

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 94.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 22, 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 223.

### CHAPTER IX. MISS CHARLEWOOD IS DIPLOMATIC.

There are various ways of attaining that condition of mind and feeling which is, by common consent, described as "being in love." But for all these various methods one phrase serves—also by common consent. Men and women are said to "fall in love" and that is all; but is the process usually by any means so sudden as that expression would seem to imply? The modern sense of mankind, among men of European blood, makes the right to govern dependant, at least theoretically, upon the consent of the governed; and perhaps we have unconsciously introduced the principle into other spheres. At all events, I cannot but think that the blind god, whose thronical brag of "I came, saw and overcame," our forefathers submitted to with an absolute obedience, has in these latter days lost somewhat of the halo of tyranny by divine right, and is often compelled to submit his credentials to the scrutiny of his subjects, like other and mortal monarchs. I think people can help being in love more often than is generally supposed, *n'en déplaît à messieurs les amoureux*, and that men may not only fall, but walk, trot, amble, gallop, and even lounge, into love. That they can be contradicted into it, I take to be beyond controversy. Nor can the spirit which protests against a prohibition it deems unjust, be considered an unreasonably rebellious one. The more Clement Charlewood pondered on his father's words respecting Mabel Farnshaw, the less his heart and conscience could agree with them or accept them as justly binding on his conduct. Supposing (he always put the case mentally as being a most improbable hypothesis)—supposing he had been inclined to admire and to—to—well, for the sake of argument say, to love—Miss Farnshaw. Was there anything in their respective positions which should reasonably make such a love improper or unwise? In every particular, save money, Mabel, it seemed to him, had the best of it. The Hammerham world knew, or might know, that his grandfather was an Irish bricklayer. Mabel came of people in the upper half of the middle class: Mrs. Saxelby's father having been a country clergyman, and Mabel's own father a professor of chemistry, of some scientific reputation. Mabel was young, comely, clever, and a lady. (Clement sternly kept the list of her qualities down to the barest and most indisputable matters of fact.) And though the great firm of Gandry Charlewood and Son was rich and prosperous, there were risks as well as successes, losses as well as profits; and Clement, as a junior partner with a very small share in the concern, had yet his way to make in the world. Mabel was nearly seventeen; Clement was turned seven-and-twenty. In age, at all events, there was no inconvenient disparity. When he compared her mentally with the girls he knew, she came quite triumphantly out of the ordeal. She was superior to his sister Augusta in intellect, to Penelope in beauty and sweetness, to the Misses Fluke in everything. Not one of the Hammerham young ladies who frequented Bramley Manor had, Clement assured himself, Mabel's quiet grace and unobtrusive self-possession. He had seen her in her own home, and knew her to be affectionate and unselfish. What reasonable objection could his parents have to make against their son marrying such a girl as this? Surely,

surely, Mabel would be the very pearl of daughters-in-law—one to be sought for diligently, and rejoiced over when found! "But as it is," said Clement, bringing his meditations to a close, "it is just as well that I have never taken it into my head to think of making love to her, though if I had the least suspicion that she cared a straw about me—but that's all nonsense, of course; it is the principle of the thing that I am contending for."

Mabel, on her side, was innocent of such day-dreams, either on principle or otherwise. I do not mean to say that she had no ideal hero floating in her brain whom she was one day to love and marry. But it was all very vague and distant. Mabel was free from coquetry, and had none of that morbid craving for admiration, no matter from whom, which makes some girls so ready to fall in love, and to be fallen in love with, on the smallest provocation. Certain it is that she had never thought of Clement Charlewood in the light of a possible suitor, and that she would have been immensely surprised to learn that his marrying or not marrying her had formed a subject of discussion between him and his father. Her pride would have instantly taken alarm at any suggestion of the kind.

Now it was a shrewd knowledge of this feature in Mabel's character that led Miss Penelope Charlewood to undertake the diplomatic mission referred to in the heading of the present chapter. Mr. Charlewood had a high idea of his eldest daughter's good sense and practical abilities, and was in the habit of discussing family matters with her very confidentially. On business, Mr. Charlewood never spoke to his "women folk," as he called them. "I earn the money, and they spend it," said he, "and I think they can't complain of that division of labour." Which sounded very magnanimous in Mr. Charlewood's opinion; but he forgot the consideration that absence of responsibility implies absence of power. Mr. Charlewood himself was fond of power, and jealous of it.

A few mornings after the conversation he had held with Clement in the dining-room. Mr. Charlewood was walking up and down the terrace at Bramley Manor, enjoying the sunshine and a cigar, after breakfast. Penelope was his usual companion in these morning strolls. Mrs. Charlewood being averse to walking under any circumstances, and Augusta eschewing any tête-à-tête with her father as much as possible. "For I never know what to say to papa," professed Miss Augusta.

"You don't really think there's anything in it, Penny, do you?" said Mr. Charlewood. His meaning, literally rendered, would have been, "You don't suppose your brother Clement is such an egregious fool as to contemplate making a girl his wife who has not a penny in the world?"

"No, papa—nothing serious, that is to say: but I scarcely think I would have said anything to Clement about it, if I had been you."

"Why?"

"Why, papa, Clem won't bear too tight a hand, you know; you can't ride him with a curb."

"There was no talk of curbs, Penny: I simply expressed my opinion." Mr. Charlewood, having reached the end of the terrace, turned and paced to its opposite extremity in silence; then he said, slowly, "Do you think the girl has any notion of the sort in her head?"

"Oh, she'd be willing enough, no doubt, returned Penelope; but it may be doubted whether there was not more spite than sincerity in the speech.

"It won't do, Penny," said Mr. Charlewood.

"Papa, I think I can manage Mabel. She's as proud as Lucifer, and—"

"Proud, is she?" said Mr. Charlewood, raising his eyebrows.

"Preposterously proud. Mind, I like Mabel. She has salt and savour, and is worth a thousand every-day misses; but I don't want her for a sister-in-law. Now, if she had a hint neatly given her that Clement's family did not covet the honour of her alliance, she would fly off instantly into some exalted region, and treat Clem coldly the very next time she saw him."

"Do you think so, Penny?" said her father, doubtfully. To him it appeared incredible that any girl should willingly relinquish such a chance.

"Yes, papa: I really do think so." And then it was agreed between father and daughter, before they parted, that Penelope should act in the matter as she thought best.

Accordingly, next day Miss Charlewood told her mother that she thought it would be kind to make a personal visit of inquiry at Jessamine Cottage, and suggested that their afternoon drive should be taken in that direction.

To Mrs. Charlewood a suggestion of her eldest daughter's came almost in the light of a command. Penelope had contrived to make herself considerably feared in the household, and her mother was perhaps more in awe of her than any one else.

"I shan't go," said Augusta. "I hate going to people's houses when there's sickness. You don't care a bit. I wish I was as unfeeling as you, Penny."

"So do your friends, I dare say," replied Penelope.

Miss Charlewood had taken care not to give her mother any hint of the errand she was bound on. "Mamma would say either too much or too little; and Mabel would be far too clever for her. We must keep mamma in the dark." This had been Miss Charlewood's decision as expressed to her father.

On their arrival at Jessamine Cottage, the ladies were informed that Mr. Saxelby was out, but that Mrs. Saxelby and Miss Mabel were at home.

"Out?" said Mrs. Charlewood to the servant-maid, raising two fat hands which were tightly compressed into bright yellow gloves. "Out? You must be mistaken. I thought he was too ill to leave the house."

"Master has been bad, ma'am, but he's been mending rapid these last two or three days; and to-day he is gone to the office for an hour or so."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Miss Charlewood; "we will see the ladies, if we may."

The visitors were ushered into the morning-room, and found Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel at work there. The former rose somewhat in a flutter to greet her guests. She knew herself to be a better bred, better educated, and more intelligent woman than the rich contractor's wife, and yet she could never repress a feeling of timidity in Mrs. Charlewood's presence. Not that the latter intended to be arrogant or insolent, neither was she loud in talk, or captious in temper; but Mrs. Saxelby was meek and weak, and Mrs. Charlewood's rustling satins and sweeping velvets—nay, even her very size, and the way in which her garments seemed to overflow the little sitting-room—oppressed Mrs. Saxelby with a sense of her own comparative insignificance.

Mabel, however, took the satins and velvets with perfect composure, and welcomed Mrs. Charlewood and Penelope in a thoroughly unembarrassed manner.

"What is this I hear, my dear? Your husband is out? We came expecting to find him ill in bed," said Mrs. Charlewood, panting into the room with a languishing air that five-and-twenty years ago had seemed to indicate fragile

delicacy, but which now rather suggested apoplexy.

"Thank you very much for coming, dear Mrs. Charlewood. I'm glad to say Benjamin is wonderfully better—in fact, almost well. He persisted that he would take a cab and drive down to the office to-day. I'm afraid its rather soon, but he was well wrapped up. Do take the sofa; and, Mabel, give Mrs. Charlewood that foot-stool."

Dooley, who had been standing with his small fist as far inside his mouth as circumstances would permit, and his brow drawn into a contemplative frown closely observing the visitors, now appeared to think it time that the general attention should be diverted in his direction, and, advancing to Penelope, said, gravely, "Do 'oo want to know how I do?"

"Very much indeed, Dooley. It's the thing I want to know more particularly than anything else."

Dooley surveyed her thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked, "Why?"

"Because I'm uncommonly fond of you, Dooley. You're my little sweetheart, ain't you?"

"No. I ain't fond of 'oo," returned Dooley, with uncompromising frankness.

"You rude little boy!" said his mother. "I'm ashamed of you."

"For goodness' sake don't scold him, Mrs. Saxelby," returned Penelope, who was no whit offended by Dooley's candour. "It is so wonderfully refreshing to hear anything one can thoroughly believe. Mabel, would you mind letting me look at your ferns? I'm so stupid or so impatient that mine all die, and I won't hear of letting the gardener touch them."

"You can see what I have; but they are poor enough. Why not let the gardener attend to them, Miss Charlewood?"

"Why not?" You're as bad as Dooley. Because, if you must know, they'd begin to thrive under his auspices, and thereby prove my treatment to have been wrong; and I never allow any one to prove me to be wrong."

Mabel and Miss Charlewood walked together to a little glass house at the bottom of the garden, where Mabel had a few plants; the stiff silk cord round the hem of Miss Charlewood's dress swept over the daisies ruthlessly.

"What a lucky creature you are, not to have grown-up brothers!" said Penelope, suddenly, when the ferns had been examined.

"Am I? I hope I shall have a grown up brother some day, bless him!"

"Oh yes; but by that time you'll be out of his reach. He won't be able to bully you. Your husband will have taken that department."

Mabel laughed. "Well," she said, with an arch glance, "I don't think you have much reason to talk of grown-up brothers bullying you."

"I? No; because I don't let any one bully me. I do that myself. But then, you know, I am a Tartar. Now, short of making up their minds to be Tartars, which is not altogether an easy line in life, girls do get bullied by their grown-up brothers. Watty and Augusta had quite a pitched battle the other day about Jane Fluke; papa took Watty's side, and Augusta was reduced to tears—always her last resort."

"About Jane Fluke?" said Mabel, rather surprised at Miss Charlewood's confidence.

"Yes; Jane Fluke is Augusta's latest craze, and Watty hates her. He accused her of coming to the Manor to set her cap at Clement, which is preposterous."

Any one to have heard the frank peal of laughter with which Mabel greeted this announcement, would have been quite satisfied as to her being fancy-free with respect to Clement Charlewood.

"What nonsense!" cried she. "Poor Jane! I'm sure she has no idea of such a thing. It is too bad of Walter to be so censorious."

"As to having no idea of such a thing," replied Penelope, dryly, "one can never tell. I should not be apt to accuse Jane Fluke of ideas, in a general way, myself. But, really, girls who are husband-hunters—however, papa made himself a little angry at the sugges-

tion. You know papa is naturally ambitious for Clement."

"I don't suppose he need alarm himself in this case," said Mabel. She felt constrained and uncomfortable, she knew not why. Miss Charlewood's tone was unusual, and Mabel had a dim consciousness of some unexpressed meaning lurking under her words.

"No, of course not. Jane Fluke is out of the question. But Clem is a good parti, and there are prettier and brighter girls than Jane Fluke in the world, who might think it worth while to try for him. And then men are such fools! If a woman tickles their vanity, she may do almost anything with them."

"Mr. Charlewood should have some means taken of warning off the young ladies from his son, as they warn off poachers," said Mabel, with quiet disdain. And then the two girls walked side by side silently into the house.

"Why, I thought you had run away with Penelope, Mabel!" said Mrs. Charlewood, when they re-entered the sitting-room.

