

The duke laughed aloud, delighted by the strange scene of excitement he had brought about.

'Du Foinvert will be here in a minute—I have sent for him,' said the duke. 'Ha! ha! we will put him to the torture, gentlemen.'

Presently the count entered the room with his usual easy and nochalant air; he started, however, when he saw the marchioness and Antoine, and noted who were present, and the strange looks they wore; but he quickly recovered himself, and with a gay laugh cried: 'Well, what's the matter?'

'The robbers horse said the duke has been seen to run to your house, Du Foinvert—the horse with the muffled hoofs finds his home in your stables.'

'Then you have found me out!' cried Du Foinvert with a hearty laugh. 'You have indeed been very kind to let me go on so long.—The horse is in your grace's stables, now, and his rider is your humble guest.'

'Give me back my six hundred and fifty louis.'

'Restore my four hundred!'

'Return my thousand, count, this instant!'

The victims crowded round the desperate young rascal, shouting with rage, whilst he stood in the midst, laughing till he could barely stand.

'Pay back the money!' cried the gamsters—'pay back the money!'

'I have not a liard of it!' cried Du Foinvert; still laughing. 'But I can tell you where it all is—every louis.'

'Speak!'

'Where is it?'

'Let us hear.'

'In his grace's pocket!' exclaimed Du Foinvert, pointing to the duke. 'He won it from me, as fast as I could get it. Take it from him—take it from him!'

'If it comes to this,' cried the duke its time for me to be off!

He shuffled away, but the party of gentlemen he had summoned rushed after him. Du Foinvert at their head, vociferating for their money; and thus the chase was continued through all the great rooms of the chateau, to the amusement and surprise of the company, until the duke took refuge in his private cabinet.

Such was this scene among the reckless gamblers who fluttered in the favor of the ex-regent. The only penalty laid upon Du Foinvert for his desperate method for raising resources was, that he should pay back half of his winnings to those he had robbed, in two annual instalments.

In the stables of his grace were found the muffers of leather lined with wool which had incased the hoofs of the phantom-horse, and the black-lead ball with which the sable hue had been imparted to its white legs and breast. Du Foinvert had no further use for them.

A still more characteristic trait of the times. When the marchioness learned the secret of the apparition, and found that everything was quietly over, she at once gave her hand—and no empty one it was—to the ex-highwayman; and many a laugh she and her husband had in after days at the adventure of the Phantom-Horse.

From Lloyd's London Newspaper, Dec 21. RECEPTION OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A meeting of the Geographical society was held on Monday night, at Whitehall-place, when the Rev. Dr. Livingstone attended and was presented with the society's gold medal.—There was a large attendance of members and visitors to do honour to this enterprising traveller.

On Tuesday, a public reception was given to the doctor, at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street—the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair.

A resolution of congratulation having been unanimously passed, Sir R. Murchison proposed the second resolution as follows:—'That this meeting presents to Dr. Livingstone the sincere expression of its admiration and gratitude for the distinguished advantages secured to geographical and kindred sciences by his important discoveries in South Africa, and it cherishes the earnest hope that his disinterested labors may hereafter secure to the native tribes of that vast continent the blessings of knowledge, civilisation, and commerce. The resolution was carried *nem. con.*, and then Dr. Livingstone stepped forward to address the meeting, being received with loud and long-continued cheers.

The doctor commenced by saying, he laboured under the disadvantage of having spoken a native African language for the last sixteen years. During that time he did not study the English tongue, and he forgot much of its phraseology, and he now felt more inclined to speak the African idiom than the English (laughter). Those who honoured him with their presence could form but a faint idea of what Africa really was, and of what missionary labour really was. There was very little of this excitement there (laughter). They (the missionaries) were called enthusiasts. He confessed that he was an enthusiast. But his enthusiasm required hard work to sustain it (hear, hear)—one had to go through a great deal to keep up the enthusiasm (renewed laughter).

