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The Saturday Reader.

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FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 17, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 351.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER V. AT HAZLEHURST AGAIN.

The cottage at Hazlehurst was beginning to look bright and pretty, with its orchard trees full of blossom, and the climbing white roses on the house all coming out in bloom, when, one morning towards the end of May, a basket carriage, drawn by a pair of showy little ponies, appeared before the garden gate of Mrs. Saxelby's dwelling.

The vigilant Betty, whose ears had been attracted by the sound of wheels, announced to her mistress that there was a "wicker-work sney" at the door, and that a lady had alighted from it, and was coming up the garden towards the house.

The lady was Miss Penelope Charlewood, she trod so close on Betty's heels, that the latter had scarcely finished her announcement, before Miss Charlewood tapped at the sitting-room door, and requested permission to enter. She was dressed in a plain morning suit of brown holland, and wore a straw hat and a pair of driving-gloves.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Saxelby? May I come in?"

Mrs. Saxelby was sitting with an open book before her, and her netting in her hand. She looked up at her visitor with a little start and a flush of surprise.

"Oh pray come in, Miss Charlewood. I am very glad to see you."

"Well, that's more than I deserve, for it is an age since I have been over to Hazlehurst."

"It is more than three weeks, certainly, but you and Clement are the only members of your family who ever do come to see me now, and I have not so many friends that I can afford to quarrel with those who remain to me."

"You mustn't be angry with mamma, Mrs. Saxelby. It isn't because she doesn't like you as much as ever, that she hasn't been out here for so long. But the fact is she very much disinclined to go anywhere, and latterly she has been compelled to a good deal of exertion—for her—on Augusta's account. I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

"Oh, I'm not angry with Mrs. Charlewood."

"No. You're never angry with anybody. That is the only vice you have, I believe. But it's a very serious one, let me tell you. People ought to be angry sometimes."

"Shall I begin to practise upon you?" asked Mrs. Saxelby, with a faint smile.

"No; don't do that, for I've come on purpose to ask you and Dooley to take a drive with me this lovely morning. It will do you good. Where is Dooley? Mrs. Saxelby, I adore that child for smacking Miss Fluke's face."

"Did you hear of it?"

"Hear of it? Of course I heard of it. Miss Fluke tells everybody. It was lovely of him; lovely. Think of the heroism of that shrimp of a creature doing battle against Miss Fluke's twelve stone mind against matter, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Saxelby shook her head with a deprecating air, and left the room to dress herself for the drive, and to send for Dooley out of the kitchen garden, where he was watching the operations of the man who acted as gardener, and driving that somewhat slow-witted individual into great difficulties by his searching questions as to what made the cabbages grow?

Miss Charlewood sat by herself in the little parlour for some five minutes, during which time her thoughts went back to the last day of the music meeting, and the accident to little Corda with which such a number of subsequent circumstances appeared to be linked. It was from that day that she dated her own perception of Clement's growing fondness for Mabel.

"How many things have happened since then thought Miss Charlewood; "and it is not yet a year ago!"

She had learned from her brother that Mabel had rejected him. In answer to some little stinging speech, such as Penelope was wont to utter about friend and foe alike, Clement had told her gravely that neither she nor any of his family need be distressed on the score of a contemplated alliance with such poor people as Mr. Saxelby's widow and step-daughter, for Miss Earnshaw had refused him. Perhaps Clement would not have made this confidence had he not been irritated by his sister's sneer, after he had made it, he walked away in silence, and plainly showed that he thenceforth should decline to discuss the subject. Although, as we know, Penelope had used her shrewd knowledge of Mabel Earnshaw's character to awaken her pride, and bring about this very result, and although she had even confidently told her father that such a result would inevitably be brought about if she were permitted to manage the matter in her own fashion, yet her first feeling on receiving Clement's confession was one of great resentment against Mabel.

Refuse Clement! Refuse her dear good clever brother Clement! What was the girl dreaming of?

"It turns out luckily, of course, but it's quite outrageous of Mabel, all the same!" exclaimed Miss Charlewood, mentally. But by-and-by she got over that feeling in a great measure.

Penelope Charlewood was too clear-headed and clever not to perceive the utter unreasonableness of any such resentment, and her combativeness was presently aroused on behalf of the absent Mabel, by Augusta's frequent attacks upon her former dear friend, until at last Penelope came to be looked upon in the family as the recognised champion of Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter.

"Mabel Earnshaw has refused Clem, papa, so you need not feel any more anxiety about that matter," Miss Charlewood had said to her father.

"Is it possible your brother was such a fool as to ask her to marry him? Good Heavens! what an escape he has had—what an escape we have all had! However, after the step that misguided girl has taken, with the concurrence too, of her weak mother, of course Clement is entirely cured of his folly."

"Humph!" said Miss Charlewood.

But after that time she did go once or twice to Hazlehurst to see the widow. The first time she told Clement carelessly of her having done so, she was rewarded by the kindest smile she had seen on his face for many a day (for Clement had grown very grave and stern), and by a warm pressure of his hand. "I only go out of aggravation," explained Penny, "and to assert my right of private judgment. I don't choose to let Augusta and Miss Fluke talk me down, on any subject whatever."

Nevertheless her brother's smile had been very sweet to her; and as we all know how soon any one becomes endeared to us, towards whom we have performed a kind action, Penelope began thenceforward to grow quite fond of Mrs. Saxelby, and to take her and Dooley completely under her wing.

"I'm yeady," cried Dooley, appearing at the sitting-room door. "I saw de ponies. I like 'em. May I dive?"

"We'll see about that, Dooley. Are you ready

Mrs. Saxelby? please to get in that side. Betty, get a footstool for Master Julian to sit on in front of us. That's it. You can go home now, Jackson. Mr. Clement will meet me and drive me back. Give them their heads. Go along, Jack and Jill, like a pair of beauties as you are."

And the spirited little beasts rattled off briskly with their light load. "You're not afraid to trust yourself with me, Mrs. Saxelby? I'm a pretty fair whip, the ponies are perfectly steady."

"Oh no, I'm not at all afraid on the country roads. I—I don't much like a lady's driving in town."

"I thought it would be so much nicer to get rid of the servant. One can't talk with a groom's ear within three inches of your head. So I brought this little trap and the ponies, which I can manage by myself."

"It is very pleasant, indeed," said Mrs. Saxelby leaning back in the carriage.

The day was delicious, the country all bursting into fresh green, and the rapid easy motion of the vehicle was exhilarating. A delicate colour came into Mrs. Saxelby's pale cheek, and her eyes grew bright under these combined pleasant influences.

"I have some news to give you, Mrs. Saxelby," said Penelope, when they had proceeded a little distance.

"Some news?"

"Yes. Augusta is going to be married."

"Really? I am very glad to hear it, and I hope she will be happy."

"Oh, I dare say she will be as happy as one can expect," rejoined Penelope, rubbing the handle of the driving-whip across her chin, with a little air of vexation. "There will always be trouble of course. Somebody is sure to have a handsomer gown than she has, or a newer fashioned bonnet. These things must happen sometimes."

"Do you like your future brother-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But that's of very little consequence. He has good points. I think he won't make Gussy a bad husband, because her peculiarities won't worry him as they would some men. He's as placid as a sheep—and nearly as silly. But he comes of a good family, and is a gentleman in his ways, and will have plenty of money some day."

"I suppose he does not belong to Hammerham?"

"No; his family are Irish people."

"Irish?"

"Yes, all beginning with capital O's for generations back. Which is an unspeakable comfort. His name is Dawson. The Reverend Malachi Dawson."

"A clergyman?"

"To be sure. Augusta would never have married any but a parson. And he's horribly low church too, which I detest. He has just got a living in the neighbourhood of Eastfield. A charming house and grounds, I believe. And the marriage is to take place soon. The day is not fixed, but I believe it will be at the beginning of July."

There was a little pause, and then Julian observed in an abstracted manner, and as a general proposition not especially applicable to the present circumstances, that "Duck and Dill" were "pitty," and that he was not "frightened of 'em."

"That means, that you want to drive, eh, Dooly?" said Miss Charlewood.

"Es," answered Dooley, honestly.

"Oh, pray be careful, don't give him the reins cried his mother."

Never fear, Mrs. Saxelby. Dooley shall stand here at my knee, and he shall hold one bit of the reins, and I'll hold the other, and we'll drive together. So."

"This arrangement, though not quite up to the height of that ideal happiness, driving the ponies "all by himself," was yet very delightful to Dooley, who wisely made the best of the circumstances.

"You can understand, Mrs. Saxelby, that mamma has been a good deal occupied, when I tell you that, beside Mrs. Dawson, we have had his mother and cousin staying at the manor for the last fortnight."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and we have had to go about with them a good deal. The cousin, Miss O'Brien, is a great horse woman—like most Irish women, I believe—and Clem has been her cavalier, and shown her the neighbourhood."

"Indeed?"

Mrs. Saxelby's voice was the least bit constrained, and she drew her shawl round her shoulders with a suppressed sigh.

"You're not cold, Mrs. Saxelby?"

"No, not cold. But I believe there is a touch of east in the wind: and a cloud passed across the sun; and—and—it is not quite as pleasant as it was."

"We will turn and take the Rigsworth Park road home, if you like. Steady, Jill, steady, pet; that's it, go along, beauties."

"Do long, booties!" echoed Dooley.

"What was I saying? Oh, yes. About Miss O'Brien. She is charmed with the rides and drives about here; and she told me, with her piquant little taste of a brogue, that she was quite astonished to find anything fresh and green within twenty miles of Hammerham; for that she had imagined it to be darkened with a perpetual cloud of smoke, and surrounded by a sort of wizard's circle of cinder for miles and miles."

"Is she—I suppose—she is handsome?"

"She is an exceedingly fine girl, and better than handsome. I think she has the brightest and most expressive face I ever saw, and she is as clever as she can be. I wish her cousin Malachi had half her brains! Clem is delighted to find that she will listen to his holding forth on his pet hobby—Gandry and Charlewood, and all their wonderful enterprises in the four quarters of the globe—for any length of time. And what's more, she remembers what he tells her. She astonished papa at dinner yesterday, by correcting him about the number of miles already laid down, of the new South American Railway."

"She must be very clever," said Mrs. Saxelby, faintly.

"She is. She really is. But, *entre nous*, I'm not sure that her memory would have been quite so accurate, if the information had been imparted by papa instead of Clem. However, that's no business of ours, is it?"

"Oh no," rejoined Mrs. Saxelby, in a queer little voice that didn't seem to belong to her; and then she relapsed into a silence that was unbroken by either until they came within sight of the widow's cottage at Hazlehurst.

"Here's Mr. Tarlewood!" shouted Dooley.

"Mr. Tarlewood, I've been diving!"

"You'll dive again, head-foremost out of the carriage, if you don't keep still, Dooley," said Penelope. "Now, see here. For just this last little bit, I'll give you the reins into your own hands, all by yourself. Hold them very steady. Now, bring us up to the gate in style."

Clement Charlewood was waiting at the little garden gate, and came forward to help his sister and Mrs. Saxelby out of the carriage.

"I hope you have had a pleasant drive, Mrs. Saxelby said Clement."

He had lifted out Dooley in his arms, and was stroking the little fellow's curls from his forehead as he held him. Something came up into Mrs. Saxelby's throat and gave her a choking sensation that made her eyes fill with tears.

"Thank you; a charming drive. I—I hear—dear me, I don't know what this can be in my throat—I hear that I have to congratulate Augusta."

"Thank you. Yes, we are to lose her very soon; but my mother will have her comparatively near at hand, after all. It is scarcely like a separation."

"Mrs. Charlewood is fortunate. I have to be

parted from my Mabel, and without the comfort of confiding her to a husband's protecting love."

Mrs. Saxelby let her tears brim over and run down her cheeks, without saying anything more of the choking sensation in her throat.

Dooley struggled down out of Clement's arms, and, running to his mother, took her hand.

"Tibby will tum back, mamma," said he, manfully. "I *soor* s'e will tum back. 'Cos Tibby said so."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Saxelby," said Penelope. "I won't get out, thank you; we must be driving homewards. If you'll let me, I will come again before long, and give Dooley another lesson in driving."

Penelope did not appear to see Mrs. Saxelby's tears. She never required any softness of sympathy from others, and never expressed any to others. But perhaps her feigned unconsciousness was real kindness.

The widow stood inside the garden gate and watched the vehicle as it rolled swiftly away along the level road. Then she went into her little sitting-room—which somehow looked very poor and threadbare to her eyes under the bright sunlight—and, taking Dooley on her knee, held the child's soft cheek to her breast, and cried until his yellow curls were all wet and matted with her tears. The loving docile little fellow sat very still with his arms round his mother's neck, only offering from time to time his great comfort and panacea for all ills:

"Tibby will tum back, mamma; I *soor* Tibby will tum back—"

CHAPTER VI. MACBETH AT KILCLARE.

MONDAY night came; and the first night of the season at Kilclare. The establishment of Mrs. Bridget Bonny was in a flutter of expectation and excitement. On the first night of the season Teddy Molloy, Biddy's step-son, always gave his two apprentices leave to go to the play, and he and his wife usually went into the pit themselves in fact, the whole household turned out, with the exception of old Joe Bonny and the foreman: who was a Methodist, and held theatres to be sinful. The performance commenced at seven, so Mrs. Walton and Mabel set off for the theatre at a little before six, preceded by Pat Doyle, the washwoman's son, who was engaged to carry a basket containing their stage dresses to and from the theatre every evening for the weekly stipend of one shilling.

Mabel had no more onerous task to perform on this first evening than to appear as a witch and join in the choruses. She was therefore free from responsibility, and could observe everything around her with tolerable calmness. Nevertheless, she felt a thrill of excitement and nervousness when, from the dressing-room which she and her aunt shared with old Mrs. Darling, she heard the sudden rush of footsteps and the Babel of voices that followed the opening of the gallery door. The stairs leading up to the gallery passed close to the wall of Mabel's dressing-room, and she felt them shake beneath the clatter of hurrying feet, and heard the noisy greetings and shouts of that portion of the audience known in theatrical parlance as the "gods."

"I think there will be a good house," said Mrs. Darling in her measured accents.

Mrs. Darling was to play one of the three weird sisters, and was busily engaged in covering her fat placid countenance with a perfect network of black lines; which may have looked haggard and awful at a distance, but which, viewed near, gave her face the appearance of a railway map.

"I'm sure I hope so," said Mrs. Walton. "I think the business is likely to be good on the whole. This was always one of the best theatrical towns of Ireland for its size."

"Half hour, ladies!" cried a high shrill voice outside the door.

"What is it? What does he say, aunt?" asked Mabel, combing out her long thick hair, which she was to wear loose and dishevelled about her shoulders; that being the indispensable coiffure for a witch in the days of King Duncan.

"That's the call-boy, Mabel. He is calling the half-hour; that is to say, you have still thirty minutes before the overture begins."

"Miss Bell is completely new to things theatrical, I see," said Mrs. Darling affixing two long matted elf-locks of grey hair to the nondescript turban which she was about to put on her head, having first carefully combed back her own smooth light hair, and fastened it up out of sight.

"Well, yes; in a measure she is new to them. She lived for some years in my family. But that was when she was a child, and I never let the children be very much in the theatre."

"Your son," said Mrs. Darling, grandly, "is, I am pleased to hear, considered one of the most rising scene-painters of the day. He has won golden opinions from all sorts of people, Mrs. Walton."

"I am very glad to hear you say so. Jack is ambitious, for all his careless light-hearted manner."

"He may justly be so. Many of our first artists have sprung from the theatrical painting-room. David Cox, Roberts—"

"Ten minutes, ladies!"

"Dear me, I must hasten. I did not think it was so late."

Mrs. Darling continued her toilet somewhat more quickly than before, but with a sort of methodical majesty that never deserted her.

As soon as Mabel was dressed—and perhaps some of my readers may like to know that the costume of a Scottish witch in that remote period was supposed to be accurately represented by a clean white petticoat, a pair of neat black leather shoes, a brown bedgown, green and blue tartan cloak, and flowing hair—she accompanied her aunt into the green-room. It was lighted by a couple of gas-burners fixed on each side of the chimney-piece. Beside the spears and banners there was now a pile of round pasteboard shields covered with silver paper, and there were three wooden props—of the kind used in suburban gardens to sustain clothes-lines—leaning up in a corner, and intended for the use of the three principal witches. The only person in the room when Mabel and her aunt entered it, was Mr. Shaw. He was transformed, by means of a flowing white wig and beard, into a very venerable-looking King Duncan, and was walking up and down repeating his part in short jerky sentences. Presently came in, various other members of the company. Mr. Moffatt dressed as Macduff, and looking very fierce about the head, and very mild about the legs. Mr. Copestake as Banquo, with false black beard, like the curly wig of a wax doll, and very pink cotton stockings. Miss Lydia St. Aubert, dignified and imposing in the long purple robes of Lady Macbeth, and with a square of white cashmere bound on her head by a golden circlet.

It was all poor enough, and had a large element of the absurd in it, which Mabel was fully alive to, but yet there was a certain glamour of romance over the shabby place and the third-rate players. There was a certain poetry, and an escape from the hard actualities, in the very fact of having to utter such words as those of Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth, and in the attempt to body forth, however inadequately, those wondrous creatures of the poet's imagination. And let it be remembered that, inferior as were most of the performers to the height of the task assigned to them, there were probably few, if any, persons even among the better portion of the audience, capable of reading and expounding three consecutive lines of the play as intelligently as the great majority of those provincial players. The very quaintness of the phraseology which would have rendered many passages obscure to the general readers, was, by habit and tradition, clear and familiar to the actors, and acquired force and meaning to many ears for the first time, being interpreted by their lips.

