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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 95.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 29, 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 240.

CHAPTER XII.—CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES.

For some three weeks after her husband's funeral, Mrs. Saxelby continued to reside at Jessamine Cottage. A tenant was found for it, who would take the lease off her hands, and purchase the greater part of the furniture at a valuation. Mrs. Saxelby submitted to all the arrangements with a mild resignation that seemed to utter a constant protest:—against what or whom, it was impossible to discover. Yet she was not ungrateful. But she always supposed that people did not form an adequate idea of what she had to endure: of the hardship to her, in all these changes. And though she was not angry at this fancied want of appreciation for her sorrows, she cherished a soft and submissive sense of injury.

Miss Fluke was very busy and stirring in these days, appearing at all sorts of unexpected hours in Jessamine Cottage—"Snatching," as she said, "an occasional minute from the heat and burden of the day, to visit the widow and her children." Miss Fluke's "occasional minutes" fell out in a strangely erratic manner. Several times she came to Jessamine Cottage before Mrs. Saxelby was down in the morning, and even before the little servant maid had opened the shutters. And once she startled the whole household, just as they were retiring to rest, by a violent peel at the bell at about half-past ten o'clock on a very wet night, when she stalked into the parlour with her umbrella glistening with rain, and her black gown tucked up under a waterproof cloak, of some crackling material that diffused a pungent odour all over the house.

"I came up part of the way by the 'bus," said Miss Fluke, "and shall catch the last one to take me back to town by eleven."

"Is anything the matter, dear Miss Fluke?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"Thanks be to God, nothing whatsoever," returned Miss Fluke, in an impressive manner. "No; there is nothing the matter. I have brought Mabel good news. Most excellent news. Here is a letter I received by the evening post from a Christian friend of mine to whom I wrote about Mabel. He has a cure of souls in Eastfield, and he tells me that he thinks he can place Miss Earnshaw in a school there; but here is the letter; you can see it."

Miss Fluke turned herself askew to pull from her pocket—as if she were drawing a cork—a note which ran as follows:

"My dear Friend,—In reference to the matter you have been urgent about, I am glad to say that I think I can place the young lady, Miss Earnshaw, in a school here as a pupil teacher. The establishment is conducted on principles of the strictest piety, and Mrs. Hatchett is a person enjoying the confidence of many highly respectable families in the neighbourhood. Miss Earnshaw would be required to instruct seven junior pupils in music, to hear them read, to superintend the condition of their wardrobes, and to assist the French governess in her conversation class (you tell me Miss Earnshaw is well acquainted with the French language). In return, she would be allowed to profit in her leisure moments by the instruction of the masters who attend the school. And Mrs. Hatchett would consent to give a salary of ten pounds *per annum* to begin with. Let me know your friend's deci-

sion as soon as possible, for if she accepts, she would be required to enter on her duties without delay. Remember me to your father and sisters, and believe me always, my dear friend,

"Yours faithfully,

"B. LUBDOCK."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby's face grew very long. "Dear me," she said, dolefully, "its a miserable sum to offer."

"Mrs. Saxelby!" exclaimed Miss Fluke, making the waterproof cloak crackle loudly in her energy, and shaking a little shower of rain over the carpet. "My good soul, consider the advantages! All the different professors' lessons, and strict piety!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, taking her mother's hand, "indeed it is quite as good as I looked for."

"Ten pounds a year!" urged Mrs. Saxelby. It seems to me worse than nothing at all."

But Mabel thought that even ten pounds a year was decidedly better than nothing at all; and after some further conversation, it was agreed that she should at least make the trial, and that Miss Fluke should write to thank her friend, and say that Mabel would be ready to go to Eastfield by that day week.

"That will give me a few days at Hazlehurst, mamma, to see you and Dooley comfortably installed in the cottage."

In spite of her courage, her heart sank within her; but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully. Then Miss Fluke said "Good night," and went to the front garden-gate to wait for the omnibus. As soon as its wheels were heard in the distance, and long before it came within sight, looming through the wet murky night, Miss Fluke planted herself at the edge of the footpath, and hailed the driver by calling out "Stop!" in a loud threatening voice, suggestive of highway robbery. So she got in, and was driven away back to Hammerham, leaving Mabel and her mother to rest with what peace of mind they could under their altered circumstances.

The week passed away very quickly, unbroken in its busy monotony by any incident. The family at Bramley Manor, though not so active in their manifestations of friendship as Miss Fluke, had yet been kind. Mrs. Charlewood had written a note—or rather Augusta had written it at her mother's request—to say that she would abstain from intruding on the widow for a while, until she should be settled in her new home, but she would drive out and see her in a few days, and that they all sent love to Mabel, and best wishes for her prosperity.

"I wonder though," said Mrs. Saxelby, that none of the family should have come over to say good-bye to you."

Mabel said no word; but the recollection of Penelope Charlewood's insinuation made the hot blood rush into her face. The sudden calamity had naturally diverted Mabel's mind from dwelling on Miss Charlewood's words; but now, her thoughts reverted to them with much unpleasant feeling, and she began to debate with herself whether it were possible that she could have been mistaken as to their purport?

"It does seem so utterly absurd," said Mabel, using almost the self-same words as those in which Clement had characterised a similar accusation. "And yet Penny must have had some meaning. Had it been Augusta, I should have thought nothing of it, but Penny is not apt to talk at random. Can they, any of them, seriously suppose that I—, and the thought which she would not even mentally put into words, made her heart beat, and brought tears of anger and mortification into her eyes.

As Miss Charlewood's keen observation had taught her, Mabel Earnshaw was intensely

proud. Hers was no aggressive haughty arrogance that strove to override or trample upon others, but it was a silent self-sufficing pride, the existence of which was little suspected by many who knew her. And the thought of being subjected to such a suspicion as Penelope had hinted at was intolerable to her. Fortunately, occupations for the present, and plans for the future, prevented her mind from dwelling morbidly upon it.

The family from Jessamine Cottage removed to Hazlehurst with such modest store of furniture as was absolutely necessary. Mrs. Saxelby was installed with a small servant-girl from the village, as her only attendant, and Dooley had already plunged with delight into all the mud-diest places within reach. He had been told that his sister must go away for a time, and had appeared to take the information quietly: holding his mother's hand clasped tightly in his small fingers, and looking steadfastly into her face with compressed lips. But that same night—the first of their sojourn at Hazlehurst—when Mabel was putting him into his little bed in his mother's room, he flung his arms around her neck, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

"Darling Dooley, my pet, my dear dear boy," said his sister, holding him to her breast, "what is the matter, my own little brother?"

"Oo—oo is doin' away," sobbed Dooley. "Mamma said so. And papa is gone. Oh, Tibby, Tibby!" The little soft arms clasped themselves convulsively round his sister's neck.

"My sweet little one," said Mabel, with streaming eyes, "hush your sobs, you will fret poor mamma. Don't grieve mamma, Dooley. Remember, she has been so sorry for papa.

"Es," returned the child, struggling against his emotion with an intelligent resolution surprising in such a baby. "I w—won't k'y, Tibby; not out loud, I won't. But will 'oo ever tum back again? Papa won't ever tum back again? Nurse said so."

"Yes, my pet, my darling; I will come back to you and to dear mamma. And I will write you letters, Dooley; such beautiful letters! And mamma will read them to you, till you are big enough to read them yourself."

Dooley smiled through his tears, and made a nestling movement of his head on the pillow, expressive of satisfaction. "But," said he, with a catching of his breath—the ground-swell of the subsiding storm of weeping; but will de postman know dey is for me?"

Being assured on this important point, Dooley gradually dropped into a slumber: holding the forefinger of his sister's right hand against his tear-stained cheek, and probably seeing in his dreams bright visions of the postman coming up the road with a large letter in his hand, which he (the postman) would know was for Master Dooley Saxelby.

"Oh, Dooley," thought Mabel, looking down at the sleeping child, "oh, Dooley, Dooley. Perhaps all our pains and sorrows seem as small and transient to the powers above, as yours are to me!"

CHAPTER XIII. ADIEU AND AU REVOIR.

Sunday came—the last Sunday that Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter were to pass together for some time. Mabel's departure was fixed for Monday morning, all preliminary arrangements having been despatched by the combined help of Mabel's good will to disregard obstacles which affected only her own comfort, and of Miss Fluke's prodigious energy. That remarkable lady appeared to have annihilated time and space during the three days which intervened between Mrs. Saxelby's removal to Hazlehurst and the Monday on which Mabel was to go to Eastfield. It seemed as if Miss Fluke's water-

proof cloak and thick boots were seen and heard in the little cottage at all hours. She walked the two miles and a half that separated Hazlehurst from Hammerham, four times a day, splashing through the November mud with as much indifference as if she were a troop of cavalry. She reduced the village servant to a state approaching petrification, by the rapidity of her investigations in kitchen, wash-house, and coal-shed. She charged at everybody and everything. As to Dooley, after a slow and conscientious examination of her waterproof cloak, and after the candid expression of his opinion that it had a very nasty smell, he took the habit of retreating into his mother's chamber whenever Miss Fluke's voice was heard, and lying there perdu until her departure. On one occasion he was found secreted under the bed, with the kitten in his arms, and was with difficulty induced by his sister to come out.

"Me and pussy," he confided to her, "doesn't want to peck to Miss Fook. Pussy 'ests her."

"Dooley!" said his sister. "Why does pussy detest Miss Fluko? I am sure she wouldn't hurt pussy."

"N—no," returned Dooley, reflectively, "not hurt her; but she—she trokes her so very hard."

Miss Fluke, in fact, was stroking the whole household very hard.

The Sunday was clear and cold, and mother and daughter walked together to the little old parish church, where, in presence of a scanty and humble congregation, the morning service was mildly performed, and a mild sermon was mildly preached by a mild old gentleman in silver-rimmed spectacles. Dooley was taken to church on this occasion for the first time in his life, so very successfully, that he came home in a high state of enjoyment, announcing his intention of always going to church with mamma when Mabel should be away.

As they approached the cottage, which was separated from the high road by a very narrow strip of garden enclosed within a wooden fence, they saw the little servant standing at the front door with her arms wrapped in her apron—for it was now late in November, and the day was cold—and looking out for their return.

"Missis, there's two young gents comed to see ye."

"Two what?" said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Two young gents. And I telled 'un you was at church, and they said as they'd bide till you could home, and they're a-smokin' in the paddock, and I asked 'un into the parlour, and they said how they oodn't like to make it smell of baccy. But I telled 'un they was welcome to, added Betty, with a commendable sense of hospitality.

Clement Charlewood and his brother Walter appeared at the back door leading from the paddock.

Mabel felt angry with herself as she became conscious of colouring violently. When it came to her turn to greet Clement Charlewood, she gave him the tips of her fingers and the coldest of salutations.

"I'm so glad to see you!" said Mrs. Saxelby. "You are very good to walk over in time to say a farewell word to Mabel." Mrs. Saxelby preceded the two young men into the parlour.

"I'll go up-stairs with Dooley, and take his things off, mamma," said Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby was always popular with the younger men of her acquaintance, for she combined with a motherly manner which put them at their ease, a soft feminine helplessness which is usually gracious in the eyes of most men, young or old. In answer to her inquiries, Clement said that his mother and sisters were very well, and were very sorry not to see Miss Earnshaw before she went, and sent much love to her.

Clement had announced his intention of walking over to Hazlehurst, that morning at breakfast at Bramley Manor, and Walter—who always found his time rather more difficult to get rid of on Sunday than on any other day—had volunteered to accompany him. So the two young men had come together, enjoying by the way a brotherly chat, the most intimate and friendly they had had for a long time.

"And what are you doing, Walter?" said Mrs. Saxelby. "It is an age since I saw you, and, if I didn't fear to affront you, I should almost make bold to say you had grown."

Walter laughed and coloured.

"Oh, I shan't be a bit affronted at that, Mrs. Saxelby. But as to what I am doing, the fact is I am doing nothing. Just waiting for my commission. It's a deuce of a bore, hanging on like this."

"Then you have really made up your mind to go into the army, Walter?"

"Oh yes, fixed as fate. It's the only profession for a gentleman—I mean, it's about the only thing to suit me."

"Drill, dress, and dinner, Watty. That's what I tell him an officer's life consists of, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement. "So I dare say he is right in his estimate of his fitness for it."

"All but the drill," returned Watty, good humouredly. "Confound that part of the business!"

Here Betty appeared at the parlour door, holding a clean tablecloth under her arm, and asked in a loud hoarse tone which possibly was meant for a whisper: "The mate's done. Be they a goun' to stop dinner?"

The young men rose.

"Nay, you must stay and eat something with us," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Call it lunch if you like. Lay two more plates, and knives, and forks, Betty. And call Miss Mabel and Master Dooley. Give me the cloth; I will spread it."

Clement and Walter were willing enough to remain, but feared they should be "in the way."

"In the way? Nonsense! I won't let you be in the way; never fear."

Mabel, though not able quite to banish the recollection of Penelope's words, was yet glad, on the whole, that they remained, for her mother brightened under the influence of their presence.

After the meal was over, Dooley urgently entreated his friend Walter to "tum and 'ook at do pig."

"He lives in a ty," said Dooley, eagerly, "an' he knows me. I durst div him apples. I ain't frightened, because Tibby says he's a dood pig. Tum an' see him." Dooley seized Walter's hand, and pulled him without more ado into the paddock, at one corner of which stood the pigsty.

"May I not see this interesting animal too?" asked Clement.

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "Pray look at him, and give me your candid opinion of his beauties. As I am quite ignorant of the subject, you will be safe in pronouncing your judgment. Mabel, my darling, I won't go out. It is too cold for me. Take Mr. Charlewood over the extensive domain, and I will have a cup of coffee ready by the time you come back."

Mabel put on an old garden-hat of very determined ugliness, and tucked up her gown so as to show a pair of hideous goshes which effectually disfigured the pretty feet that Mrs. Hutchins had mentally compared to Rosalba's of Naples.

"The paddock is damp," she said, curtly, and without another word preceded Clement. They had not gone many paces, when Clement stopped. "Miss Earnshaw, I have a message for you which I must not forget to deliver."

Mabel stopped also, and, without turning completely round, looked over her shoulder at him. "A message for me?"

"Yes, I think you can guess from whom. Little Corda Trescott sends you—I must be exact for the words were confided to me with many solicitous injunctions to repeat them literally—sends you her dearest love and thanks, and is grieved to hear of your sorrow, and will never, never forget you, and hopes some day to see you again. That is my message."

Mabel's face softened into a girlish tender smile, that had a lurking sadness in it. "Ah, poor little Corda! Thank you, Mr. Charlewood. Then you have seen her again? That is very good of you."

"I saw her yesterday. She is getting quite strong, if one may apply the term to anything so fragile. She still has some books of yours, she tells me. I have promised to bring them to

Hazlehurst when she has read them, and after you—Miss Earnshaw, I am an older friend than Corda. Don't refuse me the privilege of saying, as she says, that I shall never, never forget you, and that I hope to see you again."

"You are very kind," said Mabel, in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible.

"Not kind in that hope; rather say, selfish. But it is more than a hope with me. It is a resolution."

"We are near the pig," said Mabel, ruthlessly. If she were cold, Clement was earnest. He would not suffer his words to be so put aside.

"I not only hope, but I intend to see you again. I shall say au revoir when we part."

"No, Mr. Charlewood. I fear you had best say adieu."

"Adieu? No! You will at least come to Hazlehurst for your holidays. And it is possible" (Clement blushed a little here), "nay, very probable, that I may be running over to Eastfield on business."

"I think it very likely that I shall not return to Hazlehurst for any length of time. I have a feeling that my career at Eastfield will be but a brief one. However, I have promised to try it. But here is the pig, and here is Dooley, over his ankles in mud. Dooley, you must come in with me directly, and change your wet shoes and stockings."

When the time came for the brothers to take their leave and walk back towards Hammerham, Mrs. Saxelby's spirits sank. It was a foretaste of the parting with Mabel.

"Come and see mamma, sometimes, when you can, Watty," said Mabel, taking his hand. She made no similar request to Clement; but her mother added: "Oh, do come, both of you! I am, and shall be, so thankful to see you."

"Will you please, Mr. Charlewood," Mabel added, softening at the last moment, "to give my kind love to little Corda? And will you tell her, from me, to keep those other books I lent her, and to take care of them for my sake? They were given to me by some one whom I loved very dearly. God bless you, Mr. Charlewood! Adieu!"

"Au revoir, Mabel," said the young man, holding both her hands, and looking gratefully into her eyes. "Au revoir!"

Thus Mabel Earnshaw and Clement Charlewood parted.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. A BACKWARD GLANCE.

PHILIP EARNSHAW, Mabel's father, a scientific chemist of some standing, had worked his way to a good position in the scientific world, by dint of enormous industry and considerable talent. He had a younger brother, who was also a chemist, and for whom his influence procured an engagement as superintendent of some large chemical works in the north.

This brother John Earnshaw, was a lively well-looking young man, fonder of play than of work, but on the whole fairly steady, and generally considered by his intimates a "very good fellow." One day he was astonished and shocked his family, who were rigid Presbyterians, by bringing home as his wife a young lady who had been performing for a couple of seasons at the theatre of the little provincial town in which he lived. Marry an actress! No words can describe the horror of his relatives; curiously enough, it was the most distant of his kinsfolk who appeared to find the enormity of John's proceeding the most intolerable. It seemed as if the acuteness of their suffering on the occasion were in exact proportion to the probability of their ever being brought into personal contact with the young couple. One old lady, who had resided for five-and-thirty years in one of the Orkney Islands, and who had never manifested the slightest intention of quitting them, took the trouble to write a long letter to her third cousin, John Earnshaw, for the express purpose of informing him that, after the way in which he had disgraced the family, she felt reluctantly compelled to cast him off for ever.

And it must be confessed, that over this letter, her cousin and his bride enjoyed a very hearty and innocent laugh.

Mary Earnshaw was no beauty. She was scarcely even pretty. But she was sweet, modest, sensible, and as simple-minded and unsophisticated a girl as one would be likely to find in—well, say in Bolgravia—perhaps even a trifle more so.

