But added, "Bury my face his way;
He will know I loved him unto the end."

The Chalk Rift Tunnel.

I have just heard one of the strangest histories of this strange century, and I send it to you for what it is worth. During the Christmas recess of Parliament a gentleman of character and influence (I am not sure, but I think Mr. Butler Johnstone, of Canterbury, was the person), called upon the Home Secretary and said he had a communication to make to him of the greatest importance to the country and the government, especially at that particular time. Before he would impart what he had to tell, however, it would be necessary to obtain certain pledges from Mr. Disraeli's government, and from that of President MacMahon, that the parties in possession of the secret should not be annoyed by prosecutions of any kind, nor be scandalized by unnecessary publicity. They were persons of consequence, respectability and wealth, guilty of no crime, and it would not be rational to expect them to surrender this secret, which they were fully able to guard perfectly, unless they were first assured of entire immunity from annoyance. They were not responsible for the uses this secret had been put to, and should not be injured in any way by making surrender of it. In fact, no crime at all was involved in the matter proposed to be disclosed, but there had undoubtedly been some heavy frauds upon the revenues by means of which the predecessors of the present possessors of the secret had gained great wealth, and their representatives were enjoying the fruits of it. These frauds had ceased for some generations, however, and the perpetrators were all dead. Still, undue publicity would scandalize their memory, and this was not desired by the holders of this secret, who were yet sincerely anxious to surrender it to the two governments interested.

Mr. Cross received this mysterious communication with some diffidence, but when it was unofficially hinted to him further that the secret had to do with the proposed tunnel under the channel, he promised to consider the matter. A few days later a Queen's messenger dispatched to Paris on this business partly, returned with unexpected promptness with a message from the charge to whose discretion the matter was unofficially committed, reporting that the French government had shown a very great eagerness to possess the secret, and offered to give any reasonable pledges in the premises, strongly recommending the Home Secretary to do the same. The charge further reported that he had been communicated with by the very efficient French ministry of public works, and that the chairman of the commission then sitting to determine upon the feasibility of a submarine railway told him that, from facts already in possession of the bureau and the commission, he was satisfied that the secret proposed to be communicated was one of great importance.

Mr. Cross sent for his Canterbury visitor and assured him that the possessors of the secret might feel perfectly safe in giving the government any information of the sort proposed, and after some trifling delays and a little more diplomacy, the Home Secretary was introduced to a Mr. Fleetwood Heald, senior partner of the firm of Glyn, Jansen, Gericault & Heald, bankers, Strand. This house had been banking since 1829, but before that had been largely engaged in the importing business. Heald was the sole surviving partner of the old concern, a man of much wealth and highly esteemed. The Glyns were out of the firm long ago; the Jansens, a Dutch family, had long ago withdrawn; the Gericaults were dead, except some junior members of the family, who lived in Paris, but still had some dividends from the bank. Mr. Heald lived chiefly in London, but was a native of Kent, and had been born in an old manor house on the Downs of Dover, which had belonged to the Healds from time immemorial. Heald is a man of fifty-five years old, and is described to me as a person of strong character and great influence. He is a member of the City of London Club, and has been several times solicited to go into Parliament, but always refused.

Mr. Fleetwood Heald, on being introduced to Mr. Cross, produced a letter dated a week earlier from Paris, and signed by Gericault aine, saying in effect that Mr. Heald had full authority from him, on the terms proposed, to make the communication to the two governments respecting the cavern called "Gericault's Hope."

"As I am the only other person interested," said Mr. Heald, "this secret being made known only to the eldest person of each of our two families of Heald and Gericaut at a time, I feel fully authorized to communicate to the British and French governments, through you, the rather startling fact that a family of Kentish yeomen and a family of Picard nobles have been acquainted with a secret route under the English channel since the year 1696."

Rather startling, indeed! Mr. Cross is a gentleman of the utmost *aplomb*, but this matter-of-fact communication upset his equanimity completely, and my informant tells me that the secretary was strongly inclined to believe himself to be in the company of a madman.

Mr. Fleetwood Heald, however, quietly went on to explain that he himself, though proud to be the representative and descendant of a long line of Kent farmers, whose name he bore, was also descended from some of the bluest blood of France, the de Gericaults of Saint-Nicole-sur-mer, a family that had fought under Joinville and Francis I., under Henri Quatre and Conde, always on horseback, and always with honor. At the time of the League the de Gericaults became Protestants, and continued to hold that faith in the later time. At the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the old tower and chateau of Gericault at St. Nicole was owned by the Sieur Jules de Gericault, a bachelor, but his younger brother, Arnaud, was a lawyer in Evreux, procurateur du roi in the Provincial Parliament, and a married man with a large family. His eldest son, Joscelin, an ardent youth, fresh from college, had got into serious difficulties with the authorities owing to his active resistance to the dragonading brutalities practiced upon the Protestant emigres, and his troubles finally culminated in an attempt to arrest him. He resisted, and was so unfortunate as to kill a lieutenant of the King's Guard. Instant flight was his only resource, and by his father's advice he took refuge with his uncle, the old bachelor Jules, who lived a solitary life in the tower.