"Overtures, ladies! Overtures, gentlemen!" bawled the call-boy—who was a son of Nix, the versatile property-man, and was himself attired in a kilt and tartan scarf, ready to personate Fieance. Presently, with a crashing preliminary chord, the orchestra struck up a medley of national airs. Not Scotch tunes, but Irish melodies. And the selection terminated with an air of local celebrity, called Jerry the Buck, to

whose marked rhythm the stamping foot of the "gods" kept accurate time.

"Couldn't get on in Kilclare without Jerry the Buck," said Mr. Moffatt. "The gallery boys expect it to be played at least once every evening throughout the season."

Mabel had already seen little Corda Trescott. Mrs. Walton had asked the child to spend Sunday with them, and had taken her to church, and for a long country walk in the evening, and had sent her home full of delight and gratitude. Her joy at meeting Mabel again, knew no bounds.

The little creature was so personate that one of the apparitions which "wears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty," and she came into the green-room with her gold-brown curls waving round her delicate face, and crept up close to Mabel's side in shy silence. Cordelia Trescott was one of those beings, the natural refinement of whose aspect is impossible to vulgarise by any outward circumstances. Dress her as you would, surround her with what coarse or absurd setting you might, she shone out pure and delicate as a lily, and could no more be made to look vulgar than the flower itself can.

"Well, Corda, are you going to sing in the choruses? I have never yet heard your voice, you know," said Mabel.

"Yes, Miss Mabel. I know all the music quite correctly, papa sa s."

Presently, a violent shaking administered by the prompter to the sheet of iron hanging over his head announced the thunder with which the awful tragedy begins; and Nix, the indispensable, lightened from a tin tray at the wing, with weird effect. The house was full, and the audience in high good humour. All the old well-know favourites—among whom Miss Lydia St. Aubert was perhaps the chief—were received with enthusiastic applause, and the new comers were greeted encouragingly. When Nix put his head inside the green-room door, and said: "All the witches, please. Everybody-y-y!" Mabel trembled with excitement. She took Corda's hand and followed Mrs. Walton on to the stage, to the quaint strains of old Matthew Locke's music—music more appropriate, perhaps, to the notion of a witch entertained by his Majesty King James the First, than to those wild grim conceptions of the poet's brain, who met Macbeth upon the blasted heath, and subtly tempted him with spoken suggestions of his own unuttered desires.

The gas was turned down very low (according to immemorial usage in the witches' scenes), and when Mabel fairly found herself first on the stage, the front of the house seemed to her unaccustomed eyes like some cave or gulf seen in a dream, and peopled with shadowy pale faces surging out of the darkness. After a second or two, she was able to make out the shape of the theatre, the divisions of the boxes, and the loping crowd of heads that filled the gallery to the ceiling. Then how thankful did she feel to be one of an undistinguished throng, and to know herself an insignificant and irresponsible member of it! "No one will look at me!" thought Mabel, with a sigh of relief. And yet she was mistaken in so thinking. The theatrical public of Kilclare was limited in numbers, and strongly interested in each individual member of Mr. Moffatt's company. They partook, indeed, very much of the sort of spirit that any one who has conversed with actors of the old school may have heard attributed to the players of Bath and York some forty years ago. Centralisation—that modern offspring of steam and the electric telegraph—has affected, not only kings and knisers, potentates and princelings, but the mimic monarchs of the stage. The days are over when it was possible to achieve and retain a high professional reputation as an actor, without having appeared on the metropolitan boards. Still, here and there, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the kingdom, somewhat of the old local feeling remains; and it was so in the good town of Kilclare.

Teddy Molloy, seated in the centre of the pit,

had been dispensing to his immediate neighbours such scraps of information with regard to his step-mother's lodgers, as he thought fit to impart: and consequently it was very soon known to a large number of the audience that "the purty girl with the thick dark hair, and the nate little fat and ankle," was a niece of their old and respected favourite, Mrs. Walton. Rumours presently began to circulate that she had been a great heiress, had lost all her property, and was obliged to take to the stage to support herself and her family: which rumours caused much interest in "Miss M. A. Bell," and prepared the Kilclare critics to receive her efforts with considerable favour, whenever she should, essay a part. For it is a singular fact that while few people would submit to have their shoes spoiled, or their clothes cut awry, by inexperienced amateur shoemakers and tailors, on the plea that those artisans had never studied shoemaking or tailoring, yet in things theatrical the public—and the public of bigger places than little Kilclare—often seems as willing to welcome and pay for, prentice work as for skilled labour.

Mabel, however, unconscious of the notice she was attracting, went through her part of the music with conscientious attention to the instructions of Mr. Trescott. She also made the useful discovery that her arms and legs and hands, which might be trusted to fall into easy and graceful postures in private life without any special thought on her part, became awkward and unmanageable on the boards of the stage; and that, as her aunt, quoting from stores of professional tradition and experience, had told her, it absolutely required considerable skill and attention to learn to stand still with anything like ease or nature.

Mabel had begun her apprenticeship.

The tragedy went off with brilliant success. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival, who made his début in Kilclare on the occasion, was received with signal favour. And all the critics (*before the curtain*) agreed that if his readings were occasionally obscure, and his pronunciation somewhat too trans-atlantic, he yet made up for all short-comings by the splendour of his costumes, the power of his voice, and the extraordinary vigour and energy of his final combat with Macduff. Indeed, the contrast between his tall figure and muscular wielding of the claymore, and poor Mr. Moffatt's diminutive form and feeble swordsmanship, may be said to have almost shed a new and radiant light upon the moral of the play; for it was clear that nothing but the most triumphant virtue on the one side, and the most conscience-stricken villain on the other, could have given the thane of Fife the smallest chance in the conflict. To enable such a Macduff to vanquish such a Macbeth, the former must have a very good cause indeed!

The performances terminated with a farce, in which Mrs. Walton performed a comic servant-girl, to the intense delight of the audience, and in which the sententious low comedian received what the Kilclare Courier called next morning, "an ovation." And then the audience poured noisily out of the little playhouse, and trooped away, scattering streams of talk and laughter through the quiet streets of the town; and then the lights were put out in the front of the theatre, the doors closed with a clang that echoed through the empty house; stage dresses were changed for street dresses, stage paint was washed off, stage wigs were removed; and Mabel, with Jack and Mrs. Walton, walked home through the sweet May night, discussing the events of the evening, in very good humour with themselves and with each other.

(To be continued.)

Those who boast of plain speaking generally like it only in themselves.

An old fellow, who is always perpetrating bad jokes, persists in describing gamblers as birds of par' o' dice; and he accounts for the presence of blacklegs in a sheepfold by citing the notorious fact, that lambs are always passionately fond of gambolling.

"OUR LEADING COLUMNS."

EVERY man, we are told, imagines himself competent to drive a gig, stir a fire, and write a leading article. Of the two former accomplishments, I cannot say much. As I have never pretended to possess them myself, I shall not attempt to impart them to others: but the third is an accomplishment which is so mysterious in the eyes of the uninitiated, and at the same time appears to the presumptuous to be of such easy acquirement, that "a leader-writer" can hardly fail to interest somebody if he attempts a faithful exposition of the sublime mysteries of his craft.

The "leader," as it now appears in the full glories of long primer in our morning and evening journals, is, it need hardly be said, an essentially modern creation. The man who takes up a volume of the *Times* or *Morning Chronicle* for one of the early years of the present century, will be sadly disappointed if he expects to find in either anything resembling the articles which are now provided for him every day. A few bald lines of summary, and a stilted and ungrammatical sentence feebly echoing the gossip of the town, are all that he will find in the columns which are now filled with essays often of remarkable literary ability, and almost always written with force, clearness, and elegance. But it has been by long years of slow and weary progress that the editorial "we" has attained its present position; and even now there are but few persons—beyond the limited number behind the scenes—who have any adequate idea of the combination of industry and talent which has daily to be put in force in order to produce the leading columns of a London morning newspaper.

The great blunder of the newspaper reader is in supposing that there is such a being as an actual owner of the "we," who is alone allowed to use it, and who is the author of all the articles in which it makes its appearance in any particular newspaper. The truth is, that the "we" is a literal fact, and not, as most people suppose, a mere figment invented for the purpose of giving dignity and emphasis to an individual expression of opinion. With hardly an exception, the leading articles of the London press, and especially those dealing with the more important political topics of the day, are the work not of one single person, but of an association of gentlemen, combined for the purpose, almost all of whom have had some hand in the dish which is finally set before the public. These gentlemen are the leader-writers of the press, and the position they hold is a very curious and anomalous one. They are not editors—an editor may be a leader-writer also, though even that is not always the case; but the ordinary leader-writer has no pretensions to the superior dignity. And whilst they rank beneath the editor-in-chief, they place an immeasurable gulf between themselves and his lieutenant the sub-editor, who perhaps comes nearer to the popular notion of what a newspaper editor is than any other member of the staff. The "sub" is regarded by the leader-writer as a mere paste-and-scissors man, and is accordingly treated by him with an amount of contempt, to which, I am bound to say, he is very seldom entitled. The leader-writer has nothing to do with the internal management of the office in which he is engaged; except on rare occasions, he knows scarcely anything of the news which the sub-editor is gathering in from all quarters of the globe for the next morning's issue; and he has only a limited voice in directing the policy of the journal to which he is attached—a policy to which he is not unfrequently personally opposed. What, then, are his special functions?

I cannot better answer the question than by describing the manner in which, every day in the week, the leaders of an ordinary morning journal are produced. Scene the first opens in the "consultation room" in the newspaper office in the city. The time is an hour after noon, and the persons of the drama are some half-dozen gentlemen, of various ages. There is a poet, whose works have never

sold; a novelist, who is happy in being able to command the respect of publishers: the son of a peer, who was once in a cavalry regiment, a barrister, who finds leaders bring him more gummies than he gets from his briefs: a literary Bohemian, who has travelled over half the world, and who has seen everything, from the inside of Whitecross Street Prison to the Kremlin at Moscow; and a leader-writer pure and simple, whose name has never been heard outside one or two quiet clubs off the Strand, but who is every day helping to mould the opinions of the public, and whose influence on them it is difficult to over-estimate. Gathered together around a table, the little company so formed is presided over by the nominal editor of the journal. He may be a man who writes constantly himself, but it is just as likely that he never writes at all.

The first business to be gone through consists of a choice of subjects for the articles for the next day, and thus, perhaps is the most difficult part of the whole matter. Only those who have had to go on writing day after day for months and years together, and who every morning have had to find some new topic on which to discourse, can have any notion of the difficulty which the necessity of making such a choice presents. When parliament is up, and the dull season in full swing, leader-writers are driven almost to distraction in their search for "something new." How they scan the columns of despised "local prints," and how eagerly they dart upon the smallest paragraph, the most trumpery police case, that seems likely to afford a text for a social leader of the humorous or pathetic sort! On one occasion, a leader-writer of my acquaintance was told to write upon anything he liked, the editor informing him in despair that the only subject he could give him was—Nothing! He too the limit, and actually wrote a leader upon the difficulty of finding subjects to comment upon in those sleepy August days when all the town was holiday-making. This was making bricks without straw with a vengeance.

On another occasion, a well-known writer received as his portion a text so infinitely small that he felt everything must depend upon his own ingenuity. He sat down, cudgelled his brains for a couple of hours, and finally produced a smart and lively article, the only fault of which was, that it did not contain the slightest allusion to the subject to which it was supposed to refer, and consequently left the reader in a state of hopeless bewilderment as to the reason for the expenditure of so much wit and learning.

But let us suppose, in the present instance, that parliament is sitting, and the Reform debates, say, at their height. There is therefore no dearth of subjects, and very quickly the editor's secretary or assistant has his sheet filled with the various topics suggested. These are: Mr. Beales (M.A.) and Mr. Walpole; The London Conference on the Luxemburg Question; Italian Finance, The Trades' Union Commission, The Tailors' Strike, The Last Case of Justices' Justice. But here are six subjects, and at the most but four leaders are wanted, only three of which will in all probability be used. So the weeding-out process has to begin. "Italian Finance won't suffer by being kept over for a day; put it down for to-morrow," says the editor. "Tailors' Strike: ah, Thompson wrote on that last week, it's too soon to be at it again."

There then remain four questions to be considered, and over these the battle-royal begins. First comes the great cause of Beales (M.A.) versus Walpole. Four members of the council think as badly of Beales (M.A.) as of Walpole, and say so in the plainest terms. One is full of sympathy for the Home Secretary, and earnestly pleads his cause against the bulles of the Reform League. Two others, however, are just as enthusiastic on behalf of the ex-revising barrister. The discussion which takes place is at least as warm as that which is subsequently held in "the House," and it is enlivened by a capital anecdote from our Bohemian, of which each gentleman present mentally makes a note,

for use in future leaders. Finally, the question is settled by the majority of votes, and it is decided that a castigation shall be administered equally to the Reform League and the government in the leader which is to be devoted to the exciting subject. Then the editor hastily sketches in a dozen lines the tone of the article as it has been decided upon by the council, and gives the paper to one of the members of the triumphant majority. About the next question—the Luxemburg Conference—there is not much to be said. The editor and one of the leader-writers have almost all the talking to themselves, and the latter gentleman receives orders to take the subject and "make what he can of it." The Trades' Union Commission is the subject of quite an angry debate between the two principal political economists of the party, one of whom is madly enamoured of Mr. Ruskin's ideas, whilst the other pins his faith to Mr. Mill. As—to use the slang of the profession—Ruskin's theories "won't wash," the Trades' Union leader is given into the hands of Mr. Mill's disciple, whose face has grown quite red in the heat of the discussion. There only remains the case of the little boy who has got three months' hard labour for stealing a turnip, and before the debate upon this subject begins, our Bohemian, who has discretely held his tongue during the discussion of the two previous topics, tells a story so ludicrous and appropriate, that even the political economists shake their sides with laughter, and the council with one consent devolve upon the story-teller the duty of sacrificing Dogberry. The last business is to appoint some one to go down to the House of Commons in the evening to hear the debate, and, if necessary, to write upon it; and this having been done, the council breaks up.

Then the leader-writers commence their afternoon's labour, whilst those who have escaped writing for that day make their way westward to their clubs or homes. Some of the chosen stay in the office, and write there; others slip along to quiet chambers in Brick Court, and write as Pendennis or Warrington might have done, undisturbed, save by the whistling of some idle lad on the pavement beneath their windows. By five, or, at latest, by six o'clock, their task must be completed. "The leader then is finished, I suppose?" says my reader. Not so, my friend. The leader, as yet, is but rough-hewn, and has still to be shaped by the divinity which presides over every modern journal. But first of all it has to be set in the bold clear type in which the finished article subsequently appears. Then, when set, the "reading" commences. First, it is read for mere errors of the press, all of which are corrected with scrupulous care. Then the "revise," as the second proof is called, is given to the chief reader, who must be a man of education and intelligence. He reads it for "the sense." Any grammatical blunders—and of such blunders there are not a few—are corrected: sometimes the careless writer has omitted a word in the middle of a sentence, or has left it otherwise imperfect, and all such defects have to be remedied; the classical and historical allusions are carefully verified, for nothing looks worse than a blunder in one of these; and if there is any obscurity in any particular passage, it is marked in such a manner as to call the attention of the next reader to a doubtful sentence.

By eight o'clock, all this work has been done, and a final proof of the leader, printed on a great sheet of paper, which leaves a margin seven inches wide on either side of the type, is ready for the hands of the editor. Then he again comes upon the scene, and with a new character—the revising editor. These two, sitting opposite each other at the desk, set themselves down to three hours' hard work. The leaders are carefully read, compared with each other, and with previous articles on the same subjects, and altered and revised as the judgment of the editor may direct. Very frequently, this revision amounts almost to the re-writing of the article; and sometimes the original writer fails to recognise a single sentence of his own composition in it as it appears the next morning. Seldom, indeed, does it escape without some alteration,

generally made at the very parts which the author of the article is most anxious to preserve intact. To a young writer, nothing is more annoying than this system of revision, he revolts against it as the mothers of Egypt revolted against the slaughter of their first-born. But no expressions of disgust or indignation have any effect upon the ruthless editor; and should the victim complain of the manner in which his productions are treated, he is most probably told that he has been paid for what he wrote, and that he has no longer any interest in or control over an article which has become the property of another. Indeed, it is hard to see how, under our present system of leader-writing, this revision could be avoided. If every writer signed his articles, the case would be different, but where all the articles in one journal are put forth as emanating from the same source, it is absolutely necessary to secure their consistency by a severe and rigorous system of revision and alteration. Whether the anonymous system is an advantage or not, is a question upon which I do not pretend to enter here. Of the extent of the alterations made by the editor and his colleague in the leader before it is allowed to go forth to the world, some idea may be gained from the fact, that the corrections in the type, rendered necessary by these alterations, cost the proprietors of one daily newspaper alone a thousand pounds a year!