"No, Mrs. Charlewood, I will not run away with anything belonging to you," said Mabel.

And Penelope then understood that she had succeeded in her mission.

"I thought Mabel spoke a little short just now, Penny," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated in the carriage on their homeward way.

"Upon my word, she is a first-rate girl, is Mabel Earnshaw," was Miss Charlewood's very unexpected reply. "I like her spirit."

Miss Charlewood, having been successful, could afford to admire.

#### CHAPTER X. "TANTÈNE ANIMIS CÆLESTIBUS IRÆ."

Miss Fluke did not fail on the following Saturday to pay another visit to Corda Trescott, according to her promise; and having, in the mean while, learned from the Charlewoods that Mr. Trescott was employed in the orchestra of the theatre—which fact, it may be remembered, Mabel had not deemed it necessary to communicate to Miss Fluke—had gone to Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, for the second time, full of zeal for the conversion of the whole Trescott family from the error of their ways, and likewise with a very keen curiosity touching the terra incognita of a theatrical life: which curiosity she was determined to appease by a severe cross-examination of the unconscious Corda. On this occasion, however, she was doomed to disappointment on both points; for, on reaching Corda's home, she found that the child had been taken out by her father for a drive in a cab—supplied, Mrs. Hutchins volunteered to explain, by the liberality of Mr. Clement Charlewood.

"And I must say it credits him greatly," said Mrs. Hutchins.

Miss Fluke had found Mrs. Hutchins and her husband at dinner, but, not being troubled with any vain scruples of delicacy, had bade them not disturb themselves, as she didn't mind, and would talk to them while they finished their meal. To this polite encouragement, Mr. Hutchins, a tall round-shouldered dark-visaged man, with a melancholy and saturnine expression of countenance, had responded by carrying his plate, knife, and fork, into the washhouse behind the kitchen, and there finishing his dinner in solitude without uttering one syllable.

Miss Fluke's self-possession being quite invulnerable as to any such slight hint, she improved the occasion by energetically applying herself to draw what information she could from Mrs. Hutchins. Now that good lady had no cause of complaint against her lodgers, nor any real feeling of dislike towards them. Yet, had it not been for two restraining circumstances, she would have been willing enough to join Miss Fluke in lamentations over their lost condition. Mrs. Hutchins having that cast of mind that delights in gossiping animadversion without necessarily believing it in the least, and having a disposition compounded of vanity and cowardice) to put herself in a favourable light with any interlocutor, by falling in with the prevailing tone of the moment. But I have said that

two restraining circumstances prevented Mrs. Hutchins from giving way to the natural bent of her disposition. Of these, the first was, that her husband was still within ear-shot; the second was, that Miss Fluke's eyes, making thof' accustomed tour of inspection round the kitchen, had unfortunately happened to light upon number ninety-seven of Rosalba of Naples, or the Penitent, the Page, and the Penitent.

Miss Fluke instantly pounced upon the romance, and dragged it from beneath a dirty tea-tray, whence it had protruded sufficiently to reveal the title, and the upper half of a coarse woodcut, representing Rosalba poised upon the topmost round of the rope ladder, with her curls streaming in a high wind, and three ostrich feathers mysteriously unruffled by the elements, stuck at the back of her head.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Miss Fluke, clutching at the number, and holding it aloft before her. "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! what is this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Miss Fluke pronounced her "Oh dears" with a crescendo which had a very terrible effect.

"Well, mum," returned Mrs. Hutchins, bridling, and feeling that she would probably be driven to bay, "that is a periodical novel as I'm a-taking in, in numbers."

"Ah! but," said Miss Fluke, turning full on the landlady with startling vehemence, "you shouldn't! Certainly not. You shouldn't on any account whatever!"

"Well, I'm sure!" muttered Mrs. Hutchins, "I don't see as there's any harm in it. I'm very fond of readin', and allus was, from a child."

"My good soul, that's all very well; but the great question is *what* do you read? Don't you see? It's of no use to tell me you're fond of reading, because that is no excuse for your feeding on the words of the Devil."

"Law bless me!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, tossing her head contemptuously: "I'm sure you wouldn't say such nonsense as that, if you'd ever read it."

"If I had ever read it!" said Miss Fluke, with a spasmodic movement of her shoulders, and her eyes very wide open. "I've no time to read anything but my Bible. And I find my Bible sufficient."

Miss Fluke, in speaking of the Scriptures, always said "my Bible," and laid a strong stress on the possessive pronoun.

At this point, a smothered voice issuing from the washhouse, demanded to know "Where the jack-tow'l had got to?"

"My master's a cleanin' of hisself, an' I don't believe as there's a towel there at all," said Mrs. Hutchins, glad of the diversion, and hurrying out of the kitchen.

"Ah! There it is!" murmured Miss Fluke, mentally making Rosalba responsible for the want of cleanliness and order in the household presided over by Mrs. Hutchins. "No jack-towel! That's what drives the labouring man to the public-house."

Mr. Hutchins, however, emerging redolent of yellow soap from the washhouse, was apparently only driven on this occasion as far as the workshop of his employer, for he left the house with his basket of tools over his shoulder, and a square paper cap on the top of his black matted locks.

His better-half was by this time in no mood to receive Miss Fluke's lecture on the sinfulness of novel reading, with a good grace. She made several remarks of a biting and ironical character, to the effect that she had always supposed an Englishman's house to be his castle, wherein he might reasonably expect to be safe from the harrying of people who had nothing to do but to mind other people's business; and pry into other people's affairs; that this might be styled a religious line of conduct, by some persons, but that she, for her part, could find no warrant for it in the instructions she had received in her youth from pious parents and guardians, whose orthodoxy she would defy the most malicious to call in question. She farther added, that she knew a lady when she saw one, having lived housemaid in good families before taking up with Hutchins. And she more than

insinuated that she did not see a lady when she saw Miss Fluke.

All these remarks were pointed and emphasised, by much clashing and banging of the dinner-things, which Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to wash up in a manner so expressive of indignation, as to put the crockery in considerable danger of being dashed to pieces.

Then was Miss Fluke a spectacle to be seen, as standing erect and rigid in the middle of the kitchen, she launched upon Mrs. Hutchins all the thunders of her practised eloquence.

Miss Fluke braced herself for the combat with positive enjoyment. Totally without one sensitive fibre in her moral composition, and rendered confident by long habit and by the arsenal of Scripture texts from which she could draw at will, and which she flung with pitiless volubility at the head of her adversary—after the fashion of those modern cannon which fire off so many balls per minute—Miss Fluke was a wonderful and overwhelming spectacle, as she stood there, square and upright, her face crimson, her eyes staring, and her head shaking with the energy of her emphasis.

Mrs. Hutchins had entirely miscalculated her strength when she ventured to cope with such an enemy as this. She was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and proclaimed her complete discomfiture, by subsiding into a whimpering fit of tears.

Miss Fluke looked at her triumphantly. "I will come and talk to you again, Mrs. Hutchins," said she, seizing Mrs. Hutchins's reluctant hand, and shaking it violently. "We must be instant, you know, in season and out of season. It would never do for me to look on quietly and see my fellow-creatures go headlong to perdition, Mrs. Hutchins."

The way in which Miss Fluke pronounced the word perdition made Mrs. Hutchins shake in her shoes.

"I'm sure I should never ha' thought nothink of reading a novel," sobbed Mrs. Hutchins. "I've knowed lots of good people do it, and think it no sin."

"Ah-h-h! The old Adam, Mrs. Hutchins, the old Adam!"

"Who, mum?" said Mrs. Hutchins, looking up forlornly.

The poor woman presented a very woe-begone appearance by this time, having rubbed her eyes with a not over-clean apron, and ruffled her untidy hair until it stood up all over her head like tangled tow, with one scrubby tress sticking out behind, at right angles with her comb.

"The sinfulness of our corrupt and fallen nature," explained Miss Fluke. "You should read, instead of imbibing that *poison*—with a terrible glance at Rosalba—"you should read some of those blessed and improving tracts that I left with the child Cordelia. Where are they, Mrs. Hutchins?"

It chanced that Mrs. Hutchins, having been attracted by the prints in Robinson Crusoe, had borrowed the book, unknown to Corda, and brought it down to the kitchen together with several of the penny tracts, which had been placed between its pages. She rose meekly to get the tracts from the dresser on which they were lying; but Miss Fluke anticipated her, and seized the volume and the tracts together.

"There!" she said, rapidly enumerating their titles. "The Reformed Convict. Sally Smith, the Scullerymaid. The Sinner's Fire Engine. Have you Taken your own Measure yet? Or the Complete Spiritual Tailor. *There's* reading for you, Mrs. Hutchins!"

Then, opening the volume of Robinson Crusoe, she examined the name written on the title-page.

"What's this?" she exclaimed, with the suddenness which was one of her most marked peculiarities. "To Mabel, from her affectionate—where did you get this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

"A young lady lent it to little Cordelia the other day. Mr. Clement Charlewood, he brought it for her, along with two or three more."

"Oh!" said Miss Fluke, intent on the wrong on the title-page. "Indeed! The child had far better have read the tracts I left her. I

shall see" my young friend," added Miss Fluke, with a grin and smile.

Then she violently shook hands again with Mrs. Hutchins, and took her leave, with a promise to return as speedily as might be, to carry on the good work she had begun that morning. "And," said she to herself, as she stalked, flushed with victory, down new Bridgestreet, "it's a special providence for all that household, that Mabel Earnshaw took it into her head to visit Cordelia. For, otherwise, I might never have gone there."

The account Mrs. Hutchins gave to the Trescotts of her interview with Miss Fluke was inaccurate in several important particulars, but it sufficed to excite a burning indignation in the breast of Alfred. The inaccuracies of which I am obliged to accuse Mrs. Hutchins were mainly the suppression of her own signal defeat and abject submission, and an exaggeration of Miss Fluke's pious horror of the Trescotts' calling in life. These were not only powerful in their action upon Alfred, but Mr. Trescott, too, chafed and fumed, and moved about the kitchen in a state of excitement. Little Corda, who had returned, tired and sleepy, from her drive, was lying on her bed up-stairs, and had fallen asleep.

"Who the devil do they take us for?" said Alfred, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and turning to his father.

"What can I do? Can I help it? Is it my fault?" returned Mr. Trescott, irritably.

"Well, yes; it is, partly. You sing so precious small to that snob Mr. Clement Charlewood. Ay, I could put Mr. Clement Charlewood up to a thing or two, high as he holds his head. He ain't the only member of his family with whom I have the honour to be acquainted."

"Law!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, with greedy curiosity; "ain't he? Now, which o' t' others do you know, Mr. Alfred?"

The young fellow looked at her cunningly from under his long handsome eyelashes. "Bless your soul, Mrs. H.," said he, with a grin compounded of a sneer and a smile, "I know all sorts of people. I tell you what, governor," he added, "I wish you'd take an opportunity of telling Miss Armsbaw—Hamshaw—or whatever her name is—that we don't particular, relish or appreciate the society of the amiable lady she brought here to bully poor Pussy-cat. By George, if I had been at home on the occasion of her first visit I don't think she'd have favoured us with a second!"

"I don't suppose it was Miss Earnshaw's fault," returned his father, laying a slight stress on the name. "I think she is a lady, every inch of her, from what Corda says."

"She's a remarkably good-looking girl, at all events," said Alfred, with magnificent approval. "And we know she can't come the Sunday-school-and-penny-tract style of virtuous horror over us. *That* wouldn't quite do."

Here catching Mrs. Hutchins's eager gaze fastened on his face, Alfred broke off rather abruptly, and stooped to pick up the volume of Robinson Crusoe which he had thrown on the floor. "There," said he, smothering the leaves with his hand, "Pussy-cat has read that, I know. Couldn't you take it back this afternoon when you go to give your lesson in Fitz Henry-road? You might see Miss What's-her-name, and say a word to her."

This Mr. Trescott agreed to do, and, after dinner, set forth with the book in his pocket.

Mr. Trescott's pupil was a young clerk, who had a passion for the viola, and as his duties occupied him nearly all day, he could only receive his lesson late in the afternoon. It was therefore growing dusk when Mr. Trescott—after enduring with what patience he might an hour of ascending scales played sharp, and descending scales played flat, and the rasping of a very unsteady bow over the tortured strings—arrived at Jessamine Cottage. To his surprise, there was no light burning in the hall behind the little glass door. He often passed the house, and knew the punctual shining of the hall lamp well. He rang softly without obtaining any answer, and then again, and then a third time, before any one came. At last a dim light

was seen approaching, and the nursemaid cautiously unfastened the door, and peered out. "Who is it?" she said, in a whisper. "What do you want?"

"Could I see the young lady, Miss Earnshaw?" asked Trescott, surprised and uneasy at the girl's manner.