Joscelin's place of refuge, however, was betrayed, and he was about to be captured when his uncle hastily took him into the cellars of the chateau, into a pit or cell known as "the dungeon." He lifted a stone from the floor of this cell and disclosed a stone stairway. "Descend here," said the Sieur. "This stair leads you to the most precious possession of the house, the cavern of Gericault's Hope. It has been known to one member of the family ever since the raids of the Northmen. It is a refuge and a sheltering place in any great emergency, and no one knows the depth of it. It goes under the sea, that we know. Descend these steps; you have flint and steel; at the foot of the steps in a crypt you will find a lamp ready for lighting. There are torches also. To-night I will bring you provisions and news. Here you will be safe. There is a bed in the room beyond the crypt. Do not venture into the cave beyond where it is walled. You might be lost.

Joscelin descended the stair, his uncle closed the trap and left him in horrible darkness. He found the lamp, however, lighted it, and then, supplying himself with a torch, resolutely set out to explore the cavern. After passing through several chambers that had evidently been shaped out by the hand of man, Joscelin came to the narrower part that seemed like a mere series of fissures in the chalk, cleft by other fissures at right angles, all descending at a sharp angle, so that the young man wished for a staff to aid his steps. Suddenly, by a deep hollow murmer overhead, he felt sure that he was passing under the sea, but as the path was still plain, dry and easy, he continued to descend until fatigue made him stop for rest. By this time he had traveled several miles, and the cavern, or series of caverns, no longer descended, but kept a level, or pretty near to it, penetrating the chalk in a number of directions in chambers or fissures of irregular height. These were all perfectly dry, and the air was pure.

Joscelin returned toward the tower, ascended the steps, and found that his uncle had already been there and left him provisions, wine, and oil for several days, with a note saying he was closely watched, and must not come down again until the espionage was released.

Joscelin carried his stores below, and then, as he thought, it must be night, he sought the dry straw bed his uncle had told him of and went to sleep. He was awakened by dense, suffocating smoke, that came on him in volumes from above, and the noises he had heard left no doubt in his mind that the chateau was on fire. This, indeed, was the fact; the tower was burned by the troops after Jules had been carried off to prison in Arras. Sure that his retreat would now be detected, and oppressed by the smoke, Joscelin hastily seized his stores and means of illumination and sought the recesses of the cave. He hurried inward for several hours, and at last, with inexpressible consternation, discovered that he was lost!

How long he wandered now he never could tell, but he knew that finally, after exploring no end of blind passages that led to nowhere, and at last losing his light, and stumbling on for a long while in the dark, much more than half mad, he heard voices, faint and muffled, on the other side of a wall of chalk. He knocked and cried, but there was no response. At last, in despair, he drew his *couteau de chasse* and cut himself a passage through into semi-daylight, and fainted.

This, Mr. Feetwood Heald said, was the family legend concerning the discovery of the tunnel. Joscelin de Gericault had cut himself through into a smuggler's cave on the coast of Kent, not five miles from Dover. This cave was chiefly the property of Farmer Heald, a prudent and close man, who at first was inclined to shoot the stranger, but finding him insensible, and perceiving there was some mystery about the youth's presence there, thought better of it, and took the young man to his house, closing the hole made. Finally, when Gericault was well enough to tell his story, Heald married him to his daughter, and built a famous beer cellar of his own, with a secret passage into the cave, which he and Gericault explored thoroughly.

As soon as possible, communication was had with France. Sieur Jules was dead from grief and rage. Arnaud had the ruins of the tower as his own possession, but was ignorant of the cave and of his son's fate. At Heald's suggestion, the tower was rebuilt, and by degrees the firm of Glyn, Jansen, Gericault & Heald was established. The business was that of smuggling laces, silks, brandy, tobacco, etc. Glyn bought and sold in London; Jansen bought and sold in Arras and Lille, in Ghent and Antwerp; Heald and Gericault were the sole depositaries of the secret of the submarine passage, and they did the smuggling. As the operation was perfectly safe, it was immensely profitable.

The secret, its custody always restricted to the eldest of each house, was well kept. The Healds always lived quietly in their apparent rank in life, but frequently intermarried with the Gericaults, who, from being provincial nobles, fell at the time of the revolution into the order of the commonalty.