It will thus be seen that the leader has to go through almost as many processes as a needle before it is fit for the eyes of the reader; and that its authorship is divided among many different hands or heads. There are, of course, exceptional cases, in which men who have attained high positions on the press are allowed to write their own thoughts in their own language; and on the provincial press, where, in general, only one leader-writer is employed, and where the audience appealed to is not so critical as that before which a London newspaper must appear, the writer usually has much greater scope and freedom than his brother of the metropolis. But the process I have described is that which, with various modifications, takes place daily in the offices of our leading morning journals, and without which we should not have "Our Leading Columns" to instruct and interest us.

BULLET MARKS.

A WIMBLEDON STORY.

WE were sitting round our tent one evening last year, at Wimbledon—the "we" being, our major, the captain and sub of our company, his covering sergeant, corporal Williams, and a certain sapper, to wit, myself. We were drinking pale ale and smoking, as was every one else in the hundred tents around us.

"Here's my last bull's-eye," and the sergeant produced from his cap-pouch a flattened bullet, turned inside out as neatly as possible.

"What's the cause of that, I wonder?" said the corporal.

"You see," said the captain,—being an engineer he was bound to know—"when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat, caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet's motion, and goes off in the splash, the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts must stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup. Is that so, Major?"

"Yes, quite right, but, if you like, I can spin you a yarn about these said bullets, that may just last out these weeks."

"Well, let's have it."

I had a sort of second cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brothers and sister, when one day he woke up to find he could not live without a nearer relationship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman, and there was a little family fracas.

He had only a hundred a year, and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did, there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a little—you know the kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden, there was no scope for his energies, and he would go—and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get something to do. He had been well educated, and a clerkship, or something of the kind, could he get for him if he still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did do well, that was shoot, and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us, his profession, his home, and his prospects.

He disappeared, and six months after we heard he was with, say the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote, and offered to buy his discharge, but he would “have none of us.” He liked it very well; was already corporal, expected the three stripes soon, and was “Gentleman Jack” with his comrades.

Some six months after this I was sent out to India, with a company, and as my sister was getting thin, and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea-voyage, and of a warm climate, it was agreed I should take her over.

We reached Calcutta, and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on, and I was placed in charge of one of the chief depots for small-arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

“Look, Charles, poor Gerald’s in dreadful trouble.”

I put her into an office chair, and took the newspaper, and read—

“Yesterday evening as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot at from behind a clump of bushes, the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had sufficient presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes, and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nick-named “Gentleman Jack” by his comrades, whose rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived, and the man was at once arrested. A court martial will, of course, be held at once, and, although the man has previously borne a good character and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped he will receive the proper reward for so abominable a crime.”

“Oh,” I said, this is all nonsense. Gerald’s no murderer, or else he’s very much changed. I’ll see what they say at head quarters.”

“Do, for God’s sake, go. If anything happened to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa was so cruel, he never would have enlisted at all.”

“Don’t talk nonsense, Meggie, but go home, and I’ll come with the telegraph news.”

I went to head-quarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report, as if there had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle, and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court martial had declared him guilty, and the general’s confirmation of the sentence had just arrived. Fifty lashes in the camp square, and four years’ imprisonment in the civil jail. Sentence to be carried out on the 12th. Everybody very sorry, but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I did not know what to think, there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defence was, that he had just

been returning from guard, when he remembered that he had forgotten to get a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town, some three miles distant. Without stopping to think he walked off at once; got the book, and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch, and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages, and loaded, to have a shot at it. He had covered the beast, and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot, and then bound away. In another instant the officer came round the top of the hill, bleeding, and ordered him into arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger, and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect, and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed, a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle instead of going through both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report, and sent it right through anything at a distance of 200 yards. I felt there was something wrong, and made up my mind to go on the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done. Margaret insisted on going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

“Have I not done all you wished me to do since we have been out here? Do, for heaven’s sake, let me have my way in this.”

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see poor Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

“I don’t mind the imprisonment; it’s the disgrace! The lashes! By God! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it, I know I shall.”

“No, no,” said Meggie; “don’t, for my sake. Oh Gerald! if you know how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand or the lashes. I know you are innocent, and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. Oh, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him.”

“Oh, do, there’s a good fellow! get me some scuff that would make an end of me.”

“Don’t talk like that, Gerald; there’s some infernal mistake in it. Don’t despair yet. Let’s go over the ground again step by step,” and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

“It seems to me, Gerald, we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at, and that we shan’t get; and we want the clue to the mystery of the other rifle.”

“Oh, I’ve thought of it all till I am sick. I don’t care what happens now. I’ll wait till the day before it’s to come off, and then break my head against the walls.”

“Don’t be a fool, Gerald! I’m sure you are innocent. So is Margaret.”

“Yes; so are a hundred others; but it’s all no use. In three days I am disgraced for life, if I live.”

“Well, I must leave you now, and see what I can do.”

“Let me have five minutes with Meggie, will you?”

I left them alone for some ten minutes, and then told Meggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve—a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

“I would,” said the captain, “have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen. He’s as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse, brave, kind, and as thorough a gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my

ordarily when I could, so as to have company. I declare to you that I did my best at the court martial for him, and got into disgrace with the general presiding for ‘colouring my statements’—that was his expression—so as to favour the prisoner. I almost snivelled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my own brother. The men are mad about it, there has not been a lash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years.”

I hardly knew how to pass the time; I tried to think, but my ideas only travelled in the same old grooves again.

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduced him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman; but the strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister’s conduct. Of course, speaking to you fellows I shan’t be misunderstood, and some of you have seen her. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear grave Meggie capable of, sang to him, played to him, and made eyes at him till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters, asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat-trap when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she. I spoke to her after he was gone, and she fell into my arms, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day we went to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottles of his little travelling-case. There she was, handling, and sniffing, and tasting everything, like a child of ten rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room; made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs; and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last, and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice to her head. It was quite unnecessary, the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with the officers to see some fle practice, at some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said,

“I say, captain, tell us the cause of these new bullets turning inside out?” and he handed me a bullet reversed; just such another as Williams has in his hand.

I took it, just to explain the matter to him, when a thought struck through my mind like a flash of lightning.

“Saved, by God!” I exclaimed. “Who’s got that bullet out of the saddle?”

“What bullet?”

“Gerald’s—my cousin’s.”

“Oh! ‘Gentleman Jack’s’ affair. The doctor’s got it.”

“Where is he?”

“Don’t know, quarters I think.”

“No, he’s come into town, I saw him on the road as we came by.”

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him.

In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and singularly flattened, and blunted at the point—it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald’s pouch. About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor, and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in

the saddle. I then ran to the telegraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the head quarters in Calcutta, to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night watchman would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1.

"Examine the books, and see the date on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 10th Dragoons, find the same parcel, and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random, take out bullets, and remove plugs; and send No. in base of cup of bullets."

The answer came back that he understood, and would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half, the answer came back:—

"All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right."

I then sent message No. 2.—

"Examine what cartridges bear the No. 2 with a dot on the left, and report to whom issued, and when—report quickly—a man's life depends on speed."

Again I waited another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half-past two, at four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came:—

"We have ten men at work breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found."

At last it came:—

"One barrel No. 2 in store, the rest of the same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers for value as old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago."

I had learnt all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I had never parted, in my pouch. I shall never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in three sides of a square; in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off his jacket and lash his wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with the paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them, as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks towards the triangles, holding something in her hand. I darted on, and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farrier's arm, as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

"Stop, colonel, for the love of God!" I cried, with my hand still grasping the farrier's arm: "I have evidence to prove the man not guilty."

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch, and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with a dot. I assured him, on my honour as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 bullet could by any chance get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division.

I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sentence on Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at "attention," many of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard "postponed," they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

"Three cheers for 'Gentleman Jack' and his wife! Again! again, boys!"

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old grey-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that out-bedlamed Pedit.

As for me I was like a man in a dream. I felt

a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, "Sound the assembly."

What a change! in less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

"Major Jackson, reform your column and break off the men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister

"But what did your sister do there?"

"Well, she had promised Gerald that he should not suffer the disgrace of the lash and had, during the hour I thought she was fooling with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor, recognising his own blue bottle, struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it on to the ground besides disabling her from getting her own share.

"And how did the affair end? was the general of the division satisfied?"

I don't think he would have been with that evidence alone, and so we went about to hunt for more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search, under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

We went there, Meggie insisted on joining us. All the officers off duty went, and about half the men.

Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and recrossing, till there could not have been anything as large as a half-crown that could be hidden.

Meggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Meggie exclaimed.

"What a horrible smell comes from that copse."

"Don't smell anything, Meg."

"You've lived here so long, that you've no sense of smell left."

Of course as Meggie was with us, Blinkers was there too. Blinkers advanced to the copse—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"There's something in there, Willie."

"Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Blinkers, and, after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungle grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered: the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore-leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labour, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet, the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing machine.

Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 10th. Blue fires were burnt, the band came and serenaded Meggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, came as to a levee: but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?

"At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2, had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with

rings, and considerably flattened. Now, there was nothing in the flesh, and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing.

I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles, round, from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either the man or the gun.

We made the most careful search, presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

"What's the cause of these marks?" said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life, than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

"What's the cause? It's been used as a hammer for something—a nail in a shoe."

"Nail-heads are square."

"True for you—these are round."

"Do you think a ramrod would make these marks?"

"It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it."

"So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the copse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall."

He threw it, and marking the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of flesh and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside, which the ants had perfectly cleared out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun that that he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge cases, another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, whoever he was, had taken the captain's gun, and putting in two charges of powder, rammed down the too large bullets with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod, and the loud report that all the witnesses spoke to was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found out the intended murderer to have been one of the syces, or grooms of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge.

Of course there was a new trial ordered; and, as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

"Did he leave the regiment?"

"Not a bit—Why should he? The men worshipped him, and the officer who was wounded was invalided, and he and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment, in Calcutta, some six months afterwards, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Ashton, adding, "If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier there will not be a better in Her Majesty's service."

"And your sister Margaret?"

"Oh, I've just sent a little case, lined with velvet, and something inside engraved 'William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle.'"

"Now, lads, there's the 'out lights,' so we'll turn in quietly, and make bull's-eyes at every shot to-morrow."

FRAXINUS.

WOMAN'S HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN.

God's angels took a little drop of dew
Now fallen from the heaven's far-off blue,
And a fair violet of the valleys green,
Shedding its perfumes in the moon's soft sheen,
And a forget-me-not so small and bright—
Laid all together gently, out of sight,
Within the chalice of the lily white!
With humbleness and grace they covered it:
Mace purity and sadness near to sit;
And added pride to this, and sighs a few,
One wish, but half a hope, and bright tears two;
Courage and sweetness in misfortune's smart,
And out of this was moulded—WOMAN'S HEART!
MORE DOUGLAS.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

A TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

GREAT BRITAIN possesses the sovereignty over a rich extent of country, extending from the Atlantic on the east, to the Pacific on the west. Beyond the further shore of Lake Superior, is found a region of lakes and rapid rivers, rocks, hills, and dense wood, extending for about 400 miles, nearly up to the Red River or Selkirk settlement. To the west of this, a rich prairie stretches far away up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, from which the Saskatchewan descends, and, soon becoming a broad river, flows rapidly on to Lake Winnipeg. Other streams descending, find their way into the Polar Sea, or Hudson's Bay. On the west, the Columbia, the Fraser, and others flow, with very eccentric courses into the Pacific. Besides this, there are numerous lakes divided from each other, in many instances, by lofty mountains and thick forests.

Over the whole of this extensive region the Hudson's Bay Company held, for many years, undivided sway, and kept in its employment large numbers of men—voyageurs, or canoe-men, and hunters—both whites of European descent, (chiefly French Canadians) and also half-breeds and Red Indians. The country was inhabited by several nations of Indians, some known as Wood Indians, others as Prairie Indians, and these again were divided into tribes or clans, frequently at war with each other; and these wars were cruel in the extreme, often exterminatory, neither age nor sex being spared. Their dress was skins, embroidered with beads, feathers, and porcupine quills. They painted their faces and ornamented their hair in a fantastic manner. Their weapons were the bow and arrow, spears, and hatchets. Their canoes were of birch-bark; their habitations, huts, or wigwams, either of a conical shape, or like a basin reversed, and formed of buffalo-skins and birch-bark. The Indians of the prairie possessed horses, and hunted the buffalo. Those of the woods, having few horses, lived chiefly on deer and smaller game, and cultivated potatoes and Indian corn. They believed in one Great and Good Spirit, and in the existence of numerous evil spirits, whom they feared and endeavoured to propitiate. Missionaries, however, went among them, and many have been brought out of darkness to a knowledge of the truth.

Among the most interesting of the tribes in British North America and the west of the Rocky Mountains are the Cootonais. They are handsome, above the middle size, and, compared with other tribes, remarkably fair, in conversation candid; in trade honest; brave in battle, and devotedly attached to each other and to their country. Polygamy is unknown among them. The greatest neatness and cleanliness are observable about their persons and lodges.

It was among this tribe that Pierre La Touche, a brave young half-breed trapper, sought for a wife. He had not long to wait before he found a maiden whose charms captivated his heart; besides which, she was an accomplished manufacturer of moccasins, snow shoes, and garments of every description, she could also ride a horse and paddle or steer a canoe; she was fearless in danger and she had, indeed, been greatly tried, once especially, when a party of Blackfeet, the hereditary enemies of her tribe, had made their way over the mountains to recover some horses which her people had captured. The Cootonais claimed the right of hunting the buffalo to the east of the Rocky Mountains, on the prairies which the Blackfeet considered belonged exclusively to themselves. This was naturally a fertile source of dispute.

Kamela, or the "Young Fawn," the name given to the damsel selected by La Touche, had been well trained to endure all the hardships and privations to which a hunter's wife is invariably exposed.

The usual ceremonies having been gone through, the young Kamela went to La Touche's tent, and became his most loving and devoted

wife. He treated her, not as the Indians would—as a slave, but as an equal and a friend, except in the presence of her countrymen, when he assumed the stern, indifferent manner with which they treat their wives. La Touche did not long remain idle; but away over mountains, and down streams and rapids, across lakes, and through dense forests, he had to travel to join a band of the fur-trading company to which he belonged. Here four or five years of his life were spent; and the once-graceful Kamela had become a mother, with two fine children—Moolak, a boy, and a little Kamela.

One day, towards the end of the year, La Touche received orders to join Mr. McDonald, a factor, with several other men, to assist in establishing a fort on one of the streams which run into the Fraser River. The spot selected was on a high bluff, with the river flowing at its base. The fort was of a simple construction. It was surrounded by a palisade of stout timbers, fixed deeply in the ground, and united by cross-bars, further strengthened by buttresses, and loop-holed for musketry, with a few light guns to sweep the fort should the enemy break in. The interior consisted of log huts and store-houses. Such is the style of most of the fur-trading forts. To these forts the Indian hunters bring their furs at periodical seasons, and receive fire-arms and ammunition, tobacco, blankets, hatchets, knives, and other articles in return; and too often, also, the deadly "fire-water."

The fort being finished, the hunters were sent off in parties in different directions to search for game—either for food, or for the furs of the animals. Mr. McDonald, sending for La Touche, told him that he must proceed to a spot at the distance of about five days' journey, with provisions for six weeks, accompanied by two other men. "We will take care of your wife and children till you return," he added.

"No thank you, sir; I prefer having my wife's society. We have gone through many hardships and dangers together; and she will be happier with me, and safer than in the fort," answered the hunter.

"How so, La Touche?" asked the factor.

"Why, sir, I mean that we have enemies—that it is possible the fort may be attacked; and that, if you are not very vigilant, it may be captured by treachery, if not by force," answered La Touche.

"You are plain spoken; but you need not be alarmed about our safety. I have not lived among these Red Skins for eight years or more, without knowing their habits and tricks," answered Mr. McDonald. "However, by all means, take your wife and children with you—you can have horses to convey them."

La Touche, thanking the good-natured factor, set off with his companion and wife and children. His wife, from habit, marked well the way they took, indeed, from constantly accompanying her husband, she knew the country as well as he did. They met on their way natives of two or three of the neighbouring tribes; but, as they were well mounted and armed, no one molested them. They had rivers to ford, and hills to climb, and there were woods through which, occasionally, to save a long round, they had to hew their way.

At length the party reached the hunting-ground to which the factor had directed them. Wigwams were erected—conical shaped, and covered with birch-bark in a nook of a dense grove of cedars, where they would be sheltered from the icy winds of the north; one for La Touche and his family, the other for their companions. While the men went out hunting, Kamela remained at home to cook their provisions, and to look after her children; she also set cunningly-devised traps in the neighbourhood of the wigwams, over which she could watch. She never failed to have a good supper prepared for the hunters on their return home in the evening. She was one evening, employed as usual, now lulling her little girl to sleep as the infant lay in its hammock in the wigwam, now attending to the simmering caldron, her quick ear ever on the watch for the footstep of her husband. Suddenly she started. "That is not Pierre's footstep," she muttered, "it is that

of a stranger—no, it is Michel's. Alas! he is wounded."

Her fears were not unfounded. In another minute, Michel, one of the hunters, staggered into her hut, fearfully wounded. No sooner had he entered, than he sank on the ground gasping for breath.

"Fly," he said; "they are both dead—your husband, and Thomas. The Blackfeet have done it. Take the horses—ride direct to McDonald's fort—tell him—Oh! this pain! water, good Kamela."

Before, however, the water reached his lips the faithful hunter, who had thus exerted his last remaining strength to save, if possible, the life of his friend's wife and children, fell back, and died.