She loved her husband with a very devoted and unselfish affection, and set herself earnestly to become a good notable housewife, and to make his home happy. In both endeavours she thoroughly succeeded. They lived for ten years in peace and contentment, and during that time three fine children were born to them. John Earnshaw continued in his position at the chemical works, and, as neither he nor Mary was ambitious, nor greedy after riches, he found his salary sufficient for their wants.

But a heavy shadow of misfortune darkened their lives. Literally a shadow that blotted out the external sunshine from John Earnshaw, and, for a season, quenched the rays of hope and cheerfulness within him. He became blind.

The affliction fell upon him gradually, and at first its dreadful extent was not suspected. But a time of agonising suspense followed, when husband and wife went through alternations of hope and despair that racked them almost beyond endurance. At last the final sentence was pronounced. Total and hopeless blindness for life.

And now, John Earnshaw, even in the firstfulness of his affliction, perceived how great a blessing God had given him in the brave faithful loving woman who he had taken to his bosom. Of all John Earnshaw's relations, his brother Philip alone had abstained from expressing any violent disapprobation of his marriage. He acknowledged John's right to choose for himself, and having made acquaintance with his pleasant sister-in-law during a flying visit on business to the north, became evermore his staunch friend. Mary Earnshaw's simple heart overflowed with gratitude to her husband's brother. She had looked forward to his visit with awe and trepidation. Philip was a very great personage in the estimation of his brother's household, and when he came, and, instead of a dry stern pedantic man of science, such as she had pictured to herself, she found a handsome, genial, courteous gentleman, who behaved to her with a mixture of tenderness and deference such as one might show to a younger sister, her delight and gratitude knew no bounds, and she enshrined Philip in her heart from that time forth as one to be only less beloved and honoured than her husband.

When the calamity of blindness fell upon John Earnshaw, Philip was newly married. He had made a love-match after living a bachelor until middle life, and had taken to wife a charmingly pretty young creature, the portionless daughter of a country curate. His scientific reputation had not been productive of much pecuniary gain, and he was not without money-troubles. He felt his brother's great affliction very sorely, the more so that he himself was powerless to give him any substantial help. John was, of course, obliged to resign his situation at the chemical works. His employers were kind in words, and, for a time, in deeds. They sent him to London at their own expense to consult a famous oculist, and they continued to pay his salary for some time after he had ceased to earn it. But at last all that came to an end, and it seemed as though absolute beggary stared him and his family in the face.

Mary Earnshaw then rose up with a brave undaunted heart, to help her husband and her children.

"She was determined," she said, "to return to her old profession."

No opposition would have availed to dissuade her from this step, and, indeed, what better prospect had the helpless family? So Mary Earnshaw resumed her maiden name—out of deference to the highly sensitive feelings of her husband's family in the Orkney Islands and else-

where—and, calling herself Mrs. Walton, returned to the stage.

For years her struggle was a very hard one; but, as she said God was good to her, and she preserved her health and strength through all the fatigues and vicissitudes of a very laborious life.

By-and-by her children began to contribute something to the weekly earnings. Her eldest girl—about eight years older than Mabel—adopted her mother's calling, and they generally succeeded in getting an engagement together in the same theatre. When this could not be managed, Polly's salary had to be relinquished, for neither father nor mother could bear the thought of parting with their child. And indeed "let us keep together" was the device of the family, and the object of their constant endeavours. The only son, Polly's junior by a year or two, showed some ability as an artist, and was able to turn his talent to account and to contribute to the weekly income by scene-painting. In short, the worst times of poverty and struggle were over for Mrs. Walton (as she was now always called) before the death of Mabel's father. This took place when Mabel was nearly six years old, and she and her mother were left totally unprovided for.

The reader knows that Mrs. Earnshaw became the humble companion and dependent of an old lady residing at the Welsh watering-place where she met her second husband. In this position her child was a burden on her, and the difficulties of placing her in any suitable home, within reach of the widow's slender means, were almost insuperable.

But Mary Walton, mindful of her own affection for Philip, held out her honest helpful hand to her widowed sister-in-law, and took the little fatherless Mabel to her own home.

"What keeps five of us will keep six," said the little woman to her husband, cheerfully; "and I do believe your brother would have done as much for any of our children."

With her aunt's family, therefore, Mabel continued to live, up to the time of her mother's second marriage. She went with them whithersoever the vicissitudes or necessities of their profession carried them. And whatever else she learnt in her aunt's household, this lesson, at least, was taught her by hourly example; that family affection and confidence, unselfish care for others, and cheerful industry, can rob poverty of its grimness, and cast a ray of bright enchantment over the most prosaic details of a hard and precarious life. When Mrs. Earnshaw accepted Benjamin Saxeby, she was obliged to confide to him, with much nervous terror and many tears (for she knew his opinions and modes of thought well enough to dread the disclosure), what manner of people the relatives were, with whom her little girl had been and was living. Mr. Saxeby was duly and conscientiously shocked by the confession.

"Of course, my dear," he said, "we must have your daughter—our daughter—away at once. And if it be possible to make this person whom she is with, and who seems to have behaved very kindly to the child, any pecuniary remuneration, I will do what I can. But it must be a *sine qua non* that Mabel shall hold no further communication with these people. I feel it to be my imperative duty to insist upon this."

So Mabel was taken away from the warm-hearted family who had learned to love her very dearly, and was forbidden to speak of them more.

Her aunt, unselfish as ever, encouraged Mabel in all good feeling towards Mr. Saxeby, telling her that it was a good thing for her mother and herself to find an honest kind protector who would do his duty by them. She uttered no word of complaint to the child of the harsh cold letter in which money-payment was offered her in exchange for her motherly care and affection, and in which she was civilly informed that, according to Mr. Saxeby's most conscientious judgment, she and her family had entered very far on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Nevertheless,

she shed some of the bitterest tears over that letter that she had shed for years.

"I think," she said to her husband, whose indignation knew no bounds, and who was for sending an angry and cutting reply; "I think Mrs. Philip might have spared me this. But perhaps Mrs. Philip cannot help it. She never was famous for having a will of her own; and, after all, the man is to be her husband, and I suppose he thinks he is doing right. But John dear, isn't it very strange that he should think so?"

During a year or two after Mabel's removal from her aunt and uncle, letters arrived for her at intervals from one or other of the family but she was not allowed to answer them. Her mother now and then sent a brief note to the effect that Mabel was well. Which brief note was always submitted to Mr. Saxeby's inspection before being despatched. At last came a letter to Mrs. Saxeby, signed Mary Walton Earnshaw, saying that she and her husband had felt for some time that Mr. and Mrs. Saxeby desired to put an end to communication between the two families, and that, though they should never cease to love their dear brother Philip's daughter, they would send her no more unwelcome letters.

From that time forward, no mention was ever made to Mabel of her father's relatives, and they dropped completely out of her life. But she cherished a loving memory of them in her faithful heart.

To be continued.

EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

IN 1803, the year after the discovery of Colonel Despard's conspiracy in England, Robert Emmet, the son of a Dublin physician, an impulsive young enthusiast, who had been for some years in voluntary exile in France, returned to Ireland with the purpose of instigating a second insurrection. Robert's elder brother, Thomas, a barrister, also an exile, and also eager for Irish independence, had met him at Amsterdam, and filled him with delusive hopes.

"If I get ten counties to rise," the dreamer said to a friend, "ought I go on?"

"You ought if you get five, and you will succeed," was the answer.

Emmet was a handsome, sanguine, high-spirited young man, of fine talents, great energy, and chivalrous courage; but led away by impetuous passions to a belief in a palpable impossibility. He had entered the Dublin University at sixteen, and had even then been notorious for his wild republicanism. Moore the poet mentions him as his colleague at a juvenile debating-club, and even then in great repute, not only for his learning and eloquence, but for the purity of his life and the grave suavity of his manner. The dangerous subjects propounded by these hot-headed young politicians were such as "whether an aristocracy or democracy is more favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" and whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey his commanding officer." The object of these stripping conspirators was to praise the French republic, and to denounce England by innuendo or open sedition. The students were fired by recollections of Plutarch's heroes and Plato's Utopia, there were often real wrongs enacting before their eyes, their own fathers and brothers had been slain or hung, looking across the water, they could see French sympathisers stretching out their hands with promises of aid. The conclusion of one of Emmet's boyish speeches shows how much of the William Tell there was even then in his heart:

"When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power," said the debating club orator, "perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? Why, pull the government up to the people."

Next day Emmet was struck off the college roll, and the plotting publicans and farmers were glad of a gentleman leader.

From a portrait of Emmet in later life, we can picture him in '98 with his tall ascetic figure

his long Napoleonic face, and his thin, soft hair brushed down over his high forehead. In 1802, care and thought had bent his brows into a high habitual frown, had compressed his lips, and turned down the outer angles of his mouth to a painful and malign expression; but still bend the brows or tighten the lips as time might, the face was always the face of a man of singular courage, and of acute though unbalanced genius.

There is a story told of this young politician in early life that proved his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some acid cooling powder. He immediately discovered his mistake, and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote—chalk. Timid man would instantly have torn at the bell, roused all the family, and sent for a stomach-pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise, but, stealing down-stairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there, and took sufficient doses of it to neutralise the poison.

In 1798, when that self-willed and reckless, but still generous and single-hearted young officer, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commenced to conspire against the English government, the two Emmets conspired with the United Irishmen, and Thomas, the barrister, was seized, with the other Leinster delegates. That seizure added the whole conspiracy as far as Dublin was concerned. Thomas Emmet said before the Secret Committee of Safety that he was sure that Lord Edward would have ceased to arm and discipline the people the moment that their wrongs were redressed, and force had become unnecessary. He denied that the conspirators had any intention of murdering the English judges and noblemen, they wished only to have held them as hostages for the conduct of England. At that same committee, Thomas Emmet told the Lord Chancellor boldly to his face that the '98 insurrection had been produced by the oppressive free quarters granted to the soldiers and yeomanry, the burning of houses, the tortures, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow. There is no doubt that the cruelties of Vinegar Hill and Wexford led to retaliations almost as cruel. The yeomanry, half of them raw lads, flushed with newly acquired power, and savage because their families had either suffered or been in danger, were often brutal and ruthless, innocent persons were shot, and harmless persons were plundered. Juries were too eager to condemn, judges inclined always to death. The chance had come to bleed the rebels, and the lance was keen and cut deep.

In the prisons, well-born and refined men like Thomas Emmet suffered cruelly. The cells were crowded and unhealthy, the jailors insolent and cruel. There was no discipline, and the thieves' orgie was interrupted only by the tolling of the death-bell. In such a den the brave wife of this sincere but misguided man immured herself for twelve months, refusing to go out unless dragged away by force, only once stealing out at night, and in disguise (by the connivance of the jailor's wife, whose rough nature she had softened by her tears), to visit a sick child for whom her heart was almost breaking. The sufferings of his brother and his brother's wife no doubt increased Emmet's hatred to the existing government, more even than all the sabres and platoon firing in Wicklow and Wexford. The Union Bill passed in 1801, after Gratton's scornful and passionate invectives, and Lord Castlereagh's triumph and cold arrogance frenzied the United Irishmen, and drove such men as Emmet to believe in open insurrection as their only hope.

Wolfe Tone had spoken highly of the talents of the Emmet family. He described Thomas Emmet as a man of great and comprehensive mind and a warm heart, one who would adhere to his principles through all sacrifices, and even to death. Of another brother Gratton said, "Temple Emmet, before he came to the bar, knew more law than any of the judges on the

bench; and he would have answered better both in law and divinity than any judge or bishop of the land. The heart of the young conspirator, fresh from exile, burned as he heard with perfect faith all the exaggerated stories of the recent Protestant cruelties. He remembered the promises of the French plotters, he did not foresee that Napoleon was too selfish and too busy just then to do much for Ireland, money was scarce, merchants were timid, the peasantry was cowed and scared; the Presbyterians were incensed by the cruelties at Wexford, and the Catholics distrustful of the north. Ardent and impetuous, Emmet had returned, eager to draw the sword, about the same time, and probably in conjunction with, an Irish officer named Russell, who had been released from Fort George after the troubles of '98, on condition of his transporting himself out of his majesty's dominions, and who had now returned with a secret French commissioner as general-in-chief.

This Russell was a religious enthusiast, a wild interpreter of prophecies. He was to head an insurrection in Down and Antrim contemporaneously with a landing of the French in Scotland and with Emmet's seizure of Dublin Castle.

To other motives for ambition Robert Emmet now (in 1803) added the strongest of any. He fell in love, with all the passion of his vehement nature; he had won the heart of a daughter of that great forensic orator, Curran. Mr. Curran was irresolute in the cause of the United Irishmen, and he did not share in the dreams of the handsome young enthusiast. The prairie was ready to light, but the fire had still to be put. The lives of thousands of rash men were dependent on the momentary caprice of this fugitive, who, led away by enthusiasm, would have seen ten thousand men fall dead by his side, nor have felt a moment's regret, if he could only have planted the green flag and the "Sunburst" on the walls of Dublin Castle, and have filled its cellars with English prisoners. The one idea had grown dominant, and he had now braced himself to make the Curtius' leap. On his first return he had taken the name of Hewitt, and hidden himself in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. There he corresponded with the leading conspirators, and sketched out his rough plans. On the 24th of March, 1803, he went with a Mr. Dowdall, who had been formerly secretary to the Whig Club, and contracted for a house at a place called Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham. But their mysterious and stealthy movements soon exciting suspicion, and the spot not being central enough, they soon left there. About the end of April, when Ireland's meadows began "the wearing of the green" more luxuriantly and rebelliously than ever. Emmet's friends took for their young leader a roomy malt-house in Marshal's-alley, Thomas-street, which had been long unoccupied. It was a retired place, the space was ample, above all, it was central and near the heart of the city, at which the first desperate blow was to be struck. There he lodged, while men were forging pike-heads, moulding cartridges, running bullets, stitching green and scarlet-faced uniforms, hemming green flags, and filling rocket-cases—taking only a few hurried hours of sleep on a mattress, when, exhausted in mind and body, he sank back amid the clang of the hammers and the clatter and exultation of twenty hard-working associates. In one depot alone this indefatigable conspirator had accumulated forty-five pounds of cannon-powder, eleven boxes of fine powder, one hundred bottles quilted with musket-vals and bound with canvas, two hundred and forty-six ink-bottles filled with powder and encircled with buck-shot, to be used as hand-grenades, sixty-two thousand rounds of ball-cartridge, three bushels of musket-balls, heaps of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder for burning houses, twenty thousand pikes, bundles of sky-rockets for signals, and many hollow beams filled with combustibles. The arms were stored in various depots through the city, but chiefly in Mass-lane and Marshal's-alley. The White Bull Inn, in Thomas-street, was a haunt of the conspirators, and there tailors and other workmen

were made drunk, decoyed to the depot, and forced to lend their aid. Spies and suspected persons found lurking near the depots were lured in and detained. The volcano would soon burst out, the hidden fires were already foaming upwards towards the surface.

When already the police agents were beginning to have glimpses of danger, and to patrol the bridges and quays of Dublin armed, an accident had almost betrayed Emmet's plans. An explosion took place at one of the depots in Patrick-street during the manufacture of some gunpowder. Those who know the recklessness of the lower orders of Irish, especially under excitement, may easily guess the cause of the accident. Some of the workmen, in the absence of their foreman, would smoke over a barrel of gunpowder, or some of the rebel smiths would hammer at the red-hot pike-heads, and drive the sparks to where their comrades were filling rocket-cases. The half-drunken rebels were suddenly astonished by a burst of flame and a roar of momentary thunder. One man, in dashing up to a window to escape suffocation gashed open an artery in his arm, fell back, and bled to death. A companion was taken prisoner by the police, who instantly rushed in. Luckily, however, for Emmet, Major Sitt and the Dublin police, over-secure, were pacified by lies and misrepresentations, and the government took no alarm. The levees at the Castle went on as usual, though there were still rumours of a "rising" that made the Lord-Lieutenant order the patrols of certain stations to be doubled.

In the mean time, Robert Emmet was racked with fears and anxieties, and with sorrow for the recent loss of life (strange contradiction in a man who was about to send thousands to death). He dreaded detection just as the great enterprise was about to bear fruit. He moved now for the third time, hiding in the depot at Mass-lane. There, with feverish restlessness, he spent all day, urging on the blacksmiths and bullet-makers, and at night slept for an hour at a time, when exhausted, between the forge and the rocket-makers' table.

There were not yet more than eighty or a hundred conspirators actively engaged with Emmet, Dowdall, and Quigley, but these men firmly believed all Dublin—nay, all Ireland—would rise when once they emerged from the depot, and their young Hannibal had shouted in the streets the first "Eria go bragh!" There was too much of Hamlet about Emmet for such an enterprise as this, he had not the experience of men, or the power of command, requisite to conduct such a revolt. He was too sanguine, too credulous, too mild and tender-hearted, too trustful, too easily deceived by promises and pretences. He did not know how the nation had suffered in '98, and how humbled it was since the defeats of that year. He was not one of those Caesar-like beings who overrule other men's wills, and magnetise all with whom they come into contact. Some of his associates, fearing discovery, proposed at once flying to arms; others thought action still premature. Seven days were spent in these debates; at last it was agreed to surprise the arsenals near the city, and take the Castle by a coup de main. As in '98, the mail-coaches were also to be stopped on the same day, as a signal for the country to rise.

Imagine the feelings of this man, to-day, a fugitive skulking from Major Sitt and his armed agents, to-morrow, as he thought to be, the patriot chief who was to restore liberty to Ireland! To-morrow the lover of Sarah Curran would clasp his beloved to his breast, and be greeted by her father as a conqueror and a victor. To-morrow England, France, Europe, the world, would know his name—the good and free to bless, the weak and wicked to curse and execrate it. In such a fever of conflicting passions, Emmet drew up an impetuous manifesto from "The Provisional Government to the People of Ireland." It concluded thus:

"Countrymen of all descriptions! let us act with union and concert; all sects—Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of our object, repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage, and intoxication; let each

man do his duty, and remember that, during public agitation, inaction becomes a crime: be no other competition known than that of doing good; remember against whom you fight—your oppressors for six hundred years; remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females; keep in mind your country, to whom we are now giving her high rank among nations; and in the honest terror of feeling, let us all exclaim, that as, in the hour of her trial, we serve this country, so may God serve us in that which will be last of all!"