"Oh dear no," returned the servant. "Please to go away. They can't see nobody. We're in sad trouble here."

"Trouble! What's the matter?"

"Why, master died this morning, and missis, she's like a lunatic, a'most, with grief."

"Good God!" cried Trescott, falling back a step or two, "I had no idea of this. I thought he was better."

"Ah! so he were; but he went out toq soon, and caught a cold, and got inflammation, and that carried him off in four-and-twenty hours. But I musn't stay and talk. Missis heard the bell, and it put her in an awful twitter. I must go."

"Will you take this," said Trescott, handing to the girl the book he had brought, "and give it to the young lady when you have an opportunity, and say I am dreadfully distressed, and wouldn't have intruded for the world if I had known?"

Before he could finish his speech, the little servant had taken the volume from his hand, and closed the door. He heard her put up the chain, and then the glimmer of her candle disappeared up the staircase.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Trescott, passing his hand over his forehead as he limped away, "it has given me quite a shock. I didn't know anything of the man, but it's so sudden. Dear me, it's so awfully sudden!"

#### CHAPTER XI. PROJECTS.

Trouble, indeed, had come to Jessamine Cottage, and the suddenness of the blow had nearly overwhelmed the newly bereaved widow.

It is true that Mrs. Saxelby had felt no passionate love for her husband; but she had clung to him with confidence, and hers was a nature that suffered acutely from the wrenching away of any support. She had been grateful to Mr. Saxelby for his love for her, for his protection, and for the release he had afforded her from a dull oppressive tyranny, in taking her away from the old woman whose humble companion she had been when he married her. Then, too, she felt that her worldly position would now be a very precarious one; and that the comfortable ease in which she had been living for these five years past, must give place to care and poverty. It was in a dumb unacknowledged way that this thought lay in her mind; and she would have repudiated with anger the idea that such considerations weighed with her at such a moment. Nevertheless, the considerations were there.

All Mabel's care at present was to soothe and comfort her mother as much as possible. Friendly services were not wanting to them. The family at Bramley Manor were kind in word and deed. So were several directors of the company in whose employ Mr. Saxelby had been so long. Mr. Charlewood himself relieved the widow from all the sad and depressing details of the last ceremony that mortality can claim from its fellow-creatures. But then came the time—perhaps the hardest to bear—when blind grief could no longer be indulged and excused; when the shutters must be unbolted, and the windows opened wide, and light and air let in once more upon the dark desolate rooms; and the noises of the outside world must come jarring in upon the silence, and when the husbed speech and noiseless tread of friends and servants must give place to the ordinary busy sounding traffic of life. If God's world would only mourn with her, thought Mrs. Saxelby, if the sun would cease from shining, and the birds from chirping, and the dry autumn leaves from dancing in the eddying dust, if a soft perpetual twilight would reign in the sky, and a soft perpetual hush upon the earth, then her grief would not be so hard to bear, nor her desolation seem so out of tune with the importunate life around her. But this could not be. Em-

dually, as was inevitable, she was roused from the lethargy of sorrow, and began to feel that the blood still ran in her veins, and that for her, as for the rest of humanity, Time's touch could heal as well as wound.

Mr. Saxelby had saved in his bachelor days, but not so much as many of his acquaintances had expected and believed. It is hard to say why they should have imagined him to have laid by any considerable sum of money, seeing that his salary was not large, and that its amount was pretty well known to all his acquaintances. Since his marriage he had lived up to his income; but he had insured his life for a sum which judiciously invested, would realise about forty pounds a year. Besides this, there was the long lease of a little cottage and garden, a mile or two out of Hammerham, and there were a few shares in the gas company whose clerk he had been.

Mr. Saxelby left a will bequeathing everything of which he died possessed, absolutely to his widow. His executors were Mr. Charlewood and the Reverend Decimus Fluke.

These gentlemen were sitting one evening about a week after the funeral in the little room which Mrs. Saxelby had been accustomed to consider her own especial domain. It was quite dark. The shutters were closed, and the muslin curtains were drawn across them. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and the lamp, carefully shaded—for Mrs. Saxelby's eyes were weak with weeping, and could not endure a glare of light—stood on a little table behind her arm-chair. Mr. Charlewood had taken his place on the sofa opposite to the window, and sat there with his legs crossed, and his hands spread out on the centre table before him, as he explained to her the position of her worldly affairs, and emphasised each paragraph of his discourse by gently raising his outspread palms, and letting them fall again.

Mr. Fluke, whose vivacious energy seldom permitted him to be still for two minutes together, stood with his back to the fire, and his hands beneath his coat tails a position which he constantly varied by sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, playing with his heavy gold watch-chain, or rubbing his fingers through his hair until it stood upright from his forehead. Mr. Fluke was a large squarely built man, rather over the middle height, with thick features, a ruddy face, and light widely opened blue eyes, which recalled his eldest daughter's eyes in the intensity and directness of their stare. He was loud of voice, dictatorial and absolute in manner, but a conscientious earnest man withal; not without kindness of heart, though a little dull in intellect. He was a man who might even have been gentle on occasions, if he could by any possibility have conceived the existence in anybody of a nervous system less robust than his own.

"It is, of course, a bare subsistence, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood; "but I think we have done the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Quite the best we could do, according to our lights, Mrs. Saxelby," Mr. Fluke put in, shifting his balance from one leg to the other, and humping his shoulder violently two or three times against the marble mantelpiece. "We have meted with a just measure, as far as it was given unto us so to do."

"I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Saxelby, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that you have both been wise and kind; and I am very grateful to you both for all the trouble you have taken."

"Nay," said Mr. Charlewood, "I assure you the trouble has been small in itself, although the occasion of it has been a sad one. Saxelby's accounts were in perfect order. I don't think he owed five shillings in the world, and his will was one of the clearest I have ever read in my life. He was an admirable man of business."

"He—was," said Mr. Fluke, with deliberate emphasis, "a—convicted—Christian; a practical, evangelical Christian; his earthly register, as well as his Heavenly one, was kept with faithful exactitude. By their fruits, Mrs. Saxelby, ye shall know them."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "It

is most soothing to my feelings to have him truly appreciated. Indeed, indeed, he was very kind and good to me; always, always, always!" The widow added this, with a burst of genuine emotion.

"You'll consider of my plan for your living at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood, after a pause. "I do believe it to be the best plan for you. You see, if you let the cottage, the rent wouldn't bring you more than sixteen or eighteen pounds a year; and you couldn't find a place in Hammerham fit for you to live in, at anything like that price. Then you'd have the garden. That's a saving, when you don't employ a fashionable scientific gardener to eat up the profits. The man who attended to it before (when your late husband let it) would grow your potatoes and cabbages for the privilege of taking what he could consume himself. There are fruit-trees too, and a paddock where you might keep a cow. In the country there are fifty ways of eking out a small income."

"It would be very dull," sobbed Mrs. Saxelby, "for the children. Think of Mabel. And how ever is Dooley to get an education? Oh, dear, oh dear, I don't know what to do!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, gliding quietly into the room, "pray, pray do not fret and distress yourself, about me."

Mabel had heard her mother's last words, and now knelt by her side, pressing her young soft cheek against Mrs. Saxelby's black dress.

"Remember, my dear friend," said Mr. Fluke, in a loud clear voice, which made a glass vase on the mantelpiece ring again, and with a queer sudden movement of his leg, that seemed like a kick strangled in its birth—"remember the young ravens! An all-bounteous Providence watches over His creatures."

Mabel merely observed: "Mamma knows, Mr. Fluke, that I mean to earn my own living. I am young and strong, and willing to work hard. We have talked it over."

Mr. Charlewood said, with an approving look, "I respect your resolution, my dear. Penny—my daughter Penny," he added, turning to Mr. Fluke, "always says that Miss Earnshaw is worth a thousand every-day misses. And she is right."

"And what do you mean to do Mabel?" asked Mr. Fluke, knocking down the fire-irons with a crash that made Mrs. Saxelby start completely off her chair, as he turned to address Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby pressed her daughter's hand nervously, and answered before the latter could speak: "Oh, we shall think. We shall see. I cannot give my mind to the idea of parting with Mabel yet. I shall be left desolate when she leaves me."

"Darling mother," said Mabel, in a caressing tone, and resolutely driving back her own tears: "Remember all we have said. Think of Dooley, dear little fellow. For a time we must bear to be separated for his sake. Then, when I have earned money enough to send him to a good school, how proud and happy we shall be! And, after all, you know, it won't be quite a separation. I shall be able to see you very often, I hope. You ask what I shall try for, sir," she said, turning her head towards Mr. Fluke, but keeping her arms round her mother. "I have promised mamma to endeavour to get a situation as governess, and I shall do as I have promised."

Mrs. Saxelby kissed her daughter's forehead.

"But," pursued Mabel, "I know that I am not very likely to succeed all at once. I would do almost anything to make a beginning. I believe that in schools they sometimes take a pupil teacher, giving a small salary, with board and finishing lessons, in return for her services, I have a good stock of clothes. I could do with very little money for the first year; especially if the hope were held out to me that it might lead to better things."

"Well said, Mabel!" cried Mr. Charlewood. "That's the way to get on in the world. Look things in the face, and begin at the beginning."

"I think," said Mr. Fluke, after a moment's consideration, "that it may be possible for me to help you in this matter. I do not speak posi-

tively, mind; but I know that Hannah (Hannah was Miss Fluke's christian name) is occasionally applied to, to recommend young persons in that capacity. I will speak with Hannah. She will do her best for you, I know, my dear young friend."

Poor Mabel felt her heart sink within her, and yet at the same moment she reproached herself for it. She reminded herself that she desired employment, and ought to be grateful to any one who would aid her to get it. The recollection of that Saturday's district visiting rose up in her mind. But she thanked Mr. Fluke as cordially as she could, and when the two gentlemen were gone she set herself to cheer and support her mother, and to put before her all the bright side, and none of the dark, of their future life.

"It will be a terrible change, Mabel," moaned Mrs. Saxelby—"a terrible change. For you, of course, it will be bad enough; but for me! Think of me, left in a wretched cottage in the country with barely food to eat and fire to warm me, and no one to look after Dooley! I think it will be the death of me, I do indeed. I don't suppose I shall live through the winter."

"The cottage is not wretched, dear mamma. I remember going there once in the summer, and it was a bright pretty little place. I know there are some glorious old apple-trees that will be quite heavy with pink blossoms in the spring; and then it is only two miles and a half by the footpath from Hammerham. You are able to walk that distance without fatigue, mamma. You will see your friends as often, I dare say, as you do now; and Dooley will grow strong in the pure country air."

"Ah! It's easy to be hopeful and cheerful at your age, Mabel. You see everything colour de rose."

This was somewhat hard on Mabel, who assuredly was indulging in no roseate visions as to the fate that awaited herself.

"If you really dreaded this country life so much, mamma," she said, after a pause, "why do you not make up your mind to let the cottage, and try to find a home here among the people who know you?"

"Now, Mabel," returned her mother, in a tone of plaintive remonstrance, "how can you talk so? You know very well that I must do as Mr. Fluke and Mr. Charlewood say. No doubt they settle all for the best. I am sure they mean very kindly, and I can't decide for myself, I never could."

"Perhaps," said Mabel, slowly, and as if speaking to herself: "perhaps if I were allowed to try that other plan, I might earn money enough in time to give you a home such as you have been accustomed to lately."

"For goodness' sake, Mabel," urged Mrs. Saxelby, rising and putting her hand on her daughter's lips, "let me hear no more of that! What would our friends say?"

"That, mamma, appears to me to depend on the amount of their sense and good feeling. And I do not know that I am bound to make what they would say my first consideration."

"Mabel, Mabel, you terrify me. Remember your promise. You gave me your word."

"Yes, mamma. I do remember. I gave you my word to try this school plan; and I will try it fairly."

Then Mabel went to rest, after giving Dooley a kiss as the child lay sleeping in a little crib by the side of his mother's bed, and after repeating to herself with disdainful wonder:

"What they would say! What they would say! If I tried that other plan!"

To be continued.

Sir Percy Shelley has been good enough, says the *Athenaeum*, to send us a lithographic copy of a portrait, taken by Miss Curran, of his illustrious father, the poet. The drawing was made in 1818, at Rome, and is "the only authentic picture" of the author of "The Cenci" in existence. This fact alone will give the portrait now published a singular interest. As a work of art it has no great merit.

## VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

SIR Bernard Burke's admirable book on the Vicissitudes of Families is the completest as well as the most interesting exponent of such changes existing; and although reviewers have already made large draughts from its contents, enough remains behind for many a half-mournful citation. Romance and truth were never so thoroughly blended. As a record of exceptional family histories, these volumes by Ulster King of Arms challenge, for the amusement they contain, the subtlest invention, for they trace down to its final resting-place in the mire of the valley, many a lofty family tree which once stood on the very crest of the hill. Who, at one time, could equal the Plantagenets? But among the latest descendants of that house were a cobbler and a sexton. A butcher and a toll-gatherer were among the lineal descendants of a king's son (Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward the First), and as such entitled to quarter the royal arms and to call cousin with the Queen; while the direct descendants of Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived, matched these royal dregs in poverty and obscure condition. Thomas, the great-grandson of Oliver, was a grocer on Snow-hill; and his son, Oliver, was an attorney in London. In the female line, one was married to a shoemaker; another to a butcher's son, her fellowservant; a third to a jeweller; and a fourth to an attorney, at his decease keeping a small day-school for her bread. A Percy, it must be owned with rather a shady title, was a trunkmaker, and contended manfully for what he deemed his rights. One of the great Nevilles, a direct descendant of the proud "Peacock of the North," sued royalty for a pittance to keep her from starvation. John, Earl of Traquair, cousin of James the Sixth, stood begging in the streets of Edinburgh, receiving alms "as humbly and thankfully as the poorest suppliant;" and an Urquhart of Burdyard, one of the famous Urquharts of Cromarty, came as a wandering beggar to his own hall door.

Then think of a "Princess of Connemara" dying of misery on board a small sailing vessel, and enabled to be on board at all only by the charity of friends. She was one of the great Martins of Galway, and came into nominal possession of an estate of which the then owner boasted to George . . . Fourth that it gave "an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles length." Put Irish recklessness and Irish hospitality in the crumpled up those thirty miles of land into a six-foot plank on board a wretched sailing vessel, and the poor half-starved princess, the last of her great house, died an exile and a pauper. The Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, commonly called Dick Martin's Act, was framed by that same Richard Martin of Galway. It was a pity that he could not exchange a little of his excessive tenderness for animals for some common sense and consideration for human beings.

The story of the glove-maker, William Maclellan, Lord Kirkcudbright, is also another singular instance of social changes. The Kirkcudbright estates were carried off by creditors in 1669; and, as there was nothing left but the empty title, the various heirs and possessors of that dignity forbore to use it, and got their living as they best could; the lord under present notice getting his as a glove-maker. He used to stand in the lobby of the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh selling gloves to the ball-goers; for, according to the fashion of the time, a new pair was required for every fresh dance. He used to join the company at the ball following the election of a representative peer, at which he himself had given his vote. Then, as a gentleman and nobleman, he danced with the ladies to whom he had been glove-maker and servant all the rest of the year. His son went into the army, attained the rank of colonel, and, "not satisfied with anything short of legal recognition, submitted his peerage claim to the House of Lords, by whose decision he was declared seventh Lord Kirkcudbright on the 8th of May, 1773."

"The Norwiches rose and fell by the smiles of woman." In the beginning of things, "Margaret Holt, the heiress of Brampton manor, gave her heart and hand to Simon de Norwich, and endowed him with her mansion and lands;" and his grandson, another Simon de Norwich, also married an heiress, and acquired much goods and lands thereby. So the wheel of fortune went merrily round for many a generation, until the hitch came in the time of Sir William Norwich, who drank, and gamed, and rioted through life more luxuriously than virtuously, losing his estates at card-playing, it is said, to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—by no means one of the kind to let loose what she had once grasped. He withdrew to Harborough, and died there in great poverty, 1741. Though buried with his kindred in Brampton church, no stone or tablet marks the spot or records his name. The title passed to another branch of the family; but a title without estates is but a poor patrimony, and the last English descendant of the Norwiches, "Sir Samuel Norwich," was for many years a sawyer in Kettering. He was the eldest son of Sir John who died in the parish workhouse, and whose widow was a laundress. She was very poor and very ignorant, and died in 1860, aged eighty. The present heir of the family and holder of the title, Sir William Norwich, is in America, and said to be doing well; so perhaps the old family will be revived in the future generations, all the wiser for their bitter experience.

The story of Viscount Kingsland is again one of the strangest of strange romances. Descended from one of the old Anglo-Norman families of Ireland, the Barnewalls of Meath—the Viscounts Kingsland were among the foremost families of olden times; but, by the severance of land from title the estates passed into other hands, and the name alone remained to a race of paupers as a high-sounding mockery in a reality of social misery. At last the mockery itself fell into disuse, until Mr. Hitchcock, a solicitor, took up the case and carried it to so much of a triumphant end as the reader may determine according to his own lights. We will give Mr. Hitchcock's letter—addressed to Ulster King of Arms—in extenso, not being able to improve on it:

"Dublin, September 26, 1862.

"My dear Sir Bernard. When the late Lord Kingsland established his claim to the peerage, I was a mere boy; but as my father was the solicitor to whose enterprise, talent, and pecuniary support he was indebted for success, he was very much at our house during the progress of the proceedings, and his extraordinary story became as familiar to the family, as 'household words.' I am therefore enabled from recollection, although half a century has elapsed since the time of which I speak, to give you some outline of his antecedents. He was born in some obscure part of Dublin, and 'educated' in the vicinity of Castle Market, where it was said he made his 'first appearance in public' in the 'onerous' part of a basket-boy, his success in which character led to his promotion in the course of time to the more elevated position of under-waiter at a tavern in Dawson-street. It subsequently appears that, although in so lowly a sphere, he entertained a dreamy notion, derived from family tradition, that, as he bore the name of the Kingsland family, he might by some turn of the wheel of fortune become entitled to its honours and estates. The Lord Kingsland of that time was a lunatic residing in an asylum in France, and was under the guardianship of his relative, Lord Trimleston. A false rumour of that lord's death reached Matthew Barnewall while he was officiating at the tavern in Dawson-street, and acting upon the traditional notion of heirship, under the advice of his then companions and friends, Matthew mustered a strong force of the employés of the tavern and the market which had been the school of his early training, and with that formidable array proceeded forthwith to survey the family mansion of which he took instant possession. There he cut down timber, lighted bonfires, and for some short time indulged in the exercise of rude hospitality to the companions who had escorted

him, and the rabble which he collected in the neighbourhood. His rejoicings were, however, but short-lived. Lord Trimleston, the guardian of the lunatic peer, applied to the Court of Chancery, and poor Matthew was committed to Newgate under an attachment for contempt. While in the prison he was advised to apply to my father for his legal advice and assistance, through which he was after some time set at liberty. At that period he was quite unable to trace his pedigree, and being utterly illiterate—unable even to write his name—he could give but little assistance to his legal adviser in testing the justice of the claim which, in the midst of his almost Gimmerian darkness, he still insisted upon to the right of succession to the Kingsland peerage. My father, however, being a man of sanguine temperament, as well as superior talents, saw that there was something in the claim, and took up the case with such ardour that he soon discovered a clue, which led him step by step through the difficulties which lay in the way of tracing a pedigree amidst so much ignorance, until at length there was but one missing link in the chain; and this was, after much research, supplied by the evidence of one Lucinda Ambridge, a woman upwards of a hundred years old. In the mean time, the lunatic peer *actually* died, and when Matthew's pedigree was completed, and the proofs forthcoming, the claim was brought before the House of Lords, and, after due investigation admitted. During the progress of tracing the pedigree, and pending the decision of the House of Lords, the expectant peer was clothed and supported by my father, and was frequently at our house. He was at first very modest, and could scarcely be enticed beyond the mat at the hall door, and when brought into the room, he sat, as such men do, on the least possible edge of a chair. By degrees, however, he grew in confidence, and, being a good-humoured man, his conversation was very amusing, what Lord Duberley would call his 'cacalogy,' or Dr. Pangloss his 'cacology,' being extremely rich. It would not be easy to do justice in description to his exultation and pride at being acknowledged by the House of Lords. But his elevation was accompanied by a sad drawback. The property which should have gone with the title consisting, I believe, chiefly of church advowsons, had lapsed to the crown, owing to some want of conformity to the established Church on the part of some of the ancestors, and could not be recovered. A poor peer's pension of five hundred pounds a year was granted to the new Lord Viscount Kingsland and Baron of Turvey; but alas! my father never was paid anything for his outlay and professional labour. All he got was the éclat, and the satisfaction of having achieved so great a triumph. Lord Kingsland was married in early life to a woman in his then class, who died before his elevation to the peerage, leaving only one child, a son, who lived to be the Honourable Mr. Barnewall, and heir apparent to the peerage, but died within a few years after his father had established his claim. After some time, Lord Kingsland married a Miss Bradshaw, an English lady, but died without issue; and consequently the title is extinct, although it is said, and probably with truth, that an heir could be found amongst the poorest classes in Dublin. My lord's sayings and doings are most amusing. As I mentioned his cacology, I will give you a sample. His second wife took great pains to improve him, but in vain. When he came here under her tutelage, she watched his words, and always corrected him, even before company. One day, being asked to take some lunch, he declined, saying, 'I have been eating *selvedges* all day.' My Lady, correcting said, 'Sandwiches, my Lord.' He replied, 'Ah, my Lady, I wish you'd be quiet, you're always *rebuting* me.'

"Poor fellow! He had a hard time of it. What between my lady and his own lordship, he must have often wished himself back among the free-and-easy 'Bohemians' of his early association."

When the lordly Nevilles went down to the dregs, Cole, the blacksmith, rose to the surface—rose so high, indeed, that his grandson bought

the Nevilles' castle of Brancepeth. The family of Cole, however, fell as suddenly as it rose—its prosperity being little but a prismatic bubble of great show and splendour while it lasted, but of no stability: and after the life of Sir Ralph, the second baronet, the great house that had been raised on the foundation of the smithy crashed to the ground, and the last grandson of Sir Ralph died in such utter want that he had to be buried by the charity of a cousin. Then there was the strange story of the Earldom of Huntingdon, and how Mr. Nugent Bell dug and delved among the ruins and rubbish of the past till he had unearthed his friend's clum, and transferred Captain Hastings, R. N., from the quarter-deck to the House of Lords; but the most romantic of all "Ulster's stories" is that of the Anglesey claim.

In 1706 Arthur Lord Altham married Mary Sheffield, the natural daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1715, some years after the marriage, Lady Altham gave birth to a son at Dunmum, the family residence in Wexford, which son was christened by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, chaplain of Lord Altham, and called, after his grandfather, James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey. Two gentlemen of repute in the parish, Anthony Colclough and Anthony Cliffe respectively, were the godfathers, and Mrs. Pigot of Ternon, was the godmother. The Earl of Mount Alexander swore to the birth of the child, inasmuch as he had heard Lord Altham say, with an oath, "his wife had got a son which had made his brother's nose swell," which is apparently an unusual version of putting that member out of joint. Indeed, there seemed in those days nothing to which to object in the transaction, and everything was open and confessed enough. Two years after the birth of the child Lord and Lady Altham separated, and my lord took the boy with him from place to place till he cast anchor in Carlow, where he took back a former mistress, with whom he finally settled in Dublin in the year 1722. She called herself then Lady Altham, though the real wife was alive, poorly pensioned, and in delicate health. In 1729, the real Lady Altham died. Lord Altham, of course, like all Irish peers, wanted money. He could not raise it unless joined in the loan by his son, who was too young for this. He therefore (this is the theory) resolved to get rid of him as a useless burden, and sent him to a person called Cavanagh, from whom, however, he had escaped back to Lord Altham. But when he had reached his old house he was refused admittance, denied recognition, and so perforce went out into darkness and distress, and became henceforth a vagabond about the streets. In 1727, Lord Altham died, and his brother became Lord Altham in his stead, succeeding ten years after to the earldom of Anglesey as well.

A year after his brother's death, Lord Altham sought out his nephew, kidnapped him—so the story runs—and shipped him on board the Janus, under the name of James Hennesley. He was taken to America, and sold to a planter, one Drummond, in Pennsylvania, and kept on the plantation for thirteen years. An old woman, a fellow-slave, was very kind to him, and when she died, perhaps feeling that he had lost his only friend, he tried to make his escape, but was recaptured, and transferred to another master because of the brutality of Drummond. The twelve months servitude, which was all now remaining of the original bond, was lengthened into five years, as a punishment for his attempt. Here, in his second term, a young Iroquois Indian girl fell in love with him, and it seems that his master's daughter did something of the same kind too; whereupon the Indian nearly murdered her mistress, and then drowned herself. James Hennesley was again sold; and this time placed on a plantation near that of his old master Drummond, where two Indians, brothers to the young Iroquois girl, tried to murder him, but succeeded only in wounding him severely, and giving him two months' sickness. Then, so he said, he discovered a plot, wherein the mistress of the establishment, his master's wife, had agreed to rob her husband, and escape to Europe with the slave of a neighbouring planter. His peccant wife sought to tamper with the young

man's fidelity; but, failing in this, she tried to poison him. Now he escaped in reality, and went as a sailor before the mast on board a British man-of-war; where Admiral Vernon heard his story, and believing in it, sent him to England to try his luck in the law courts. His first appearance there was a prisoner on the charge of murder, he having accidentally shot a man named Egglestone; and when asked whether he would plead guilty or not guilty, his answer was a fine bit of melodramatic indignation:

"My Lord, I observe that I am indicted by the name of James Hennesley, laborer, the lowest addition my enemies could possibly make use of; but though I claim to be Earl of Anglesey, and a peer of this realm, I submit to plead not guilty to this indictment, and put myself immediately upon my country, conscious of my own innocence, and imputing to be acquitted even of the imputation of a crime so unbecoming the dignity I claim."

