AUTUMN.

'Tis the golden gleam of an Autumn day,
With the soft, light haze of a cloudless sky;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of Spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath,
To shake their gold to the court beneath;
And a glint of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard comes,
The muffled bell from the sedate kine,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rocks, waiting, across them sail,
While nearer the swinging sunflower skim
O'er the steel-gray river, ruffled brim.

No mockery up o the backbone thoughts,
No grief for the vanished Summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose
Like that wh ch s, in its Autumn knows.

The Spr ing's raw longings are past and gone,
The passions of Summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and Autumn stands
Serene by bounteful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory lifted the real to'ar knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh
It makes the joys that' has been a joy;
Feels it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content that it vanished beyond recall.

O glorious Autumn, thou art as
Thou living and loving all that has been!
Thou calm and contented let me be
When the Autumn of age shall come to me.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

"I've had a terrible time with the old man," Mr. Chirpers, the clerk, said. "He seems knocked off his head with this dreadful news. I could not get him to consent to anything. At last he saw Dick made his give way. He hardly understood, I think."

It was quite true. The shock of Mr. Mellishy's death had been almost more than Mr. Mortiboy could bear. He had gone to bed light-hearted and happy. He had got up in the morning still happier; for the day had come at last when his rival—the man he had hated—would be in his power. He desired no more. In his power! The man who had never been rich as he, but of so much greater weight and influence. The man whose opinion he had always deferred to when he could get no one to do more than fear him.

Remember, he did not seek to ruin Mr. Mellishy; it was not his intention to start up his back, even if he had the power. But it was his intention to sit alone in that grimy kitchen in the evening, and reflect that the proud man was humbler before him. Now the day was come, and the proud man—too proud for humiliation—had escaped by the only gate open to him. He was alone. Mr. Mortiboy heard the news, his heart felt like lead within him, and a cloud that never lifted again fell upon his brain.

He was sitting pale and speechless when Gibriner came to see if anything could be done to stop the run. But he could at first only be got to answer inconsequently.

"Eleven thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds! The bills are due this morning at twelve o'clock. I knew it could not meet it. I told you so, Gibriner. You can't say I did not tell you so. Well, then—nobody can blame me. Francis Mellishy was mad—mad at your aunt Susan's funeral—was he not? Well, I ask you, was he in his senses? See it now, too late! Eleven thousand pounds, Dick. They were lodged with as fine security as ever changed hands! Poor Francis Mellishy! We were boys together, Dick; and I married his sister—poor Susan! Eleven thousand pounds! Poor Francis Mellishy! We were boys together, Dick; and I married his sister—your mother, poor thing! And Susan always had a kind word for him, though we were not the best of friends. And now it's come to this. He's quite dead, you said, Dick?

"Dead as a mackerel," said his son.

"Yes. They're all gone—they're all gone."

"Mr. Mortiboy, time presses. There's a run on Mellishy's. I tell you. Can't we make him understand, Mr. Timbrell?"

"Look ahee, sir, mind, I'm acting him by the shoulder, "there's a run upon their bank, and if you don't stop it, the bank will stop; and then there'll be a run upon yours; and if that stops too, there will be also devil to pay, and no mistake. Do you understand? Yes? to Mr. Chirmers, I'm witness enough."

The old man muttered a feeble "Yes," and then went on maundering.

So Chirmers went away.

Before, however, any help was actually needed at Mellishy's, a stagger thing happened. For days those whose dread lest their money from Mellishy's took it across the Ait—it was only beyond the church on the other side—to Mortiboy's in order to deposit it there. There were thus two rivulets of people—the larger going to Mellishy's, the smaller to Mortiboy's. But presently Mortiboy's depositors, seeing the double stream, began to imagine that there was a run upon both banks; and a panic set in in both directions.

This was half-past eleven, when the town was filled with people, and the news of the day of the seizure, and the news of Mr. Mellishy's death was spreading in all directions. People in gig and jogging into Market Basing from north, south, east, and west, were overtaken by others driving wildly for dear life.