Towards dusk on the 23rd of July, Emmet prepared for action. He put on a general's uniform, green, laced with gold on the sleeves and skirts, and with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots, a cocked-hat with a white feather, a sash, a sword, and a case of pistols. About fifty men had assembled outside the depot; to these men Emmet distributed pikes and ammunition. In a moment, as if by enchantment, all the streets and alleys leading to Mass-lane and Thomas-street swarm with ruffians clamouring for arms, filling cartouche-boxes, pouches, bags, and pockets, loading muskets, shaking links and torches, and waving swords and green flags. Already the narrow street near the rebel depot is one close wedged bristling mass of pikes, and into the dusky summer night air, spring every now and then signal-rockets, that burst into showers of starry fire. The men are flushed with whisky, and make the dingy houses ring with their shouts and shrieks of delight as Emmet, dark and determined-looking like the young Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, slashes the air with his sword and waves his white-plumed hat. In Dirty-lane the insurgents, already numbering five hundred or more, fire off their blunderbusses and pistols, heedless of alarming the garrison they were intent on surprising.

One of Emmet's own coadjutors describes this moment very vividly.

"About six o'clock, Emmet, Malachy, one or two others, and myself, put on our green uniforms, trimmed with gold lace, and selected our arms. The insurgents, who had all day been well pled with whiskey, began to prepare for commencing an attack upon the Castle, and when all was ready, Emmet made an animated address to the conspirators. At eight o'clock precisely we sallied out of the depot, and when we arrived in Thomas-street the insurgents gave three deafening cheers.

"The consternation excited by our presence defies description. Every avenue emptied its curious hundreds, and almost every window exhibited half a dozen inquisitive heads, while peaceable shopkeepers ran to their doors, and beheld with amazement a lawless band of armed insurgents, in the midst of a peaceable city, an hour at least before dark. The scene at first might have appeared amusing to a careless spectator, from the singular and dubious character which the riot wore; but when the rockets ascended and burst over the heads of the people, the aspect of things underwent an immediate and wonderful change. The impulse of the moment was self-preservation; and those who, a few minutes before, seemed to look on with vacant wonder, now assumed a face of horror, and fled with precipitation. The wish to escape was simultaneous; and the eagerness with which the people retreated from before us impeded their flight, as they crowded upon one another in the entrance of alleys, court-ways, and lanes, while the screams of women and children were frightful and heart-rending.

"To the Castle!" cried our enthusiastic leader, drawing his sword, and his followers appeared to obey; but when we reached the market-house, our adherents had wonderfully diminished, there not being more than twenty insurgents with us.

"Fire the rocket!" cried Malachy.

"Hold awhile," said Emmet, snatching the match from the man's hand who was about applying it. "Let no lives be unnecessarily lost. Run back and see what detains the men."

"Malachy obeyed; and we remained near the

market-house, waiting their arrival, until the soldiers approached."

The night was dark, the excitement along the quays, in the swarming "Liberty," and below the Castle, was tremendous. There is no excitement so wild as Irish excitement. Bands of pikemen were marching to various points of the city, and others were rushing, open-mouthed, to the depôts for arms and powder. Already drums were beating at the Castle and in the various barrack-yards, and patches of scarlet were moving towards the spot where rockets were sprung and guns discharged.

That night Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench, an amiable and just old lawyer, who had never lent himself to such ruthless severities as Lord Norbury and other partisans, had smilingly dressed at his country-house, and, trim, powdered, and in full evening dress, handed his daughter, Miss Wolfe, into his carriage, and with his nephew, a clergyman, driven cheerful and chatty to a party at the Castle. All the stories of this good and worthy man redound to his credit. In 1795, when he was attorney-general, a number of striplings and boys were indicted for high treason. The poor lads appeared in court wearing those open collars and frilled tuckers made familiar to us by Gainsborough's pictures. As Kilwarden entered the court, the Jeffreys of that day called out brutally:

"Well, Mr. Attorney, I suppose you are ready to go on with the trials of these tuckered traitors?"

Generously indignant and disgusted at hearing such language from the representative of divine justice, Kilwarden replied:

"No, my lord, I am not ready."

Then, stooping down to the prisoners' counsel, he whispered:

"If I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before know, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these tuckered traitors."

The large-hearted man was as good as his word. He procured pardons for all the prisoners on condition of their voluntarily expatriating themselves. One lad alone obstinately refused to accept pardon on such a condition, and was tried, convicted, and executed.

The relatives of that unhappy boy persisted in considering their kinsman as an especial selected victim, and swore vengeance against the good old judge. On this unfortunate summer night the carriage got embedded in the mob, the pikemen soon closed round it; pistols and blunderbusses were held to the head of the powdered coachman, sunk deeper than usual into his seat with fear, and at the heads of the footmen clustering behind. There was a murderous cry, and a pikeman named Shannon tore the door of the carriage. It was Shannon, a relation of the boy who would be hanged.

"It is I, Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench!" the old nobleman blandly cries, as he tried to calm the fears of his frightened daughter.

"Then you're the man I want," roars Shannon, and digs his pike into the old lord's chest. Before it is withdrawn, half a dozen other weapons meet in the old man's body, and he is trampled underfoot. His daughter, alone and unattended, breaks through the pitying crowd and is first to enter the Castle, and sobbingly relate the horrors of that cruel night, Kilwarden's nephew was pursued and piked.

Many other murders, equally useless, equally unjust, are perpetrated that night. The savage, half-drunken pikemen, without commander—for Emmet had no power over them, and they were now split up into parties by the soldiers—murdered every suspicious and obnoxious person they met. A police-officer and John Hanlan, the Tower-keeper, were two of the victims. Colonel Brown, a man respected by all Dublin, was also brutally assassinated as, misled by the darkness, he was trying to join his regiment. Ignorant of the precise movement of the rebels, he got entangled in their chief masses, was struck down by a shot from a blunderbuss, and instantly chopped to pieces. All enemies and

neutrals, of whatever rank, who were not murdered, had pikes thrust in their hands, and were compelled to follow the cruel madmen to face the English soldiers.

Emmet, an hour ago confident of success, now felt his utter powerlessness to tame the horrible Frankenstein which he had invoked. His men were scattered, an attack on the Castle was impossible. The people could not be rallied to it. They were only intent on murder in the streets, and were beset by the police and soldiers wherever they collected. A few brave fellows, staunch as bulldogs, had flown at them, and were holding grimly on till the huntsmen could arrive. Mr. Edward Wilson, a police magistrate, with only eleven constables, had the courage to push on to Thomas-street, where three hundred pikemen instantly surrounded his small detachment. Undismayed, Mr. Wilson called to the rabble to lay down their arms, or he would fire. The rebels wavered, and muttered together; but one villain, savage at the threat, advanced, and stabbed the magistrate with a pike. Mr. Wilson instantly shot him dead, and his men fired a volley. The undisciplined Celts are always the same—furious in the onset, without fear and without thought, in the retreat impatient, fickle, and headlong. The rebels fell back confused over their dead, and opened right and left to let their men with fire-arms advance to the attack. Mr. Wilson then thought it time to retreat slowly towards the Oombe.

Lieutenant Brady was soon after equally venturesome with forty men of his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers. He subdivided his small force, and placed them in positions useful for keeping up a cross-fire. The soldiers were tormented by bottles and stones from every window, and by random sharpshooters from the alleys, yards, and entries, but they kept up a rolling and incessant fire till the pikemen at last broke, shouted, and fled. Lieutenant Colman, of the 9th foot, with only four soldiers and twenty-four yeomanry from the barrack division in coloured clothes, also helped to clear the streets, and apprehend armed men or rebels seen firing. And now horses could be heard, sabres came waving down the street, bayonets moved fast and close, drums beat louder, and then the rebels were charged fiercely, and shot down wherever they resisted. Then they fled to the suburbs and to the mountains. Before twelve the insurrection was quelled.

Poor Emmet! so passed his dream away. The great bright bubble of his life's hope had melted into drops of human blood. He and about fourteen other armed men fled to the Wicklow mountain and skulked about from farm-house to farm-house, from glen to crag, from valley to village. As the pursuit grew hotter, and the troops began to come winding round the Scalp, and scattering along the blue rocky mountain-roads, the fugitives separated, each to look after himself. Emmet could, it was said, have escaped in a friendly fishing-boat to France, but a wild impulse of love and reckless despair seized him. He turned back from the sea, and set his face towards Dublin, once more to clasp Sarah Curran in his arms, and bid her farewell for ever. He regained the disturbed city safely, and took up his quarters again in his old place of refuge at Harold's Cross, in the house of a clerk named Palmer. He was known there as Mr. Howitt. He had planned a mode of escape, if any attempt at arrest should be made, by escaping from a parlour window into an out-house, and from thence getting into the fields. But an indefatigable pursuer was soon on Emmet's track. On the evening of the 25th of August, Major Sirr rode up to the house accompanied by a man on foot. Mrs. Palmer's daughter opened the door, Sirr instantly darted into the back parlour. There sat a tall young man, in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, and Hessian boots, at dinner with his landlady. Sirr instantly gave him into the custody of his man, and took the landlady into the next room to ask the stranger's name, as it was not in the list of inhabitants watered on the door of the house according to law. While Sirr was absent, Emmet tried to escape, and the officer struck him down with the butt-end of his pistol. Sirr then went to the canal-bridge for a guard, placed sentries

round the house, while he searched it, and blanded a sentry over the prisoner. Emmet again escaping while Sirr was taking down the landlady's evidence, Sirr ran after him, and shouted to the sentinel to fire. The musket did not go off. Sirr then overtook the prisoner, who surrendered quietly, and on being apologised to for his rough treatment, said, "All is fair in war." At the Castle, Emmet at once acknowledged his name.

On the 31st of August, Emmet was tried and pleaded not guilty, but made no defence. Curran had sternly refused to defend his daughter's unhappy lover.

Mr. Plunket, who prosecuted for the Crown, said, in the opening of his speech,

"God and nature have made England and Ireland essential to each other; let them cling to each other to the end of time, and their united affection and loyalty will be proof against the machinations of the world.

"And how was this revolution to be effected? The proclamation conveys an insinuation that it was to be effected by their own force, entirely independent of foreign assistance. Why? Because it was well known that there remained in this country few so depraved, so lost to the welfare of their native land, that would not shudder at forming an alliance with France, and therefore the people of Ireland are told, 'The effort is to be entirely your own, independent of foreign aid.' But how does this tally with the time when the scheme was first hatched—the very period of the commencement of the war with France? How does this tally with the fact of consulting in the dépot about co-operating with the French, which has been proved in evidence?"

"So much, gentlemen, for the nature of this conspiracy, and the pretexts upon which it rests. Suffer me for a moment to call your attention to one or two of the edicts published by the conspirators. They have denounced, that if a single Irish soldier—or, in more faithful description, Irish rebel—shall lose his life after the battle is over, quarter is neither to be given or taken. Observe the equality of the reasoning of these promulgers of liberty and equality. The distinction is this: English troops are permitted to arm in defence of the government and the constitution of the country, and to maintain their allegiance; but if an Irish soldier, yeoman, or other loyal person, who shall not, within the space of fourteen days from the date and issuing forth of their sovereign proclamation, appear in arms with them—if he presumes to obey the dictates of his conscience, his duty, and his interest, if he has the hardihood to be loyal to his sovereign and his country—he is proclaimed a traitor, his life is forfeited, and his property is confiscated. A sacred palladium is thrown over the rebel cause—while, in the same breath, undistinguishing vengeance is denounced against those who stand up in defence of the existing and ancient laws of the country. For God's sake, to whom are we called upon to deliver up, with only fourteen days to consider of it, all the advantages we enjoy? Who are they who claim the obedience? The prisoner is the principal. I do not wish to say anything harsh of him; a young man of considerable talents, if used with precaution, and of respectable rank in society, if content to conform himself to its laws. But when he assumes the manner and the tone of a legislator, and calls upon all ranks of people, the instant the provisional government proclaim in the abstract a new government, without specifying what the new laws are to be, or how the people are to be conducted and managed, but that the moment it is announced the whole constituted authority is to yield to him—it becomes an extravagance bordering upon frenzy, this is going beyond the example of all former times. If a rightful sovereign were restored, he would forbear to inflict punishment upon those who submitted to the king de facto; but here there is no such forbearance—we who have lived under a king, not only de facto, but de jure in possession of the throne, are called upon to submit ourselves to the prisoner, to Dowdall, the vagrant politician, to the bricklayer, to the baker, the old-cloth-of-man, the hodman, and the

ostler. These are the persons to whom this proclamation, in its majesty and dignity, calls upon a great people to yield obedience, and a powerful government to give 'a prompt, manly, and sagacious acquiescence to their just and unalterable determination!' 'We call upon the British government not to be so mad as to oppose us.'

"Gentlemen, I am anxious to suppose that the mind of the prisoner recoiled at the scenes of murder which he witnessed, and I mention one circumstance with satisfaction—it appears he saved the life of Farrell; and may the recollection of that one good action cheer him in his last moments. But though he may not have planned individual murders, that is no excuse to justify his embarking in treason, which must be followed by every species of crimes. It is supported by the rabble of the country, while the rank, the wealth, and the power of the country is opposed to it. Let loose the rabble of the country from the salutary restraints of the law, and who can take upon him to limit their barbarities? Who can say he will disturb the peace of the world, and rule it when wildest? Let loose the winds of heaven, and what power less than omnipotent can control them?"

Emmet bowed to the court with perfect calmness, and addressed it with fervid and impetuous eloquence. He said:

"My lords,—What have I to say that sentence of death should not be passed upon me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy—I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

"Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labour, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the forces of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish—that it may live in the memory of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more than the government standard—a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made."

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, observing, that mean and wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did were not equal to the accomplishments of their wild designs.]

He then avowed his belief that there was still union and strength enough left in Ireland to one day accomplish her emancipation. He sternly rebuked Lord Norbury for his cruel and unjust efforts to silence him, and repudiated his calumnies. He denied that he had sought aid from the French except as from auxiliaries and allies, not as from invaders or enemies.

"I have been charged," he said, "with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my countrymen as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honour over-much—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own computation of yourself, my lord; before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Again the judge interrupted him.]

"What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?"

"I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim, it circulates warmly and untroubled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudices or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

The judge was remorseless and the government was stern. Emmet suffered the penalty for high treason in Themas-street, the very day after the trial. He ascended the scaffold with a calm resignation and an unswerving courage. He avowed himself a sceptic. To Dr. Dobbin, who importuned him as they rode together in a hackney-coach to the place of execution, he said:

"Sir, I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness, but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily."

I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief."

Curran when he defended Owen Kirwan, the tailor of Plunket-street, derided the rebellion of Emmet as a mere riot, but there can be no doubt that if the first hundred pikemen had made a rush at the Castle they might have seized that stronghold, and drawn on themselves a later but an equally certain destruction, after much bloodshed and murder. The Fenians now talk of Emmet as "rash and soft," but Englishmen can only pity a young and enthusiastic genius, whose dirge Moore sung with such pathos:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
and lament that such a gallant spirit should have
squandered itself on such mischievous chimeras.

LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS, BY J. D. FENTON.

CHAPTER I.

ON the shores of Carmarthen Bay, not ten miles from Tenby, stands a farm-house known as Golygfa-hyfyrd, and justly is it so named, for a more beautiful prospect it would be hard to find.

To the south stretches a fair expanse of blue water, the far-famed bay, in whose bosom, according to ancient tradition, lies the enchanted land peopled by beings of the fairy world. On either hand of the entrance to the bay stand the Worms Head and Caldy Island: far away across the channel rises the outline of North Devon. The coast of Oarmarthen Bay is varied—on one side precipitous rocks, on the other a low sandy beach. Looking inland you see a rich, well-cultivated country, undulating like Devon, but unlike Devon in having fewer stone walls and smaller fields, which, parcelled out by sod dykes and hedges, give a warmer and more clothed aspect to the landscape. From the hill behind the house four counties can be seen, and two of the highest mountain ranges in Wales, the Percelli and the Black Mountains. The farm itself is in Pembrokeshire; and close by a village, consisting of some dozen or two of white, blue, or yellow-washed houses, a square towered church, and a castle, which built piece by piece has little pretensions to either beauty or strength, but it is nevertheless considered perfect by the unsophisticated natives. Antiquity it certainly can claim, having, in one form or another, been the head quarters of the Gawain family, since the days of Howel Dha, when, during the wholesale confiscation by William, it was saved by the beauty of the Celtic chief's only child and heiress, who became captivated by the dark eyes and soft speech of a follower of Sir Robert Fitz Hamon. A compromise was the result, and Sir Claude Gironde, nothing loth, changed his Norman for a Celtic name.

The present owner, Jervis Gawain, was like his ancestor's bride an only child, and the last of his name, both parents having died when he was a boy.

Rachel Lloyd, the tenant of the farm, was the Squire's foster-mother and widow of Richard Lloyd, the descendant of a race who had held the same ground almost as long as the Gawains had the castle. The widow had two sons, who, though come to man's estate, only held the land as under their mother. Evan, the eldest, had taken after his mother's side of the house, and boasted the bright blue eyes and dark-red hair, which still distinguishes the inhabitants of the country occupied by the Flemish settlement of Henry II. Like his forefathers, Evan was wide-shouldered, deep-chested, clean limbed; positive and strong-minded, but as gentle in temper as a summer stream. Lewis, on the other hand, was a true Celt, dark-haired, litho-limbed, and hot-headed, reckless in his pleasure, fiery in his anger, fierce and passionate even to cruelty in his love. From a child he had been his mother's favourite, nor, looking at him, could you well blame her, for a handsomer man than Lewis, at three-and-twenty, was rarely met. The greatest charm about his face, perhaps, lay in his eyes,

which were of a deep clear grey, hiding away under thick long lashes, a light that dazzled or won you, as the mood was on him,—dangerous eyes, eyes that reached the heart without any need of spoken words—eyes that could play every lover's wile, and which once met when passion roused, left a burning scar which no after ways could ever quite obliterate. Lewis was, as Mrs. Lloyd half-regretfully, half proudly, owned "a sad boy among the girls;" and accordingly a very sharp look-out did the mother keep, especially among the young women employed at the farm.