The Missionary cause suffered a little from this—that much more was expected than could be given. It was expected that when the gospel was preached to the heathen they would listen to it, and either believe or reject it. But the fact was that those to whom the gospel was preached immediately began to judge the missionaries by their own motives. They imagined that with all this fair speaking there was something behind, some other end in view, which would be discovered by and by. The missionaries must labour to do good to their bodies; they must endeavour to promote their temporal advantage, in order thereby to acquire a good name, and convey the idea that they were really anxious to promote their welfare; and then, and then only, would the Africans become attentive to the concerns of their souls. The native Africans were very slow in the emotions of their minds—they were not at all like the South sea islanders. One never heard of a whole tribe or people in Africa at once embracing the gospel, as had been the case in the South sea islands. The habits of the two kinds of people were totally different. The idea entertained by some Christians at home that the Africans would become converted all at once had sometimes reminded him of an expression of the African chieftain Sicheli. When Sicheli first perceived that he was anxious that his people should believe the gospel, he said to him, 'Do you really imagine that these people will ever believe the gospel if I don't beat them (laughter)?' He (Dr. Livingstone) replied that conversion could not come by means of the rod.

'Well, you don't know these people,' said Sicheli: 'I see you want them to believe; but they never will believe unless I take the sambuk and beat them' (renewed laughter). In like manner, it would almost appear that many Christians in this country fancied that it was possible to beat relief as it were, into the African races. As most of them, perhaps, were aware, he remained with Sicheli for a number of years, till at last the missionary station was destroyed by an attack of the Boers while he was going north to explore the new country.—He saw plainly what would follow. For years the minds of the people had been distracted by fears of an attack. He saw that this attack would actually come, and therefore prepared to leave, and go to the north; but before going he sent his family to England. He found that the Boers had attacked the tribe and carried off a great number of the children and plundered his house of everything it contained, (hear, hear). 'Oh,' said the rev. doctor, 'I do not wish to make a pitiful wail before you; for this relieved me entirely of all concern for what was behind' (laughter). Lord Shaftesbury mentioned the high estimation in which the name of the English nation was held abroad. He would here give an illustration of the estimation in which the name of her Majesty was held in Africa at the time of which he was speaking. He met Sicheli near Krooman, and asked him where he was going. He said, 'I am going to Queen Victoria.' He endeavoured to dissuade him from setting out, telling him that he would have no one to interpret for him. 'Well,' said he, 'if I do go to the Queen, will she not listen to me?' He replied that he believed she would do so. 'Then,' said he, 'I'll go; and he went a thousand miles down to the Cape with the view of going to England, and was obliged to return because he could not obtain a passage. This showed the high estimation in which the English Queen and the justice of the English people were held by the natives of Africa (cheers). On proceeding to the north, he went first among the people who were called the Makololo. These were Bechuanas. They lived in former times in what was called the Basuta country, and were driven to the north by the Makabeli. These people (the Makololo) opened the path, and he (Dr. Livingstone) followed in their footsteps many years after. A large portion of the land in the interior was then, and was still in their hands including all the territory in the neighbourhood of the Zambesi. The Boers had determined that no Englishman should penetrate, if they could help it, northward, because they wished all the trade to remain in their own hands; but he, on the contrary, determined that the country in the interior should be opened.—When they shut one side, he determined to open another; and, as it turned out, he had opened up two paths into the interior of the African continent. They had all heard of the 'Afric's burning sands.' That expression was quite correct, so far as the country south of 20 degrees was concerned. The south was dry, and the population comparatively small. But when they got beyond 20 degrees they came to a totally different country, and a totally different people. The people were the true negro family, and their country was the country from which we once derived our slaves, and from which the Brazilians and Cubans still obtained theirs. In the whole of the centre of this country he found the people exceedingly civil and kind, but there was a fringe of population round about which always prevented commerce from entering into the interior. The Africans in the interior were fond of commerce. This he learnt from the eager manner in which they entered into his project of forming a path. His object in that project was to promote commerce and Christianisation; and the natives were imme-