Kamela lost not a moment in giving way to unavailing grief. Michel's condition too fearfully corroborated his account to allow her to doubt it. Hurrying out, she caught with much difficulty two of the horses; putting a pack on one and a saddle on the other, she loaded the first with her blankets and two buffalo-ropes, with some dried salmon and beaver-flesh and flour, and on the other she mounted, with her boy before her and little Kamela at her back, and set off at a rapid rate in the direction of McDonald's fort.

She rode as she had never before ridden, scarcely daring to look behind lest she should see some of her dreaded enemies in pursuit. Not for herself did she fear—the hat that had bound her to earth was gone—but she feared for her beloved little ones, who might fall into the hands of her remorseless foes. Night was rapidly drawing on. The ground was covered with snow. It was bitterly cold; but she was afraid to light a fire, lest it might betray her to those who she was persuaded would be on the search for her. With her axe she quickly cut some boughs and stripped off sufficient bark to form a shelter, and, wrapping herself and her children in the blankets she had brought, and tethering the horses close to her, she lay down to wait till morning light should enable her to pursue her journey. Sleep did not visit her eyelids, but anxiously she listened the livelong night for any sounds which might indicate the approach of foes. A wandering pack of wolves might have discovered her; and as she had only a long knife, which she had brought away to defend herself, her prospect of escape was small indeed.

Daylight came at last, and at the first grey streak of light in the eastern sky she was again mounted as before, and on her way towards the fort. She did not draw rein except when necessary to stop and feed the horses. If enemies were following her, she began to hope that she had distanced them. Choosing for her camp at night a sheltered spot in a deep hollow, she ventured to light a small fire, at which she could warm her own and her little one's benumbed limbs, and dress some food. She slept, too, but still so heavy was her heart, that she would have welcomed death but for the little ones at her side.

Kamela, too, had a hope beyond the grave. Confused as her notions probably were, she had learned from her husband that the Great Spirit, who made the world, is a God of love, and holiness, and purity; that it is not his will that any should perish, that it was man's disobedience brought sin, and suffering, and death into the world, and that God's own Son came into the world that he might triumph over both. Kamela could, therefore, pray intelligently to that Great Spirit through his Son, who died for the sins of the whole world, for protection and support. Not often has a person been placed in greater peril than was that young Indian woman.

On the evening of the third day, just as she had reached the brow of a hill, she saw galloping towards her a band of warriors. She knew at a glance that they were foes. She trusted that she had not been seen. Rapidly turning her horses round, she galloped down the hill into the thickest part of the wood. Again she watched. The Indians, instead of ascending the hill, as she feared they might do, kept along the valley, and thus did not discover her trail. She

emerged from her concealment, and, as long as light lasted, pushed on towards the fort. Once there, she trusted that food and shelter would be found for her little ones. More than once little Moolak asked for his father. Only then did tears start to her eyes. She replied, "He has gone to be with the Great Spirit. We shall go to him some day."

The neighbourhood of the fort was reached, her loved ones would be in safety. She drew in her rein. Anxiously she looked towards the bluff on which the fort had been built. "Surely it rose above yonder clump of bushes," she said to herself.

She approached cautiously. With a sinking heart she gazed at the spot where the fort had stood. It was there no longer, and in its place, heaps of charred timber and ashes, the smoke from which still ascended to the sky. There could be no doubt that the fort had been destroyed, perhaps even the enemy were yet in the neighbourhood. Still, some of her friends might have escaped. She turned silently away, resolving to visit the spot as soon as the shades of night should veil her approach. At some little distance was a thick cluster of trees. Retreating to it, she carefully concealed the children and the horses. Then, lying down with her little ones, she waited, with her ear close to the ground, for the return of night.

The hours passed slowly. Not a sound broke the stillness of the evening, save that made by the horses as they stirred up the snow to get at the fresh grass and hay and leaves beneath. She fed her children—they were too well trained to cry out—and, kissing them, and offering up a silent prayer that they might be protected, she set out on her perilous expedition. Her only weapon, besides her axe, was a long knife. Gathering her garments tightly round, as she neared the spot where the fort had stood, she crept silently up. The palisades and log huts were still smouldering, but no human voice could she hear. Cautiously at the first, and then louder and louder she called out the names of Mr. McDonald and those she had left with him in the fort. Breathlessly she listened—no one answered to the summons. Again and again she called. A strange cry reached her ears: she knew it well. A sudden breeze at that moment fanned up the embers, and by the bright flames which burst forth she beheld, in the farther-off corner of the fort, a band of prairie wolves wrangling and fighting over a banquet, the nature of which she guessed too well. To that part it was evident her friends had retired, with their faces to the foe, and fought till brought down by overwhelming numbers. At that sad moment a new fear seized her—the cry of the prairie wolf reached her from another point: it came from the wood where she had left her children. She panted with agitation, with dread. Maternal love gave wings to her feet: she flew rather than ran back. She sprang over the fallen logs: she dashed aside the boughs in her way, regardless of the wounds they inflicted. She caught sight of two large wolves stealing towards her children. Were they the first, or had others got there before them? She shrieked out—she shouted—she dashed forward with her weapon to meet the savage brutes. In another moment they would have reached her sleeping infants; but, not waiting her approach, they fled, howling, to join the rest of the pack at the fort. Her children were safe: she clasped them to her bosom. They were all, now, that remained to her on earth. For their sake she resolved to struggle on. But she had a fearful prospect before her. Hundreds of miles from any civilised beings, or from any tribe of natives on whose friendship she could rely; without means of procuring food, starvation stared her in the face. Yet she did not despair. She had the two horses: they must die. She might, perhaps, trap some animals; she must also build a habitation to shelter herself and her little ones. There was work enough before her.

She resolved these matters in her mind during the night. By early dawn she mounted her horse, and, leading the other, rode away from the fatal spot. For two days she travelled on, till she reached a range of hills, among which she believed that she should be safe from discovery. She

knew too well that, should she encounter any of her husband's foes, neither her sad history nor her sex could save her from the most cruel treatment—scarcely, indeed, from death. At last she reached the locality she sought, and fixed her abode in a deep hollow in the side of the hill facing the sunny south. She had brought with her some buffalo-ropes and deer-skins with these and a few cedar-branches, and some pine and other bark, she constructed a wigwam by the side of a sparkling stream which burst forth from the mountain side.

No game was to be found, and she was compelled to kill the horses, and smoke-dry their flesh. Their skins added somewhat to the comfort of her hut. For three weary months the poor widow, with her orphans, dragged on a sad existence. She saw her stock of food decreasing, and she might have to travel far on foot before she could reach a place where more could be obtained. May had arrived, and there was no time to be lost; so, packing the remainder of her horse-flesh, with as many of her blankets, and buffalo-ropes, and other articles as she could carry, with her youngest child on her back, while she led the other, she commenced her weary march across that wild region of mountains, forests, and streams now known as British Columbia. To no human being had she spoken since her husband's dying comrade warned her to fly.

For days she toiled on over the rough ground, often having to carry the little Moolak, in addition to his sister. She had barely food sufficient for another day, when several grey wreaths of smoke ascending from a valley told her that a band of friends or foes were encamped below. She hesitated to approach them. "They may be foes; and if they are, will they spare me, wretched though I am?" she said to herself. She looked at her children. "I have no more food for them; I must venture on."

Emerging from a thick wood, she saw close before her a large encampment. She staggered forward, and stood trembling amid the camp. A chief stepped forward from his wigwam and listened to her tale, which was soon told.

"You shall be a sister to us," he answered. "Your people are our friends, and, still more, are your husband's people. I will be as a father to your children. Fear not, sister. Here you shall find rest, and shelter, and food."

The chief kept to his word, and the poor widow was treated with the greatest kindness by him and his people. The summer came, and a brigade of the company's trading canoes passed down the river. The people landed, and spoke to her. She was known to several of them, and they invited her to accompany them. The Indians entreated her to remain with them. She thanked them and said, "No, I will go with my husband's people. When I wedded him I became one of them. I wish, also, that his children should become like them, and be brought up in the faith to which he held."

Wishing, therefore, the kind Indians farewell, she accompanied the voyagers; and in the far-off settlement to the east, where she ultimately took up her abode under a Christian missionary, she herself learned more clearly to comprehend the truths of the Gospel, whose gracious offers she had embraced, while by all around she was respected and beloved.

LUCIFER-MATCHES.

SINCE the beginning of the present century, it may with truth be affirmed that, by the many inestimable benefits which have resulted from the application of science to our every-day wants, human life has gained in duration, and its pleasures have been increased a thousand-fold. Of these benefits, not the least important, in utility and convenience, is the common lucifer-match.

The old methods of obtaining light were very clumsy and uncertain, compared with it. The earliest recorded plan was that of rubbing together two pieces of dry wood, such as laurel and ivy. That was followed by the "flint and steel," a method which remained in general use

in this country till about thirty-five years ago. The plain splint dipped in sulphur is also an old invention, and may be viewed as the original form of the lucifer-match.

Previous to the introduction of the lucifer-match in 1833, various kinds of chemical matches were tried, but with little success, owing to their expense, and the danger attending their use. The "Eupyrion," "Promethean," and "friction" matches were the most important of these early attempts. The Eupyrion consisted of a splint of wood dipped in sulphur, and afterwards tipped with a paste containing chlorate of potash, colophony, and gum. When a light was desired, it was dipped into a little sulphuric acid in a bottle, and rapidly withdrawn, when the chlorate of potash, owing to the strong chemical action which ensues between it and the acid, burst into flame, and set fire to the wood. This match was introduced in 1807, and was sold for one shilling per box. The Promethean match was invented in 1828, and was a modification of the Eupyrion. It consisted of a roll of gummed paper, containing at the one end a mixture of chlorate of potash and gum, and a small glass bulb filled with sulphuric acid, and was ignited by breaking the bulb with a pair of pliers, and allowing the chlorate of potash and acid to come in contact. The friction-match was first made in 1832, and resembled the Eupyrion in every respect, with the exception that the paste with which it was tipped contained the additional ingredient of sulphid of antimony, and instead of being dipped in acid to cause ignition, it was merely rubbed firmly between glass-paper.

A year afterwards, phosphorus was introduced into the match composition, and lucifer-matches were manufactured for the first time, although in a much less perfect form than at present. It is remarkable that phosphorus was not thought of before that period for the purpose of match-making, as it was discovered so far back as the year 1669, and its peculiar property of being easily ignited by friction was known soon afterwards. When phosphorus was discovered, it was regarded merely as a chemical curiosity, and was sold for four guineas an ounce; now however, it has become an article of commerce, and may be bought for less than half-a-crown per pound.

In a lucifer-match manufactory, the first department you enter is that in which the wood is cut into splints. Each plank is sawn into thirty blocks, and these, by means of lancets set in a frame which is worked by steam, are cut into splints four and a half inches long. One frame may readily produce from two to three millions of splints per day. The splints are next collected into bundles, and dried by exposure in an oven to the temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. They are then conveyed to the sulphur-house, where both ends of each bundle are dipped in melted sulphur. The next and last process is called "dipping," and consists in tipping the ends of the splints in the phosphorus mixture. The composition of this mixture differs according to the country in which the matches are to be consumed. Matches for use in moist climates, contain less phosphorus than those for use in warm countries, as phosphorus, when it becomes moist, loses its property of combustion. A match composition for use in England should contain two parts of phosphorous, four parts of chlorate of potash, two parts of gum, three parts of powdered glass, and a little vermilion or other colouring matter.

The phosphorus is the most important ingredient in the match composition, as this it is which ignites when the match is subjected to friction, the combustion being conveyed to the wood by the chlorate of potash and sulphur. The gum is introduced for the purpose of making the mixture adhere, and also to protect the phosphorus from the action of the air. Matches which contain a considerable quantity of chlorate of potash make a snapping noise when ignited, while those which contain a small quantity of that substance make little noise, and requires less friction for their ignition.

To return to the process of manufacture. The splints, after being sulphured, are conveyed

to another room, in which are arranged plates of stone or iron, covered with the phosphorus composition to the depth of an eighth of an inch, and heated underneath by steam, for the purpose of keeping the mixture in a fluid state. The splints are dipped once, twice, or even oftener if necessary, then dried, and as both ends are dipped with the composition, they are next divided, each splint forming two matches. In some manufactories, the splints are divided before the composition is added. The matches, after being packed in boxes, are ready for the market.

The rapidity with which these various processes are gone through is truly astonishing, it being not unusual in the large works to introduce the raw wood into the saw-mills in the morning, and a few hours afterwards to ship it in the form of *lucifer-matches*.

The manufacture of matches is one attended with considerable danger, owing to the very inflammable nature of the materials used; and those operatives engaged in tipping the splints with the composition, are liable to be attacked by a very distressing disease in the lower jaw, caused by the fumes of the phosphorus. This evil, however, may be avoided by the use of amorphous phosphorus, a modification of the ordinary kind, which is quite innocuous and destitute of odour.

Another improvement in this industry was made recently in the substitution of paraffine for sulphur as the substance to convey combustion to the splint. The very noxious sulphurous fumes which the ordinary lucifer-match evolves when lighted, are thus done away with.

Many attempts have been made of late to reduce the liability of matches to ignite by accidental friction, as from this cause very serious calamities have originated. An ingenious plan, devised by a continental manufacturer, reduces this risk to a minimum. It consists in dividing the match composition into two parts, placing the one on the end of the splint, and the other, containing the phosphorus, on the side of the box. By this means, the match will only ignite when rubbed against the box.

The statistics of the lucifer-match manufacture are very extraordinary. Austria, which is the great centre of this industry, exports about two thousand five hundred tons of matches annually. One maker sells one thousand four hundred matches for one shilling, another offers five thousand in boxes for fourpence. In France and Sweden also, the manufacture is very extensive. In Great Britain two hundred and fifty millions of matches are used daily, which is at the rate of eight per day for every individual. Of this enormous number, she only manufactures one-fifth, the other four-fifths being imported from the continent.

THE ORPHAN.

Thou sayest, thou hast no dower,
Yet thy rich flowing hair
Sheds wealth in golden shower
Upon thy bosom fair.

Thou sayest, no father's care,
No mother's love is thine;
Yet all affections share
In such warm love as mine.

Thou sayest, no sister's voice,
No brother calls thee dear;
Yet loving lips rejoice
To whisper "dearest" here.

Thou sayest, thou hast no home,
No safe abiding place;
Yet one lone dwelling wants
The sunshine of thy face.

Thou sayest, thou dost not love;
Yet thy sweet downcast eyes
And blushing cheek belie
Thy words that change to sighs

Thy voice cometh to go,
In tones that bid me stay—
A tear—a smile—yet so,
Such drops are kiss'd away!

Mine, ever mine! thy wealth
Of love and golden hair;
Thine ever! lover's love,
And more than father's care.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ON MINING RIGHTS IN CANADA. By Adolphus M. Hart, Barrister-at-Law of Lower Canada, and Councillor-at-Law of the State of New York. John Lovell, Montreal. 1867.

Mr. Hart has, in this little work, treated of a subject at present of increasing interest and importance in Canada. The work itself bears the favorable opinion of two Judges of the L. C. Bench. "It has been carefully written," says Mr. Justice Smith, "and opens up in a general way the important points likely to become useful to those engaged in mining pursuits."

The following are the questions treated of by Mr. Hart, in their order: 1. Property in Minerals and the Rights of the Crown; 2. Of the Mode of Conveying Mineral Lands; 3. Of the Alienation of Mining Rights by Will or Descent, 4. Rights of Owners of Mines. Injuries and Remedies, 5. What the Grant or Lease of Mining Lands should contain. Special Covenants, &c.; 6. Of Joint Stock Associations and Acts of Incorporation.

THE BANKRUPT ACT OF THE UNITED STATES OF 1867. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE BANKRUPT LAW OF THE UNITED STATES. 1867. With notes. By Edwin James, of the New York Bar, and one of the framers of the recent English Bankruptcy Amendment Act. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

The new Bankruptcy Act of the United States contains several valuable provisions which might, we think, with great advantage be incorporated into the Canadian Act. Among these we may mention section 30, which provides that no person shall obtain a discharge under a second bankruptcy, voluntarily entered into, whose estate is insufficient to pay 75 per cent., unless with the assent of three-fourths in value of his creditors.

Mr. James' work is one of great value, and indispensable to the lawyer, assignee, or merchant who would thoroughly understand the principles and practice of the law of bankruptcy. It is replete with information on all points and questions that can arise in bankruptcy—and on that account is not less valuable in Canada than in the United States.

BIRDS OF PREY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

(Continued from page 359.)

Book the Sixth.

THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTHES.

Before leaving Yorkshire I stole one more day from the Sheldon business, in order to loiter just a few hours longer in that northern Arcadia called Newhall Farm. What assurance have I that I shall ever re-enter that pleasant dwelling? What hold have I, a wanderer and vagabond, on the future which respectable people map out for themselves with such mathematical precision? And even the respectable people are sometimes out in their reckoning. To snatch the joys of to-day must always be the policy of the adventurer. So I took one more happy afternoon at Newhall. Nor was the afternoon entirely wasted, for in the course of my farewell visit I heard more of poor Susan Meynell's history from honest uncle Joseph. He told me the story during an after-dinner walk, in which he took me the round of his pigsties and cattle-sheds for the last time, as if he would fain have had them leave their impress on my heart.

"You may see plenty of cattle in Yorkshire," he remarked complacently, "but you won't see many beasts to beat that."