Both brothers had received a good education, and although on equal terms at the farm, the younger did very little towards the ordinary labour; shooting, fishing, and riding having more attractions for him. In winter he brought pleasure and profit into partnership: a first-rate horseman, he knew every mile of the country, the weak part of every fence, and the best line to follow; so that as soon as Captain Powell's first "meet" was announced Lewis was in his element, and got longer prices for his horses than any man, dealer or not, in the country. Evan was not given to love-making, and the fact of his never having been in love was a source of much satisfaction to Rachel, who never forgot the old adage,—

My son's my son till he gets a wife,
My daughter's my daughter all my life.

Lewis had done all the courting, and to spare; and many a sleepless night had his doings cost his mother, who, like a Rebecca of old lived in continual fear that her favourite son would bring home a wife from among the daughters of the land.

Such were the inmates of Golygfa-hyfyrd, where in the sweet spring time my story begins; but even though it was the last week in May, and drawing nigh unto summer, it was the first that anything like spring weather had warmed the hearts of the farmers in the Principality, who, sorely tried by wind and rain during this their busiest month, had been forced to console themselves by falling back upon the wisdom of their Celtic forefathers, trusting in the proverb, that "a wet May would bring a land loaded with corn and hay." Now, in the eleventh hour, when the corn was in the ground, the hay-fields weeded, the potatoes planted, did the capricious wind veer round to the south, the sun shine forth, and summer and the swallows come together. Every one rejoiced in the change, and none more so than Rachel Lloyd's pretty niece Lettice, who, having made her fresh acquaintance with her cousins and Wales upon May-day, had been wearying for sunshine and flowers.

Lettice was a thorough-going cockney, born and bred within the sound of Bow-bells, utterly ignorant of country life, and associating Seasons only with the changes in the artificial flowers used in the shop where she served, and where her good looks had gained her a place in the show-room.

When Lettice had been so advanced some six or eight months, she suddenly fell ill, the roses left her cheeks and the light faded from her eyes. Her employer, a kind-hearted woman, sent for a doctor, who ordered country air, and Lettice remembering to have heard her dead mother speak of Aunt Rachel and the home-farm, petitioned to be sent to Wales, which being very far away, and altogether a new world would, she felt, be the best medicine. Poor Lettice knew better than the doctor why her cheeks had grown pale, and the burden of her work, once light enough, intolerable, for the saddest lesson a young heart can learn had been taught her. Lettice's story was short and very common. For a month or two the world itself had seemed scarcely large enough to contain the happiness life had in store for her. Then suddenly the light went out. The man to whom she had given the fresh young love of her heart left her, and that too without a word of warning or explanation. He met her as usual when her day's work was over, walked to the end of the street where her step-mother lived, and after lingering a little, and coming back once again to say good-bye, she saw him no more:

When Mrs. Lloyd heard of her niece's illness;

and her desire to visit Wales, the old love for the lost sister prompted a hearty welcome, and a hope that she would consider the farm a home as long as she liked. But when the letter was gone, misgivings began to rise. What if the girl was pretty; there were "the boys," and even if not pretty as Rachel reckoned beauty, Lettice was town bred, and sure to be a flirtin', conceited, useless thing. One or both "boys" were in danger. Rachel had heard very terrible stories of the way in which young people were brought up in large towns, and never doubted but that London was Babylon, the mighty city whose sins were reaching up into heaven, and over whose soft living, adulterous, and drunken inhabitants, the wrath of the Almighty was gathering.

The day fixed for Lettice's arrival being the market-day at Narberth, Rachel, who was waiting for the coach, saw a pretty, pale face looking anxiously out, while a sweet voice asked if Mrs. Lloyd was in the town. The tone was modest, and the girl's dress sober as a Quaker's, far quieter and plainer than that of the humblest work-girl in the fair.

"I am Mrs. Lloyd, my dear," said Rachel, prepossessed at once. "Welcome to Wales. Come to the inn and have a cup of tea. Sure you look a'most dead."

"I am a little tired, Aunt Rachel," quoth Lettice, trembling nervously. "But I shall soon be strong. Everybody looks so rosy and healthy, and the air has quite a different feeling from London." Lettice was getting out of the coach as she made this little speech, and Mrs. Lloyd was watching her narrowly. One source of anxiety respecting her niece's arrival had been the certainty that she would wear crinoline, and as that was positively tabooed at the farm, Rachel had been in a dilemma what course she should take, and an expression of intense relief came over her face when Lettice's litho, graceful figure showed that she at least eschewed the obnoxious garment.

"You are a sensible little maid," said Rachel, patting her cheek; "you've got your mother's foot and figure too, and the hair. Sure, by the time you've seen the harvest, you'll be as like her as two peas."

Many were the looks that followed the farm spring-cart, as Rachel drove out of the town, and divers the opinions passed. The young men most admired her, and by the same token the girls pronounced her whitefaced and plain, while the old folks shook their heads and said, "she was a sorry lass, and the cantid winds would stivell her to the churchyard."

Lettice had a very white face when she came down to breakfast next morning, and Mrs. Lloyd being fond of doctoring, immediately brought her skill to bear, putting her niece through a course of early rising, exercise, and new milk, under which, the roses began to blossom again, the light came back into the soft hazel eyes, and Lettice found that it was not altogether unpleasant living in a comfortable house with two handsome cousins, both of whom treated her with a sort of quaint courtesy. Doctors place great faith in a counter-irritant, and though Lettice was not exactly in love with Lewis, his eyes had set her heart fluttering more than once; and there was something in the way in which his voice softened that made her remember every word he said.

Upon the afternoon my story takes as a special and personal starting point, Mrs. Lloyd was in the yard, where the milking was going forward; she had taken her stand, with her knitting in her hand, by the door of the dairy, where three sturdy damsels were busy in the mysteries of cheese-making. Both yard and dairy spoke well for the owner, both were very unlike Welsh farmyards in general. There were no slates off, no temporary blocking out of wind and rain by sods or s'raw, the doors moved smoothly upon their hinges, and through the open stable-door might be seen stalls littered with clean straw, while the smell of fresh hay proved that work was going on.

Presently a green lane came the workmen leading or rianing their teams, and as the foremost reached the yard, a big black horse broke

away, and trotting to the pond, stood snorting with his muzzle at the muddy margin until a comrade coming up, he made a plunge forward. Mrs. Lloyd's keen eyes ran over the cattle with a well-satisfied smile, nodding to an old man who had ridden down upon a handsome brood mare with a colt at her heels, she said.

"They show more of last year's corn than of this, William."

"Yes, sure, ma'am. Theres norra one has horses like up, indeed, and they're the topest by here. Auld mare be as filty as a four-year. Eh, auld girl?" and he brought his hand down upon the mare's ribs with a sounding slap, disturbing the colt who, with the laudable view of economising time, had seized the opportunity to begin his supper.

"There's the last bucket," cried Mrs. Lloyd, suddenly remembering Letty, "and my niece not here yet, run Mari, hurry and tell her to come."

Letty was trimming a hat for herself, and as the bright faced girl looked in to give her message, greeted her with:

"Oh, bother! you can drink the milk for me. No, don't go away—I am finished; just look, isn't that better than the church-steeple you wear here?" and she perched the hat upon her head.

"There's pretty!" cried Mari, wonder-struck and open-mouthed.

"Well, if you're a good girl, I'll make one like it for you, and won't we astonish the 'boys' on Sunday!"

Mari laughed, and followed Letty to the yard, where Mrs. Lloyd stood, too much interested in the milk to notice her niece. When she did look up, the never-ending knitting dropped from her hands, and her face flushed angrily.

"Bless us all, girl! what's that on your head?"

"A hat, aunt, and one of the latest fashion."

Mrs. Lloyd's lips drew closer, and her eyes half closed.

"I don't like such fashions, there's not a decent girl here that would be seen with a thing like that, so put it out of my sight."

Letty hardly understood what was meant, but the truth dawned upon her as the girls in the dairy giggled. Then her eyes flashed, and her colour deepened; but still, by a strong effort, she kept down her passion.

"It is so pretty, aunt; everybody in England wears them."

"Pretty here, or pretty there, I am not going to have my house disgraced, or my niece called od—"

Before Mrs. Lloyd could finish, Letty had torn the hat off, and was stamping upon it, crying:

"There! now are you content?"

Mrs. Lloyd held her tongue, and something like pity for the motherless girl stole over her face. But the hard look came back as Evan, stepping out of the stable, came over, and laid his hand upon Letty's shoulder, saying:

"Don't be hard on her, mother; her ways are not as our ways, and the hat was pretty on her."

"Did you see it?" sobbed Letty, looking first into his face, then at the strong, brown hand clasping her shoulder.

"Yes, cousin, I was in the stable, but frightened to come out, when I saw you dancing about like a wild cat."

Letty laughed, but her aunt's face grew dark. All her fears, all the presentiments of what was to follow her niece's arrival, lulled to rest as they had been, sprang to life, and her heart grew bitter against the pretty face that had been the cause of such a speech from Evan, who, seeing that for the present there was no chance of winning his mother over, bid Lettice go into the house, and not think of it any more.

Lettice did as she was told, but not before she had stooped her face and kissed the hand still lingering on her shoulder—a child-like caress Mrs. Lloyd fortunately had turned her back upon; she was too busy reproving the maids for neglecting their work, to take further notice of Evan's championship.

When supper-time came, the effects of the storm were still visible. Letty's eyes were red

and swollen, and her mouth quivered nervously, as she said:

"Aunt, I am very sorry; but I was in an awful passion."

Evan smiled, and looked at his mother. The flushed, sorrowful face, and quivering lips of his pretty cousin did not look very awful, and he thought enough had been said. But Mrs. Lloyd did not mean to relax so quickly; her nature was suspicious; she did not believe poor Letty, and thought her contrition all show, for Evan's benefit.

"It's a pity you don't think before you act, niece. There never was a sweeter temper than your mother, and I am never in a passion."

Lettice thought differently of the last allegation, but kept her opinion to herself, and an awkward silence reigned at the table, until Lewis came in, brimful of the news of the squire's return to the castle, which was to be done up against the shooting season. Next to her own sons, Rachel loved her foster-child, and before Lettice went to bed had given her a full account of the family, Mr. Gavain's boyhood, as far as she knew of his after-life, and the young bride who had brought him such a fine fortune, and sent a wedding-cake as large as a cheese to the farm.

"Evan told me of the row with my mother," whispered Lewis, as he and Letty met in the passage. "Don't mind it, Letty, she's quick-tempered, but we've all to put up with it alike. You mustn't quarrel with her, for the house wouldn't be worth stopping in without you."

And Letty went to bed with a light heart after all, but not quite sure which of her cousins she liked the best—Evan, with his quiet, protecting kindness, Lewis with his—. There the contrast failed for want of words; she did not know how to explain, even in her own mind, where the difference lay.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Lloyd was now too fully occupied superintending the refurnishing at the castle, to see what was going on at home, or how her worst fears were being realized. It was not possible for Lewis to be in the way of a pretty girl without fancying himself in love with her, and the very fact that Lettice kept him at a distance, and was so unlike the girls he had been used to, increased his passion, which grew all the stronger by being kept out of sight. Generally speaking, Lewis went about his love-making very openly, and with a noisy bravado. He was proud of his success, and had no objections to be joked about it; but now he kept his feelings in check, waiting and watching, with tolerable patience, for an opportunity to tell Lettice how he loved her.

At first he had been inclined to be jealous of Evan, but all fear on that head gradually vanished, he soon saw that Evan never brought the colour to her cheeks, and he was content to wait. Nor was this waiting without its own peculiar charm. It had the advantage of novelty; Lewis began to feel that difficulty and delay lent a new pleasure to the pursuit; and this lasted until one day, when the corn harvest was in progress, every available hand employed in the field, and Mrs. Lloyd safe at the castle for the rest of the day, Letty being left to keep house alone, took her sewing to a summer-house at the foot of the garden, where, bowered in by monthly roses, honeysuckle, and clematis, she could look out upon the bay, and dream of the fairy lands that no mortal eye had seen. Her waking dreams soon ended in sleeping dreams. Letty's head rested upon the mossy wall, her work lay idly on her lap. There are few prettier pictures than that of a fair girl surprised by sleep, especially if surrounded by flowers and sunshine; even the little birds seemed to think so, and came fluttering down to perch upon her workbox or the table, flying away in guilty consternation at the sound of an approaching footstep—a step subdued, as if the comer was not willing to be heard at all, and was pausing every now and then to make sure that he had not betrayed himself, when a turn of the walk brought him to the grass-plot in front of the summer-house. There Lewis stood still; he had

lost the harvest field, knowing he would find her alone. He had made up his mind to speak, and though he felt a little nervous, he had no fears about the result.

As he stood looking at the sleeping girl his face grew pale, and the light that gleamed out of his dark eyes had as much of cruel determination as of passion; he made no effort to disturb her rest, but a minute or two only had passed when, suddenly, and as people often do awake, Lettice opened her eyes. She looked at Lewis's face rather vaguely, she had been dreaming about him, and for the moment she hardly knew which was reality. Lewis only saw the eyes, with their dreamy silent love, and all the long-restrained passion broke forth.

"Lewis! how dare you?" cried Letty, fully roused to the reality now, and struggling in his arms.

"I'd dare anything to tell you I love you, it's because I love you; because I cannot look on as the lovers you talk about do, because I believe, in spite of your cold looks, that you love me. I love you, Letty; do you hear? I love you—I love you. Nay, you may as well be still, and hear me. I won't let you go until you've kissed me back again, and told me what I want to hear."

And Lettice remained passive; her own heart was beating wildly, and although she was very indignant, Lewis loved her, and, carried away by his passion, she told him she loved him and believed it herself.

"I've had a present in my pocket for you this fortnight, Letty," said Lewis, after a time, and he took a little box out of his pocket, "see. You like ear-rings; here's a pretty pair."

Letty did like pretty things, and was pleased at Lewis giving her anything so nice. So she gave him the thanks he wanted, and let him fasten the ornaments in her ears; her arm was still upon his shoulder, and her face crimson with blushes, turned up to his, when he said,

"You are the prettiest girl I ever saw, Letty, and I am half-afraid of touching you, even now. You are so different from the girls about here."

Never did lover make a more unfortunate speech. In an instant there flashed upon Letty's memory all the tales she had heard of Lewis and his love-making, and she sprang from his side, looking in his face defiantly, as quivering, flushing, and almost hoarse with jealous passion, she poured forth a perfect hurricane of indignant reproaches, to which Lewis listened, silent from sheer amazement. Heretofore his triumphs among the fair sex had been considered a recommendation, and he could not even now see why Lettice was to cast them in his teeth. He had been faithful to her since the secret of his love first disclosed itself, and was rather inclined to take merit to himself for being so, but while he was thinking now he should soothe her, her voice was silenced, a look of intense fear convulsed her face, and uttering a cry of horror, she ran off towards the house. Turning, Lewis saw, peering through the branches, the leering, distorted face of an idiot boy, who, belonging to no one, was suffered to feed and sleep at the farm, and employed in cowherding or messages.

To seize the boy by the collar and drag him through the hedge was the work of a moment, when all the concentrated passion and disappointment rankling in his heart were vented in a shower of blows, nor did he stay his hand, until the boy's shrieks of murder threatened to bring other witnesses, when, regaining command over himself, Lewis threw the poor terrified wretch from him, swearing that if he caught him watching Lettice again he would kill him.

In vain Lewis sought for an opportunity of having an explanation. Lettice would give him none. And at last, weary, provoked and beside himself with anger, he absented himself from the house almost continually night as well as day. Lettice was furious, but too proud to complain; and, finding she had gone a little too far, tried to bring him back by arousing his jealousy. She had a work-box, in which she had collected and locked away every relic that could remind her of the past. This had been done when first her trouble fell upon her; but now she thought all danger of that kind was gone by, and accor-

dingly opened the box and took out a pair of ear-rings given to her by the false lover to lure back the fickle one.

Of course it was very weak and childish of Lettice to try any such experiments; but Lettice was neither very strong nor very worldly-wise. She had thought once of making Lewis jealous of Evan; but there had been something in Evan's manner of late that repelled her. He was none the less kind and gentle, but he was less in the house; and when there never tried to find her alone as he had formerly done. He looked so grave, too, when Lewis was chaffing her, half bitterly, and with a covert meaning, intended only for Lettice, that the thought of playing him off against his brother was a very transitory one, and she even thought of taking Evan into her confidence and making Lettice Lewis; but this, too, passed away, and all her plans ended in wearing a curious and costly pair of ear-rings, of which Lewis took no notice whatever. Thus things were in a sore perplexity when the Squire brought his wife home—very quietly, for Mrs. Gawain was not strong, and begged that she might be no demonstration.

Mrs. Loyde came home from her visit to the bride in low spirits. She did not think much of her favourite's choice; but Lettice, going with her next day, was more favourably impressed. There was a weak, disappointed, unsettled look about the delicate face that found a corresponding voice and sympathy in Lettice's heart.

"How pretty your niece is," said Mrs. Gawain, when Lettice went out of the room. "I quite like her. You must let her come and see me every day."

And Mr. Loyde promised, though not perfectly satisfied that it was the best thing for her niece to become the companion of a fine lady.

It was dark before they left the castle, and a cold drizzling rain came sweeping up from the sea. Lettice covered her head up with a shawl, and trusting to her aunt's better acquaintance with the field-path, kept close behind her. She was thinking of the sad-faced bride, and how differently she had pictured such a lot. Who was to blame? Surely not the Squire, whose praise was on every lip; if not his fault, how terrible his disappointment. So Lettice was very sorry for the young husband.

They were in the last field now, and Mrs. Loyde was carefully fastening a chain round the gate when approaching voices were heard, and three or four men, with a number of dogs, came along the path. "It's the Squire," whispered Mrs. Loyde; and before Lettice's mind's eye arose the memory of the wife he was going home through the fog and rain to meet. But suddenly her pity and sympathy were set to flight, and her heart stood still.