He was acquitted. After this came the more important trial for the earldom, in which also James Hennesley was victorious; and thus it came to pass that the vagabond of the streets, the ill-used slave on the plantation, became Earl of Anglesey and a peer of the realm. But he never assumed the title, and died 1760, leaving two sons, who did not long survive him, the one dying in 1763, and the other in 1764. There was another trial about the same earldom a few years later, but it is not sufficiently interesting to report.

Some analogy to this great Anglesey case may be found in the strange Tichborne story going on at this moment, and likely to go on for some time yet before it is finally arranged. When Sir James Francis Doughty, tenth baronet, and father of the late Sir Alfred Tichborne, eleventh baronet, came to the title and estates on the death of his brother in 1853, he had two sons, Roger Charles, born in 1829, and Alfred Joseph, born in 1839—the two boys being of the ages of fourteen and twenty four respectively. The year after his father's accession, Roger, an ex-lieutenant in the 6th Dragoons, left England in anger, declaring that he would never return during his father's lifetime, and sailed for South America to see what fortune and energy would give him in a new life. However, the ship in which he had embarked was wrecked, and young Tichborne was assumed to have gone to the bottom with the rest. Years passed on. Alfred grew up, and married the daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour, and in 1862 Sir James, the father, died, and Alfred succeeded to the title and estates. But he did not keep them long. He was wonderfully extravagant during his short period of possession, and ran through his property with that mad haste which some young men have to free themselves from the encumbrance of wealth. "He raced, built yachts, and got over head and ears in debt," says one account, his last plaything being a pony, which used to come on the table after dinner. In February, 1866, he died without children, but two months after Lady Tichborne gave birth to a son, who thus became the infant baronet and the supposed lawful heir. Early on New Year's day last, a man, professing to be Roger Charles Tichborne supposed to be dead twelve years and more, arrived at Tichborne Park, and claimed the estates. He saw his mother, Dowager Lady Tichborne, and satisfied her as to his identity; he saw, too, some of the older tenantry at Alresford, and after having convinced them that his eyes twinkled and his right knee turned inwards as the real young Roger's used to do, and after having given one man, by particular request, "a full-faced view of his back," he was accepted among them all as the right thing, how odd, so ever his return had been brought about, and hailed as the indisputable heir of the estate. The young Lady Tichborne, however, and her friends, naturally dispute his claim in favour and defence of the child's rights; and the matter is still unsettled, giving frequent occasion for newspaper paragraphs of conflicting views—some holding to the new man's identity, and others to his false impersonation, and each putting forth various anecdotes of less or more

questionable authenticity, proving the right and justice of the two beliefs. The man's account of himself is full of interest and adventure. When he left England, in 1853, he went to South America, crossing from Peru to Rio Janeiro, and there embarking on a small schooner, the *Bella*, of Liverpool, bound for Jamaica. The schooner foundered by the way. Proof of this was given by sundry spars and fragments picked up at sea, sufficient at least to convince the underwriters who paid the insurance, and the family at Alfreton, who mourned the son they make dead to themselves and the world at large. But Roger, or at least the man who assumes to be Roger, says that he was rescued from the wreck by a schooner, the *Osprey*, and by her conveyed to Australia, where he took the name of *Do Castro*, living at a place called *Wagga-Wagga* and following the not very aristocratic calling of a horse-dealer and butcher. Here he heard of his father's death, and young Alfred's accession to the title; but not wishing to disturb his brother, he said, of whom he had been always fond, he kept himself and his claims in abeyance, until news of his death, too, came to him, and that he had died without leaving any children behind him. He was told this by one Andrew Bogle, an old negro servant of his uncle's, Sir Edward Doughty; and on hearing it he determined to come right to England with his wife and child, and claimed the title and estates which were his by right. How the case will turn remains to be seen, but which way so ever it goes, it will form in the future, as now in the present, a cause célèbre.

The Smyths of Ashton Court had a fight for their possessions. There was something of quite old-time high-handedness in the way in which "Sir Richard Smyth," accompanied by his solicitor, Mr. Rodham, waited upon Mr. Way, the uncle and guardian of the young heir, demanding the keys of the mansion, and the instant discharge of the servants, and giving them all two hours for preparation and departure. That first interview ended by both claimant and solicitor being handed over to the servants, and "deposited outside the house"—a mild periphrasis for being "kicked out of the house." Mr. Rodham would not have more to do with the matter, but Mr. Cattlin, another solicitor, would. The tenantry had notices not to pay their rents save to himself, as "Sir Richard's" agent; and Sir Richard and his family affected quite courtly pomp at Bristol where they lived; which was a slight change in the condition of a man who, but a year ago, had been a pauper. All sorts of rumours were afloat concerning wills and legal documents of supreme importance; and on the last day of Trinity Term, 1853, Mr. Cattlin served Mr. Way with a writ of ejectment, at the same time informing the family solicitor that "he was in possession of a will under the seal and signature of Sir Hugh Smyth, which rendered the title of his client, Sir Richard Smyth, indisputable." "Sir Richard," it must be observed, claimed to be the old man's heir by a first and secret marriage. Also, there was a brooch, a seal, a portrait, and a pigtail. Mr. Bovill, the plaintiff's counsel, made out a capital case. But after Sir Frederick Thesiger had handled it, the case collapsed. By skilful cross-examination he brought out these startling facts: that the so-called Sir Richard Smyth was in truth neither more nor less than the son of old John Provis of Warminster; that he himself had had the name of Jane Gookin (plaintiff's grandmother) engraved on the brooch; that he himself, too, had ordered the seal with the Smyth arms, and the motto, "Qui capit capitor," the faulty vowel slipping into the legend undetected; that he had tampered with writings, and forged the documents; and that, being inexperienced, he had written the will, dated 1823, on parchment prepared in a certain only too modern way, and that he had sent the will to himself through Frederick Crane. His last proof, a pigtail two feet long, with which he said he had been born, as was his son—though his was only six inches long—was not held conclusive against the evidence of fraud and forgery, and the jury brought him in guilty, and the judge sentenced him to twenty years' transportation. The forged will, the Bill, the

jewels, the picture, and the pigtail were all impounded, and are still in the possession of the family. The suit cost the Smyths nearly six thousand pounds; but they have the pigtail to show for their money.

### GENUINE LETTER OF THANKS.

THE following epistle, for the genuineness of which we (*All the Year Round*) have authority to vouch, bears no date, but is known to have been written about the year 1770.

It is an interesting, because authentic, evidence of the social position of the "Parson" in a by-gone day; who was hat in hand to his patron; who thought it in no wise derogatory to his cloth to dine in the servant's hall, to pay court to the housekeeper, and make love to my lady's "woman," or even to marry her, with my lady's countenance and approval. A social position admirably described by Macaulay.

As concerns the letter itself, the mingled simplicity and servility of the good man, its author, his gratitude for favours conferred, and his keen eye towards benefits to come, his presentation of his family after the fashion of modern mendicants of a lower class, his prolixity and tautology (frightfully suggestive of the sermons under which such of his parishioners as understood English—they were, probably, few, for he was a Welsh parson—groaned on Sundays), these points, and other humorous touches of character self-disclosed, make the letter very curious and droll.

Reverend and Worthy, Indulgent and Compassionate, Bounteous and very Valuable Sir.

The present you have sent me has laid me under an obligation to write rather sooner than I intended; and if I was not to seize the very best opportunity that offered to return you thanks after the reception of so considerable a present, I should be guilty of such a piece of insensibility and ingratitude as the very stones (to allude to the dialect of Heaven) would become vocal, and rise up and upbraid me; especially as a few grateful expressions may be so easily uttered without any expense obtained, and the least that can be rendered to any person by whom a favour is bestowed. No one is more ready to acknowledge a benefit, nor perhaps, less able to make a retaliation, than myself. I have it in my heart to do as much, and in my power to do as little, as any man living; however, as far as the efficacy and value of thankful and affectionate expressions extend, I am free to do the uttermost, and if it was possible for a sheet of paper to contain, on the one hand, and if it was not altogether unnecessary on the other, I would give you as many thanks as the clothes contain threads.

I thank you, dear sir, for the handsome and very valuable black coat, I thank you for the genteel blue coat, I thank you for the neat cloth breeches, I thank you for the pieces you have sent to repair them with, I thank you for the beautiful wig, I thank you for paying the carriage of the whole; I shall further add that, by the present, you have animated and heightened my affections, which your former hospitable behaviour had before enkindled. Shall I tell you I constantly and fervently pray for you, and am daily forming a thousand wishes for your present and future welfare? Dear sir, I need only say you have won my heart by your favours; I bless God for what you have done for me, and am surely to conclude from this instance of your bounty that you will be a great friend to me and my family. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you. On Saturday last I received your parcel. Immediately I had my hair cut off, that I might have the honour on the Sabbath to appear in your wig; and being desirous to wear the black coat once, for your sake, went to the meeting in it. My body was never so genteelly arrayed since it came out of the hands of its Creator; the clothes fitted me well, and looked gracefully upon me. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you.

Was proud to tell Mr. Ashworth what a present you had sent me, Mr. Ashworth seemed quite pleased. Indeed, if anybody who had seen me in my ragged and dirty apparel two years

ago, had seen me last Sabbath so decently clothed in your things, would have been apt to think me the reality of one of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, there being so striking a difference between my past and my present appearance. Dear sir, I thank you, and again I thank you. To conclude, dear sir, you say in your last letter, "I have sent you some clothes, if you will not refuse them." Dear sir, what do you mean? I am surprised at your expression. If you had sent me an old pair of shoes or stockings, should have been obliged and very thankful for them, much more so for a present so large and rich as yours, the value of which I so well know, and I am persuaded they were never yours for ten pounds. Dear sir, if at any time you have an old garment to spare, hat or anything else, I shall receive it with thanks, and my family enjoy the benefit of it. What follows I am ashamed to write, yet must own that your present would have been more complete if you had obliged me with a waistcoat along with it, having not one proper to wear with the coats you have sent me, they being so valuable, and fit me so well, it would be a pity to break them for that. I have nothing to add but an expression of the sincerest and most prevailing concern for your real happiness, and am, dear Sir, what I shall always be proud to call myself, and my wife and boys with me, your highly benefited and greatly obliged and humble Servants,

JOHN & MARY, THOMAS & JOHN BUTT.

P. S. The hand, spelling, and composing, am sensible, is wretched, time being short, matter great, tackle bad, and obliged to write in haste.

As I have had my hair cut off, and at a loss for a cap, if you have one to dispose of, either silk or velvet, shall be very glad of it.

### "THE BEST MAN WINS HER."

#### CHAPTER I.

HID away in the loveliest part of Perthshire, nestling among the often-sung Braes of Balquhider, lies Loch Voel, upon the shores of which Rob Roy lived and died; and where, in the quiet lonely kirkyard rests "Clan Alpin's omen and her aid." There are McGregors still in the clachan of Balquhider, McGregors who speak with glistening eye and heightened colour of the chief, and amongst whom no tales are so popular as those which treat of the wild days when the clan with the "name nameless by day" was at once the terror and protection of the country. Every child knows the story of the feuds between the McLarens and the McGregors, and how the Stewarts of Appin, coming to help their kinsmen, were met by the clansmen at the clachan, where Rob Roy challenged any one of the Appin to single combat, eager, by ever such personal hazard, to avert the horrors of a battle. They will tell you, too, how the great Duke of Athol exhausted his time and patience trying to catch Rob Roy; and the story of the funeral, when Lady Glenfalloch, thinking her brother was slain, sprang upon the Duke, and, dragging him from his horse, gave him such a taste of the tenderness of the McGregors that he took timely warning and retired, leaving Rob to bury his mother in peace and quiet.