He pointed to a brown and mountainous mass of inert matter, which he gave me to understand was something in the way of cattle.

"Would you like to see him standing?" he asked, giving the mass a prod with the handle of his walking-stick, which to my cockney mind seemed rather cruel, but which, taken from an agricultural point of view, was no doubt the correct thing. "He can stand. Coom up, Brownie!"

I humbly entreated that the ill-used mass might be allowed to sprawl in undisturbed misery.

"Thorley!" exclaimed Mr. Mercer, laying his finger significantly against the side of his unpretending nose.

I had not the faintest comprehension of my revered uncle-in-law's meaning; but I said, "C indeed!" with the accents of admiration.

"The ley's Condiment," said my uncle. "You'll see some fine animals at the Cattle-show, but if you see a two-year-old ox to beat him, my name is not Joo Mercer."

After this I had to pay my respects to numerous specimens of the bovine race, all more or less prostrate under the burden of superabundant flesh, all seeming to cry aloud for the treatment of some Banting of the agricultural world.

After we had "done" the cattle-sheds, with heroic resignation on my part, and with enthusiasm on the part of Mr. Mercer, we went along way to see some rarities in the way of mutton, which commodity was to be found cropping the short grass on a distant upland.

With very little appreciation of the zoological varieties, and with the consciousness that my dear one was sitting in the farm-house parlour wondering at my prolonged absence, this excursion could not be otherwise than a bore to me. But it was a small thing to sacrifice my own pleasure for once in a way, when by so doing I might gratify the kindest of men and of uncles, so I plodded briskly across the fields with the friendly farmer.

I had my reward, for in the course of this walk Mr. Mercer gave me the history of poor Susan Meynell.

"I didn't care to talk about the story the other night before the young lass," he said gravely, "for her heart's so full of pity and tenderness, pretty dear, that any tale such as that is like to upset her. But the story's known to almost all the folks in these parts, so there's no particular reason against my telling it to you. I've heard my poor mother talk of Susan Meynell many a time. She was a regular beauty, it seems; prettier than her sister Charlotte, and she was a pretty woman, as you may guess by looking at our Charlotte, who is thought the image of her grandmother. But Susan was one of those beauties that you don't see very often—more like a picture than flesh and blood. The gentry used to turn round to look at her at Barngrave Church, I've hear my mother say. She was a rare one for dress, too; for she had a few hundreds left her by her father and mother, who had both of them been very well-to-do people. The mother was only daughter to William Rand, of Barngrave, a man who farmed above a thousand acres of his own land, and the father kept a carpet warehouse in Aldersgate-street."

This information I received with respectful deference, and a hypocritical assumption of ignorance respecting Miss Meynell's antecedents.

Mr. Mercer paused to take breath, and then continued the story after his own rambling fashion.

"Well, my lad, what with her fine dress, and what with her pretty looks, Susan Meynell seems to have thought a little too much of herself; so that when Montagu Kingdon, of Kingdon-place, younger brother to Lord Durnsville, fell in love with her, and courted her,—not exactly openly, but with the knowledge of her sister, Mrs. Halliday,—she thought it no more than natural that he should intend to make her his wife. Mr. Kingdon was ten years older than Susan, and had served under the Marquis of Wellesley in Spain, and had not borne too good a character abroad. He had been in a hard-drinking cavalry regiment, and had spent all his money, and sold out directly the war was over. There was very little of all this known down hereabouts, where Mr. Kingdon stood very high, on account of his being Lord Durnsville's brother. But it was known that he was poor, and that the Durnsville estates were heavily encumbered into the bargain."

"Then this gentleman would have been no grand match for Miss Meynell, if—"

"If he had married her? No, my lad; and it might have been the knowledge of his poverty

that made Susan and her sister think less of the difference between his station and the girl's. The two women favoured him, anyhow; and they kept the secret from James Halliday, who was a regular upstraight-and-downright kind of fellow, as proud as any lord in his own way. The secret was kept safe enough for some time, and Mr. Kingdon was always dropping in at Newhall when Jim was out of the way; but folks in these parts are very inquisitive, and, lonesome as our place is, there are plenty of people go by between Monday and Saturday; so by and bye it got to be noticed that there was very often a gentleman's horse standing at Newhall gate, with the bridle tied to one of the gate-posts; and those that knew anything knew that the horse belonged to Montagu Kingdon. A friend of Jim Halliday's told him as much one day, and warned him that Mr. Kingdon was a scamp, and was said to have a Spanish wife somewhere beyond the seas. This was quite enough for James Halliday, who flew into a roaring rage at the notion of any man, most of all Lord Durnsville's brother, going to his house and courting his sister-in-law in secret. It was at Barngrave he was told this, one market-day, as he was lounging with his friends in the old yard of the Black Bull inn, where the corn exchange used to be held in those days. He called for his horse the next minute, and left the town at a gallop. When he came to Newhall, he found Montagu Kingdon's chestnut mare tied to the gate-post, and he found Mr. Kingdon himself dawdling about the garden with Miss Meynell."

"And then I suppose there was a scene?" I suggested, with unfeigned interest in this domestic story.

"Well, I believe there was, my lad. I've heard all about it from my poor Molly, who had the story from her mother. James Halliday didn't mince matters; he gave Mr. Kingdon a bit of his mind, in his own rough outspoken way, and told him it would be the worse for him if he ever crossed the threshold of Newhall gate again. 'If you meant well by that foolish girl, you wouldn't come sneaking here behind my back,' he said; 'but you don't mean well by her, and you've a Spanish wife hidden away somewhere in the Peninsula.' Mr. Kingdon gave the lie to this; but he said he shouldn't stoop to justify himself to an unmannerly yeoman. 'If you were a gentleman,' he said, 'you should pay dearly for your insolence.' 'I'm ready to pay any price you like,' answered James Halliday, as bold as brass; 'but as you weren't over fond of fighting abroad, where there was plenty to be got for it, I don't suppose you want to fight at home, where there's nothing to be got for it.'"

"And did Susan Meynell hear this?" I asked. I could fancy this ill-fated girl standing by and looking on aghast while hard things were said to the man she loved, while the silver veil of sweet romance was plucked so roughly from the countenance of her idol by an angry rustic's rude hand.

"Well, I don't quite know whether she heard all," answered Mr. Mercer thoughtfully. "Of course, James Halliday told his wife all about the row afterwards. He was very kind to his sister-in-law, in spite of her having deceived him; and he talked to her very seriously, telling her all he had heard in Barngrave against Montagu Kingdon. She listened to him quietly enough; but it was quiet clear that she didn't believe a word he said. 'I know you have heard all that, James,' she said; 'but the people who said it knew they were not telling the truth. Lord Durnsville and his brother are not popular in the country, and there are no falsehoods too cruel for the malice of his enemies.' She answered him with some such fine speech as that, and when the next morning came she was gone."

"She eloped with Mr. Kingdon."

"Yes. She left a letter for her sister, full of romantic stuff about loving him all the better because people spoke ill of him; regular woman's talk, you know, bless their poor silly hearts!" murmured Mr. Mercer, with tender compassion. "She was going to London to be married to Mr. Kingdon," she wrote. "They

were to be married at the old church in the city where she had been christened, and she was going to stay with an old friend—a young woman who had once been her brother's sweetheart, and who was married to a butcher in Newgate-market—till the banns were given out, or the license bought. The butcher's wife had a country-house out at Edmonton, and it was there Susan was going to stay."

"All that seemed straightforward enough," said I.

"Yes," replied uncle Joe; "but if Mr. Kingdon had meant fairly by Susan Meynell, it would have been as easy for him to marry her at Barngrave as in London. He was as poor as a church mouse, but he was his own master, and there was no one to prevent him doing just what he pleased. This is about what James Halliday thought, I suppose; for he tore off to London, as fast as post-horses could carry him, in pursuit of his wife's sister and Mr. Kingdon. But though he made inquiries all along the road he could not hear that they had passed before him, and for the best of all reasons. He went to the butcher's house at Edmonton; but there he found no trace of Susan Meynell, except a letter posted in Yorkshire, on the day of the row between James and Mr. Kingdon, telling her intention of visiting her old friend within the next few days, and hinting at an approaching marriage. There was the letter announcing the visit, but the visitor had not come."

"But the existence of that letter bears witness that Miss Meynell believed in the honesty of her lover's intentions."

"To be sure it does, poor lass," answered Mr. Mercer pensively. "She believed in the word of a scoundrel, and she was made to pay dearly for her simplicity. James Halliday did all he could to find her. He searched London through, as far as any man can search such a place as London, but it was no use, and for a very good reason, as I said before. The end of it was, that he was obliged to go back to Newhall no wiser than when he started."

"And there was nothing further ever discovered?" I asked eagerly, for I felt that was just one of those family complications from which all manner of legal difficulties might arise.

"Don't be in a hurry, my lad," answered uncle Joe, "wickedness is sure to come to light sooner or later. Three years after this poor young woman ran away there was a drunken groom dismissed from Lord Durnsville's stable, and what must he needs do but come straight off to my brother, to vent his spite against his master, and perhaps to curry favour at Newhall. 'You shouldn't have gone to London to look for the young lady, Muster Halliday,' he said, 'you should have gone the other way. I know a young man as drove Mr. Kingdon and your wife's sister across country to Hull with two of my lord's own horses, stopping to bait on the way. They went aboard ship at Hull, Mr. Kingdon and the young lady—a ship that was bound for foreign parts.' This is what the groom said; but it was little good knowing it now. There'd been advertisements in the papers beseeching her to come back; and everything had been done that could be done, and all to no end. A few years after this back comes Mr. Kingdon as large as life, married to some dark-faced frizzy-haired lady, whose father owned half the Indies, according to people's talk; but he fought very shy of James Halliday; but when they did meet one day at the covert side, Jim rode up to the honorable gentleman, and asked him what he had done with Susan Meynell. Those that saw the meeting said that Montagu Kingdon turned as white as a ghost when he saw Jim Halliday riding up to him on his big raw-boned horse; but nothing came of the quarrel. Mr. Kingdon did not live many years to enjoy the money his frizzy-haired West Indian lady left him. He died before his brother, Lord Durnsville, and had neither chick nor child to inherit his money, nor yet the Durnsville title, which was extinct on the death of the viscount."

"And what of the poor girl?"

"Ay, poor lass, what of her? It was fifteen years after she left her home before her sister got so much as a line to say she was in the land

of the living. When a letter did come at last, it was a very melancholy one. The poor creature wrote to her sister to say that she was in London, alone and penniless, and, as she thought, dying."

"And the sister went to her?"

I remembered that deprecating sentence in the family Bible, written in a woman's hand.

"That she did, good honest soul, as fast as she could travel, carrying a full purse along with her. She found poor Susan at an inn near Aldersgate-street—the old quarter, you see, that she'd known in her young days. Mrs. Halliday meant to have brought the poor soul back to Yorkshire, and had settled it all with Jim; but it was too late for anything of that kind. She found Susan dying, wandering in her mind off and on, but just able to recognise her sister, and to ask forgiveness for having trusted to Montagu Kingdon, instead of taking counsel from those that wished her well."

"Was that all?" I asked presently.

Mr. Mercer made long pauses in the course of his narrative, during which we walked briskly on; he pondering on those past events, I languishing for further information.

"Well, lad, that was about all. Where Susan had been all those years, or what she had been doing, was more than Mrs. Halliday could find out. Of late she had been living somewhere abroad. The clothes she had last worn were of foreign make, very poor and threadbare; and there was one little box in her room at the inn that had been made at Rouen, for the name of a Rouen trunkmaker was on the inside of the lid. There were no letters or papers of any kind in the box; so you see there was no way of finding out what the poor creature's life had been. All her sister could do was to stay with her and comfort her to the last, and to see that she was quietly laid to rest in a decent grave. She was buried in a quiet little city churchyard, somewhere where there are green trees among the smoke of her chimney-pots. Montagu Kingdon had been dead some years when that happened."

"Is that last letter still in existence?" I asked.

"Yes; my first wife kept it with the rest of her family letters and papers. Dorothy takes care of them now. We country folks set store by those sort of things you know."

I would fain have asked Mr. Mercer to let me see this last letter written by Susan Meynell but what excuse could I devise for so doing? I was completely fettered by my promise to George Sheldon, and could offer no reasonable pretence for my curiosity.

There was one point which I was bound to push home in the interests of my Sheldon, or, shall I not rather say, my Charlotte? That all-important point was the question of marriage or no marriage.

"You feel quite clear as to the fact that Montagu Kingdon never did marry this young woman?" I said.

"Well, yes," replied uncle Joe, "that was proved beyond doubt, I'm sorry to say. Mr. Kingdon never could have dared to come back here with his West-Indian wife in poor Charlotte Meynell's lifetime if he had really married her."

"And how about the lady he was to have married in Spain?"

"I can't say anything about that. It may have only been a scandal, or, if there was a marriage, it may have been illegal. The Kingdons were Protestants, and the Spanish are all papists, I suppose. A marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic wouldn't be binding."

"Not upon such a man as Kingdon."

It seems more than probable that the opinion arrived at by this poor soul's friends must be correct, and that Montagu Kingdon was a scoundrel. But how about Susan Meynell's after-life?—the fifteen years in which she was lost sight of. May she not have married some one else than Mr. Kingdon? and may she not have left heirs who will arise in the future to dispute my darling's claim?

Is it a good thing to have a great inheritance? The day has been when such a question as that could not by any possibility have shaped itself in my mind. Ah! what is this subtle power

called love, which worketh such wondrous changes in the human heart? Surely the miracle of the cleansed leper is in some manner typical of this transformation. The emanation of divine purity encircled the leper with its supernal warmth, and the scales fell away beneath that mysterious influence. And so from the pure heart of a woman issues a celestial fire which burns the plague-spot out of the sinner's breast. Ah, how I languish to be at my darling's feet, thinking her for the cure she has wrought!

I have given my Sheldon the story of Susan Meynell's life, as I had it from uncle Joseph. He agrees with me as to the importance of Susan's last letter; but even that astute creature does not see a way to getting the document in his hands without letting Mr. Mercer more or less into our secret.

"I might tell this man Mercer some story about a little bit of money coming to his niece, and get at Susan Meynell's letter that way," he said; "but whatever I told him would be sure to get round to Philip somehow or other, and I don't want to put him on the scent."

My Sheldon's legal mind more than ever inclines to caution now that he knows the heiress of the Haygarths is so nearly allied to his brother Philip.

"I'll tell you what it is Hawehurst," he said to me, after we had discussed the business in all its bearings; there are not many people I'm afraid of, but I don't mind owing to you that I am afraid of my brother Phil. He has always walked over my head; partly because he can wear his shirt-front all through business hours without creasing it, which I can't, and partly because he's—well—more unscrupulous than I am."

He paused meditatively, and I too was meditative; for I could not choose but wonder what it was to be more unscrupulous than George Sheldon.

"If he were to get an inkling of this affair," my patron resumed presently, "he'd take it out of our hands before you could say Jack Robinson—supposing ever anybody wanted to say Jack Robinson, which they don't—and he'd drive a bargain with us, instead of our driving a bargain with him."

My friend of Gray's inn has a pleasant way of implying that our interests are coequal in this affair. I caught him watching me curiously once or twice during our last interview, when Charlotte's name was mentioned. Does he suspect the truth, I wonder?

Nov. 12th. I had another interview with my patron yesterday, and rather a curious interview, though not altogether unsatisfactory. George Sheldon has been making good use of his time since my return from Yorkshire.

"I don't think we need have any fear of opposition from children or grand-children of Susan Meynell; he said; "I have found the registry of her interment in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate. She is described in that registry by her maiden name, and there is a plain headstone in a corner of the ground, inscribed with the name of Susan Meynell, who died July 14th, 1835, much lamented, and then the text about 'one sinner that repenteth,' and so on," said Mr. Sheldon, as if he did not care to dwell on so hackneyed a truism.

"But," I began, "she might have been married, in spite of—"

"Yes, she might," replied my Sheldon, cautiously; "but then, you see the probability is that she wasn't. If she had been married, she would have told her sister as much in that last letter, or she would have said as much when they met."

"But she was delirious?"

"Not all the time. She was sensible enough to talk about her sorrow for the past, and so on; and she must have been sensible enough to have spoken of her children, if she ever had any. Besides, if she had been married, she would scarcely have been wandering about the world in that miserable manner, unless her husband was an uncommonly bad lot. No, Hawehurst, depend on it we've nothing to fear in that quarter.

The person we have to fear is that precious brother of mine."

"You talked the other day about driving a bargain with him," I said, "I didn't quite understand your meaning. The fortune can only be claimed by Char—Miss Halliday, and your brother has no legal authority to dispose of her money."

(To be continued.)

THE SIEGE OF SEVEN ACRES.

IT is but dimly remembered, even by historians, that for several years after the revolution of 1688, seven acres of Great Britain withstood the naval and military forces of the rest of the realm, the besieged refusing allegiance to William and Mary, and heroically fighting under the defiant banner of James the Third.