"Hallo! Mother Loyde! What a night to be out in!" It was the Squire who spoke, and he brushed past Lettice as he held out his hand to her aunt.

Lettice's heart stood still. She knew the voice. Why should she not? Had it not whispered in every accent of love, praise, passion, and hope in her ear? Had she not longed for it with a longing like unto madness? Had she not gone into lonely places that she might utter his words aloud and mimic his tone, finding consolation even thus? Months had passed away; she had buried the desire of her heart side by side with its fresh, pure love; and now, when other hopes and other love had filled the void, her prayers were gratified, the old mad longing filled, and the voice ringing in her ears again, waking up the hidden passion, filling every thrilling nerve with the ecstasies of a first love.

Lettice had fled to the uttermost parts of the earth for safety, and her fate had followed her. She knew, then, as she stood with the chill east wind beating the rain in her burning face, how bitterly she had been deceived when she said to herself that the old love was conquered.

At last he went on homewards, and her aunt joined her, together they walked up the hill, Rachel told in Mr. Gawain's praise, and Lettice with her teeth set and every throb of her heart, ringing a thousand bells in her brain, pretending to listen, but neither hearing or heeding

anything, and scarcely knowing she was in the house till Evan said,—

"You are cold, Lettice. Come and sit by the kitchen-fire."

Lettice said she was wet, and would go up-stairs.

"Sure you've kept her out too late, mother," he said. "She's but a frail little maid."

And Rachel went to Lettice's bedroom door, but it was locked; and Lettice, against all reason, declared she was in bed. So her aunt turned back, thinking her niece was out of temper. Lewis, as ill-luck would have it, had been waiting in a quieter mood than usual, ready to make any concession. And upon this temper of his, Lettice's conduct came like oil on smouldering flax; no sooner was supper over, than, starting up, he took his cap. Evan followed him to the door, and there some words passed—angry ones it seemed to the mother, who, however, saw something in Evan's face that prevented her asking an explanation, though he sat with her till nearly twelve. Lewis had not returned when she went to her room, and the small hours had chimed from the noisy clock before she heard him come up-stairs.

THE THUNDER STORM.

From the German of Schwab.

Grandfather, grandmother, mother and child,
Close seated together the time beguiled.

The child he played by his mother's knee,
The grandmother splunged so busily.

While the aged man bent the stove behind,—
How heavy and thick blow the sultry wind!

Said the child, "To-morrow's a holiday,
Then will I haste to the fields and play,
Then will I pluck from the meadows green
The fairest flowers that were ever seen,
Ah! in the woods there are joys untold;—
Hark! did you hear how the thunder rolled?"

Said the mother, "To-morrow's a holiday,
Then will I walk in my best array.
We will haste to the joyous feast again,
Life has much of pleasure if much of pain,
And the sun will shine like the living gold,—
Hark! did you hear how the thunder rolled?"

Said grandam, "Ah! 'tis a holiday,
But I have never the time to play;
I cook the food and I spin amain,
This life is trouble and toil and pain,
It may be well for the young and bold.
Hark! did you hear how the thunder rolled?"

Said grandfather, "Ay! 'tis a holiday,
And these aged limbs may be lifeless clay,
For I can jest and can sing no more,
Or work or toll as I did before;
No place in the world for me it seems,—
Look! do you see how the lightning gleams?"

They do not see and they do not hear
How the cruel lightning is gleaming near:
On grandfather, grandmother, mother and child
The bolt has fallen so fierce and wild;
Four lives are left in one flash away,
And the morrow morn 't was a holiday.

H.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

THE public is undoubtedly benefited by the competition among the American publishing houses. There are at present three separate editions of Thackeray's Works in course of publication in the States; and of these, the latest, and we think the best, is issued by the Messrs. Harper. The edition of "Pendennis" now before us consists of two volumes bound in one. The type is extremely clear, in single columns; the author's illustrations, if not always artistic, are at any rate characteristic, and the whole work is produced in a very becoming style.

The most common estimate of Thackeray is, that he is a harsh, caustic, cynical, and satirical

writer. With "Pendennis" as a text-book, we would willingly undertake to prove the shallowness of this criticism, and the untruthfulness of so sweeping an assertion. In such characters as his Warrington, Thackeray (as was pointed out by David Masson in one of his best lectures) has shown his belief in manly nobleness, and his power of representing it, and by many who are conscientiously oppressed by the seeming cynicism of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," though inferior in power to its famous predecessor, will be gladly welcomed. Our limits will not allow of our commenting at present on the distinguishing characteristics of Thackeray as a humourist. In the meantime we shall be doing a service to many of our readers by reproducing from a trustworthy source a brief sketch of the plot of "Pendennis." The incidents, as will be seen, are neither numerous nor sensational. Near a small country town in the West of England, there are two detached houses, one large, the other small. Clavering Park is vacant, for Sir Francis, of that ilk, is abroad. In the other, Fair Oaks, lives a retired medical practitioner, John Pendennis, Esq., late of the city of Bath. He has a wife—Helen, gentle, sweet, but a little uninteresting—and a son, Arthur. The wife cherishes also a little girl, Laura, daughter of her cousin, the Rev. T. Bell, deceased. John Pendennis has a brother, a major, who has retired from the service on half-pay and a large stock of fashionable friends, who becomes guardian to Arthur on his father's decease. The boy, though only sixteen at the time of that event, is allowed to leave school (for the mother is fond and weak), Smirke, the curate, making him an apology for a tutor. Being a youth of parts and already a poet, his heart is set on fire by the star of a dramatic company—the Fotheringay, a large dark-eyed, ignorant woman, with a genial but drunken sire, Captain Costigan, once of Costiganstown. The intercourse has commenced under the auspices of Harry Foker, (son of Foker's Entire), an old schoolfellow, a short, stout, empty, good-natured, over-dressed and "fastish" young man. The major is startled by a letter from Helen announcing the not improbable marriage of her son. His promptitude and tact avert this calamity, and the youth goes to a university, which in the novel is denominated Oxbridge. Here he becomes popular, runs in debt, and is plucked, but finally accomplishes a degree, and subsiding into the country, finds a remedy for *ennui* in a new flirtation. Clavering Park is occupied at last, for the present baronet has married a Begum. The Begum has a daughter by her first husband, Blanche (or by baptism Betsy) Amory, a blonde, who had begun to gush into sentiment at a very early age. After wearing out this passion, he proposes,—with the view of pleasing the widow,—to Laura, who has strength of mind enough to refuse him. He next gets to town, enters at the bar, is pushed into society by the major, and takes to the literary line by the aid of Warrington, a sort of Hercules in mind and body, and uncommonly well drawn. Fanny Bolton, daughter of the porter at Sheppard's Inn, diverts his attention, but he conquers himself, and has a bad fever; after which there is a tour on the continent. During this tour Helen, who has misunderstood the Bolton affair, dies of heart disease in the transport of renewed confidence. Laura goes to live with Lady Rockminster, a vigorous old woman of the world, with as much kindness as character, and Arthur by the machinations of the major, becomes engaged to Miss Amory, who is to bring him a fortune and a seat in parliament. Neither cares much for the other, and the lady, attracted by the superior wealth of Foker, breaks with Pendennis. The conclusion is a marriage with Laura, and the attainment of the borough by the legitimate course of things.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON AMERICAN GRAPE CULTURE AND WINE MAKING. By Peter B. Mead. Illustrated with nearly 200 engravings drawn from nature. New York: Harper and Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is a handsome octavo volume of 483 pages. The author himself speaks of his work as being strictly elementary, but he has labor-

ed to leave no important practical question unsolved, and in his chapters on "Varieties," "Ripening," "Taste," &c, has treated with considerable minuteness points hitherto neglected. The writer adopts the common-sense view that men will drink wine of some kind, reason as we may. "Accept the fact then," he urges, "and strive to teach them to drink only that which is pure, and thus prepare them for the next higher step in moral progress, the drinking of no wine at all, if that be necessary, which some will doubt." Mr. Mead looks forward hopefully to the time when the American wines will win a reputation, little, if at all, inferior to those at present enjoyed by the famous vintages of France and Germany. No facts are stated in this book which have not been verified, and no new theories are recommended which have not been tested by the experience of the writer. A glance at the table of contents will show how exhaustive the treatise is, and the handsome form in which the volume is published, proves that considerable importance is attached to the subject of Grape Culture in the United States.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 247.

Book the Fifth.

THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTHS.

"I wonder what colour our hair will be when we touch that money?" said Valentine meditatively. These sort of cases generally find their way into Chancery-lane, don't they?—that lane which, for some unhappy travellers, has no turning except the one dismal *via* which leads to dusty death. You seem in very good spirits, and I suppose I ought to be elated too. Three thousand pounds would give me a start in life, and enable me to set up in the new character of a respectable rate-paying citizen. But I've a kind of presentiment that this hand of mine will never touch the prize of the victor, or, in plainer English, that no good will ever arise to me or mine out of the reverend intestate's hundred thousand pounds."

"Why, what a dismal-minded croaker you are this morning!" exclaimed George Sheldon, with unmitigated disgust; "a regular rascal, by Jove! You come to a fellow's office just as matters are beginning to look like success—after ten years' plodding and ten years' disappointment—and you treat him to mandrin howls about the Court of Chancery. This is a new line you've struck out, Hawkehurst, and I can tell you it isn't a pleasant one."

"Well, no, I suppose I oughtn't to say that sort of thing," answered Valentine in an apologetic tone; "but there are some days in a man's life when there seems to be a black cloud between him and everything he looks at. I feel like that to-day. There's a tightening sensation about something under my waistcoat—my heart, perhaps—a sense of depression that may be either physical or mental, that I can't get rid of. If a man had walked by my side from Chelsea to Holborn whispering forebodings of evil into my ear at every step, I couldn't have felt more down-hearted than I do."

"What did you eat for breakfast?" asked Mr. Sheldon impatiently. "A tough beefsteak fried by a lodging-house cook, I daresay—they will fry their steaks. Don't inflict the consequences of your indigestible diet upon me. To tell me that there's a black cloud between you and everything you look at, is only a sentimental way of telling me that you are bilious. Pray be practical, and let us look at things from a business point of view. Here is Appendix A.—a copy of the registry of the marriage of Matthew Haygarth, bachelor, of Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, to Mary Murchison, spinster, of Southwark, in the county of Surrey. And here is Appendix B.—a copy of the registry of the marriage between William Meynell, bachelor, of Smithfield, in the county of Middlesex, to Caroline Mary Haygarth, spinster, of Highgate, in the same county."

"You have found the entry of a second Haygarthian marriage?"

"I have. The C. of Matthew's letters is the Caroline Mary here indicated, the daughter and heiress of Matthew Haygarth—doubtless christened Caroline after her gracious majesty the consort of George II., and Mary after the Molly whose picture was found in the tulip-leaf bureau. The Meynell certificate was easy enough to find, since the letters told me that Miss G.'s suitor had a father who lived in Aldersgate-street, and a father who approved his son's choice. The Aldersgate citizen had a house of his own, and a more secure social status altogether than that poor, weak, surreptitious Matthew. It was therefore only natural that the marriage should be celebrated in Meynell mansion. Having considered this, I had only to ransack the registers of a certain number of churches round and about Aldersgate-street in order to find what I wanted; and after about a day and a half of hard labour I did find the invaluable document which places me one generation nearer the present, and on the high-road to the discovery of my heir-at-law. I searched the same registry for children of the aforesaid William and Caroline Mary Meynell, but could find no record of such children, nor any further entry of the name of Meynell. But we must search other registries within access of Aldersgate-street before we give up the idea of finding such entries in that neighbourhood."

"And what is to be the next move?"

"The hunting-up of all descendants of this William and Caroline Mary Meynell, whosoever such descendants are to be found. We are now altogether off the Haygarth and Judson scent, and have to beat a new covert."

"Good!" exclaimed Valentine more cheerfully.

"How is the new covert to be beaten?"

"We must start from Aldersgate-street. Meynell of Aldersgate-street must have been a responsible man, and it will be hard if there is no record of him extant in all the old topographical histories of wards, without and within, which cumber the shelves of your dry-as-dust libraries. We must hunt up all available books, and when we've got all the information that books can give us, we can go in upon hearsay evidence, which is always the most valuable in these cases."

"That means another encounter with ancient mariners—I beg your pardon—oldest inhabitants," said Valentine with a despondent yawn. "Well, I suppose that sort of individual is a little less obtuse when he lives within the roar of the great city's thunder than when he vegetates in the dismal outskirts of a manufacturing town. Where am I to find my octogenarian prosers? and when am I to begin my operations upon them?"

"The sooner you begin the better," replied Mr. Sheldon. "I've taken all preliminary steps for you already, and you'll find the business tolerably smooth sailing. I've made a list of certain people who may be worth seeing."

Mr. Sheldon selected a paper from the numerous documents upon the table.

"Here they are," he said: "John Grewter, wholesale stationer, Aldersgate-street; Anthony Sparsfield, carver and gilder, in Barbican. These are, so far as I can ascertain, the two oldest men now trading in Aldersgate-street; and from these men you ought to be able to find out something about old Meynell. I don't anticipate any difficulty about the Meynells, except the possibility that we may find more of them than we want, and have some trouble in shading them into their places."

"I'll tackle my friend the stationer to-morrow morning," said Valentine.

"You'd better drop in upon him in the afternoon, when the day's business may be pretty well over," returned the prudent Sheldon. "And now all you've got to do, Hawkehurst, is to work with a will, and work on patiently. If you do as well in London as you did at Ullerton, neither you nor I will have any cause to complain. Of course I needn't impress upon you the importance of secrecy."

"No," replied Valentine, "I am quite alive to that."

He then proceeded to inform George Sheldon of that encounter with Captain Paget on the platform at Ullerton, and of the suspicion that had been awakened in his mind by the sight of the glove in Goodge's parlour.

The lawyer shook his head.

"That idea about the glove was rather far-fetched," he said thoughtfully; "but I don't like the look of that meeting at the station. My brother Philip is capable of anything in the way of manoeuvring; and I'm not ashamed to confess that I'm no match for him. He was in here one day when I had the Haygarth pedigree spread out on the table, and I know he smelt a rat. We must beware of him, Hawkehurst, and we must work against time if we don't want him to anticipate us."

"I shan't let the grass grow under my feet," replied Valentine. "I was really interested in that Haygarthian history: there was a dash of romance about it, you see. I don't feel the same gusto in the Meynell chase, but I daresay I shall begin to get up an interest in it as my investigation proceeds. Shall I call the day after to-morrow and tell you my adventures?"

"I think you'd better stick to the old plan, and let me have the result of your work in the form of a diary," answered Sheldon. And with this the two men parted.

It was now half-past two o'clock: it would be half-past three before Valentine could present himself at the Lawn—a very seasonable hour at which to call upon Mrs. Sheldon with his offering of a box for the new play.

An omnibus conveyed him to Bayswater at a snail's pace, and with more stoppages than ever mortal omnibus was subject to before, as it seemed to that one eager passenger. At last the leafless trees of the Park appeared between the hats and bonnets of Valentine's opposite neighbours. Even those brown leafless trees reminded him of Charlotte. Beneath such umbrage had he parted from her. And now he was going to see the bright young face once more. He had been away from the town about a fortnight; but, taken in relation with Miss Halliday, that fortnight seemed half a century.

Chrysanthemums and china-asters beautified Mr. Sheldon's neat little garden, and the plate-glass windows of his house shone with all their wonted radiance. It was like the houses one sees framed and glazed in an auctioneer's office, the greenest imaginable grass, the bluest windows, the reddest bricks, the whitest stone. "It is a house that would set my teeth on edge, but for the one sweet creature who lives in it," Valentine thought to himself as he waited at the florid iron gate, which was painted a vivid ultramarine and picked out with gold.

He tried in vain to catch a glimpse of some feminine figure in the small suburban garden. No fluttering scarlet petticoat or coquettish feather revealed the presence of the divinity.

The prime maid-servant informed him that Mrs. Sheldon was at home, and asked if he would please to walk into the drawing-room.

Would he please? Would he not have been pleased to walk into a raging furnace if there had been a chance of meeting Charlotte Halliday amid the flames? He followed the maid-servant into Mrs. Sheldon's impeccable apartment, where the show books upon the show table were ranged at the usual mathematically correct distances from one another, and where the speckled looking-glasses and all-pervading French polish imparted a chilly aspect to the chamber. A newly-lighted fire was smouldering in the shining steel grate, and a solitary female figure was seated by the broad Tudor window bending over some needlework.

It was the figure of Diann Paget, and she was quite alone in the room. Valentine's heart sank a little as he saw this solitary figure, and perceived that it was not the woman he loved.

Diann looked up from her work and recognised the visitor. Her face flushed, but the flush faded very quickly, and Valentine was not conscious of that flattering indication.

"How do you do, Diana?" he said. "Here I am again, you see, like the proverbial bad shilling. I have brought Mrs. Sheldon an order for the Princess's."

"You're very kind; but I don't think she'll care to go. She was complaining of a headache this afternoon."

"Oh, she'll forget all about her headache if she wants to go to the play. She's the sort of little woman who is always ready for a theatre or a concert. Besides, Miss Halliday may like to go, and will easily persuade her mamma.—Whom could she not persuade?" added Mr. Hawkehurst within himself.

"Miss Halliday is out of town," Diana replied coldly.

The young man felt as if his heart were suddenly transformed into so much lead, so heavy did it seem to grow. What a foolish thing it seemed that he should be the victim of this fair enslaver—he, who until lately had fancied himself incapable of any earnest feeling or deep emotion.

"Out of town!" he repeated with unconcealed disappointment.

"Yes; she has gone on a visit to some relations in Yorkshire. She actually has relations, doesn't that sound strange to you and me?"

Valentine did not notice this rather cynical remark.

"She'll be away ever so long, I suppose?" he said.

"I have no idea how long she may stay there. The people idolise her, I understand. You know it is her privilege to be idolised; and of course they will persuade her to stay as long as they can. You seem disappointed at not seeing her."