The transit of the tunnel was made usually in two days and a night, and the goods were transported in packs on the backs of the contemporary Gericault and Heald. They only made twenty or thirty trips a year at first, but about the beginning of this century, when smuggling was unusually profitable, they became more greedy, took several of the young men into the secret, and added some donkeys to their transportation service. In this way the firm grew rapidly rich. But, at the same time, the secret was nearly lost. The tunnel had never been used for any but smuggling purposes, but one of the younger Gericaults, an ardent royalist, Vendean, and particularly hostile to Napoleon, on one occasion took a French officer through it from England to France. Heald did not know this person's name, but shortly after his transit, the word came to the Healds that the tunnel was suspected, and the Gericaults had closed their end. The Healds thereupon theirs, and the business was not resumed until 1815. It was then carried on again with more or less activity until the present narrator, Fleetwood Heald, who had some time been a member of the banking firm, succeeded by seniority to the secret.

His first and immediate act was to destroy the Dover entrance to the tunnel by blowing the chalk into it with gunpowder, at the same time notifying the Gericaults that it must no more be used. Mr. Heald, however, said that it would be easy to open the tunnel again. He gave the secretary a chart and profile of it, and explained all the courses and bearings.

I have myself seen a small sketch of the profile, which resembles somewhat those of the grotto of Adelsberg. A geologist who has been consulted on the subject, and has taken extreme interest in it, seems to think it probable that in that early period when Dover was still united to Calais, these caves through the chalk were occupied by cave bears, and perhaps by men also, and were probably of much greater extent than at present. He believes that the fissures in the chalk will be found to reach on the English side of the channel far beyond the Isle of Wight and inland many miles, while on the French coast they should be traced as far as the mouth of the Somme. He thinks there may be found more than one fissure leading nearly if not quite under the straits from shore to shore. If this be so the construction of the submarine railway, thus shown to be feasible, will be comparatively cheap. In the profile the estimated variations of level aggregate some 900 feet, and are in some places almost abrupt. Doubtless the Gericaults and Healds had much work to do to make the route practicable to their doakeys. The widest part of the tunnel is said to be over a hundred feet horizontally, and nearly as much in height. Its narrowest is about twelve feet.

When the facts which I have outlined were communicated to the French ministry, they were anxious to know if Heald could give them the name of the French officer, and the date of his transit. This he could not do, but there were papers to show that he made the passage with Francois de Gericault, second son of Balthasar de Gericault. The French board of public works then transmitted to Mr. Cross a very curious *aide-memoire* which had been handed to the commission by M. Pougere-Claucin, member of the Assembly from Grenoble and who is understood to have been the author of the *projec de loi* under which the commission was appointed. The facts upon which this document was based had been derived from M. Gambetta, who had recovered them from the private papers of the Emperor Napoleon III., seized at the time of Sedan, after the flight of the Empress.

The envelope in which these lettere were inclosed contained an indorsement in the Emperor's own hand: "Received from Queen Hortense, who had them from General Bertrand." They were also accompanied by a report to the Emperor from M. Pietri: "Have thoroughly examined into this matter, but can find no clue. Am persuaded that Colonel Leblanc lied to get himself employed; but his death was suspicious." On this was indorsed, also in the Emperor's hand, "Showed to M. Schneider. He pronounced it *un vrai homboug!*"

The first of these papers was a report to the Emperor Napoleon I. (then First Consul) upon the death of one Colonel Leblanc, said to be implicated in the famous conspiracy of General Pichegru and George Cadoudal, which ended in the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Leblanc was an emigre, who had, however, served, like Pichegru, in Flanders. He was known to be a conspirater with Pichegru, and to have associated with Georges. Arrested in Paris at the same time with these men, he was tried and sentenced to be shot as a deserter from the army. Two days before his intended execution he managed to get a scrap of paper to the First Consul, on which he had written: "Six weeks ago I crossed from England to France by land, dry shod. The revelation of a route for the invasion of Albion by land is the price I will pay for liberty and pardon."

Leblanc was taken from prison, and had an interview with the First Consul. What he told has not yet transpired; but he certainly must have convinced Napoleon of the truth of his story. He was enlarged, and two days later was assassinated in the streets of Paris. A man of the name of Francois de Gericault was known to have been in Leblanc's company, and was arrested and detained a long while on suspicion of complicity in his death; but nothing was ever discovered to connect him with the crime, and the fact that he was a secret agent of the French government for procuring early intelligence from England weighed in his favor.