This four years' siege was maintained on the island of Bass, which lies near the mouth of the Forth, about two miles from the coast of East Lothian, and which is, in fact, a column of pure trap that rises perpendicularly out of the sea to the height of four hundred feet; though it shelves on the southern side, down to a cliff some ninety feet above the water line, where are built a series of gloomy state prisons, surrounded by battlements embursed for at least twenty pieces of cannon. The habitable surface of rock comprises about seven acres. It is perforated by a cavern, fearfully dark in the centre, where at times, the sea roars with astounding violence; yet, notwithstanding the terrors of its aspect, it is sometimes explored by the young fishermen. Around the island, the water averages two hundred feet in depth. After the Restoration, this place was used as a state prison, chiefly for troublesome political culprits—a species of Scottish Bastille for non-juring clergymen, of whom there were at one time nearly fifty secluded on the island rock, under a military guard. "The island of the Bass" (to quote *Magna Britannicæ Notitiæ*, 1709) "was an ancient possession of the family of Lauderdale, and in the reign of Charles the Second was bought and annexed to the crown. The garrison is commanded by an ensign, a sergeant, a corporal, and soldiers, whose pay is as follows:—

The ensign, per diem, is . . .	s. d.
The sergeant	4 0
The corporal	2 0
	1 4

The above soldiers are taken out of her Majesty's regiment of Guards, and paid with an allowance of twopence sterling to each, which makes their pay ninepence per diem."

In the spring of 1689, there were sent as prisoners to the Bass four young officers of King James's army in the north—Lieutenants Michael Middleton and Halyburton, and ensigns Roy and Dunbar, who had been captured by General Sir Thomas Livingstone, after the battle of Killycrankie.

Fiercely cavaliers of Dundee, boiling with hatred and scorn of their sour and stern but now triumphant captors—for civil, political, religious, and feudal rancour, all seemed to inflame party spirit; in those unhappy times—they commenced at once to plot for freedom; and such adventurous blades soon found an opportunity of turning the tables on their jailors—a party of the Scots Guards, under Lieutenant Wood.

Young and daring, the solitude and seclusion of that lonely little castle, washed by the sea, must soon have become intolerable to those gentlemen, who had only before them a hopeless captivity or a miserable death, and they boldly conceived an idea of capturing the place.

This scheme is said to have been first concerted in the house of Sir George Seton, of Garleton, near Drem, who was afterwards made prisoner therefor, and it is also said to have been originally suggested by Captain Charles Maitland, the superseded deputy-governor for King James, who certainly had several meetings concerning the affair with two young cavaliers, David Blair, (son of James Blair, of Ardblair), William Crawford, of Ardmillan, and some others, who

had all lived for a time, disguised as seamen, in the adjacent village of Athelstoneford.*

The four military prisoners in the Bass observed that when a boat came periodically with coals and provisions for the garrison, it was the custom of all the soldiers except three, to descend to the landing-place at the plateau of rock, outside the walls, to assist in the unloading; and on the 15th of June, 1689, they availed themselves of the fortunate circumstance to seize upon arms and take the castle by surprise.

They simply rushed upon the gates, closed and secured them, and made themselves completely masters of the place, by threatening to fire both cannon and musketry upon the excluded soldiers, who were compelled rather reluctantly and foolishly, to abandon the rock in the coat boat.

Of the garrison, the Jacobites retained only a sergeant round la Fosse, Swan the gunner, and a soldier on whom they could depend. They then discharged a cannon or two, and hoisted the standard of King James.

Next day they were joined by Captain Maitland, the late deputy-Governor, and a few hours after by David Blair and William Crawford, usually Ardmillan. He was the eldest son of Crawford, of Baidland (who was also of Ardmillan, in right of his wife, who was a Kennedy), and he joined in this wild and rash affair, though on the point of marriage with a young girl possessed of great attractions—Margaret Kennedy, of Balderstone. He brought with him his servant and two Irish seamen, named Newport and Cornelius O'Brien, with whom he put off to the Bass on a dark night, seizing a long boat that lay upon the coast near Dirlton. The two Irishmen had just effected their escape from the Tolbooth of Leith, where they had been committed as spies of King James from Ireland.

So now these thirteen men prepared to set all Britain at defiance.

On hearing of their proceedings, and in fear of what they might lead to, the privy council of Edinburgh was greatly enraged, and placed Lieutenant Wood, the commander of the detachment (who had been amusing himself in the city), under arrest for neglect of duty, and a party of troops were stationed in the hamlet of Castletown, opposite the isle, to cut off all communication between it and the mainland. This party was soon after reinforced by another, under three officers, sent by Sir Thomas Livingstone, the commander-in-chief, the more effectually to blockade the Bass.

Many months elapsed, and that inaccessible fortress was watched in vain. Its little garrison derided all efforts to subdue them, and kept King James's flag flying in defiance of the Scottish government, leading a merry life the while among the clouds of white sea-birds which made the Bass their haunt, and they had no lack of stirring adventures by sea and land.

Anxious, perhaps to see his mistress, young Ardmillan more than once went boldly to the mainland, and in returning, brought off a good supply of provisions; but there were times when the weather was stormy, and the ocean rough, that made them fain to be content with the rank and rancid flesh of the solan geese, dressed with the *laxer*, or seaweed, that grows on the rocks.

To further the blockade, two small armed vessels were now ordered to cruise between the isle and the shore; but this was perilous work, as the walls were mounted with fourteen pieces of cannon.

A sergeant and drummer, bearing a flag of truce, were sent by the officer at Castletown to the holders of the Bass, who allowed them to land, and immediately disarmed and made them prisoners. A boat was then sent round to a part of the isle, beyond the range of cannon-shot to demand their release, and the surrender of the craft in which they had come. They were

* Fletcher's memorial quoted by Crichton.

† These birds were protected by an act of the Legislature, which forbade the seamen and inhabitants of North Berwick, Dunbar, Fisher-row, and all others to destroy them. Vide Ratification of an act of Secret Council in favour of Master George Lander, of the Bass. 1532—Acta Parliamentarum Jacobi VI.

ultimately given up, but the boat was retained for the use of the garrison. Ignorant of what was passing, the skipper of a Danish galliot brought her within range of their guns. Though we were at peace with Christian the Fifth, she was compelled to shorten sail, and was sacked of all she contained. After this, in defiance of the exasperated council, the garrison—if it can be called such—by predatory boating expeditions in the long dark nights of autumn, "laid all the coast between Tyne and Tay under contribution."[†]

The government was literally powerless.

The island was too far from the mainland to be bombarded in those days, when Lancaster guns, and rifled cannon were unknown; and its cliff-built battlements were far above the range of any ship's artillery, while those of the castle were alike heavy and well supplied. The idea of assaulting the Bass was never conceived, but an attempt was made to cut off the two boats of the garrison—one a Norwegian skiff, which they drew up to the ramparts by means of a powerful crane (part of which is still lying there) besides a well loop-holed tower; and the other which belonged to Ardmillan, and was capable of containing twenty men; this they usually secured by drawing it up high and dry upon the plateau of rock when it was alike protected by the cannon of the curtain wall and the loopholes of the spur; and there it lay safely all one dark night, when some bold fellows landed unseen at the plateau, launched it and towed it away to the mainland.

This was a severe loss; but Middleton and Ardmillan landed soon after near the ruins of Tantallan, promising to return in a fortnight at latest, with supplies.

The two weeks expired, and several days more passed without their re-appearing. The only boat was gone now, and the little band were beginning to loose courage, so Captain Maitland sent Ensign Dunbar to the officer at Castleton—after signalling for a boat—concerning a surrender.

But lo! while the arrangements were pending, a large barge under full sail, manned by Middleton, Ardmillan and eight others, with a load of provisions, was seen bearing in between the land and the Bass, under the guns of which it ran in safety, before it could be intercepted. Hostilities were at once resumed, and poor Ensign Dunbar was detained as a prisoner.

Five days after this, a patrol contrived to seize the same boat, when quitting the isle in the night, and there were found in her four seamen, four women, Swan the gunner, and the soldier who had been retained when the castle was surprised.

The garrison now numbered sixteen men. They had thirteen sheep, fifteen brls of meal, two hundred-weight of biscuit, two barrels of butter, plenty of pease, salt, candles, coal, hard fish, salt beef, and a great hogscad of Brandy, taken from the galliot. They had fourteen iron cannon, sixty stand of arms, ten casks of powder, plenty of small shot, and four hundred cannon balls, most of which had been fired at the island. This ammunition they stored in the little chapel, which is of great antiquity, though it was consecrated to St. Baldwin only so lately as 1542, by order of Cardinal Beaton, four years before his murder.

A whole year had now passed away, and still these few resolute men defied all effort to subdue them.

In March, 1692, the Admiralty sent orders to Captain Anthony Roofs, commander of the Sheerness, and to Captain Orton, of the London Merchant, both of them lying in Leith roads "to attack the Bass immediately, to do it with what prejudice they could, by breaking the crew and boats, dismounting the cannon, and ruining the houses upon it."

In the naval lists for that year, the Sheerness appears to have been a fifth rate, mounting thirty guns, with one hundred and thirty men; but neither she nor her consort could achieve anything, and quite failed to prevent the garri-

son from doubling their store of powder, pillaging wheat and barley from several sloops going from Dunbar to Leith, carrying off all the coals from the harbours in the Isle of Moy, and seizing a large boat in the harbour of Dundee.

The Lion, commanded by Captain Edmund Burd, with a dogger of six guns; and a large armed pinnace of Kirkaldy, under a Captain Boswell, were now ordered to cruise off the island. The only king's ship then called the Lion, had fifty guns and a crew of two hundred and thirty men, and if Burd's vessel was the same, she failed to achieve much either; for the Scottish Jacobites in France had now heard of these affairs, and in August, 1693, they sent a French frigate, on the appearance of which in the Firth, the Lion and her two Scottish consorts vanished, quietly allowing the stranger to lie to under the guns of the Bass with fresh supplies. In the same month, however, a privateer of Dunkirk, which came on the same errand, was attacked by the Lion and driven off the coast.

The most serious occurrence for the besieged was the arrest of a person named Trotter, who had supplied them with provisions. His execution was ordered to take place at the hamlet of Castleton, in view of the garrison; but while the gallows were being erected, a shot from the Bass is said to have broken up the assemblage. This, however, did not prevent the sacrifice from being made elsewhere, according to Domestic Annals; but why a shot should reach the mainland from the isle, and not vice versa, no reason is given.

The land blockade was conducted by Thomas Drury, chief of the Scottish Engineers, who has left a very careful drawing of the island and its prisons, and whose name is still borne by an old battery, which is constructed on the south side of Edinburgh Castle. A heavy frigate and a large armed launch were now ordered to cruise constantly near the Bass to cut off all supplies. So the spring of 1694 saw the little garrison reduced to the verge of starvation, and growing weary of their secluded life and hopeless defence.

In April, Middleton, who acted now as Captain of the fortress, made proposals to surrender. The articles were put into the hands of a Major Reid and other officers who were commissioned to treat with those remarkable offenders, who continued to the last to appear well off and in the highest spirits.

When the commissioners came to the Bass, Middleton gave them a hearty luncheon, with French wines and fine biscuits, inviting them to "eat freely, as there was no scarcity of provisions." On their departure, the little party gave them three cheers, and had the walls lined with old muskets and stuffed figures, with military hats and red coats on them, as if there had been a strong garrison.

The terms were, that the garrison should have their lives, liberties and fortunes guaranteed, whether under sentence of death or not; that they were to march out with all their baggage, swords, and weapons, "in their own boats," and to land where they pleased.

That all persons belonging to the Bass, whether in or out of prison, should have a ship, under Captain Formand, provided and provisioned for their transport to Dunkirk or Havre-de-Grace, and that those who cared not to go might remain in Scotland unmolested.

That they should have permission to sell all their fishing-nets, anchors, cables, and other gear; and that the back pay or alimony of Lieutenants Middleton and Helyburton, and of Ensign Dunbar, should be made good by the government!

These ample and remarkable terms were signed by the whole privy council of Scotland then present, to wit, John, Marquis of Trecdale, high chancellor, George, Earl of Linlithgow, Archibald, Earl of Forfar; William, Earl of Annandale, and William, Lord Ross—four commissioners of the treasury; the Earl of Sutherland, a colonel of foot; Viscount Tarbet, the clerk register; Lord Belhaven, who had been a captain of horse at Killycrankie; Lord Carmichael, a colonel of dragoons, Sir Thomas

Livingstone, commander-in-chief of the Scottish troops, and others.

On the 20th of April, 1694, after having resided four years on the rock, the little garrison departed in their boat, and ten days after the fortifications were dismantled. After all their risks and perils they had won only honour, and with it the admiration and gratitude of all the friends of King James.

Traces of the siege are still found at times. An antique cannon, broken in two, is still lying on the giddy verge of the Northern cliff, and fragments of exploded bombs and cannon-balls are frequently found embedded in the rank guano of the sea-birds. From a passage in the works of Hugh Millar, the garrison would seem to have been put to the shifts for flints. In describing the Bass, "I saw," continues the great geologist, "a large cannon-shot, much encased in rust, which had been hid bare by the rabbits in this curious deposit. It had sunk in the debris to the depth of about four feet, immediately under a partial breach in the masonry, and had not improbably dealt a severe blow in the quarrel of William of Nassau. But what I considered the most curious remains were splinters of black flint, exactly resembling the rejectamenta of a gun-flint maker's shop. In digging to ascertain, if possible, for what purpose chips of black flint could have been brought to the Bass, my companions disinterred a rude gun-flint, exactly such a thing as I have seen a poverty-stricken poacher chip for his piece out of a mass of agate or jasper. The matchlock had yielded its place only a short time before to the spring-lock with its hammer and flint; and so, during their leisure hours on the ramparts, the soldiers of the garrison had been in the practice of fashioning their flints for themselves, and of pitching the chips, with now and then an occasional abortion, such as the one we have just picked up, over the walls."

David Blair joined King James in France, where he died in exile; but William Crawford, of Ardmillan, remained at home, and was married to Margaret Kennedy, of Balderstone. He died soon after.

Captain Charles Maitland, the ex-deputy governor of the Bass, went to Flanders on a visit to his brother, Brigadier-General James Maitland, who had been a subalter of the Scots Foot Guards in 1675, and who became a lieutenant-general in the British establishment in 1709. By this officer he was presented to King William (then at the head of the allied armies) by whom he was offered a Captain's commission. The King added, that he was "confident that an officer who had served King James with such uncommon fidelity would be equally true to him."

"I thank your majesty," replied Maitland, "but I beg to decline your offer."

This anecdote (which is recorded among the Transactions of the Scottish Antiquaries) reflects equal credit upon both.

Bearded hermits, sandalled monks, plumed courtiers, and blue-bonneted corenauters, have passed away, and been numbered in succession with the things that were, and the solitary isle has long since been abandoned to its primitive inhabitants, the wild sea-birds; but, by the events we have just narrated, it still retains what a writer has styled, "the dubious honour of being the last spot of British ground to yield to the more constitutional government introduced by the Revolution of 1688."

Exactly sixty years before, the Bass rock was successfully held against a less formidable enemy by its proprietors. George Lader, and his mother, "Dame Isabel Hepburn, Lady Bass," esconced themselves in the tower and defied their creditors. At length the Scottish lords of council granted them "protection," which is, it thus appears, not solely the modern bankrupt's privilege.

* Geology of the Bass. Some interesting details of the isle and its siege, will be found in the Appendix to Crichton's Memoirs of Blackadder.

"FLOGGED LIKE A DOG."

CHAPTER I.

But Glory's glory—and if you would find
What that is,—ask the pig that saw the wind.

"THERE'S no manner of use trying to make that boy a tailor," said Jem Tanner, dolefully; and directing his wife's attention to an open doorway, through which might be seen a pretty picture—a tall, handsome lad, before whom a group of four or five young children were gathered, listening, with divers expressions of delight, to the music of an accordion, upon which Hugh was playing "The British Grenadiers."

Mrs. Tanner looked up from her work, stretching her neck to see over the board where Jem sat stitching, and the hard careworn lines in the mother's face softened and melted away, as, gazing, she said softly,—

"He's all for soldiering, that he is."

"Soldiering's a poor trade," said Jem; "let alone the chance o' being flogged like a dog, or shot like a warment."

"But there's the glory, Jem. It's very tempting to a young man, is glory."

"Aye! lass, but glory don't feed a man, tailor's doos. I'd rather make the coat fur another to be shot fur glory in, than wear it for the above purpose. It's all very well fur gentlemen as can make their money fly, but wot's the gain to be got?—that's wot I'd like to know. I've been axen that at our club, and there's none o' them can satisfy my mind. Wot's the gain o' glory?—that's the pint."

Jem Tanner being a reading man, and member of a debating club, was fond of laying down the law, especially at home. His wife, a patient, hard-working woman, whose life was varied between bearing children and shoebinding, never contradicted him. Hugh was her first-born and handsomest son. Affectionate and forbearing, the lad won all hearts, and no one wondered that Mrs. Tanner was proud of him.

Hugh had never taken kindly to the trade his father followed, so he had been allowed to stay longer at school than lads of his class usually are; but now, at seventeen, he was duly apprenticed to his father. He was neither careless nor idle; he said very little about his old hankering after the army; but his face grew white and thin; and every spare minute was spent in playing marches, until even Jem reluctantly owned that they would never wake a tailor of him.