"I am very much disappointed," Valentine answered frankly; "she is a sweet girl."

There was a silence after this. Miss Paget resumed her work with skilful rapid fingers. She was picking up shining little beads one by one on the point of her needle, and transferring them to the canvass stretched upon an embroidery frame before her. It was a kind of work exacting extreme care and precision, and the girl's hand never faltered, though a tempest of passionate feeling agitated her as she worked.

"I am very sorry not to see her," Valentine said presently, "for the sight of her is very dear to me. Why should I try to hide my feelings from you, Diana? We have endured so much misery together that there must be some bond of union between us. To me you have always seemed like a sister, and I have no wish to keep any secret from you, though you receive me so coldly that one would think I had offended you."

"You have not offended me. I thank you for being so frank with me. You would have gained little by an opposite course. I have long known your affection for Charlotte."

"You guessed my secret?"

"I saw what anyone could have seen who had taken the trouble to watch you for ten minutes during your visits to this house."

"Was my unhappy state so very conspicuous?" exclaimed Valentine laughing. "Was I so obviously spongy? I who have so ridiculed anything in the way of sentiment? You make me blush for my folly, Diana. What is that you are dotting with all those beads?—something very elaborate."

"It is a prie-dieu chair I am working for Mrs. Sheldon. Of course I am bound to do something for my living."

"And so you wear out your eyesight in the working of chairs! Poor girl! it seems hard that your beauty and accomplishments don't find a better market than that. I daresay you will marry some millionaire friend of Mr. Sheldon's one of these days, and I shall hear of your house in Park-lane and three-hundred guinea barouche."

"You are very kind to promise me a millionaire. The circumstances of my existence hitherto have been so peculiarly fortunate that I am justified in expecting such a suitor. My millionaire shall ask you to dinner at my house in Park-lane; and you shall play *écarté* with him, if you like—papa's kind of *écarté*."

"Don't talk of those things, Di," said Mr. Hawkehurst, with something that was almost a shudder; "let us forget that we ever led that kind of life."

"Yes," replied Diana, "let us forget it—if we can."

The bitterness of her tone struck him painfully. He sat for some minutes watching her silently, and pitying her fate. What a sad fate it seemed, and how hopeless! For him there was always some chance of redemption. He could go out into the world, and cut his way through the forest of difficulty with the axe of the conqueror. But what could a woman do who found herself in the midst of that dismal forest? She could only sit at the door of her lonesome hut, looking out with weary eyes for the prince who was to come and rescue her. And Valentine remembered how many women there are to whom the prince never comes, and who must needs die and be buried beneath that gloomy umbrage.

"O, let us have women doctors, women lawyers, women parsons, women stonebreakers—anything rather than these dependent creatures who sit in other people's houses, working prie-dieu chairs, and pining for freedom," he thought to himself, as he watched the pale stern face in the chill afternoon light.

"Do leave off working for a few minutes, and talk to me, Di," he said rather impatiently. "You don't know how painful it is to a man to see a woman absorbed in some piece of needlework at the very moment when he wants all her sympathy. I am afraid you are not quite happy. Do confide in me, dear, as frankly as I confide in you. Are these people kind to you? Charlotte is, of course. But the elder birds, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, are they kind?"

"They are very kind. Mr. Sheldon is not a demonstrative man, as you know, but I am not accustomed to have people in a rapturous state of mind about me or my affairs. He is kinder to me than my father ever was, and I don't see how I can expect more than that. Mrs. Sheldon is extremely kind, in her way—which is rather a feeble way, as you know."

"And Charlotte—?"

"You answered for Charlotte yourself just now. Yes, she is very, very, very good to me, much better than I deserve. I was almost going to quote the collect, and say, 'desire or deserve!'"

"Why should you not desire or deserve her goodness?" asked Valentine.

"Because I am not a lovable kind of person. I am not sympathetic. I know that Charlotte is very fascinating, very charming, but sometimes her very fascination repels me. I think the atmosphere of that horrible swampy district between Lambeth and Battersea, where my childhood was spent, must have soured my disposition."

"No Diana; you have only learnt a bitter way of talking. I know your heart is noble and true. I have seen your suppressed indignation many a time when your father's meannesses have revolted you. Our lives have been very hard, dear; but let us hope for brighter days. I think they must come to us."

"They will never come to me," said Diana.

"You say that with an air of conviction. But why should they not come to you—brighter and better days?"

"I cannot tell you that. I can only tell you that they will not come. And do you hope that any good will ever come of your love for Charlotte Halliday; you, who know Mr. Sheldon?"

"I am ready to hope anything."

"You think that Mr. Sheldon would let his step-daughter marry a penniless man?"

"I may not always be penniless. Besides, Mr. Sheldon has no actual authority over Charlotte."

"But he has moral influence over her. She is very easily influenced."

"I am ready to hope even in spite of Mr. Sheldon's opposing influence. You must not try to crush this one little floweret that has grown up in a barren waste, Diana. It is my prison-flower."

Mrs. Sheldon came into the room as he said this. She was very cordial, very eloquent upon the subject of her headache, and very much inclined to go to the theatre, notwithstanding that ailment, when she heard that Mr. Hawkehurst had been kind enough to bring her a box.

"Diana and I could go," she said, if we can manage to be in time after our six-o'clock dinner. Mr. Sheldon does not care about theatres. All the pieces tire him. He declares they are all stupid. But then, you see, if one's mind is continually wandering, the cleverest piece must seem stupid." Mrs. Sheldon added thoughtfully; "and my husband is so very absent-minded."

After some further discussion about the theatre, Valentine bade the ladies good-afternoon.

"Won't you stop to see Mr. Sheldon?" asked Georgina; "he is in the library with Captain Paget.—You did not know that your papa was here, did you, Diana, my dear? He came in with Mr. Sheldon an hour ago."

"I won't disturb Mr. Sheldon," said Valentine. "I will call again in a few days."

He took leave of the two ladies, and went out into the hall. As he emerged from the drawing-room the door of the library was opened, and he heard Philip Sheldon's voice within, saying,

"—your accuracy with regard to the name of Meynell."

It was the close of a sentence; but the name struck immediately upon Valentine's ear. Meynell—the name which had for him so peculiar an interest.

"Is it only a coincidence," he thought to himself, "or is Horatio Paget on our track?"

And then he argued with himself that his ears might have deceived him, and that the name he had heard might not have been Meynell, but only a name of somewhat similar sound.

It was Captain Paget who had opened the door. He came out into the passage and recognised his protégé. They left the house together; and the Captain especially gracious.

"We will dine together, Val," he said; but, to his surprise, Mr. Hawkehurst declined the proffered entertainment.

"I'm tired out with a hard day's work," he said, "and should be very bad company; so, if you'll excuse me, I'll go back to Omega-street, and get a chop."

The Captain stared at him in amazement. He could not comprehend the man who could refuse to dine luxuriously at the expense of his fellow man.

Valentine had of late acquired new prejudices. He no longer cared to enjoy the hospitality of Horatio Paget. In Omega-street the household expenses were shared by the two men. It was a kind of club upon a small scale, and there was no degradation in breaking bread with the elegant Horatio.

To Omega-street Valentine returned this afternoon, there to eat a frugal meal and spend a meditative evening, uncheered by one glimmer of that radiance which more fortunate men know as the light of home.

(To be continued.)

LONDON THIEVES,

THEIR VARIETIES AND HABITS.

TO the mass of readers a thief is a thief, just as a shoeblack is a shoeblack, and nothing more; but this is a strange error, for the genus thief is divisible into many species as distinct as the European is from the negro, or the bull-dog from the toy-terrier. The magsman would, like the mastiff, look down upon the area-sneak as the veriest mongrel; and the swell-mobsmen would treat both with equal hauteur. It is an error to suppose that rank and social niceties of positions are not equally rife among the greatest criminals as amongst the best-bred portions of the population, and this fact is one of the first the detective learns in his hunt after gentlemen who do not wish to be found.

Socially, the swell-mobsmen is at the head of his profession. Seeking his prey among the better classes, he is obliged to study dress, and to a certain extent manner; hence he always wears good clothes, lives at a good address, and passes as a married man; generally picking up with some woman equally well got up, who plies her trade as a shop-lifter or as an omnibus thief. To a certain extent the swell-mobsmen, especially if he be working single, or upon his own hook,

must be an actor, and no mean one either. There are a certain number who are known to do this business with a skill worthy of a better cause. They change their clothes and their style just as an angler changes his fly to suit the character of the water and the fish he is angling for. Thus, at the time of May meetings, he prepares to victimise the good people who come to town to attend them. As a rule, it is known that visitors of this class are omnibus-riders—not that they want money to pay for a cab, but that it is their habit to ride in this general conveyance. With this knowledge, the pickpocket gets himself up in black, with the regulation white tie, and passes as a very respectable Baptist or Methodist parson among the riders, who duly make the journey from Clapham or Brixton to Exeter Hall on these occasions. These worthies more usually work with a woman, who sits close by the side of the lady to be operated upon, whilst they hold her in conversation. By means of a cloak thrown over her arm, she easily manages to insert her hand into the very wide pocket of the lady's dress, and the purse is with ease extracted. It is generally the practice to "spot" the individual to be robbed before proceeding to operations. This is done by passing the hand as if by accident, over the pocket, when the presence of a purse is immediately detected. When the man operates, he generally uses a cloak with arm-holes, through which the hands can be passed under the cover of another cloak when the time for action comes.

A very clever method of throwing people off their guard was discovered in one case that came before a police magistrate. It appeared that the thief had a pair of false arms fitted to his cloak, which hung innocently down upon his knees, whilst his own were at liberty to pursue their avocation. In a crowd, the swell-mobsmen act together in a preconcerted manner, they wait for the decisive moment in a race, for instance, when the crowd are making a move then a confederate operates either boldly by jamming the victim's hat on his head and pinning his arms whilst a third clears out his pockets, or if the rush does not warrant such an extreme measure, the victim's hat is gently, and as if by accident, tipped over his eyes, an action which instantly leads him to lift his hands to set it right, and this gives the opportunity that is desired to get at his pocket.

There is another very clever way of acting in crowds, the operators being a couple of women and a young lad. The women push among the crowd, and if the boy has a chance he inserts his small hand into the pocket, whilst one of the women, apparently his mother, goes after him, if he is noticed, his mother scolds him for pushing so rudely. This is a dodge much used at railway stations.

There is but little chance of robbing the Londoner in the streets. He walks too nimble, and rarely stops to look about him. It is far otherwise with visitors up from the country, who are detected instantly by their habit of stopping at every shop-window, and are generally marked down. Detectives, who know the pickpocket, are as clever as he at reading his victims. There is only one habit he has which distinguishes him from the crowd, and which he cannot get rid of, and that is, the anxious glance around to see that he is not watched. The detective can pick out one of the craft in a moment by this habit. As a rule, all the first-class hands in this line of action are well known to the detectives, and it is now becoming the habit, on great race days or other great fashionable gatherings, to way-lay them as they get out of the train, and to lock them up in some strong room until the gathering is over. Of course this is perfectly illegal; but as the swell-mobsmen are themselves engaged illegally, they are afraid to resent this treatment, not knowing but that they may be really wanted for something they have done.

This furtive habit of the class occasionally gives rise to most amusing situations. For instance, at the opening of the Crystal Palace, the detectives on the watch for these gentry noticed several foreigners looking around them very suspiciously, and at once arrested them. They

asserted their innocence most vehemently, and when the matter came to be investigated it turned out that the foreigners were detective officers of the Belgian police, sent over here to watch the light-fingered of their own countrymen.

The watch, more commonly than the purse, which is more difficult to get at, is generally the prize aimed at. It is not pulled violently with its chain from the person; that would alarm the owner. The dodge is to lift it lightly from the waistcoat pocket, and, by a smart twist with the finger and thumb, to separate the watch from its attachment. Many watches are now made with a swivel ring, a contrivance which effectually baffles the pickpocket.

There is another race of thieves who work inside shops. Women have long carried on this work in linen-draper's and silk-mercers' establishments, and the losses shop-keepers in these trades have suffered make them very cautious in clearing their counters of goods before they serve new customers. Jewellers, again, have been, and still are, sadly bitten by shoplifters of both sexes. Confederates bent on plundering a jeweller, will enter a shop and inquire for articles that may be in different cases. In this manner the attention of the shopman is distracted, and advantage is taken to plunder. Rare jewels have been taken note of in the windows, false ones made to imitate them, and then the shop-lifter has been known to ring the changes as it is called, by substituting the sham for the real article. This is a dangerous game to play, however, as the salesman rarely takes his eye off the jewel he is selling. A few years ago it used to be a very common practice to cut with a diamond a piece of glass out of the shop-window, and abstract the articles exposed to sale. Now that plate-glass is so universally used, this practice is not so easily managed.

"Put-up" robberies are, however, productive of the greatest amount of plunder, and are carried on in the most methodic and cool manner. These are generally conducted by ticket-of-leave men, many of whom are persons of means. When "a good thing" is to be done, these fellows will plot and scheme for months beforehand as to the best manner of compassing their ends; they will even lay down large sums of money in order to carry it out. When there is an accomplice inside the house as well as outside, robberies that would otherwise be impossible become very easy. Plate robberies are almost always carried on in this manner. Since the great robbery of watches at Messrs. Walker's, of Gornhill, that firm has ceased to put faith in shutters, which in such cases effectually hide the plunderers whilst at their work. They now, both at their City and West End establishment in Regent Street, dispense with shutters, affixing at night a strong iron grating, through which the jeweller is seen by the strong light of the gas burning all night. By this means a policeman can easily see on his rounds that all is right. In private houses, the servants are generally the innocent accomplices of the house-breaker. Very often these are handsome and well got-up young men, who take the fancy of the parlour-maid or cook. The "young man" finds no difficulty in getting admission into the kitchen or housekeeper's room, and then, when in chat, the plate question is brought into conversation, and the cracksmen speedily worms out of his fair innamorata all that he requires to know. A very large per-centage of the housebreaking in private houses is brought about by the instrumentality of servants, and when a robbery of this kind has been perpetrated, and the detective is called in, the first inquiries he makes has reference to the servants and their followers.

Householders living in a row of houses should always be on their guard against any adjoining tenement that may happen to be vacant. Burglars always note these houses, manage to obtain an entrance to them; and, once such a base of operations is obtained, not a house in the row is safe. Just in the twilight they contrive to creep along the parapet and enter house after house with impunity. At this time the family and servants are almost always engaged in the lower parts of the houses, and the thieves have

the full range of the bed-rooms, and ransack them at their leisure. Even in detached houses having porticoes with windows over them, houses are night after night entered by means of the supporting pillars, up which the active thieves climb, and after they have laid their hands upon anything worth taking they descend in the same way.

A class of thieves who have made some very astounding robberies of late have become famous under the name of "dragsmen." These fellows generally watch for cabs and carriages on the way to the different stations. They manage to jump up behind, and, seizing their opportunity, pull off some of the luggage and make off with it. In this manner the Lady Ellesmere, who was on her way to Windsor to dine with the Queen, lost her jewel-case, with jewels to the amount of twenty-five thousand pounds. It is certainly remarkable the carelessness some people display in the conveyance of the most valuable treasures. This box was put on the top of a cab, and was the hindmost of the pile of luggage that the countess's butler was taking to the station; the dragsman had nothing to do but to slip it out, and his game was bagged. The case with which this robbery was effected led to the invention of the iron guard which is now seen on all cabs, and which effectually prevents boxes being easily slipped off, as of old. Within a couple of hours the box was found, rifled of its contents, in a vacant place in Shore-ditch. The thief must have been wholly ignorant of the value of his booty, which consisted of jewels of rare value, all of which were thrown down the common sewer, the golden setting alone being retained for the melting-pot. Close upon this impudent robbery, a still more daring one was committed from a van that was conveying a heavy plate chest from Buckingham Palace to the Great Western Railway. In this case great precautions were taken to guard Her Majesty's property. Persons walked beside the van by way of security, and the withdrawal of the chest would seem to have been almost impossible. But as the strongest fortress is no stronger than its weakest place, so this guarded van was no stronger than the weak place of those who guarded it. On the journey, these thirsty souls must needs stop at a public to drink; whilst they were doing so, the chest was withdrawn. It is just possible this drinking diversion was cunningly brought about by one of the thieves—if the robbery was not, indeed, one of those which come under the denomination of "put up." Whilst I write, another great robbery, which looks as though it had been concerted, has taken place on the Thames. I allude to the boxes of silver about to be shipped to the Continent by the Rothschilds, which so mysteriously disappeared from the hold of the vessel, where they had been deposited, and secured under hatches, with the additional security of men night and day to watch the treasure. This case is still under investigation, and I should not be surprised to hear that some very curious revelations may be made respecting it.

All the leading swell-mobsmen, cracksmen, and dragsmen are thoroughly well known to the detective police; indeed, they are on nodding acquaintanceship, and eye each other when they meet with very curious feelings. They are both cunning workmen, playing a thrust and parry game, which requires the utmost sharpness and wit—hence they mutually respect each other. The detective knows that one day or other the gentleman he so curiously salutes will be "wanted;" nay, it is more than possible that he is just seizing the last link of the chain of evidence which will enable him to tap him on the shoulder in the name of the law. There are hundreds of the criminal population in the metropolis at this moment, living in comparative affluence, who know they are "marked down" by the human hunter, and are doubling like so many hares to escape the final cast of the detective's net that he probably been slowly gathering around him for months, unseen and unheard, entailing an amount of patient labour of which the public know nothing more than is expressed in the significant words, "From information I

have received," with which he finally lands the gentleman that is "wanted" in the felon's dock.

A BRETON LEGEND.