"Haven't you heard? Mellishy's bank has stopped. They say."

The main street was blocked with vehicles. My lord Judge, riding with the high sheriff and his chaplain in the Embury Yeomanry Cavalry, was greatly upset; and for the Brethren the morning's business in long men, the twelve jewels men walking in marshal array by the side of the carriage, were of use. They pointed their sanguinary weapons at the crowd, and protected his lordship from the indignity of being jostled by the farmers' chaises.

At the judges' lodgings, by the Court House, only three or four magic cushions were present to bear the imposing fashion of the liveried trumpeters, and see his lordship get out.

The ceremonious pageant of the Law was neglected. Every thing transferred to the bank, whether he had anything there or not.

The consternation was universal. It came home to all. The panic spread like wildfire. Country people swelled the crowd of residents in town, surging round the doors of the old bank. The game was every man for himself; *sauve qui peut.* So they pushed and shoved one another like mad people.

Let money be at stake to see human nature lift the veil off.

As the clock of St. Giles' struck twelve, there were as many people besieging Mortiboy's, at the new bank, in Town street trying to gain an entrance at Mellishy's.

It was some little time before Mr. Chirmers could clearly understand that the panic was going to affect their house as well as the other; this seemed too absurd.

It was so, however; and with a heavy heart, he stopped the transfer of the gold to Mellishy's, and sent a hasty messenger to Derngate, whither Dick Mortiboy had gone, to beg him by his living father to do bank without a moment's delay.

At five minutes after twelve Frank received a note from Mr. Chirmers. It ran:

"*We cannot help you the game has attacked us. There is a rush on us now: we shall keep open, and see how it goes.*"

Frank handed the note over, with a look of despair, to Mr. Sanderson, who read it; then sat down and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his brow.

"It will be over, Mr. Frank," he said, "in a few minutes."

"You mean that we shall have paid out all our money."

"Every farthing. We have just cashed some heavy cheques. After that we must put the shutters up, and then we must examine the books, and see our liabilities, and—and—please God—go on again."

Then a loud voice was heard from the street, which Frank knew well. It was his cousin's, John Heathcote's.

"Now then, let me pass! please—let me pass. I am going to pay my money in."

"It's no good, Mr. Frank," whispered Sanderson. "What he can bring can do nothing for us."

"Stop," said Frank, "I must say a word first."

He went out. At the sight of his tall figure, with his beaming face and his gallantness full upon all who saw him, a shout went up.

"My friends," said Frank, "You must go away. We cannot pay you to-day, because we have no more money in the house; nor can I tell you when you will be paid. But you will be paid, be sure of that."

"You will be paid," echoed Mr. Sanderson.

"I promise you, in the name of my poor father, who lies dead upstairs, that rather than one of you shall lose a farthing by us; if the word comes to the worst, we will strip ourselves of everything in the world. But it shall not come to that, because we have no money left."

They were awe-stricken by his solemnity. They could not answer, because his trouble was so great, at their own probable or possible losses. Some of them went on with streaming eyes—all of them without a word. And then the iron shutters were let down, and the door closed—and Mellishy's bank had stopped.

A very different scene went on at the other house. The news of the run on his bank acted on the old man like cold water on a fainting woman. He felt off manager to his son, raised his head erect, and looked in sheer wonder at the messenger who brought him the news. "A run on the bank!—on Mortiboy's! The thing was impossible, absurd!" As well expect the whole rack of sheep to assert their independence, or the infant in arms to demand a separate establishment, as that his customers should dare to distrust him.

He rose, and grasped his stick in a menacing manner, as if the appearance of this weapon alone would restore confidence; and placing his hat firmly on his head, he walked out of the house followed by Dick.

As he marched down the street—his step firm, his bearing erect, his eyes resolute—the people fell back right and left, and those who were hurrying to his bank to draw out their deposits, slackened their steps, and followed him to go on first.

The whole street front was blocked with people.

"You had better go round by the back way, sir," suggested a bystander, in a dismal whisper.