Some ten years ago a descendant of Rob Roy's Helen McGregor, was the beauty of Balquhider. Helen was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with whom life had been one long laugh, and to whom the world seemed to bear neither frowns nor clouds. Her father, Tam McGregor, was a farmer, and well-to-do for his station; his sons helped him on the hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in the house, quite able to take many cares from her mother's shoulder.

Their cottage stood away from the clachan, near the foot of Meal-mach. A lovely little steading it was too, with high grey rocks on one side, on the other an oak and birch wood, among the branches of which the soft summer breeze when they had kissed the lake into a ripple of delight, would sigh, and whisper their pleasant songs of brighter and warmer lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants of many a generation of McGregors, here a little and there

a little being added, as the owner's family increased or his fortunes prospered. The thatch was matted together by a flourishing growth of various plants, wallflowers and house-leek predominant. Roses and honey-suckle flourished in the narrow border, and, clustering round the widows, met gay and thriving geraniums, votive offerings from the gardener at Glenbuckie, who was one of Helen's many admirers. Helen, being fancy-free herself, was wont to make a joke about love; and not caring for fairs or gatherings, escaped much of the gossip which attaches to other girls. Yet, quietly as the little maiden lived, she could no more avoid lovers than can the violet hide away her treasures from the bee. "Love will venture in whar he darna weel be seen," and accordingly Helen's lovers were neither few nor slack in making their way to the farm; while, much to the girl's discomfort, her mother took pride in courting the stalwart well-to-do lads who would take a place by the ingle nook, and while talking to the farmer of the ewes, wool, and markets, would hope to catch a stray glance, kinder than usual, from Helen: who however, went on with her spinning as if no eyes were seeking hers, and there were no such thing as love or wooing. And many a lad doubtless thought with Hobbie Elliott, that "whirling a bit of stick wi' a thread trailing to it" was but poor and tiresome work.

One man came oftener than the rest, so often that it was whispered about that Helen and Duncan were courting, nor did Duncan attempt to deny what he wished in his inmost heart was true. He had loved Helen long, and had only waited for a farm to enter the list openly. Now he had a farm and decent house to take a wife to, he thought the right time had come; and soon, seeing he had the goodwill of both father and mother, he was content to wait patiently until some happy day when Helen's heart would waken up and his love meet its reward. And if Duncan was patient, it was because, never having doubted his success, he experienced a sort of gratification in beating down his passion, or anticipating from a distance the time when Helen would spin by his own hearth, and pay him back tenfold for what she made him suffer now.

The honest folk in Balquhider called Helen a lucky lassie, and watched the courting with general interest, not unmixed with envy, for Duncan was one of the handsomest and steadiest of the young men more than that, and what perhaps went even further among the girls, Duncan was the champion wrestler, runner, and hammer-thrower, and twice had he carried off prizes from the Braemar Gathering. Duncan's courting had made no further impression upon Helen, when the Gathering of 185—drew on. All the world went to Braemar that year, and Duncan, much to his own surprise and the indignation of the Balquhider people, was beaten both in wrestling and throwing by a new-comer, a young man who, by his superior style of dress and manner of speech, was evidently from a different part of the country, if not indeed of a different rank in life to that of the irate young Highlander; and when standing hot and angry after his last failure, he was by no means comforted by seeing Helen's cheeks redden before the glances of the victor, who cap in hand, introduced himself to Tam McGregor as the son of his old friend, Niel Lesley, and saying that he had come to the Gathering on his way to Balquhider, his father having told him of the sheep-farming there, and how, for auld acquaintance' sake he might be lucky enough to get his lesson in the management of flocks from Tam himself, a lesson he meant to put in practice as a farmer in Australia. Tam was pleased to find his friend had not forgotten him, nor was he proof against the compliment neatly offered to his farming skill. Moreover there is never a lack of hospitality among the Celts, and Tam made his young friend welcome to the best his house afforded so long as he liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, tall and light-limbed, but with the muscles and sinews of a prize-fighter. He had been at the High School in Edinburgh, was well-up in modern topics, and able to hold forth upon subjects which



lately reached the ears of the inhabitants of the Braes, except when the shooting season brought down the great folk, and the great folk brought their servants. Then politics, parliaments and the court were familiarly discussed in every dwelling.

Niel was no idler, either in work, or play, or love. Everthing he set his hand to he did in the manner, we are told, that is sure to succeed. So no wonder that, falling in love as he did at once, he roused what poor Duncan had watched and waited for in vain, and, waking up the sleeping heart, brought the love-light into the sweet hazel eyes, that softened and drooped now as they had never done before any man's gaze. There was no question of love speech between the two, and yet, before the summer came, Helen had found out what a different place love could make the world. There had never been such heather on the hills, or bracken and wild roses on the braes, as now bloomed: the love-filter was acting, and nature took tone, as it always does, from the heart.

"How bonnie you're growin' Nelly," said Tam one day, as Helen came running up the grass, her hair escaping from the sky-blue snood, the gay cotton short gown coming half-way down the striped lindsey petticoat, which was just short enough to show her neatly-clad feet and shapely ankles, coquettishly arrayed in bright stockings, with elaborately-embroidered cloaks. "What's come to the lassie, wife? She's breakin' the hearts o' half the lads in the place. There's Duncan, puir lad, fient a smile he'll gie now, but gongs as dour—"

"Whesht, father!" cried Helen, shutting his mouth with a rosy little psalm. "There's Duncan comin'."

As she spoke Duncan stalked up to the door. It was easy to see that something had gone against the grain: the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, this very gait were changed, his clothes were thrown on with a carelessness unlike former days, and his eyes, restless and bloodshot, turned uneasily to Helen, as he made some commonplace remark to her father concerning the weather.

Helen's colour deepened. Something in the man's eyes struck like a knife to her heart, and lay there raveling, making the hot blood spring to her face, and the hand that had been on her father's mouth clench fiercely as if to beat back some burst of anger and indignation. But the flush faded the next moment, and a shudder shook her from head to foot, for Niel came in from the hill, and as he turned the corner of the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell upon him, Helen saw the thick black brows drawn, passionately together, the big veins start like knotted cords, and the strong teeth set hard in the nother lip. She saw this, and even then her heart sank with an undefined fear; but it was not until some days afterwards, when the braes were ringing with the mysterious disappearance of Niel Lesley, that the full significance of that look was revealed to her.

#### CHAPTER II.

MANY and various were the reports circulated, until by the expiration of four days they all settled down into one strong judgment against Niel—a judgment which Helen's out-burst of grief and pale stricken face unwittingly strengthened; and it was firmly believed that Niel, having won her love, had grown tired of her, and, to rid himself of her and his debt of gratitude to her father at once, had made a moonlight flitting. Duncan openly took little part in all that was said, so much so that those busy people who are always, in all ranks, looking after their neighbours' affairs began to hold him up as an example of unselfish generosity. There was one, however, to whom his silence had a different signification, and that was Helen, who, from the day the alarm was given, had remembered that afternoon when she saw, as plainly as is written in black and white, the hatred unto death stamped in Duncan's face. She alone, watching as none other could, heard the impatient manner of speech and saw the strange look that had come upon the man's face; and a horrible suspicion and dread filled her mind, harder to bear than all the cruel

things raised against Niel's character. There was one small ray of comfort left—a colley dog she had given Niel had disappeared the same day he was missed. He must be alive if Moss was with him, and if he had run away, as the people said, he would scarcely take such a continual sting to his conscience as the faithful dog must be. So, in spite of the deadly fears that would at times overwhelm her, Helen held fast by hope, lulling her anxiety as best she could by getting away amongst the hills, and wandering about where she would meet no one to pity or console with her.

The fifth day had come, it was a busy time, too, for they were gathering the flocks off the hills previous to the shooting season, and so it came about that Helen fell in with a flock in a lonely pass in the road to Len Led, and eager to escape the shepherds, she scrambled up the bars and hid herself among the whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, filling the air with their voices, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of heather. Presently, glancing away to the hill-side, Helen caught sight of a dog bounding down over scur and bush; but not until it was nearer and, diverted by the sounds in the glen, had turned aside and taken its stand upon a rock along the foot of which the sheep were passing, did she recognise her old colley, the very Moss she had given Niel. Helen's heart leapt to her mouth as she leant forward to watch the dog, who, falling into his old trade, stood yelping and howling over the flock, waking every echo in the pass, and rousing a perfect storm of bleating.

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips were shaking and dry. Then she called him by name. The dog came rushing up to her, and was soon whining at her side, licking her hands and face. As soon as she could see anything clearly through the tears that were blinking her: she saw that a blue ribbon was tied round Moss's neck, nearly hidden amongst the thick wool. Helen recognised the ribbon, it had once been hers; and she knew no hand but Niel's could have tied it there, and—But suddenly she ceased thinking. She had unfastened the string, and found a little bit of white calico, and read on it, written in blood, the words "Help! Reiver's Crag."

Helen cannot tell to this how she got home: but in little more than half an hour the clachan was deserted, and men and women were all on their way to the Reiver's Crag, a barren rock among the mountains, from which it was said a Cumberland reiver had been flung in the old days. The miles of moss and murland were soon crossed, and by evening Niel Lesley was rescued from a living death, and safe, but not sound, at Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad! they whispered, he never would be again.

He had slipped over the Crag, and in going down had caught at a whin-bush, which checked the impetus of his descent, and instead of going to the bottom of the cleft, he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss had followed, but it was the fourth day before he could get the faithful dog to leave him, and bear home tidings that might save him.

Such was the account Niel gave, and such was the story that met Duncan as he came home from Callander, whither he had gone early in the day.

Time passed on, and the shooting season brought many a visitor to Tam's cottage, for Niel's story was the romance of the year. He was still unable to walk, but his health was all right, and the doctors said he might get strong again in time. Niel never complained, nor could he, with such a nurse as Helen fluttering round him, propping him up with fragrant pillows stuffed with fresh-gathered heather and bracken, gathered too, by the little hands that were so strong and ready with their labour of love. It was only when pain kept him restless at night that the thought of being a cripple for life crushed him, and brought out all the training given by a good mother, and the stanch religious feeling inherent in almost every Scottish heart, the spirit that gave the world what Alexander Peden called "the praying folk," who carried their religion triumphantly through those terrible days when a bloody scaffold was thought a good shelter.

It was nearly a month since the day Niel had been carried home from the Crag. Night had just come, still, warm, and almost like twilight. Tam was smoking his pipe preparatory to his early bed-time, the women folk were knitting, and Niel, lying upon a couch the laird's sisters had sent him, was reading "Rob Roy" aloud, much to Tam's perplexity, who interrupted many times with denunciations against the text. Suddenly the opened doorway was darkened, and Duncan stood in the entry.

"Welcome, lad," cried Tam. "Ye're jist in time to hear the havers they buik folk pit in prent about the M'Gregors. Read that again Niel, that whar he says—"

But Duncan interrupted him.

"I didna cross the door to hear lees read. I cam to speak about a lea, to tell ye"—and his voice grew louder and hoarser as he spoke—"to tell ye that ane ye liked weel is a lea. We're a' frien's here," he said, in a different voice, looking round.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit doon," said Tam, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and turning to have a better look at Duncan. "Why, what ails ye, man?"

"Nickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor, and I cam on a grousome errand. I hae come to tak' awa' ye're faith in man for evermair, and to shame a hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and drew nearer Niel; Tam glanced at him too. Niel's face was crimson, and his eyes, all dilated and eager, stared up at the great wild-looking man glowering down upon him, who went on speaking.

"Niel says he slippt doon the Crag. He didna slip. An enemy—"

"Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel, trying to get up, but failing, he pushed the girl towards Duncan. "Stop him, for God's sake! The lad's mad. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't listen to him, Tam. He's a fine fellow, and you all hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake hands with me, and do go quietly away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down upon his knees by Niel's side, and, covering his face with his hands, sob aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let aianc. I maun tell them. Let me lide, lad; it's the first place. Ard when I hae your forgiveness I'll gang on my knees to the Almighty; but I canna ask Him till I hae confessed my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan," said Niel, gently laying his hand upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other, sternly; "I'll no get the warst. Tam and Helen, I am a murderer, or as bad, for I had the thocht in my heart to take his life. Niel cut me out wi' you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I said we'd gang to the Reiver's Crag and fight, and the best man shall win ye. Niel vad hardly gang till I told him I'd ca' him through the country-side for a coward, and then he went. But when I got to the top o' the Crag the diel got possession o' me, and catchin' him unaware I hurled him ower, thinking deed men tell nae tales. I never thocht o' the colley. When I heard tell he was fund, I was like to gang mad. Every fut I thocht was a pollis; but when the days passed, and Niel never tauld, it was war than a'. The hot burnin' coals were heaped on my heed, burnin' and smotherin' i' the brain, till this gloaming the thocht cam to mak a clean breast, and then gang awa' whar I'd never see a kennef face till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel man, ye I en what loving her is; but even you canna tell what my heart was, and how neither bluid nor damnation were any worth if I could only ha' won her, here. Ye canny forgive me, Nelly lass, for I hae made him a cripple, but just say, 'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgive ye,' and I'll gang awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold out his hand of forgiveness; but he, too, did so at last, and then Duncan went away.