THE story which follows, is one that reappears in many forms in the folk-lore of far distant lands. How strange is the travelling of a legend from far east even to remotest west; how characteristic are the stains it derives from different soils, the scraps of dress it gathers as it goes! The following is, par excellence, a Christian story: not but that the same idea occurs in heathen myths, for men had hearts before. Our Saviour came to give light to their spirits; but as Christianity gave greater weight to the kindly virtues, and taught men to look less to the outward appearance, we naturally find Christian legends giving more prominence to conduct like that of St. Martin to the beggar. The tale is called "The Three Meetings;" and runs thus:

In the old, old time, when there were as many holy hermitages in Lower Brittany as there are drinking-shops now, there were in the bishopric of Leon two young lairds, Tonyk and Mylio, who had lost their father when they were quite children. Their mother had them carefully taught, so that by the time Tonyk was fourteen and his brother sixteen, they knew as much as any priest, and might have taken orders if they had been old enough, and had had a call that way. Well, their mother thought it was time they should see something of the world, so giving each of them a new bonnet, a full purse, a purple cloak, and a horse, she sent them with her blessing to seek a very rich uncle, who lived a long way off. They went on and on at a great pace, till they came into quite another country, where neither the trees nor the corn were a bit like what they were used to round home; and there, by a wayside cross, they saw a poor woman sitting down and weeping bitterly, with her face covered with her apron. Tonyk stopped, and asked her what was the matter.

"I have lost my son," said she, sobbing, "and he was all I had to depend on; and now I've nothing to look to but the charity of good Christian people."

Tonyk had his hand in his pocket, when his brother called out jeeringly:

"Don't you see that she's just sitting there, like a decoy-bird, to catch silly travellers?"

"Peace, brother; you make her weep more bitterly still. Don't you see that, in height and age, she seems just like our mother, whom God protect."

Then, giving his purse to the poor woman, he whispered:

"I can do nothing else to help you, poor woman; but you shall have my prayers as well." The beggar-woman took the purse, kissed it, and said:

"Young laird, since you have been so generous to me, be pleased to accept this nut. Inside it there is a wasp with a diamond sting."

Tonyk thanked her, put the nut in his pocket, and rode on.

By-and-by they came to the edge of a forest, where they saw a little child almost naked, searching about in the crevices of the trees, and singing a tune which they had never heard before, and which was strangely sad—far sadder than the music of the mass for the dead. He often stopped to clap his little ice-cold hands, singing, "I'm so cold, I'm so cold," and the brothers heard his teeth chatter.

"Poor little thing," said Tonyk, "how he feels the wind!"

"He must be a very cold subject, then," retorted Mylio. "I find the wind very pleasant."

"But then see how you are dressed—velvet waistcoat, cloth coat, and purple cloak over that."

"Ah, that's all very well, but he's used to it: he's only some laborer's child."

However, Tonyk stops, and asks the boy what he is doing.

"I'm looking for flying needles," said he;

"I find them asleep in cracks in the trees, and when I get a lot of them. I shall take them down to the town and sell them, that I may buy a coat, to keep me always as warm as if the sun was shining."

"How many have you caught?"
"Only one, as yet." And the boy held up a little cage of rushes, in which he had imprisoned it.

"Well, here's a bargain. You take my cloak, and give me the fly; and remember every night to say an Ave for Mylio there, and one for our mother too."

The brothers went on. At first Tonyk felt the cold a great deal, but by-and-by, when they had got over the down, a ray of sun came out, and he was able to go on comfortably.

Then they came to a spring in a meadow; and by two side of it sat an old man in rags, with a wallet on his back. He began calling out piteously the moment he saw them.

"What do you want, father?" said Tonyk, touching his hat out of respect for the old man's years.

"Ah, my dear young gentleman, you see how old I am, and I'm so weak I can't walk at all. So I've nothing for it but to die here where I am, unless one of you will sell me his horse."

"Why, you old gabberlunzie," said Mylio, "I should like to know what you've got to pay with."

"Seest thou this hollow acorn," said the beggar, "there is a spider inside that can spin a web stronger than steel. Ye shall have spider and acorn in exchange for a horse."

Mylio burst into fits of laughter. "Just listen to that, brother; the old fellow must have a pair of calf's feet in his brogues" (i.e. must be an impudent fool).

Tonyk replied, "He can't offer more than he has got, you know. Here, old man, I give you my horse, not because of what you offer in return, but because Christ hath said the poor are blessed. Take it, and thank God, who has put it into my heart to give it you."

The old man makes the lad take his spider, and rides away; but Mylio, who had been getting more and more ill-humoured, bursts out and says:

"You idiot! I suppose you expect me to share purse and cloak and horse with you, but you're mistaken; you may just get on as best you can."

He trots off, and Tonyk plods on without one angry feeling against his brother.

But soon the road led through a narrow glen between steep mountains, which rose sheer up even to the clouds. It was called the "Dowie Loaning," because of an ogre who lived on one of the mountains, and watched for travellers. He was a blind giant, without any feet, but his ears were so sharp that he could hear the worm boring in the ground. He was waited on by two eagles, whom he sent out whenever he heard anybody come by. No one ever went by who could help it, and all who did go, took care to take off their shoes and tread on tiptoe, scarcely daring to breathe, till they were a long way on the other side.

So when Mylio came, trotting along, the ogre heard him miles off, and cried, "Come, my eagles, red and white; I must have that fine fellow for my supper."

Down swooped the eagles, and, catching Mylio by his cloak, flew up with him to the ogre's den.

Tonyk just came up in time to see his brother disappear in the clouds; but it was no use crying out, and when he looked at the mountain-side, as steep as any wall, it seemed hopeless to climb; so he knelt down and prayed Almighty God to save his brother.

"Don't trouble Him about such a trifle," said three strange little voices, which seemed to come from close by.

"Who spoke? Who and where are you?" cried he.

"Look in your pocket," replied the three voices.

The end of it was, that the spider begins to spin a ladder strong and polished like steel; it fastens one end to a tree, and, getting on the

dragon-fly's back, is slowly carried up as the work goes on. Tonyk follows, the wasp buzzing round his head.

At last they get to the ogre's cave. He has Mylio ready trussed, and is cutting up fat bacon to fry him with, singing all the time:

I like the flesh of a Leon man,
He eats as much fat meat as he can;
The men of Trequer, too, will do for me,
They're fed on new milk and turnip;
But Cornwall people* and men of Vannos,
With their buckwheat bread, digest them who can?

The two eagles were getting the spit ready and making up the fire. So glad was the giant at the prospect of supper, that he went on singing without hearing Tonyk's footsteps. The red eagle first saw the intruder, and rushed at him, but the wasp stung him in both eyes with his diamond sting; he treated the white eagle in the same way, and then flew at the ogre, and began stinging him remorselessly about the head. He roared out like a mad bull, and kept swinging his arms like a wind-mill; but he could never touch the wasp, and having no feet, he could not run away. At last, in his agony, he threw himself, face downwards, on the ground, but the moment he had done so, the spider began to weave about him her wonderful web. He called his eagles, but they, seeing that his power was gone, fell upon him, and tore his flesh away piecemeal. Their treachery, however, did them no good; for when, full-fed, they lay down on the carcase, they presently burst asunder, for ogre's flesh is by no means wholesome fare.

Of course Tonyk untied his brother, and they went together to the edge of the rock. "How could they get down?" While they were pondering, the dragon-fly and wasp grew as big as horses, the little cage of rushes became a fine coach, the spider jumped up behind in full livery, and off they drove "along the way where the roads are always in good order."

They soon came to their uncle's castle. There, by the drawbridge, stood both their horses, and at Tonyk's saddle-bow hung his purse, grown seven times bigger, and his cloak all embroidered with diamonds. The lad turned round to ask what it all meant, when lo! instead of wasp, and spider, and fly, he saw three glorious angels, one of whom said:

"Fear not, good-hearted boy: the three whom you met were the Virgin Mary, the Saviour, and St. Joseph. Let what has happened be a life-long lesson to you both, and teach you what the Lord meant when He said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me.'"

After which words the angels spread their wings, and went up, singing, into heaven; and Mylio fell on his brother's neck, and confessed how much he had been in the wrong, and made promises and resolutions for the future.

Mr. Dickens announces yet another collected edition of his writings. It is to be called "The Charles Dickens Edition," and each volume will be accompanied by a facsimile of the author's signature. The edition, we are told, "has been revised by Mr. Dickens and his publishers" (Messrs. Chapman & Hall) "with the object of combining the four important points—legibility, durability, beauty and cheapness." The title of "The Charles Dickens Edition," the author thinks, may suggest to his countrymen "his present watchfulness over his own edition, and his hopes that it may remain a favourite with them when he shall have left their service for ever. On the other side of the Atlantic, it may perhaps act as a reminder that he has arranged with Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, to reproduce his works (in this edition and in others) in the United States, with a just recognition of his claims as their author. If the great American people should see any good reason for recognising those claims too, without detriment to themselves, the imprint of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields will henceforth afford them their opportunity."

* The Breton name for the small dragon-fly.

* Cornouailles, the district.

SMOTHERED IN ROSES.

Yes: charity, I know, may hide
A multitude of sins;
But there's a proverb to decide
Where charity begins.
Should mine in future contemplate
A Journey anywhere,
'Twill be a ball—a play—a fête—
And not a Fancy Fair.

The girls are all so very bold—
The men so very rash—
So many trifles *must* be sold,
And all for ready cash.
You'll find, when once you come to count
The guineas here and there,
It costs a pretty large amount
To see a Fancy Fair.

Three-quarters of the things they sell
Are not a bit of good—
(One can't refuse, though, very well,
And wouldn't, if one could)
They have such voices and such curls,
And such a winning air—
About a dozen pretty girls,
May work a Fancy Fair.

They hunt a fellow round and round,
They track him up and down;
They sell him portraits at a pound,
And roses at a crown;
Scarf, purses, pocket-books, and rings—
Pomatum for the hair—
And fifty other little things
That stock a Fancy Fair.

I'm not particularly shy,
As everybody knows,—
And yet I am obliged to buy
Whatever they propose.
I've been so often overcome,
That now I only dare
To take a very modest sum
To any Fancy Fair.

They little know, or little feel
What injuries they do:
A wound upon the purse may heal,
But hearts are wounded too.
This damage done by lips and eyes
Is more than I can bear;
So, charity, take any guiso
Except a Fancy Fair.

H. S. LEIGH.

THE VOICE OF A SLUGGARD.

'This early bird gets the worm,' and I am sure he is very welcome to it: I had sooner turn out of the nest later, and content myself with a berry, for 'He who sleeps, cats,' as another proverb has it; a foreign one, by the by, which does not sound so pretty thus translated as in the original.

I have not got a word to say against early rising. I believe that health, wealth and wisdom attend the man who invariably gets up before six, provided he is frugal, temperate, industrious, and has a sound mind and a sound body. Mushrooms are to be found in the morning; mouldy, dew-dew at such time possesses a strength and flavour unknown to that which falls at eventide; for I have tasted the latter, and it was nothing but flat water. I have known three men in the course of my life who drank to excess every night, and yet attained old age in exceptional health and vigour. One of them died last month, at the age of seventy-eight. I never knew him to have a headache, and he was never sober after 10.30 p.m. Now, each of these three men was an early riser: no matter in what state they were carried to bed, or how late that operation was performed, they were up again before sunrise, and to this habit of getting up betimes I alone attribute their immunity from the natural consequences of their intemperance. So you see that I am by no means inclined to undervalue the advantages of early habits; only I assert that neither health, wealth, wisdom, wit, nor even the delight of getting fuddled with impunity, can compare with an extra snooze in the morning.

I must have been an adorable baby when not hungry, I am certain. But that is prehistoric. As a very small boy at a private school, I remember to have suffered much persecution for devotion to the worship of Morpheus. I could not rouse myself thoroughly till full five minutes after I was called, and that cost me several cuts with a cane on the palms of my hands when I wend down into the school-room. Was poor Aurora a fellow-sufferer in this way when a girl, and therefore called the 'rosy-fingered'? One can imagine *prima* Minerva, *ferule* in hand: 'Late again, Aurora, as usual! Hold out your hand, miss!'

I remember one glorious day at that preparatory school, though. One morning, we were not called at all, and when some restless boy at length got up and tried the bedroom door, it was found to be locked on the outside. Basins of gruel were brought round in the middle of the day, and that was the only meal we had; and as some of the boys amused themselves with bolting and other boisterous exercises, they suffered a good deal from hunger. I snoozed quietly on in a state of bliss. I do not quite know why we were kept in bed and without food all that day, but imagine that some boy in another room had caught a fever, and that it was a species of quarantine the rest were put into.

I went later to a public school, where there was a 'six o'clock lesson,' which was not so bad as it seemed for it did not begin before seven. But even that was fearful. The masters liked this early school as little as I did, or nearly so, and often gave what was called 'a run.' If by five minutes past seven, no master appeared, the boys cried: 'A run! a run!' and dispersed.

When there had been two or three six o'clock lessons in succession, I used to calculate that the doctrine of chance owed us a run next time—just as *rouge-et-noir* players back the red when there have been a great many consecutive deals in favour of the black—and then I lay in bed, and risked a flogging.

Oh, how delicious it was to hear the other boys coming tumbling up-stairs, and curl round in bed with the knowledge that all was now safe! Sometimes, indeed, they did not return, and that was unpleasant. It always is to lose.

One happy morning, I wrenched myself out of bed, and on looking in the glass, found my face covered with red spots. Measles was taking a stalk through the school, so I knew what it was, and turned in again. That was a taste of Paradise. But my state of bliss became ineffable a day or two afterwards when the itching ceased, and a friend procured me a novel. To lie there and fast on horrors, without a care—no lessons, no flogging! Medicine? I poured all that out of the window, and got well just as soon as the boys who took it. But I did not wish to get well too quickly; certainly not till the story was finished. Did you ever read *The Seven Nights of St Albans*? I have never met with it since: It is an old novel, but the sensational works of the present day would pale before it. It is all about the Rosicrucians, and a man who had (I forget why) to pass several nights in the cathedral of St Albans during an eruption of the ladies and gentlemen baned there. The dead folks hold a feast, of which he is invited to partake; and the food and wine is—But if you like a thrilling romance, seek out some old-fashioned lending library, if Mr Mudie has not annihilated them all, and procure the work in question for yourself.

Deceivers have held out to me that early rising is all a matter of habit; that if I resolutely jumped out of bed the moment I was called one morning, it would be easier for me to do so the next, and so on until it would become a discomfort to lie still. They are mistaken. I once, for a period of seven months, the remembrance of which is of itself a weariness, was obliged to get up every day—or night rather—at five a.m., and I have loved my bed with a more devoted attachment ever since.

'But,' say the early risers, 'it is as easy to get up at one time as another. The bug must come; why not at seven or eight, instead of eleven or twelve? It is no worse.' And there is something in that. But I suppose death is no worse at thirty than at sixty, yet we prefer the later date, as a rule.

Whenever moralists urge that theory of boldy meeting the unavoidable evil of turning out of bed at all, I think of a Brighton boatman who once seduced me into going out with him for a little fishing. We caught nothing but horrible conger eels which he despatched by stabbing them in the head. 'Lie still!' cried he to a monstrous reptile which wriggled so dazlingly that he could not get at the mortal spot—'lie still, can't yer? Yer knows yer've got to get it, so where's the use?'

Pray, do not imagine, from my tone of justification, that I have never endeavoured to correct my besetting weakness. At college, I went half-crowns with Poppey on morning-chapels; that is, he was to pay me two shillings and sixpence whenever I went to chapel and he did not, and *vice versa*. But as each of us felt certain that the other would forfeit, and as half-a-crown was not sufficient inducement to shake off dull sloth when the pinch came, the bet proved to be practically void of effect. I won one half-crown off him indeed, but that was when I returned from a ball some five miles off, just half-an-hour before chapel.

Poppey was even more sleepy-headed than myself, which is saying a great deal. I remember that four of us agreed to go out hunting together on one occasion. We sent our horses on to the meet, and agreed to drive over in a dog-cart immediately after an early breakfast, which I provided; Poppey undertaking to give us a dinner on our return.

At eight o'clock, the two other men came to my rooms, as arranged, and after waiting a few minutes for Poppey, we sat down to breakfast. When the meal was done, and it was time to start, we concluded that the still absent Poppey was going in some other way, and would meet us at the cover-side; and as he was not in college, but had lodgings in the town, considerably out of our present route, we went off without him.

He did not join us at the meet, nor did we see him all day. When we met late in the afternoon, and prepared to return home, we agreed that his absence was sad, for we had had a fine run and a kill. However, it could not be helped; so we returned to college and after a wash and a change, met at Poppey's lodgings, very ready for the dinner which he was to provide for us.

The cloth was laid, the candles were lighted, and a hired waiter was engaged in the pleasing occupation of decanting sherry.

"Where is Mr. Poppey?" asked the most hungry of us.

"I do not know, sir; I have not seen him," replied the waiter, passing his tongue over his lips in a way suggestive of his having been taking toll of the bottle, by momentarily mistaking his mouth for the decanter, as we entered.

"Poppey! Pop-pey!"

"Perhaps he is in his bedroom," said I, opening the door of it. "Poppey!"

"Hallo, old fellow!" cried a drowsy voice from the bed, "what is it? Not time to get up yet, surely? Why, it is not light yet!"

The others came in with candles:

"Why, Poppey, what have you gone to bed for?"

"Gone to bed? I've gone to bed early, ten o'clock, to be up in time to breakfast with you at eight. I know all about it: Why can't you leave a fellow in piece till the morning? You need not be afraid for your dinner; I have ordered that; got a waiter and all."

"Ay, and it is ready too. Get up, and come and eat it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that if you went to bed at ten last night, you have been fast asleep for twenty hours."

And so he had: The lodging-house servant had got a holiday, and gone off without calling him; and as she intended to make the beds at night when she returned, and the dinner was ordered beforehand, and all Poppey's friends thought him out hunting, he was not disturbed till we came back. As for waking of his own accord, he never—yes, he may have dreamed of such a thing, but he never did it. Well, do

you know I had enjoyed my day's hunting thoroughly, and yet still I rather envied Poppey:

Very plump feather-beds are certainly conducive to sluggishness, seeing that the disinterring the body from that delicious nest which it makes for itself in one during a nine hour's sleep (call me "fool" who will; I claim the full allowance), is a most fearful trial. But however springy or even knotty a mattress may be, I do not like to leave it. I have slept soundly on the saloon-table of a steamer, and in rough weather too, all amongst the angular "cradles," and been cross enough when the steward disturbed me to lay the breakfast things. In short, I am a sluggard, and I cannot deny it. I only urge in extenuation that I have no other vices. I hate no one, except the gentleman who writes down the militia in the *Daily Telegraph*; the founder of the practice of carrying a football in your hands in the game of that name; and whoever calls me in the morning. I do not care for wine or spirituous liquors; I hate scandal; the simplest food suffices me. Mr. Gladstone might approve of me, for I never grumble at the income-tax. Mr. Mill's heart should yearn towards me, for the thought of marriage, unless I could have the Sleeping Princess for a bride, gives me a cold shiver. I do not smoke, for fear of setting my bed on fire; I gamble not, for any description of excitement is abhorrent to me.