Old Mortiboy turned upon him like a wild cat, gnashing and gnawing with his teeth.

"Who the devil asked for your advice?" he gasped out, and passed straight on to the front entrance. Round up it was. They fall back to make way as his tall thin figure passed through their midst, followed by his great sinewy, bulldog bull, a head taller than anybody else.

"Now," said Mr. Mortiboy, in a low, quiet voice, "perhaps you will not let me wait long, when I have business before me."

"If I cannot get through you," said the old man, very loud, "I'll have the shutters up in three minutes."

Dick Bull the stalwart was in front of him collaring a path by the blows he dealt allows. To get into the bank itself was a more difficult matter for here, with every goodwill, the people were so jammed and pressed together that they could not possibly make room. As Mr. Mortiboy got his foot on the steps, a little slip of an old man, whose terror was almost comical, fell at his feet crying—

"Mr. Mortiboy, Mr. Mortiboy, don't rob me of my money! Oh, sir, I'm a small man—I must crave it out! Oh, sir, let me have it. I must be ruined—I am ruined!"

"What the devil is the matter with the man," answered Mr. Mortiboy; and then, standing on the step and turning to the people, he made the shortest and most effective speech they had ever heard—"Yer roost!" was the whole of it.

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"By gad," he said—"I'm Fig-faced Sarnedy!"

The crowd roared with laughter. The little man, a barber by profession, had cerved that application from some fancied resemblance between his own and a porker's face, in the memory of all who had been boys in Market Basing in Dick's time.

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"Mr. Richard—sir—if you please—twenty-six pounds six and fourpence, sir. I'm only a little man. Oh, this is *serious*—this is serious!" he whined.

"All right. Now make way for my father, please. Come along, Fig-faced Sarnedy."

He seized him by the breacher and the collar of his coat, raised him aloft, and carried his booty safely through the crowd into the bank. Then he deposited him in a corner, and told him to wait patiently till he could be attended to.

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The pressure was evidently increased. Mellishy's bank had stopped. Men must make themselves safe. So Mr. Mortiboy's business had sunk down to his bank.

"This can't go on forever," said Dick, after looking on for a few minutes. "Y' shall be run out too."

"Eh! eh!" said the old man feebly.

"The momentary excitement had gone by. He was sitting in his arm-chair, low and dejected, brooding over the tragedy of the night.

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The sacks were carried into the strong room. Dick faced Frank Mellishy, who was on the ground floor of the building where business was still going on, because business of the bank was transacted. Housekeeper, servants, clerks, helped to ransack the house, and from it came forth sacks of well-lined linen, pillows, bolsters, curtains, hangings, carpets, and rolled up paper, anything that would make them look solid, and that they could at the moment lay their hands on. They ransacked the adjoining down hall, and set the sacks in double rank opposite the door that opened into the public room—a barrier reaching to the roof.

Then Dick summoned Mr. Chirmes, and told him what he was about to do. The old man went with him to the money safe, and they took out fifty bags of sovereigns, with £100 in each bag, and set them in a sack in the front row they poured the contents of the bags. The bank was now tied up with strings.

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"Yes, Dick—yes. I know I will to you—I leave all to you. Do anything you like."

He was rushed off to the stable yard in Derngate, ran up the granary steps, and carried down a pile of empty sacks on his shoulder.

They were barley sacks from the brewery. He called for assistance, and got the porter and old Hester to help him put the sacks in two large empty boxes. They nailed down the lids. Then he drove the cart to the back entrance of the bank. There they emptied the boxes of their contents.

The sacks were carried into the strong room. Dick faced Frank Mellishy, who was on the ground floor of the building where business was still going on, because business of the bank was transacted. Housekeeper, servants, clerks, helped to ransack the house. From it came forth sacks of well-lined linen, pillows, bolsters, curtains, hangings, carpets, and rolled up paper, anything that would make them look solid, and that they could at the moment lay their hands on. They ransacked the adjoining down hall, and set the sacks in double rank opposite the door that opened into the public room—a barrier reaching to the roof.