Upon the top of the bank he turned, and, cap in hand, stood looking at the cottage. "Puir lad! he's prayin, masys," thought Mrs. M'Gregor, who had followed her old favourite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few weeks ar-

Niel and Helen were married, a letter came to the former—a letter written by a comrade of Duncan's, and then they knew for the first time that he had enlisted, and, going to India with one of the gallant regiments afterwards nicknamed "Sir Collin's petticoats," the poor broken-hearted lad had found the death he coveted before the walls of Lucknow, and was lying mortally wounded in the hospital, where he dictated his first and last letter to Niel, bidding him good-bye, and telling him to let the Balquhiddy folk know the true story of the Riever's Crag.

I. D. FERRON.

### TOO TIMID.

You look into my face as if  
You had anger in your heart;  
Pray speak, and tell me if I have  
In waking it a part.

You say you loved me. Ay! indeed!  
You loved me as you loved your life;  
And only waited time to ask  
That I might be your wife.

You waited time, sir! Know that time  
Turns liquid heat to frozen cold;  
Withers fair flowers and rots ripe fruit,  
And changes young to old.

How should I know your love, forsooth?  
Your hand was always loose and chill,  
It never closed and sent through mine  
A swift electric thrill.

How should I know your love forsooth?  
You never struck one forid blow  
Upon the red door of my heart;  
Your knocking was too low.

How should I know your love, forsooth?  
You stood too far, and never came  
To let the love-fire of your eyes  
Set my thoughts all a-flame.

You stayed too long, another spoke  
And showed his love, a costly thing.  
He looked, and lived it. Now I wear  
Upon this hand the ring.

If you had spoken as he spoke  
I might have answered to your claim,  
But now too late. And not to me  
But you belongs the blame.

Learn wisdom, sir. A woman sees  
All that a man may dare to show,  
You showed me nothing. Now, good-bye,  
I leave you here, and go.

A. N.

### REVIEWS.

**SOWING THE WIND.** A Novel, by E. Lynn Linton, author of "Lizzie Lorton, of Greyrigg," &c. New York: Harper and Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The volumes of which the above is an American reprint, have deservedly had a considerable run in England. Mrs. Linton is without doubt one of the cleverest lady writers of fiction, and we know of no novel published this season which contains more carefully drawn characters, a more skillfully constructed plot, or better composition generally. There is a striking originality displayed throughout the whole tale. Stock incidents are carefully eschewed, the conversations detailed are neither too witty nor too dull for the *dramatis personæ*, who act like real men and women on the stage of life, and not like the mere wire-drawn puppets of the conventional novelist. The character of the heroine is so far elevated above that of her husband, that no hand but that of a woman would have drawn two such portraits, of which the male contrasts so unfavourably with the female. The story details the married life of a woman, apparently happily but really unhappily mated, whose depth of character is only brought to light by a series of events all natural and simple enough

in themselves, but which are fraught with the most important consequences. Originally easily directed, on account of the lovingness of her disposition, she was in danger of becoming a mere slave to the caprices of her husband, with whom she had lived for many years surrounded by every luxury, but in utter isolation from the world, when a casual visit paid to her by a poor relation changes the whole current of her existence. To avoid her poor relations, her husband, who is a morbidly sensitive and jealously exacting character, hurries her off to the country where the main incidents occur which make up the whole interest of the story. Here they are thrown into constant contact with Marcy Tremouille, a wealthy creole, who is the wicked heroine of the novel; with Harvey Wyndham, the flashy unprincipled Bohemian, who eventually is the cause of considerable trouble among many of the characters; and with Gilbert Holmes, the "leonine" and "granitic" hero, whom Isola Aylott welcomed as a brother during the troubles of her married life, and finally accepts as her husband, after the unhappy St. John has died in a lunatic asylum. The threads of the plot are complicated rather than entangled, and it would be wrong to spoil the reader's pleasure by anticipating any of the story. The character of Jane Osborne, the heroine's poor cousin, though undoubtedly much exaggerated, is extremely interesting. Rough, untidy, bearish even at times, but at any rate always honest, truthful, and desirous of doing her duty, she is surely treated rather cruelly by the author, when she is left at the end of the book still plodding wearily on as a writer for the daily press, doing a man's work for woman's wages, and almost treated as a man by all about the office, while she has a true woman's heart in reality, which under the influence of love might have subdued her whole nature to something more feminine, and less repulsive.

The wily creole, as sleek and as treacherous as a panther, is sketched with a skillful pen. Her hatred and jealousy of Isola only hasten on the *denouement* which bestows final happiness on the latter, and we can desire Miss Tremouille no more luckless fate than to be wedded to the schemer who secures her fortune. How Jane Osborn, generally gifted with the keenest insight into peoples' characters, could have been almost blindly infatuated with the superficial Wyndham, can only be accounted for on the principle that love is blind.

There are incidents essentially comic even in the most serious parts of the book, which shew how well the observant writer knows of what a tangled web life is composed. We would especially instance the scene where Jane Osborn brings St. John Aylott the baby, when he is surrounded by his new friends in the country; and also the scene in which old Aaron Wilson, the gardener, claims the same aristocratic gentleman as his grandson, and offers to lend him his slender store of savings. It is not very easy to see how the title of the novel is strictly applicable to the tale, but when we have little to find fault with but the title, it assuredly speaks well for the work.

**MISS RAVENEL'S CONVERSION FROM SECESSION TO LOYALTY.** A Novel by J. W. De Forest. New York: Harper and Brothers, Montreal: Dawson Bros.

No two books can possibly be more unlike than the English story of which we have just written, and the American novel of which we are about to write. There is only one accidental point of resemblance. In both books there is a creole heroine, corrupt, seductive, unscrupulous and cat like. But the delicacy and refinement both of thought and language which characterize the work of the English author are here lacking. There is evidence of a certain power in the book which would warrant a belief that the writer could produce a less hasty and more worthy monument of his literary skill, but if he were to be judged simply by this novel, his name would not rank high, even among the third rate writers of sensational tales. It is certainly not a book for the perusal of any but the strongest-minded females, and even weak-minded

gentlemen will be sure to speak ill of it. The plot is scarcely worthy of the name of plot.

Miss Ravenel, a blue-eyed and graceful blonde, of eighteen, is a South Carolinian. Her father has been for twenty years a Professor in the Medical College of New Orleans. When the war broke out between the North and South, he came northward with his daughter, considering the insurrection of the South to be "a stupid, barbarous Ashantee rebellion." His feelings are not shared in by his daughter, Lillie, who is a traitor to the Republic, and an enthusiastic advocate of secession. On their coming to the city of New Boston (as the author is pleased to call it) they became acquainted with two gentlemen who play the principal parts in the drama of the story. One is named Edward Colbourne, a young law-student with whose father Dr. Ravenel had previously been acquainted; the other is a Lieutenant-Colonel Currier, a broad-shouldered, brown-eyed, and brown-moustached man of the world, a *vicar* of about thirty-five. With the latter Lillie, greatly to her discredit, falls gradually in love. It must be remembered, as the writer is careful to tell us, that "she knew little or nothing about the Colonel's various naughty ways. In her presence he never swore, nor got the worse for liquor, nor alluded to scenes of dissipation. At church he decorously put down his head while one could count twenty, and made the responses with a politeness meant to be complimentary to the parties addressed." The reader has now a specimen of the style of the book. Another may be found at the bottom of p. 104 which is worded in a still more objectionable manner, and which we therefore refrain from quoting. Finally, the unfortunate Lillie persuaded her father to allow her to accept the debauched Colonel, and blinded by love she married him. He performs prodigies of valor in the field, and her worship of her hero of course increased. While they are all again staying at New Orleans we are introduced to Lillie's aunt, a Mrs. Larue (the widow of the late Mrs. Ravenel's brother) a French creole of about thirty, who still preserves the witchery of her charms. It is with this woman who had done her utmost to further Lillie's marriage with the Colonel, when she found that she had no chance with him herself, that the fast man of the world is guilty of a disgraceful intrigue. This is at length discovered by Dr. Ravenel, who accidentally gets possession of one of Mrs. Larue's letters to the Colonel, fixing the day and hour for a clandestine meeting. Being very much distressed at his discovery, Dr. Ravenel retires to his bed-room seriously indisposed. His daughter goes to find him, and her eye falls upon the fatal letter. She reads it and falls senseless on the floor. On her recovery from a severe illness, she is taken North by her father, who in the meantime communicates his intentions to the Colonel, requesting him never to force himself again into his wife's presence. Currier soon after died in the hour of victory, the same hard worldly man that he had ever been. In the end Colbourne having turned soldier, and also distinguished himself greatly, is united to Lillie whom he has never ceased to love and pity; and the repentant woman, now a convert from secession, enjoys all happiness with the one whom she so foolishly rejected in the first instance for a fire-eating and besotted Hercules. Some of the war scenes are no doubt described with considerable vigor; and as the South is spoken of in terms of the foulest abuse, the book will of course command the admiration of a numerous class of readers: but the tone of its morality is so low, and its style altogether so fast that we can hardly recommend it for general perusal. The book is, we need not say, neatly printed and prettily bound: but the proof reader has not done his duty very faithfully. We meet with *argumentum ad hominem* twice, and are startled at p. 350 by the author's speaking of "the *virii clari et venerabiles*, who gathered at Boston to celebrate the obsequies of John Quincy Adams."

The Leeds Corporation have adopted a steam stone-breaking machine, which performs its work very well, and reduces the cost from 15d. per ton to 3d. or 4d. The machine breaks 100 tons of limestone per day.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

The friends of the late Mr. C. H. Bennett, the comic artist, who for some time past had been one of the illustrators of *Punch*, have put forth an appeal on behalf of his family.

Mr. Dickens, it is expected, will soon revisit the United States, and give a series of readings from his own works in the chief cities.

Mr. Carlyle has returned to England from Mentone, but his health has not been benefited by his stay in the south of France.

By command of the Emperor of the French, certain officers of the Imperial Navy and of the Hydrographic Service are to be sent to different parts of the globe for the purpose of determining, by astronomical observation, a number of fundamental meridians, from which the geographical position of other places may be ascertained and verified.

Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, has written to the *Times* to say that the English State Papers recently discovered in the old city library of Philadelphia have been received in London, very much to the satisfaction of her Majesty's Government. Lord Romilly describes these papers as of very great historical interest and political consequence. Nothing could have been more courteous than the action of our American cousins in this matter; and we have no doubt that Lord Romilly's letter will be to them a very pleasant acknowledgment.

The *Publishers' Circular*, in summarizing the report on the English publishing trade contributed by Mr. W. H. Brookfield to the catalogue of the British section of the Paris Exhibition, says—"The exhibition of books comprises the publications in Great Britain for the year 1866, and there appears little reason to doubt that it is practically complete. Some interesting considerations arise out of the mere number and prices of the volumes. It appears that any curious person who desired to possess a single copy of every work issued from the British press—exclusive of periodicals—would have to expend about £1,500 per annum. The number of volumes which he would have obtained last year for this sum would have been 4,752, that being the number displayed. The publishers contributing these works are 184 in number, of whom 141 are metropolitan, and 43 provincial. (Of the metropolitan, Dublin furnishes 2, Edinburgh 6, and London 123. Nothing can show more clearly than this, the tendency of the great metropolis to absorb all the publishing activity of the United Kingdom. Edinburgh, Dublin, and Glasgow still have their great publishing houses; but even Edinburgh which has struggled manfully for its individuality in this respect, now has its establishments in Paternoster-row, and is consequently becoming more Cockney than Scottish. The volumes contributed from the provinces amount to 335, those from Dublin, to 129; from Edinburgh, to 279 and from London 4,009. But, doubtless, many of the works which are assigned to Dublin and Edinburgh are really produced in London, and find their chief sale there. Mr. Brookfield calculates that, if we strike out mechanical arts, commerce, directories, agriculture and all that claims but slender connection with literature proper, not more than half of the 4,752 volumes will remain to be classed with history, biography, travels, prose, fiction, poetry, a small proportion of religious writing, and a few other kinds to which we usually ascribe the name of literature. It is estimated that of the total number of works exhibited, 3,399 represent new publications, the remainder being reprints. Mr. Brookfield gives some curious facts as to reprints of great standard English authors during the year. Of these it appears there were two editions of Chaucer, fifteen of Shakespeare's plays and six of his smaller poems, two of Dryden, two of Butler, eight of Milton, five of Pope, four of Thomson, seven of Goldsmith, three of Gray, thirteen of Cowper, eight of Wordsworth, the same number of Moore, three of Shelley, and eleven of Byron. Such information is, of course, necessarily incomplete, because it affords no idea of the numbers of copies sold.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 215.