Happy Nourjahad! enviable Rip Van Winkle, one whose lot has been cast in a society of weasels, salutes you! Thrice blest Lotus-eaters, receive me of your crew! You exist but in the brain of the poet? True; I will turn round, plunge my head into the pillow, and dream of you.

A FORK TO MATCH.—Saxhausen is one of the suburbs of Frankfurt, and it is partly occupied by gardeners, who are considered, rightly or wrongly, to be a clownish set. When the Prussian troops entered the city, every house was obliged to billet one or two soldiers. The inhabitants of the place acquitted themselves of the duty with very bad grace, and one of them showed such manifest signs of ill-will towards his guest, that the latter, when he sat down to dinner, placed his sword on the table by his side with a very significant gesture. The countryman said nothing, but left the room, and returned in a moment with an enormous pitchfork, which he laid down beside the sword. The soldier flushed up with anger, but the other quietly observed, "I thought that for so big a knife a big fork was required. If you like, we can each make use of our own implement." This is all the satisfaction the son of Mars could obtain; so he thought fit to put his sword away in the corner of the kitchen, whilst the other withdrew his pitchfork.

THE ALPHABET OF REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.—(By an elderly Bachelor).—A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humoured, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenious, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, mannerly, neat, notable, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, quiet, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, virtuous, well-formed, and young. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites, I will marry.

THE RULING OCCUPATION STRONG ON SUNDAY.—In an Episcopal church in the north, a porter employed during the week at the railway station does duty on Sunday by blowing the bellows of the organ. One Sunday, wearied by the long hours of railway attendance, combined, it may be, with the soporific effects of a dull sermon, he fell asleep during the service, and so remained when the pealing of the organ was required. He was suddenly and rather rudely awakened by another official, whom apparently dreaming of an approaching train, as he started to his feet

and roared out, with all the force and shrillness of stentorian lungs and habit, "Change here for Elgin, Lossiemouth, and Burghhead." The effect upon the congregation may be imagined.

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A river in England. 2. A town in Denmark. 3. A weapon. 4. A plane. 5. A calendar month. 6. The chamber of a mine in which the powder is placed. 7. A lady's title. 8. The east wind. 9. A fictional narrative. 10. A precious stone. 11. A town in Ireland. The initials and finals will name two rival statesmen.

SQUARE WORDS.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1. To declare | 2. To hinder |
| A valley | To escapo |
| Beside | A flower |
| A dance | A Roman magistrate |
| | To drive back |

CHARADES.

1. My first has been and still shall be,
While this world holds the land and sea;
Though given to all, it's prized by few
It's value is not known to you;
Nor shall be till the chance is lost,
You'll then perhaps discern its cost;
My second's yours and your relations,
My whole is found at railway stations.
J. H. E. COOPER.

2. I am composed of 20 letters.
My 8, 13, 18, 20, 5, 8, 10, is procured from wood.
My 15, 6, 18, 3, is to bring up.
My 9, 19, 18, 10, 16, is passionate.
My 4, 17, 2, 14, 6, is a kind of string.
My 1, 16, 14, 7, 11, 12, 14, is a kind of game.
My whole is a proverb. B. N. C.

3. I am composed of 18 letters.
My 11, 4, 17, 12, 2, 8, is a fastening.
My 18, 7, 15, 11, 18, is a plant.
My 3, 13, 8, 8, 2, 17, is an animal.
My 6, 9, 14, 10, is to take off.
My 12, 16, 5, 1, 13, 8, is to obstruct.
And my whole is a Royal Title B. N. C.

TRANSPOSITION.

How many words can be formed of the letters which compose the word "least" and what are they?
BLACK CROOK, TORONTO.

DECAPITATION.

1. Whole, I'm a female name. beheaded, I'm a male name; transposed, I'm skillful; again transposed, I'm an island; again I'm misery; beheaded, I'm a liquor; and beheaded and curtailed, I'm a number.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Aristocratic aliment; an emetic drug; a well-known fish; a New Zealand practice; a precious stone; a celebrated city; a person disguised; and a musical instrument. The initials will give the name of a living monarch, the finals that of a celebrated deceased one. NONPAC.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A tradesman in the first year of his business clears 12½ per cent on his returns; had he cleared ¼ per cent more, he would have realized a profit of 600l. What was the amount of his returns?

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS &c. No. 93.

Ancient Geographical Rebus—Aristotle,
Musical Instruments—1. Flageolet; 2. Cornopean; 3. Piano; 4. Bagpipe; 5. Violinello.

Logograph—Carpet-prate-tear-car-Carp-par
Charades—1. Nose-gay, 2. Perusing, 3. The Dominion of Canada.

Square Words— R A I N
A C R E
I R I S
N E S T

Problem—42 days.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Geo. Rebus—B. N. C., Argus, Camp, H. H. V.
Musical Instruments—Bericus, Argus, B. N. C., Geo. B., Violet, H. H. V., Niagara, Ellen B., X. Y.

Logograph—B. N. C., Violet, X. Y., Bericus, Nirgara, Geo. B.

Charades—Bericus, X. Y., Argus, B. N. C., Ellen B., Camp, H. H. V.

Square Words—B. N. C., Niagara, X. Y. Camp, Violet, Geo. B., H. H. V.

Problem—H. H. V., Bericus, B. N. C., Argus, Nirgara.

Answers to the Geographical Acrostic and other questions contained in No 92, were received from Bericus, Argus, W. Harper, Violet, B. N. C., Niagara, Whitby, and H. H. H. Owing to want of space we could not acknowledge the above in our last.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Glycerine affords an excellent coating for the interior of plaster moulds.

Faraday asserts that the products of combustion from an ordinary grate fire during twelve hours, will render 42,000 gallons of air unfit for supporting life.

It would appear from Lowy's experiments that sea air is sensibly richer in carbonic acid than the air of the land; and that, contrary to the *a priori* statements of Vogel and Kruger, sea water does not abstract the carbonic acid from the air, but even causes a sensible increase in its comparative amount.

A new mineral has been found mixed with the native platinum brought from Borneo. It forms small grains or globules of a dark black-grey colour, and of considerable lustre. Many of these grains show brilliant crystalline facets, which are the faces of regular octahedra. The new mineral is very hard and brittle. Its powder is dark grey.

PRINTING WITHOUT INK.—This system was invented by a M. Gustavo Leboyer, and is exhibited in the Paris Exposition. M. Leboyer has taken out a patent in England, as well as in other countries. His machines appear to be chiefly intended for cards and bills, letter heads, &c. The time expended in the usual inking process must, of course, be saved in the working of hand machines. The colours show no defect of intensity: they are good colours and well printed. A chemical paper or other fabric overlies the card or paper to be printed on, and the types are rapidly stamped upon this endless chemical band, which impresses the colour on the card. The band lasts for several days in constant work, and costs only about three halfpence.

PAPER FROM OLD ROPES.—Among the numerous worn-out and often considered worthless materials which the ingenuity of man has discovered means of re-manufacturing, and rendering of equal value with the original substance, are old tarred ropes which have long been in use at the coal-pits. Out of this dirty and apparently unbleachable substance is produced a tissue paper of the most beautiful fabric, even in surface and delicate in colour, a ream of which, with wrappers and strings, weighs only two and a half pounds. It is principally used in the potteries for transferring the various patterns to the earthenware, and is found superior to any substance yet known for that purpose. It is so tenacious, that a sheet of it twisted by the hand, in the form of a rope, will support upwards of one hundredweight.—*The Stationer.*

CLEANING GLASS BOTTLES.—It is a dangerous though common practice to clean glass bottles with shot, as, in the manufacture of shot, arsenic is employed, and, in the presence of acid, two virulent poisons are held in solution, arsenic and acetate of lead being formed; and, apart from the formation of acetic acids, that which causes fermented liquors to effervesce, namely, carbonic acid, will form two deadly poisons with lead and arsenic. Ten or a dozen shot are often found adhering to the bottom of the bottle, which, if suffered to remain there, would impregnate the liquor, and render it poisonous, and might lead to the supposition that the wine had been drugged. A good substitute for shot is found in the pyrope, or Bohemian garnet, which is very cheap; and will effect the desired purpose as well if not better than shot; at the same time it removes all fear of dangerous consequences. Glass bottles and other utensils may also be cleaned by rinsing them out with powdered charcoal.

A QUERY.—A correspondent writes to ask whether he would be justified in describing a small horse chestnut as a cob nut. We should think not.—*Fun.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C.—Mazzini was born at Genoa in 1808. His father was a physician of note and good private means.

APPRENTICE.—The earliest mention of a Poet-laureate in England occurs in the reign of Edward IV, when John Key received the appointment. The first patent of the office was granted in 1630. The salary was fixed at £100 per annum, with a tierce of canary, but under Southey's tenancy of the office, the latter emolument was commuted into an annual payment of £27. The following is a list of the poets who held the office of Poet-laureates since 1670: John Dryden, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The name of the American clergyman who recently beat his son so brutally as to cause his death is Joel F. Lindsley. A verdict of manslaughter was rendered against him upon his trial, and he was sentenced to four years and six months imprisonment in the penitentiary,—a punishment, in our opinion, altogether inadequate to his offence.

MIXTURE.—With much pleasure.
J. M. N.—Edgar is Anglo Saxon, and means a protector of property; Dundee is a corruption of Dun-Tay, signifying "bill of the Tay," or "castle of the Tay."

QUERY.—We have stated more than once, that the rejected M.S.S. of the competitors for the prize story will be returned to their authors.

ROTHSAY CASTLE.—We are at present unable to answer your question, but, should we succeed in obtaining satisfactory information on either of the points, we will communicate it in an early issue.

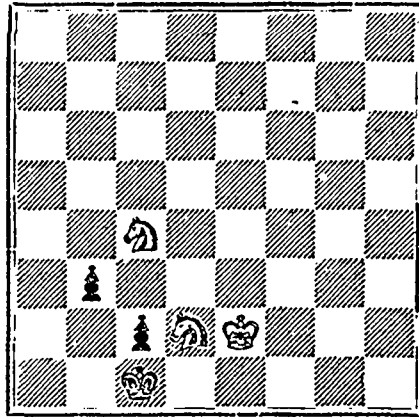
ADAM Z.—We regret very much that we cannot give you a favorable reply.

C. L. H.—The Muggletonians were a sect that arose in England about the year 1651, and of which the founders were John Reeve and Ludovic Muggleton, obscure men, but who claimed to have the spirit of prophecy. Muggleton, who was a journeyman, professed to be the "mouth" of Reeve as Aaron was of Moses. They affirmed themselves to be the two witnesses of Revelation XI, and asserted a right to curse all who opposed them, and did not hesitate to declare eternal damnation against their adversaries. They favoured the world with a number of publications, one of which addressed to Oliver Cromwell, was entitled a *Remonstrance from the Eternal God*. The prophets were at one time imprisoned in London as nuisances, but the Muggletonians existed in England as a sect, till the early part of the present century.

THE LATE LORD CAMPBELL.—John Campbell, a raw, lean, awkward Scotch lad, on descending from the stage-coach, found himself in London with no more money in his pocket than three sixpences. Having paid his fare and tipped the coachman, having expended a modest sum on food and drink consumed upon the journey, he stood on the London pavement enduring the pangs of sharp hunger, and rubbing the three small coins between his bony fingers. The town had friends ready to welcome him, with cautious civility; but to them he could not look for a replenishment of his exhausted finances. There was need for prudence. Leaving his luggage at the booking-office, the young man (let us say "the lad," for the time was June, 1807, and he had not completed his nineteenth year) walked to the office of a daily newspaper, on which he had been invited to work as a reporter. "Was the place kept vacant for him? Was he secure of the promised employment? Would he at the close of the following week receive from the cashier of the office two sovereigns?" The answers were affirmative, and having received them with lively satisfaction, the enterprising youth ran to the nearest cook-shop and devoured three sixpenny plates of beef. Had he not secured his appointment he would have expended but a third of his remaining fund on that night's supper.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 74.
By MEDICO, WATERVILLE, C.E.
BLACK.



White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 72.

BLACK. WHITE.
1 Kt to K R 6. K to Q B 5 or (a.)
2 Kt to K B 7. Any move.
3 Kt mates at K 5 or Q 6.

(a) If he play 1. B to Q B 6, White answers with 2. Kt to K Kt 4, and mates next move.

The ensuing game was played, some time ago, between Messrs Falkbeer and Brien.

WHITE, (Mr. F.)	BLACK, (Mr. B.)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 3.
2 Kt to K B 3.	2 P to Q 4.
3 P takes P.	3 P takes P.
4 P to Q 4.	4 Kt to K B 3.
5 B to K Kt 5.	5 B to Q 3.
6 Kt to Q B 3.	6 P to Q B 3.
7 B to Q 3.	7 Castles.
8 Castles.	8 B to K 3.
9 Kt to K 2.	9 Q Kt to Q 2.
10 Kt to K B 4.	10 P to K R 3.
11 Kt takes B.	11 P takes Kt.
12 Q to K 2.	12 Q to K 7.
13 B to K R 4.	13 K R to Q sq (a)
14 Q R to K sq	14 Q Kt to K B sq
15 Kt to K 6.	15 K R to K sq.
16 P to K B 4.	16 P to K B 4.
17 P to Q B 3.	17 P takes P.
18 P takes P.	18 B to Q Kt 5.
19 Q R to Q B sq.	19 Q R to Q B sq.
20 Kt to K Kt 4.	20 Q Kt to Q 2.
21 B to Q Kt 5 (b.)	21 K R to B sq (c.)
22 R takes R.	22 B takes R.
23 B takes Q Kt	23 Q takes B.
24 B takes Kt.	24 Q to K B 2
25 B to K 5.	25 Q to K B 4.
26 Kt to K 3.	26 Q to K 6.
27 Q to K B 3.	27 Q takes Q.
28 R takes Q.	28 R to Q B 8 (ch.)
29 K to K B sq.	29 B to Q 7.
30 Kt to Q sq.	30 P to Q Kt 4
31 P to Q R 8.	31 P to Q R 4
32 P to K Kt 4	32 P to Q Kt 6.
33 P takes P.	33 P takes P.
34 K to K Kt 2.	34 P to Q Kt 6.
35 P to K R 4	35 R to Q B 7
36 K to K B 3	36 K to R B 2.
37 B to Q 6.	37 K to K sq.
38 R to K B 2.	38 B to Q B 8.
39 B to Q Kt 4.	39 K to Q 2.
40 B to Q B 3.	40 K to Q B 2.
41 P to R Kt 6.	41 K to Q Kt 4.
42 P takes P.	42 P takes P.
43 R to K 2.	43 B takes K B P
44 R takes P.	44 B to Q 7.
45 R to Q 6.	45 B to Q B 8.
46 R takes P (ch.)	46 K to Q R 3.
47 R to Q R 5 (ch.)	47 K to Q Kt 8.
48 R to Q R 3.	

And Black resigns.

(a) This appears highly injudicious. Why not rather have advanced the King's Pawn?
(b) A combination which secures some advantage for White.
(c) This move loses a clear piece. He should rather have taken it with it.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

MUSICAL.—The last novelty in the Ethiopian melody is "Black Hide Susan."

SINGLE REFLECTION.—Many people lose matrimony because they can't find a matrimony.

LEGAL QUESTION.—Must the punishment for arson be necessarily a light sentence?

LEGAL.—Lawyers not unfrequently come to ride in their own carriages from the clever way in which they have managed the conveyances of their clients.

WALPOLE'S EXPERIENCE.—Sir Robert Walpole, who used to say that every man has his price, once added—"I never knew but one woman whom I could not bribe with money. It was Lady S—, and she took diamonds."

PARTIALLY CLAD.—A witness spoke of a particular person as having seen him "partially clad."—"Was he not quite nude?" asked the examining counsel. "No, sir," replied the witness, "he always wore a pair of spectacles."

AT GIBRALTAR, there being a great scarcity of water, an Irish officer said, "He was easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

WHAT book is most likely to make a noise in the world? A horn-book.

A DANDY lately appeared in Iowa with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had "no visible means of support."—*American Paper.*

A LADY asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

THE following appeared some time ago upon the house of a coloured man in Philadelphia.—"Peter Brown, porter and waiter.—N.B. Attends to funerals, dinner parties, and other practical occasions."

PASTRY-COOKS generally furnish better puffs than editors do.

WHY is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

THE moon seems the most unsteady of all the celestial luminaries; she is continually shifting her quarters.

TROUBLES are like babies—they grow bigger by nursing. But babies are not, therefore, always troubles.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend."—"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

The old gentleman who poked his head from "behind the times" had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

A woodman once sharply asked his lazy boy how many logs he had cut. "Well," was the reply, "when I have cut this, and that there, and got two others done, there will be four cut altogether—and it is quite early."

An Irishman's friend having fallen into a slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles," was the answer. "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No, there's not," rejoined the first, "I forgot to tell you he's in head first."

"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter in a hotel.—"No," was the reply. "Will you leave your name?"—"Och, now, do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

"I never shot a bird in my life," said some one to his friend; who replied, "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river, and was drowned."

One day during the hard Winter of 1863, a Miss Arnold applied to General Milroy for a permit to forage her cow, the milk of which was the chief support of the family. "Are you loyal?" asked the General. "Yes," she replied. He began to write the permit—"To the United States or Confederate States?"—"To the Confederacy, of course," she replied. "Then I shall give you no permit," said the General. "This infamous rebellion must be crushed."—"Well," said she, "if you can crush it by starving John Arnold's cow, go it."