Secretly, and in her heart, Mrs. Tanner agreed with Hugh, and longed to see her handsome boy dressed out in the gay trappings that gild a soldier's lot. When she went into London she would walk round by the Horse Guards, and take a long look at the immovable figures on either sides of the gate, not forgetting the sentries clanking up and down the pavement inside. "If she could only see Hugh looking as brave, what a proud woman she would be. Soldiers," she thought, "were always gay and light-hearted. Didn't all the girls fall in love with them; and hadn't she, long long ago, when she was a blithe young lassie, in a quiet village in Kent, fallen in love, too, with a neighbour's son, who came home on furlough? She had not married him; but yet, after all these long years, the wrinkled face flushed, and grew almost pretty again, as the thought of the first love made her heart beat faster. He had been killed in India; but what then? Had there not been a sermon in the village church, and a marble monument put up beside the altar? and did not the great folks go and talk to his father of what the dead soldier had done? If he had been a tailor they would not have done any of these things," and so thinking—wisely or foolishly, who dare say?—poor Mrs. Tanner would walk home, and go on laying by every stray coin, that Hugh might not begin the world penniless.

A couple of years passed in this way—passed very slowly with Hugh, who, although he stuck manfully to his work, made nothing of it, and never got farther than the roughest parts. Very slowly, too, with his father, who saw plainly the struggle his lad was making; and

although Jem tried in vain to see how gain could be got by glory, and make out that soldiering was a better trade than that by which he earned his children's bread, he gave in at last.

"It's no manner of use trying to make that boy a tailor," he said, using the same words he had done two years before. "Get off the board and stretch your legs."

The young man obeyed willingly, and stood up, at attention, looking with grave eager eyes at his father, and wondering what was to come next. Jem Tanner's arm was at full stretch, drawing a thread, but it gradually dropped as he gazed at Hugh, and a long sigh came from his lips.

"I've done my best for you, lad; but you'll never earn your bread stitchin', though it's not clear to me as how you'll do so soldierin'. Tailors make a liven. Soldiers get kep for glory; but then wot's the gain o' glory?—that's the pint. Answer me that, Hugh, and you may 'list to-morrow."

"Isn't it something to have a hand in defending the country, father? Isn't it something to be servant o' Her Gracious Majesty? something to see your name set down for fightin' bravely?"

"Aye! lad; but if you were killed, your name in print would be cold comfort for us at home, let alone Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and all the royal family," and Jem brushed his sleeve across his nose, shaking his head moodily, as he continued, "But there's no use arguin'. Take your cap, and go for a walk, and when you get back you'll tell us your mind."

Hugh took his cap, and was soon far away from the scattered tenements of the suburb where his people lived, and out upon the breezy heath, where the golden gorse was filling the air with perfume, and where, high among the white fleecy clouds, close at Heaven's gate, dozens of larks hovered, pouring forth streams of harmony. Hugh marched steadily onward, drinking in the sweetness of nature; thinking what a gloriously beautiful land England was, and what a miserable lot a tailor's would be, tied to a board for life, and with no time to see the sunshine on the gorse and heather. Suddenly a cry rang over the larks' song. Hugh stopped, and as he listened the voice came again, this time clearly.

"Help! help! for the love of God!"

Strange words to break upon the divine peace and harmony around; but Hugh did not stop to moralise. In two minutes he had run across the heath, scrambled over a bank, and had his hand upon a man's neck.

The struggle was a sharp one, for Hugh was nothing of a wrestler, and his adversary certainly was. Yet the hold upon the collar told well. In a very short time the man was choked off, and as he lay on the ground, panting, with blackened, swollen face, Hugh's practical eye had time to notice that his garments were those of a gentleman. Standing by, was the girl whose voice had brought the needed help. She was white and frightened, and her teeth chattered as she asked—

"Have you killed him? Is he dead?"

"No," said Hugh, pushing the prostrate man with his foot; "he'll be all right in ten minutes; but hadn't you better get away? or come, you look too frightened to walk alone.—I'll go with you, if you'll trust me."

So Hugh took the girl home, and when he got back to his own house, late in the night, he told his adventure, adding,—

"It were for all the world as if Providence had put me in the way to get at the end of my perplexities; for you see, father and mother, I was not at rest in my mind about leaving you, and taking my own will, but it seems clear as sunshine now. I've had my first fight to day, and so you see, mother, I think, I've got my answer."

Mrs. Tanner looked at Jem. "What do you say, master?"

"Please the Lord it'll be all right. It's very partikular that on this very day, and that very time, Hugh should meet with this young woman. Wot's them worses you was a teaching little

Jimmy, missus? 'A arm to help the weak.' Eh?"

"An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.

The world is wide, these things are small
They may be nothing, but they are all."

"Aye! them's the ticket," said Jem, when his wife had repeated the words. "So be it, Hugh; your lot's a soldier's. I wont argue the pint any more."

So Hugh got his wish. Before the year was out had joined the depot of the—Regiment in Ireland, and was learning goose-step, and at the same time beginning to find out that a soldier's life was not all sunshine and love making, but that under the red jacket and inside the barrack gates there was a vast amount of dry, every-day work, just as irksome as tailoring, and that glory after all was a contingency subject to the chances of war.

After eighteen months of the depot, Hugh was drafted to the head-quarters at Dover, and the first day on parade he saw the man he had thrown on the common; saw him, too, in command of the company, which he was attached, and knew that he had not been wrong, when he judged him to hold the position of a gentleman.

The recognition was mutual, though neither of them suspected that it was so.

"Keep your eye on that fellow," the captain said to the sergeant; "he's a black sheep. I know him of old; but the fellow, bad as he is, must have a chance, only, don't let there be any slipping, don't pass over a fault, however slight, and we'll court martial him for the first act of insubordination."

These words leaked out, as such things always do, and Hugh became a marked man. There was no advantage in his being attentive; what would have passed with any other man was pounced upon as a sign of bad blood, and so it came about that, before Hugh had been eight months at head-quarters, he was laid up for drunkenness, insolence, and attempting to strike the sergeant on guard. His bad name came out, and he was sentenced to be flogged.

Hugh bore his punishment without a groan, and when the term of his imprisonment was over he returned to his duty without a word of complaint; but a month after, when there was a call for men to volunteer for India, Hugh was one of the first to give in his name, and not until he was embarked did he write his tale of disgrace and shame to his father.

"He was so sure like," said poor Jem, when he had read the letter. "Poor lad! to think o' his bein' flogged like a dog. Oh! good Lord!" and Jem laid his face upon his knees and sobbed.

Mrs. Tanner's eyes were dry, but there was a red spot on either cheek, and her white lips were pressed hard together as she set down by the board; opposite was the doorway through which, years before, she had seen the musical party. The remembrance flashed upon her, and throwing up her clasped hands she cried aloud, in the bitterness of her heart.

"May be he'll forget the shame when he's among strangers," said Jem, rousing up to comfort his wife.

But there was no comfort for her; she understood her boy better, and knew the wound was mortal.

CHAPTER II.

One
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless.

Hugh was on his voyage to India amongst strangers; not oge face was familiar, so he plucked up courage and held his head higher. In the close companionship of a long voyage, there is ample opportunity for the study of character, and Hugh attracted general interest and attention. There was something peculiarly sad in the expression of his stern, handsome face, something which aroused even while it silenced curiosity. Then, again, his fine soldierly appearance, his attention to rules, and steady, orderly conduct, all these things marked him as a good soldier, and although he accepted none of the

advances made towards intimacy, there was no man on board who had so many friends.

The first portion of the voyage was fair, and unchequered by any eventful occurrence. But just before they crossed the line a gale broke the monotony, and for a time the ship was in considerable danger. Hugh behaved admirably, and was publicly thanked by the captain. For a few days the poor fellow looked brighter, and mixed more sociably with the men, partaking in their amusements, and so it was that one fine afternoon he was sitting on deck with a mess-mate, when a quarrel broke out amongst a group close behind them. A woman was accused of cheating at cards, and one of the men of the party appealed to Hugh for judgment, who reluctantly enough gave his verdict. While he was speaking the woman's eyes grew eager, a flash of recognition gleamed in her face as, with a sneering laugh, she turned, and whispered something to a man beside her.

"It's a d—d lie, Mrs. Short," was the answer spoken indignantly aloud.

"You're a liar yourself, then," screamed the woman; "ask him. I say, soldier, didn't you get forty-two lashes at—last year? Who's the liar and hypocrite now?" she cried triumphantly, pointing to Hugh, who, with blanched face and blazing eyes, had staggered back: "look at him; what right has the like of him to give judgment against an honest woman; he was a marked man in the—th, and I saw him flogged with my own eyes."

"It's not true. I don't believe you," cried twenty voices, as the men gathered round. "It's a mistake, Tanager. Don't mind her; she's drunk."

"I'm not drunk, you caution blackguards; let me get at him!" and the infuriated woman pushed her way forward, and shook her fist in Hugh's face. "Warn't you flogged? answer me that, and don't stand there giving me the lie, with your white, cowardly face."

Hugh who had been standing at if stunned, suddenly lifted up his head, and glanced slowly at the eager faces pressing round.

"The woman's right," he said, hoarsely. "I had forty-two for getting drunk and striking the sergeant. Let me pass, please!"

The men fell back, too much surprised and shocked by the poor fellow's manner to disobey, but the next instant the reaction came; a shriek broke from a hundred lips, followed by a babel of cries, one predominating—"He's overboard!"

And so it was. Driven wild by the woman's taunts, desperate with the long-borne load of shame, maddened by the surprise written on the faces of the men who so loudly had taken his part, Hugh had jumped overboard.

It was not the first time the temptation to put an end to shame had been strong upon him. At first, scarcely a day had passed without a struggle with himself; latterly, and especially since the storm, the good-will and respect shown him had opened a ray of hope, and awakened the thought that the shadow of his disgrace might not follow him to the East. The woman's bitter tongue dashed down this hope, published his shame to the very men with whom his new life was to begin, blotted his life for ever—for who among them could forget that day?

A boat was lowered; and Hugh being known to swim well, it was hoped that the passion of the moment having passed, he would willingly be saved—but not so; the men in the boat saw him distinctly; they called to him to wait; one man even jumped into the water, but in vain. Hugh warned them back with his hand, and when they still persisted, threw his arms straight up over his head and deliberately sunk himself.

When the boat came back and confirmed what had already been partially seen by the officers' telescopes, the grief and indignation of the soldiers almost amounted to a mutiny, and the captain was forced to take charge of the woman whose virulence and passion had caused the suicide, as, if the men had been suffered to take their own way, poor Hugh Tanner's fate would have been speedily and fearfully avenged. If the first part of the voyage had been uneventful, it is more than can be said or the last. From the day Hugh preferred death

to facing out the shame which had broken his spirit, as it has done many another gallant fellow's, there was no peace; the slightest incident or opposition set the excited troops by the ears, and heartily thankful was the captain of the J—B—when, having reached Calcutta, he saw the last red coat leave his ship.

L. D. FENTON.

RATS AND THEIR DOINGS.

ABOVE-GROUND AND BELOW.

THE little animal we so rarely see is much nearer us than we imagine. If we happen to live in an old house, especially if it is near an hotel or an eating-house, we may be pretty sure that they are beneath us and around us—beneath us in the sewers doing one great service, consuming the grease and the fat that escapes from the drains. If it were not for these little scavengers, the house drains would be speedily stopped up by this kitchen refuse, which, escaping with the washing-up water, accumulates and hardens in the drain pipes in a manner so rapid that it would not be believed unless it were seen. From the drains, especially when they are constructed of brick, they make their way into the house, making channels in the walls, and working their way along skirting-boards and under floors. The great hunting ground for rats is, however, the sewer. Here they grow to an enormous size, and attain a fierceness that few dogs care to face. Nevertheless the great hunter, man, is too much for them, and it will interest our readers to know that there is a class of men in the metropolis who make their living by drawing these preserves, if we may use a sporting term. The method of hunting them adopted is as follows:—Several rat-catchers will agree to beat along the main sewers towards some common centre, just, in fact, as game-keepers would do at a battue. The hunters always go in pairs, carrying a light with a tin reflector, and a bag. The rats are very terrified with the light, and immediately upon seeing it try to escape. They cannot run as fast as the man, however, as they have to keep along the sides of the sewer just above the water-line, where it is very slippery; consequently the man soon comes up with them, seizes them at the back of the head, and deposits them in his bag. A ratcatcher, if he has any luck, makes more than the poacher who goes after hares, for in London he can always get three shillings a dozen for them from the dog-fanciers, who are always wanting them to exercise their rattling dogs. In Paris they have a grand hunt in the sewers once a year, when immense numbers are killed. We hear that their skins are valuable on account of the exceeding delicacy of the fur, which is used for purses, cigar-cases, and like purposes. The hide itself is also utilised for making the thumbs of gloves, for which its elasticity makes it especially valuable. We are told that, now the glazed pipes are displacing the old brick drains, it is very difficult for the rats to retain their footing, such is the force of the contracted channel of the new drains. In case of great rains, indeed, the rats are swept out of them with a great rush, and are finally hurried out into the Thames, where they are either drowned or make again for land. Many of them creep along the mooring chains, and so get aboard vessels. The sailors, knowing their liability to be invaded by rats, block up the hawser holes, through which they generally enter. This plan circumvents them; but they are always to be found on ship-board, and especially in sugar and tallow ships, where food is plentiful. There used to be a grand scene in the days of the old East India Company, on the arrival of an Indian, for the ratcatcher to the Company always used to have a field day with them, and the destruction was tremendous.

There are two kinds of rats among us—the grey Norway rat, an enormous fellow, which is usually found in the sewers, and the smaller black rat, said to be the original rat of the country. This delicate little fellow is, however, now very scarce, having been destroyed by his grey brother. There are still some of these aborigines living in the colonies, we are told, in the

Whitechapel sugar refineries, and they vigorously hold their own against the invasion of the grey rat, which dares not face them in their stronghold, acting as they do in masses against the common enemy. Rats will always locate themselves near water, without which they cannot live long. When on board ship they are sometimes hard put to it for this necessary, and have been known to ascend the shrouds during night, in order to seek the rain that may be lying in the creases of the sails. Their ears speedily detect the sound of running fluid, and sometimes they make mistakes which are very ludicrous, publicans often finding that they have gnawed holes in the metal tubes leading from the spirit stores to the tap. We should like to watch the effect of the strong jet of spirit which rewarded their labours, not that rats are teetotallers by any means, for we are told that they will drink themselves dead drunk from the spirit casks whenever they can get an opportunity. It seems difficult to believe entirely in some of the extraordinary tales that are told of the ingenuity of the rat whilst in pursuit of food. It is said that they will extract the oil from the long-necked Florence flasks, by dipping their tails into the bottle, and this they will do over and over again until they have entirely emptied it. They will carry eggs, again, from the bottom to the top of a house, one rat pushing on its hind legs and another lifting with its fore paws. It will attack young chickens, and fight the mother for her own brood when hard pressed. Any person may assure himself of its poaching practices by noticing the construction of the wire fencing around the duck-ponds at the Zoological Gardens. Half way up it may have been observed there is a barrel of wire which is incomplete on the under side. The rat finds he cannot climb round this sharp curve and gives it up, but tries again, burrowing under the fence, and the authorities are obliged to counterplot by filling up the soil with concrete. There is a perpetual battle always going on with this little thief in the gardens, and were it not for the terriers with which they are hunted, they would speedily take a large per-centage of the food of the animals.

The water-rat differs totally from the land-rat; the fur of the former is calculated to keep out the water, consequently it is much longer than that of the land-rat and its tail is much shorter. The shape of the head is much more like that of the beaver than of the land-rat; it is, moreover, a vegetable feeder, living upon the water-grasses, and now and then making incursions into gardens, where it attacks the various roots and beans, and, in the season, makes free with the fruit. The land-rat is also a desperate depredator among the grain, as we see by the devices taken to keep it out of the wheat-ricks, which are not always successful. Even the growing corn is not allowed to escape, as they nibble off the ears and take them to their winter stores, which are often found to be filled in anticipation of the coming winter. The rat is for ever gnawing, an occupation which, to the ordinary observer, appears to be quite purposeless, or at best a sign of its destructive nature. But naturalists tell us another story. It appears that this gnawing is but the means the animal takes to sharpen and wear down its four incisor teeth. These are forever growing up from the root, and were the creature not to wear them down as they arise, they would increase to such a length as to penetrate the opposing jaw. There is a preparation in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons which illustrates this fact. It is the incisor tooth of a rat, which from the cause above mentioned, has increased its growth upwards to such a degree that it has formed a complete circle and a segment of another; the diameter of it is about large enough to admit a good sized thumb. It is accompanied by the following memorandum, addressed by a Spanish priest to Sir J. Banks, who presented it to the Museum:—"I send you an extraordinary tooth of a rat. Believe me, it was found in the Nazareth Garden (to which order I belong). I was present when the animal was killed, and took the tooth; I know not its virtues, nor have the natives discovered them."

The rat is omnipresent; it is as well known in every quarter of the globe as the common house-fly; wherever food is, there it is certainly to be found. That it performs some useful purpose in the world's economy cannot be doubted—it clears away refuse that would otherwise create a nuisance; but it is also certain that it destroys a great deal of food, and spoils more. For this reason it has no friends, and it is most remorselessly hunted to death wherever it is to be found. At Bangkok, the capital of Siam, they keep rats in the house, thoroughly tame, which act as cats, keeping at a distance any of its kind that may venture to intrude. These tame rats are pretty nearly as big as young cats, and they are so domesticated, that they climb up their masters' knees and are petted, just as though they were some favorite dog. In Germany they sometimes tame a rat, and hang a bell about its neck, a plan that effectively drives away all other rats on the premises, which naturally feel astonished at such a strange ornament upon one of their own kind. By no means should it ever be attempted to get rid of rats by poison, for they creep away to die in the walls or behind wainscoting, and the consequence is that an intolerable smell is the consequence; or they will try to quench their thirst by drinking water or milk, into which, in their agony, they vomit, and the consequence is that they leave the poison behind them, to the destruction of other creatures that come and drink after them.