diately delighted with the idea of having a path to the sea by means of which they might trade with the white men. A wonderful effect was produced upon those who went down with him to Loanda to see the ships of war. As they were passing through the villages on the way to the coast they were told that the white man was going to wheedle them on board the ships, and that when they came there they would be fattened and eaten. They partly believed this. He said to them, 'Well, if you believe that you can go back; but when did you ever hear of an Englishman having a slave, or buying or selling one?' No, truly, they said; but still their suspicion were not entirely removed. When he took them on board the ships of war, and all the sailors gave them bread and meat, and talked to them, though they could not understand a word of what they said to each other, they were extremely delighted. Every suspicion then vanished. They afterwards treated him in the kindest manner—they almost worshipped him. If he handed them anything they would go down on their knees to receive it, until he told them not to do so, and simply from seeing the power of the English, they believed that the religion of those who were able to make such things as they had beheld must be true. On returning to the country at Sicheli, he found it so well watered that it was impossible to have a waggon path. The part of the interior of which he had last spoken was so full of rivers that he never had occasion to carry water for a single day; whereas in the south, and when he went in search of the Lake Ngami with Mr Oswald, they wanted water for four days, and only found it in wells. The country was well peopled, being the slave-producing country. The people were remarkably free from disease, and were very prolific. About twenty years ago the small-pox and measles visited them, and a great many of them died; but they had never come since. There was no consumption, no scrofula, no hydrophobia, and there was not much madness, though cases did sometimes occur. Many diseases which prevailed in England were quite unknown among the negro family. Notwithstanding all the wars and all the kidnapping, they were still a numerous race; and he had no doubt, from his observations, that they were as much preserved for purposes of mercy, as were God's ancient people, the Jews (hear, hear.) He was more astonished by the estimation in which the ladies were held amongst them by anything else in the country. They were often made chieftains. If a divorce happened, it was generally the woman who divorced the man, and she took the children away with her. If a man married a young woman residing in another village he was obliged to leave his own village and go and live with his wife and his mother in law (a laugh) whom he had to supply with wood, which was often only obtainable at a considerable distance. In coming down the Zambesi river particularly, he observed that this arrangement was attended with considerable toil and trouble. If a man were asked to do a piece of work, his reply would be, after learning how much he was to get for it, 'I will go and consult my wife' (a laugh). If she consented the work would be done; but if she did not, nothing would induce the husband to perform it (another laugh.)

When he came down from the north with all his men, all his goods, having been expended before he reached the Makalolo country, the people supplied all his wants without fee or reward. His men were delighted with the journey to the coast, saying that they had been to the end of the world. 'The ancients,' they said, 'have always told us that the world has no end; but we have been to the end of it.—We went marching on with our father, believing what the ancients told us to be true. All at once the world said to us, "I am finished—there is no more of me." It was all sea in front.' He afterwards proceeded to the eastward, and at length struck the Zambesi. That was a very large river; in fact, the principal river in the country—all the others running into it. Its name the Zambesi, meant 'the river.' He attempted to make a path by the Zambesi to the sea. The Zambesi was a river navigable for at least 300 miles, and that without a single rapid. In many parts it was broader than the Thames at Westminster bridge. It had been supposed by some that it disappeared under the soil and was lost; but any one who saw it would immediately feel that there was no such thing as losing that river (laughter). It ran from the north to the south, then turned away to the eastward, and passed through a cleft, gorge, or fissure. It was unlike any other waterfall in the world, and he thought the word 'trough' would convey a better idea of it than any other. It was about 1,000 yards wide at the falls, and it fell at once into the trough, which extended from bank to bank. The fissure was made in a hard basaltic rock; and at the bottom which was not so wide as the lips of the trough, the river was only about twenty yards broad, and the falls presented the most beautiful sight he had ever seen in his life. The river afterwards passed for a considerable distance along the eastern ridge, and then SSE down to the sea. He believed this river would be a permanent path into the country. The country itself was extremely fertile, and the climate perfectly healthy. Some thought that his (Dr. Livingstone's) going into the interior of Africa

was a mere tempting of Providence. But, with reference to the endeavour to evangelise the interior and the true negro family, he would have the missionary and other kindred societies act just in the same manner that he himself had done.