At the time when Napoleon was at Boulogne preparing for the invasion of England he wrote to a major of engineers (this was also among the papers): "I have proof that smugglers pass sometimes from shore to shore of the Channel by some underground means. Seek a solution to the problem, without attracting attention to your operations." The engineer's report, also accompanying, was to the effect that smugglers descended the cliff on either shore through caves, and then embarked their goods in inconspicuous boats. The Emperor had indorsed on this: "Not satisfactory. I am sure Leblanc went by a tunnel." Another engineer was ordered, under pretense of fortifications, to excavate the chalk in deep trenches from Boulogne to Calais, but this work was suspended by the Ulm campaign, and never resumed.

A note of General Bertrand's, accompanying the papers, stated that Leblanc's communication was one day the subject of an after-dinner talk at St. Helena, when Napoleon asserted his belief in a secret passage, which, if it did exist, so Dr. Antommarchi contended, must simply be from the cliffs of the Cotentin to the island of Alderney. To this Napoleon said: "Perhaps. However, keep these papers for my son."

It is only in the most accidental way that I have come upon all these curious circumstances, which, of course, are among the dead secrets of the foreign office and the French ministry. I am not able to say if any progress has been made in opening the old tunnel and verifying the disclosures of Mr. Fleetwood Heald.—*London Correspondence New York Sun.*

Sam's Four Bits.

On Christmas eve Sam hung up his stocking in the dining room chimney, looked up the flue to see "if dar was anyting in dar to stop Santa Claus from comin' down," and then trotted away to the kitchen garret to bed. Whether he dreamed of Santa Claus, and, if so, how his imagination pictured the little Dutch saint, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, he got up unusually early the next morning. The day had scarcely begun to break when Sam's father, Uncle Henry, and old Aunt Phillis, his mother, were aroused by a shout of "Caris'mus gif', pappy! Chris'mus gif', mammy! Caris'mus gif'! I done cotch you bofe!" Then Sam hurried on his clothes, and hastened over to the house to examine his stocking.

There it was, just as he had left it, except that it was full instead of empty. Full of what?

"Lord-ee! what a big awinge! What's dis? A nudder awinge, I spec'—no, dis yer's an apple. Whoo! just look at the candy! What else in dar?" Sam thought that was all; but he took the stocking by the toe and shook it, and out dropped a silver coin.

"Money! Wonder how much dis is? 'Bout 'lebenteen dollars, may be—I s gwine to ax mammy."

So Sam ran to show his father and mother what Santa Claus had brought him.

"Fo' bits in silber!" said Aunt Phillis. "Bress my soul! I aint seed no silber befo' since reb times! Gimme dat money, Sam, an' let me put it away in the big chist!"

Now this didn't suit Sam at all. He had seen a great many things go into "de big chist" that never came out again, and he was by no means disposed to let his shining "four-bit piece" meet with such a destiny. "No, mammy," said he; "please just let me keep it. I ain't gwine to lose it. 'Sides, that chist sets right up by the chimbey, an' ol' Santy might come down an' open it, and take his money out ag'in."

"Let de chile hab de money, Phillis," said Uncle Henry; et he loses it, 't aint much, an it'll learn him to be keerful. Let him keep it."

So Sam kept his money. Baron Rothschild never felt as rich as he did. He would sit about in corners, talking to himself and looking at his "four bits." If he went across the yard he would stop every few steps to feel in his pocket and see if it was still there. Indeed, never before did fifty cents seem so important to any one since the time when

"David and Goliath went out fur to fight,
Fur nuffin' but a silber half-a-dollar—
David up wid a brick, and hit Goliath such a lick,
Dat de people over Jordan heerd him holler."

Sam enjoyed his "awinge," his apple, his "puckawns," and his candy; but the charms of all these—and they had many—paled before the brightness of the silver. He was never tired of examining it. He wondered whether the bird on one side was a hawk, or a buzzard, or a turkey. He tried to count the notches on the rim, but, as he didn't know what came after five, he was obliged to give up the attempt in despair.

When dinner time came Aunt Phillis made Sam a little cake, and she pressed the coin down on the dough so as to leave a very beautiful impression. The cake was baked, and although the mark of the half-dollar became much distorted in the cooking, still, if you looked very hard, you could see what it had been. Sam thought it a wonderful work of art. He carried it off to the back gallery steps and sat down and ate it; beginning at the edges and eating up the mark, until he had a round piece just the size of the coin, with the impression on one side. Then he played with that awhile, and finished by eating it, also.

Time now hung heavy on Sam's hands. He began to think, or "study," as he would have expressed it, about what to do next.

What he did next was to lay his "four bits" down on the ground near the steps, and then walk off around the corner of the house. Directly he came back, walking slowly, and looking about as if he had lost something. He kicked among the grass with his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand, and appeared to be very anxious.

"Lemme see," said