The ratcatcher is the most effective instrument of extermination when once they have made a lodgement in any house. But prevention is better than cure. Wherever large stores of food are kept it is necessary to place them in a state of defence against this persevering enemy, which is ever on the watch to find an entrance; for, only one fairly in, all the rats of London, or the neighborhood, at least, by some mysterious freemasonry known to rat nature, are speedily informed of the fact, and make for the promised land. The bonded wheat warehouses on the Thames are plated inside the floors with sheet iron; even the doors are covered with a like armour, and the foundations are solidly concreted and filled with pounded glass, for nothing less solid and unpleasant will stay the invading army that is for ever on the watch to sap and mine into the fortress. We have said that the Zoological Gardens is a pleasant land for rats. The quantity of food always on the floors of the animals' dens is a temptation they cannot resist. Rats and mice may be seen any day quietly feeding in the dens of the larger carnivora. The gorged lion lifts up its sleepy eye, but is far too magnanimous to interfere with the tiny partaker of its meal. Who knows? it may fancy, like its brother in the toils, that it is not too little to do it a good turn yet. But night time is the field day, if I may so speak, for the rats. They swim across the canal, and reign here supreme, and in the darkness there are a very much larger number of animals in the gardens than the Society know anything about.

The fecundity of rats is extraordinary; they begin to litter as early as six months old, and they go on for some time having four litters a year, the average number of each litter being eight. A little calculation will show that in a very few years where food is plentiful, and no destructive agency is at work, they would increase to millions; hence we see the necessity for the preventive check, in the shape of the hunting instinct which, from man downward, marks the rat for its prey. But, when driven hard, the little fellow can make a good fight for it, and give as good as it gets. Mr. Jesse tells a tale of a fight between a ferret and a rat, which proves that he can reason and manoeuvre for the best fighting ground as well as any general. A gentleman, he tells us, on one occasion turned a ferret and a good-sized rat into an empty room with but one window. "Immediately upon being liberated the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of the

duellist) the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected its head, sniffed about, and began fearlessly to push its way towards the spot where the scent of the game was the strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing itself with avidity to seize its prey; no sooner, however, had it approached within two feet of the watchful enemy, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at the ferret with violence, and inflicted a severe wound upon the head and neck, which was soon shown by the blood which flowed from it. The ferret seemed astonished at the attack, and retreated with evident discomfiture, while the rat, instead of following up the advantage it had gained, instantly withdrew to its former station under the window. The ferret soon recovered the shock it had sustained, and erecting its head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former—with the exception that in the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared to be more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of its enemy; the strength of the rat, however, was very great, and it again succeeded, not only in avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also in inflicting another severe wound upon its head and neck." For two hours the attack and defence went on evidently to the advantage of the rat, when the gentleman determined to see what would be the result of turning the latter from its vantage ground. The consequence was that the rat lost confidence, which the ferret gained, and the latter speedily mastered it, not without being bitten to shreds in the encounter, over the head and muzzle. The conduct of the rat, we are told, was the same in a second encounter, in which it was victorious. This proves that under favourable circumstances it is more than a match for its ancient enemy.

We have said that in France the fur and skin of this animal are utilised. We are told that if our prejudices were not so great, its flesh might also be used as food. The grain fed rat is anything but coarse food, and when soldiers and sailors have been in straits for food, rats have been eaten with a relish. We are afraid, however, even if we were to suggest to poor Hodge that he may now and then make a pie out of the varmint in the wheat-rick, he would reply, "Well, maister, suppose thee try it thyself?"

A SINGER'S INCOME.—A contemporary, summing up the income of Mdlle. Nilsson from various sources, says, "I suppose Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's income whilst in England will be at least £1,200 a month, which is half as much again as the lord chancellor gets, and three times the income of a puisne judge." It may be too much in the eyes of our contemporary; but if the judges could sing as well, they would get as well paid.

CONVERSATION.—The business of conversation is a serious matter. It weakens one to talk with some men an hour more than one day's fasting would. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: it is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

COST OF A CROWN.—The crown which the Empress of Austria wore during the ceremony at Pesth was made for Maria Theresa, but never used by that princess. It is of silver, but so studded with diamonds and pearls that the metal is scarcely visible. One of the diamonds is valued at 70,000 florins, and one of the pearls at 9,000. Two rose diamonds, close together, are so alike in shade, size, and cutting, that they seem to form only a single stone. Eight others have each the volume of a good-sized bean. The precious stones were formerly incrusting in the metal; but the Empress Elizabeth wished to have them set clear, and the crown, which was formerly estimated at 2,000,000 florins, is now found to be only worth one.

One of the principal surgeons of a large London hospital said to Milverton, "Half the cases that are brought to me are caused by the adulteration of food! What is the good of legislation if it cannot reach such an evil as this?"

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

- 1 A city in Europe.
- 2 A town in Australia.
- 3 A range of mountains in Switzerland.
- 4 A group of islands in the Mediterranean.
- 5 A town in Spain.

The initials of the above will name a city of Europe, and the initials the river on which it is situated.

BERICUS.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in care, put not in love;
My second is in hand, but not in glove;
My third is in bread, but not in cake;
My fourth is in steal, but not in take;
My fifth is in fire, but not in coal;
My sixth is in ass, but not in foal;
My seventh is in deal, but not in ash;
My last is in break, but not in smash;
My whole will be, when brought to mind,
A town in England, as you'll find.

ENNSKILLNER.

ARITHMORUM.

The initials of the following, read downwards, will give the name of a great general; and the initials, read upwards, a famous poet.

- | | |
|-------|---------------------------------------|
| 1,601 | and one sat (a town in Kent). |
| 510 | " near ale (a Christian name). |
| 1 | " ru as (a country of Europe). |
| 51 | " roo (a river in France). |
| 1,600 | " pub (a swelling). |
| 1,001 | " bonus (a vehicle). |
| 551 | " ho runs rats (a county of England). |
| 109 | " shoot k (a town in Siberia). |
| 1 | " an ara (a genus of astronomy). |
| 101 | " hen gro (a town in Kent). |
| 120 | " use her (son of Jupiter). |

CHARADES.

1. My first brings joy to palace halls,
'Tis eke the peasant's pride;
My second weaves the costly garb
To deck the lovely bride;
My whole, it is a sacred thing,
And father to his son
Bequeaths the treasure of his house,
By noble service won. B. N. C.
2. The traveller on the desert strand,
Takes up my first with eager hand;
My next sweet Ada's beauty hides,
When in the park she walks or rides;
My whole is in a rocky dell;
Reader my name I pray you tell.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I'm an issue; curtailed, I'm again curtailed, I'm a female name; restored and behelmed, I'm a passage; behelmed and transposed, I'm a number; transposed, I'm a snare; and behelmed and curtailed, I'm a vowel.
2. Whole, I'm a female name; thrice curtailed, I'm a male name; again curtailed, I'm a warrior; again, I'm a pronoun; again, I'm a pronoun; and again I'm a consonant.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A man has to climb a greasy pole 40 feet high; he can reach at starting 5 feet from the bottom, and he can climb at the rate of thirty feet per hour, but he cannot climb more than 5 minutes at a time, after which he must rest 5 minutes, during which time he slips back again at the rate of 15 feet per hour. How long will he be before he reaches the top of the pole?

R. F.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS NO. 100.

1. Lark-spar; 2. Car-nation; 3. Goat-ruc; 4. Jon-quil; 5. Harc-lell; 6. King-spear. BERICUS.

Verbal P.—Mississippi.

Decapitations.—1. Fifer-she-she-she-if-I. Diet-die-di-d. 3. Tide-ted-ti-t-I.

Charades.—1. Matchless; 2. Also; 3. Cumberland; 4. Anathema; 5. Catacomb.

London Magazines.—Belgravia, Temple Bar, London Society, London Reader.

Arithmetical Question.—£25.16.1.

Conundrum.—Joshua the Son of Nun. (none)

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Floral Anagrams.—B. N. C., Argus, Geo. B., Whitby, Scotch, Violet.

Verbal Puzzle.—Violet, Argus, W. H., A. R. Y., Geo. B., Scotch, Whitby.

Decapitations.—Bericus, B. N. C., A. R. Y., Violet, W. H., Scotch, Geo. B.

Charades.—B. N. C., A. R. Y., Violet, W. H., Scotch, Ellen G., X. Y.

Conundrum.—B. N. C., Scotch, X. Y., Ellen G.

London Magazines.—Bericus, B. N. C., Whitby, Scotch, X. Y., W. H.

Arithmetical Question.—B. N. C., Scotch, Argus, Whitby.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y.—A laconism is not a maxim; the former is only a short pointed saying taking its rise from the brief and pithy manner adopted by the ancient Lacedaemonians in expressing themselves, whereas the latter carries something in it to be remembered, either for the practical gravity of its wisdom or the humorous application of its sense. For example: "Better small help than none," is a maxim; but when the ancient general was told that the spears of the enemy were so numerous that they darkened the sun, and when he said, "Then we will fight in the shade," he uttered a laconism.

W. T. McL.—Temperance societies were originated in the United States by Mr. Calloun, in 1813.

H. E.—An alteration of the date of a check, if made without the consent of the drawer thereof, will have the effect of invalidating the same.

J. H. A.—The population of Canada on its conquest by the British was about 65,000.

A TYRO.—A Freemason's Lodge affords occasional temporary relief to a brother in affliction: but entering a lodge is by no means to be regarded as equivalent to providing a fund for continued help in sickness or old age.

ARTHUR S.—It is quite true that Louis Napoleon was sworn in as a special constable in London in 1848. Probably his staff of authority is treasured among his memorials of the past.

LAURA.—Literature is evidently not your forte, you had better turn your thoughts to something else.

F. W.—The Yeomen of the Guard is a corps of about 140 strong, hardy, agile men. They are to be persons next below the order of gentry. It is a part of the duty of yeomen to carry up the dishes to the royal table. They take care of all the baggage when the sovereign removes from one place to another. Their principal duty is, however, to keep the passages of the palace clear on state days.

VIOLET.—We know nothing of it and cannot advise you.

Geo. B.—Much obliged, will use them as opportunity offers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A putty of starch and chloride of zinc hardens quickly, and lasts for months, as a stopper of holes in metals.

It is stated that dairywomen have discovered that milk, suddenly cooled after being drawn from the cow, will keep much longer than otherwise.

Putty for stove joints may be made by wetting together fine salt with double its bulk of fresh hard wood ashes. If a harder cement is wanted, use iron filings with white lead and linseed oil. It should have a day or two for hardening.

Pickling vegetables, as well as salting meats and tanning leather, is effected without loss of time by the pneumatic process. exhausting the air and letting in the liquid under atmospheric pressure, so as to force it instantly through the opened pores and cells.

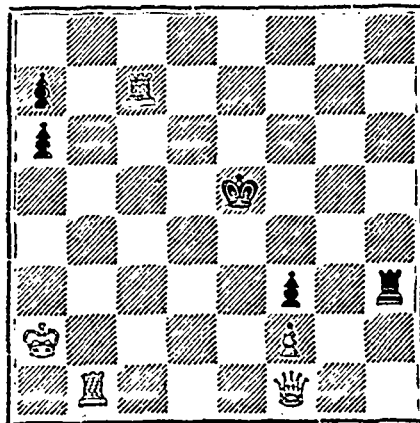
A white paste, adhesive to all surfaces, is said to be made as follows:—A solution of 2½ ounces gum arabic in two quarts warm water, is thickened to a paste with wheat flour, to this is added a solution of alum and sugar of lead, 720 grains each in water. The mixture is heated and stirred about to boil, and is then cooled. It may be thinned, if necessary, with gum solution.

THOMPSON'S MECHANICAL TEA MIXER.—The importance of this machine may be estimated when we mention that last year one hundred and two million pounds of tea were consumed in our country. The greater portion of this tea, before passing to the consumer, had to be mixed at an enormous amount of manual labour. This can now be effectually done by a machine which has been invented by Mr. William Thompson, of Dublin.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO AND SNUFF IN IMPAIRING MEMORY.—The Abbé Migne has just addressed a letter to a very honourable director of one of the great seminaries of Paris, condemning the use of tobacco and snuff. This letter furnishes us with an opportunity of relating a fact that is personal to us. Several times in our youth and riper age we have taken up and discarded the use of the snuff-box. In 1861, when writing our mathematical treatises, we used snuff to excess, taking 20 to 25 grammes per day, incessantly having recourse to the fatal box and snuffing up the dangerous stimulant. The effects of this was, on the one hand, the stiffening of the nervous system, which we could not account for; on the other hand, a rapid loss of memory, not only of the present but of the past. We had learned several languages by their roots, and our memory was often at a loss for a word. Frightened at this considerable loss, we resolved in September, 1861, to renounce the use of snuff and cigars for ever. This resolution was the commencement of a veritable restoration to health and spirits, and our memory recovered all its sensibility and force. The same thing happened to M. Dabrunfaut, the celebrated chemist, in renouncing the use of tobacco. We do not hesitate in saying that for one moderate snuff-taker or smoker there are 99 who use tobacco to excess.—F. MOIGSO.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 81.
By DR. CONRAD BAYER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 79.
WHITE. BLACK.
1 Q to Kt 6. } K moves.
2 P to B 4.
3 Q to Kt 6 Mate.

Game between two Toronto amateurs.
EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. B.)	BLACK. (Mr. M.)
1 P to K 4	1 P to K 4.
2 K Kt to B 3.	2 Q Kt to B 3.
3 B to Q B 4.	3 B to Q B 4.
4 P to Q Kt 4.	4 B takes Q Kt P.
5 P to Q B 3.	5 B to R 4.
6 Castles.	6 P to Q 3.
7 P to Q 4.	7 P takes P.
8 Q to Q Kt 3.	8 Q to K 2 (a.)
9 P takes P.	9 B to Q Kt 3.
10 B to Q Kt 2.	10 B to Q 2.
11 B to Q B 3 (b.)	11 Castles.
12 Q Kt to Q 2.	12 P to K B 4 (c.)
13 K R to K sq.	13 P to Q R 3.
14 P to Q R 4.	14 Kt to Q R 4 (d.)
15 Q B takes Q Kt.	15 B takes B.
16 Q R to Q Kt sq.	16 P to Q Kt 4.
17 Q R P takes Q Kt P.	17 B to Q Kt 3.
18 P takes Q R P.	18 K Kt to B 3.
19 P takes K B P.	19 Q to K B sq.
20 B to K 6.	20 K to Kt sq. (e.)
21 K R to Q B sq.	21 P to Q 4.
22 K R takes Q B P.	

And Black resigns.

- (a) Q to K B 3 would have been a stronger move.
- (b) The object of this move will be seen later in the game.
- (c) Intending to commence an attack on White, but in reality losing time.
- (d) P to Q R 4, or B to Q R 2 appears preferable.
- (e) B takes B appears to be a better line of play here.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

BRWERY.—Wanted, some of the beer produced "when mischief is brewing."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—At the next meeting of the Zoological Society a paper will be read "On the Tears of the Crocodile."

A MAN in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

What is the difference between a blacksmith and a cobbler?—One shoes old hucks, and the other hacks old shoes.

A lady was seen intently gazing upon a piece of brocaded silk displayed in a window. A passer-by observed that it was Satin tempting Eve.

A Scotchman asked an Irishman "Why are farthings coined in England?" Pat's answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

"I THINK I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?"—"Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

A LADY being asked to join a union of the "Daughters of Temperance," replied, "It is unnecessary, as I intend to join one of the sons' soon." Sensible lady, that.

A GLASS of soda-water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water boiling hot?"

AN EPISCOPAL LICENCE NOT SUFFICIENT.—A young ecclesiastic having asked of his bishop permission to preach, the latter replied, "I do not forbid you to do so, but Nature does."

A gentleman who had a very deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied the gentleman, with much good feeling, "that poor creature could never hear of another situation."

An Irish Chief Secretary, being the owner of a fine ostrich which was safely delivered of an egg, received the following telegram from his steward—"My lord, as your lordship is out of the country, I have procured the biggest goose I could find to sit on the ostrich's egg."

A school-mistress while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?"—"Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

THE "OTHER SIDE.—There is a story of old Dudley Perse, of Roxborough, a bold rider and a keen sportsman, who after taking a high wall, completely disappeared, there being a "drop" of double the height. When Lord Gort cried out, "What's at the other side, Dudley?" the answer was, "I am, thank God!"

At an hotel dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a toothpick which had just done the same service to his neighbour. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are using Mr. —'s toothpick."—"I know I am. By the powers, sir, do you think that I am not going to return it?"

Rain, unlike light, has escaped taxation, although only narrowly; for during the long war, and when Pitt was puzzled what next to tax, he wrote, whilst staying at Burton Pines in Somersetshire, to a friend and neighbour in that county, asking him to suggest something that might be taxed, as he had exhausted his stock, and was at his wits' end. The reply was, "Tax umbrellas, and make the bishops order the prayer for rain to be read in all the churches till the end of the war." Pitt, however, had already taxed everything the umbrella was made of, and, having a conscience, the contrivance to keep the rain off did not share the same fate as the one to let the light in, although in exactly the same category.