On the conclusion of this address, Lord Shaftesbury intimated that Dr. Livingstone was anxious to say a few words on the subject of slavery in connexion with his discoveries in Africa, which he had omitted to state.

Dr. Livingstone again stood forward and said; It has been promulgated that the efforts of our cruisers have made the horrors of the middle passage a thousand times worse for the poor slave than it was before. I went to Angola with that idea in my head, that we had made the horrors of the middle passage worse. But I found there that the slave trade was most efficiently repressed by making the exportation of slave much more dangerous to any one who had capital to engage on it than formerly. I have seen slaves sold within 100 miles of the coast; boys of fourteen years of age for 12s each. Now, if there had been a demand for slaves on board the ships, and it were easy to take them out of the country, they would have got at least 20l. for these boys (cheers). But no; instead of sending the slaves out of the country, which they could not do because it was dangerous, they send the slaves into the interior of the country to purchase ivory. I travelled about a month with a Portuguese trader, having eight women with him in chains, in order to sell them for ivory, but the price, even when sold for ivory, was hardly enough to pay for the trouble and expense (cheers). At Angola, if you ask for any person, or how he is, they tell you, 'Oh, he was rich in the time of the slave trade, but he is not so now.' Indeed there are only three persons in Angola who are now rich from the profits which they made by the slave trade. Riches got by the slave trade appear to bring no blessing with them—they don't stop in the family (a laugh). Formerly the natives knew that if they were conquered they would be sure to be taken as slaves, and they fought all the more fiercely in order to prevent themselves and their wives and children from being captured. Then they say, 'Would it not be better to take the natives prisoners, and "Christianise" them, as they call it—then suffer them to be killed as they are?' But who is it that brings about these wars? Not the natives themselves. The wars were commenced by the slave traders, and they must take the credit of them to themselves.

The meeting having expressed the deep respect and affection which it entertained for Mrs. Livingstone and her children, and joined in the hope that the honoured name of Livingstone would continue to receive to the latest generation that gratitude and respect which her husband had earned for her, the crowded assembly dispersed.

CRUELTY OF GREEK BRIGANDS.

THE process resorted to by the robbers for discovering the whereabouts of those hidden repositories was a cruel but effectual one. A kettle full of oil was set on the fire. If the unfortunate woman, who protested that she was ignorant where her husband had hid his treasure, relented in view of the coming torture, she was not molested. But if she persisted in her obstinacy, or really did not know where it was, the scalded fluid was poured upon her neck, breast, and body. Five or six was subjected to this inhuman treatment; others were merely beaten; and one, whom we saw, boasted that though the ruffians stabbed her in several places, she had not betrayed her husband's trail. —Baird's Modern Greece.

LOSS OF VOICE.

IN many instances the rapid loss of voice experienced by young singers of the present day may be imputed to the ignorance of modern composers, who, instead of studying the natural construction of the human voice, and adapting their vocal musical creations to the display of its wonderful and varied powers, endeavour to force it to the execution of difficult instrumental passages, entirely unfitted for vocal performances, and therefore ineffective, even when conquered by hard practice, and performed with all the correctness of a violin or clarionet. —Sabella Novello.

PLUMES OF A COUNTRY DINNER.

OF all receipts for weariness, commend me to a dinner party of country neighbours by daylight, people who know each other just well enough to have opposite interests and secret jealousies; who arrive ill at ease in their smart dresses; to sit with a protracted meal with hot servants and forced conversation, till one young lady on her promotion being victimized at the pianoforte, enables them to yawn unobserved, and welcome ten o'clock brings round the carriage and tipsy coachman, in order that they may enter on their long, dark, dreary drive home through lanes and byways, which is only endurable from the consideration that the annual ordeal has been accomplished, and that they need not do it again until this time next year. —Kate Coventry.