Then Dick summoned Mr. Chirmes, and told him what he was about to do. The old man went with him to the money safe, and they took out fifty bags of sovereigns, with £100 in each bag, and set them in a sack in the front row they poured the contents of the bags. The bank now of sacks they tied up with strings.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

*Questions respecting sports in the Sporting Intelligence will be answered. Letters and documents are requested to address communications to the Sporting Editor of the Mail, Toronto, and not to the Editor.

A Weekly Chronicle of Shooting—Fishing—Yachting—Rowing—Hurdle-racing—Steeple-chasing—Trotting—Stud News—Racing—Boat-racing—Pedestrianism—Athletics—Cricket—Croquet—Lacrosse—Sculling—Swimming—Base-ball—Billiards, &c., &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAIL OFFICE, Nov. 5.

BETHEL.—Wheldon is by long Kicker Foss (4 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs.) out of Lady Ann, by Sir Hugh. We cannot say whether he will be sold or not. Wheldon's pedigree will be served by the statement of a letter from the Sheriff, and not "produced him to the Sheriff." Neither is it true that he was "found on the premises on which the Judge decided, as it did not, against the plaintiff." There are no prizes to a mile in Derby's track, but it was perfectly competent for the Sheriff to have ordered the sale of Wheldon if he had taken place so far from home. Sporting matters are not decided by the "decision of every decision arrived at by judges." The best should not have been contested, unless a case could be made out against the decision of the judge, and the rules constituting the Queen's Plate before us, "are the decisions of the Queen's Plate Committee." We do not know of any "Queen's Plate Committee," and we do not volunteer on the fly, and consequently we do not know what "the decision of the Queen's Plate" is in the Queen's Plate, which is a race for maiden horses, and Wheldon was "found" fast on the other side of the water, and is called the Bowie's cream horse in a sweepstake. We do not know what "premises—as simply the limit of the hayward's ground, and not the premises of the Sheriff—" is, but we hardly answer you who would have been accosted as an "intruder" if he had ventured on the premises. A full account of Mr. Reginald Herbert's race on the Tweed will be found in the *Field* of 15th October.

THE TURF.

Tyler of the English papers finishes the fast about nobody present, Montargis for the Cambridgeshire, which appears to have been a very surprising thing. It will have to be already said, we cannot conceive how his chance came to be overlooked. The more surprising, perhaps, is the manner in which the big top weight 125 lbs into the third place, the better does the guidance of Orford and Whisper appear to be. Last year the race was won by Sterling's own brother Playfair, and Sterling had run a dead heat for second place the previous year, when carrying the top three-year-old weight, and conceding (mark it ye American and Canadian handicappers) two years and 30 lbs to the deadheater Although, the pair finishing only a neck behind Sabiana, Sterling was once called "the horse of the country," and if he had not had to hike at any rate proved a challengeable title to the claim. Sterling's four grandparents are Irish Birdcatcher, Honey Dear by Fisherman, Flatcatcher, and Silence, by Melbourne; stamina which are all well represented in Canada. Thus, War Cry's dam Eliza Davis is by Knight of St. George (a son of Irish Birdcatcher) out of imp. Maid-rose (a daughter of Melbourne); which constitutes a very close relationship with Sterling, while in addition on the paternal side, his grandsire Lexington traces to Emilius (a son of Sarpedon) and of Fire-paddy, Honey Dear's sire. Sterling is also a first cousin of the Canadian Horse Terror, Eliza, catcher being the grandsire of both; while through Rarite, Terror's sire, a grandson of Emilius, still more closely ties the family blood. In making these remarks we are aware that we are trying the patience of our readers, but we are pointing out what breeders who would have an intelligent idea of the pedigree of their stock, ought to be at home in, if they are engaged, it must be glad to know. It is only from observations such as the foregoing that a "Canadian" can be enabled upon his guidance which is proverbially a dangerous thing. We have gone into the pedigree of Sterling, and we feel proportionately confident that we have shewn