Book the Fifth.

## THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTH.

## CHAPTER I.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

Of all places upon this earth, perhaps, there is none more obnoxious to the civilised mind than London in October, and yet to Valentine Hawkehurst, newly arrived from Ullerton per North-Western Railway, that city seemed as an enchanted and paradisaical region. Were not the western suburbs of that murky metropolis inhabited by Charlotte Halliday, and might he not hope to see her.

He did hope for that enjoyment. He had felt something more than hope while speeding Londonwards by that delightful combination of a liberal railway management, a fast and yet cheap train. He had beguiled himself with a delicious certainty. Early the next morning—or at any rate as early as civilisation permitted—he would lie him to Bayswater, and present himself at the neat iron gate of Philip Sheldon's gothic villa. She would be there, in the garden most likely, his divine Charlotte, so bright and radiant a creature that the dull October morning would be made glorious by her presence—she would be there, and she would welcome him with that smile which made her the most enchanting of women.

Such thoughts as these had engaged him during his homeward journey, and compared with the delight of such visions, the perusal of daily papers and the consumption of sandwiches, whereby other passengers beguiled their transit seemed a poor amusement. But, arrived in the dingy streets, and walking towards Chelsea under a drizzling rain, the bright picture began to grow dim. Was it not more than likely that Charlotte would be absent from London at this dismal season? Was it not very probable that Philip Sheldon would give him the cold shoulder?

With these gloomy contingencies before him Mr. Hawkehurst tried to shut Miss Halliday's image altogether out of his mind, and to contemplate the more practical aspect of his affairs.

"I wonder whether that scoundrel Paget has come back to London?" he thought. "What am I to say to him if he has? If I own to having seen him in Ullerton I shall lay myself open to being questioned by him as to my own business in that locality. Perhaps my wisest plan would be to say nothing, and hear his own account of himself. I fully believe he saw me on the platform that night when we passed each other without speaking."

Horatio Paget was at home when his protégé arrived. He was seated by his fireside in all the domestic respectability of a dressing-gown and slippers, with an evening paper on his knee, a slim smoke coloured bottle at his elbow, and the mildest of cigars between his lips, when the traveller, weary and weather-stained, entered the lodging-house drawing-room.

Captain Paget received his friend very graciously, only murmuring some faint deprecation of the young man's reeking overcoat, with just such a look of gentlemanly alarm as the lamented Brummel may have felt when ushered into the presence of a "damp stranger."

"And so you've come back at last," said the Captain, "from Dorking?" He made a little pause here, and looked at his friend with a malicious sparkle in his eyes. "And how was the old aunt? Likely to cut up for any considerable amount, eh? It could only be with a view to that cutting-up process that you could consent to isolate yourself in such a place as Dorking. How did you find things?"

"O, I don't know, I'm sure," Mr. Hawkehurst answered rather impatiently, for his worst suspicions were confirmed by his patron's manner. "I only know I found it tiresome work enough."

"Ah, to be sure! elderly people always are tiresome, especially when they are unacquainted

with the world. There is a perennial youth about men and women of the world. The sentimental twaddle people talk of the freshness and purity of a mind unsoiled by communion with the world is the shallowest nonsense. Your Madame du Deffand at eighty and your Horace Walpole at sixty are as lively as a girl and boy. Your octogenarian Voltaire is the most agreeable creature in existence. But take Cymon and Daphne from their flocks and herds and pastoral valleys in their old age, and see what scute bores and quavering imbeciles you would find them. Yes, I have no doubt you found your Dorking aunt a nuisance. Take off your wet overcoat and put it out of the room, and then ring for some hot water. You'll find that cognac very fine. Won't you have a cigar?"

The Captain extended his russet-leather case with the blindest smile. It was a very handsome case. Captain Paget was a man who could descend into some unknown depths of the social ocean in the last stage of shabbiness, and who, while his acquaintance were congratulating themselves upon the fact of his permanent disappearance, would start up suddenly in an unexpected place, provided with every necessity and luxury of civilised life, from a wardrobe by Poole to the last fashionable absurdity in the shape of a cigar-case.

Never had Valentine Hawkehurst found his patron more agreeably disposed than he seemed to be this evening, and never had he felt more inclined to suspect him.

"And what have you been doing while I have been away?" the young man asked presently. "Any more promoting work?"

"Well, yes, a little bit of provincial business, a life-and-fire on a novel principle, a really good thing, if we can only find men with perception enough to see its merits, and pluck enough to hazard their capital. But promoting in the provinces is very dull work. I've been to two or three towns in the midland districts—Beaumont, Muddborough, and Ullerton—and have found the same stagnation everywhere."

Nothing could be more perfect than the semblance of unconscious innocence with which the Captain gave this account of himself; whether he was playing a part, or whether he was telling the entire truth, was a question which even a cleverer man than Valentine Hawkehurst might have found himself unable to answer.

The two men sat till late, smoking and talking, but to-night Valentine found the conversation of his "guide, philosopher, and friend" strangely distasteful to him. That cynical manner of looking at life, which not long ago had seemed to him the only manner compatible with wisdom and experience, now grated harshly upon those finer senses which had been awakened in the quiet contemplative existence he had of late been leading. He had been wont to enjoy Captain Paget's savage bitterness against a world which had not provided him with a house in Carlton-gardens, and a seat in the Cabinet, but to-night he was revolted by the noble Horatio's tone and manner. Those malicious sneers against respectable people and respectable prejudices, with which the Captain interlarded all his talk, seemed to have a ghastly grimness in their mirth. It was like the talk of some devil who had once been an angel, and had lost all hope of ever being restored to his angelic status.

"To believe in nothing, to respect nothing, to hope for nothing, to fear nothing, to consider life as so many years in which to scheme and lie for the sake of good dinners and well-made coats—surely there can be no state of misery more complete, no degradation more consummate," thought the young man, as he sat by the fireside smoking and listening dreamily to his companion. "Better to be Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth, narrow-minded and egotistical, but always looking beyond her narrow life to some divinely-comprehended future."

He was glad to escape at last from the Captain's society, and to retire to his own small chamber, where he slept soundly enough after the day's fatigues, and dreamed of the Haygarths and Charlotte Halliday.

He was up early the next morning; but, on

descending to the sitting-room, he found his patron toasting his *Times* before a cheerful fire; while his gold hunting-watch stood open on the breakfast-table, and a couple of now-laid eggs made a pleasant wabbling noise in a small saucepan upon the hob.

"You don't care for eggs, I know, Val," said the Captain, as he took the saucepan from the hob.

He had heard the young man object to an egg of French extraction too long severed from its native land; but he knew very well that for rural delicacies from a reliable dairyman, at twopence apiece, Mr. Hawkehurst had no particular antipathy. Even in so small a matter as a new-laid egg the Captain knew how to protect his own interest.

"There's some of that Italian sausage you're so fond of, dear boy," he said politely, pointing to a heap of some grayish horny-looking compound. "Thanks; I'll pour out the coffee; there's a knack in these things; half the clearness of coffee depends on the way in which it's poured out, you see."

And with this assurance Captain Paget filled his own large breakfast cup with a careful hand and a tender solemnity of countenance. If he was a trifle less considerate in the pouring out of the second cup, and if some "grounds" mingled with the second portion, Valentine Hawkehurst was unconscious of the fact.

"Do try that Italian sausage," said the Captain, as he discussed his second egg, after peeling the most attractive crusts from the French rolls, and pushing the crumb to his protégé.

"No, thank you; it looks rather like what your shop-people call an old housekeeper; besides there's a little too much garlic in those compositions for my taste."

"Your taste has grown fastidious," said the Captain; "one would think you were going to call upon some ladies this morning."

"There are not many ladies on my visiting-list. O, by the way, how's Diana? Have you seen her lately?"

"No," answered the Captain promptly. "I only returned from my provincial tour a day or two ago, and have had no time to waste dancing attendance upon her. She's well enough, I've no doubt; and she's uncommonly well off in Sheldon's house, and ought to think herself so."

Having skimmed his newspaper, Captain Paget rose and invested himself in his overcoat. He put on his hat before the glass over the mantelpiece, adjusting the brim above his brows with the thoughtful care that distinguished his performance of all those small duties which he owed to himself.

"And what may you be going to do with yourself to-day, Val?" he asked of the young man, who sat nursing his own knee and staring absently at the fire.

"Well, I don't quite know," Mr. Hawkehurst answered hypocritically; "I think I may go as far as Gray's-inn, and look in upon George Sheldon."

"You'll dine out of doors, I suppose?" This was a polite way of telling Mr. Hawkehurst that there would be no dinner for him at home.

"I suppose I shall. You know I'm not punctilious on the subject of dinner. Anything you please—from a banquet at the London Tavern to a ham-sandwich and a glass of ale at fourpence."

"Ah, to be sure; youth is reckless of its gastric juices. I shall find you at home when I come in to-night, I daresay. I think I may dine in the city. *Au plaisir*."

"I don't know about the pleasure," muttered Mr. Hawkehurst. "You're a very delightful person, my friend Horatio; but there comes a crisis in a man's existence when he begins to feel that he has had enough of you. Poor Diana! what a father!"

He did not waste much time on further consideration of his patron, but set off at once on his way to Gray's-inn. It was too early to call at the Lawn, or he would fain have gone there before seeking George Sheldon's dingy offices. Nor could he very well present himself at the gothic villa without some excuse for so doing. He

went to Gray's-inn therefore; but on his way thither called at a tavern near the Strand, which was the head-quarters of a literary association known as the Ragamuffins. Here he was fortunate enough to meet with an acquaintance in the person of a Ragamuffin in the dramatic-theatrical line, who was reading the morning's criticisms on a rival's piece produced the night before, with a keen enjoyment of every condemnatory sentence. From this gentleman, Mr. Hawkehurst obtained a box-ticket for a West-end theatre, and, armed with this mystic document, he felt himself able to present a bold countenance at Mr. Sheldon's door.

"Will she be glad to see me again?" he asked himself. "Pshaw! I daresay she has forgotten me by this time. A fortnight is an age with some women, and I should fancy Charlotte Halliday just one of those bright impressionable beings who forget easily. I wonder whether she is really like that Molly whose miniature was found by Mrs. Haygarth in the tulip-leaf escritoire, or was the resemblance between those two faces only a silly fancy of mine?"

Mr. Hawkehurst walked the whole distance from Chelsea to Gray's-inn, and it was midday when he presented himself before George Sheldon, whom he found seated at his desk with the elephantine pedigree of the Haygarths open before him, and profoundly absorbed in the contents of a note-book. He looked up from this note-book as Valentine entered, but did not leave off chewing the end of his pencil as he mumbled a welcome to the returning wanderer. It has been seen that neither of the Sheldon brothers were demonstrative men.

After that unceremonious greeting, the lawyer continued his perusal of the note-book for some minutes, while Valentine seated himself in a clumsy leather-covered arm-chair by the fireplace.

"Well, young gentleman," Mr. Sheldon exclaimed, as he closed his book with a triumphant snap, "I think you're in for a good thing, and you may thank your lucky stars for having thrown you into my path."

"My stars are not remarkable for their luckiness in a general way," answered Mr. Hawkehurst coolly, for the man had not yet been born from whom he would accept patronage. "I suppose if I'm in for a good thing, you're in for a better thing, my dear George; so you needn't come the benefactor quite so strong for my edification. How did you ferret out the certificate of gray-eyed Molly's espousals?"

George Sheldon contemplated his coadjutor with an admiring stare.

"It has been my privilege to enjoy the society of cool heads, Mr. Hawkehurst, and certainly you are about the coolest of the lot—bar one, as they say in the ring. But that is *ni ci ni là*. I have found the certificate of Matthew Haygarth's marriage, and to my mind the Haygarth succession is as good as ours."

"Ah, those birds in the bush have such splendid plumage! but I'd rather have the modest sparrow in my hand. However, I'm very glad our affairs are marching. How did you discover the marriage-lines?"

"Not without hard labour, I can tell you. Of course my idea of a secret marriage was at the best only a plausible hypothesis, and I hardly dared to hug myself with the hope that it might turn up trumps. My idea was based upon two or three facts, namely, the character of the young man, his long residence in London away from the ken of respectable relatives and friends, and the extraordinary state of the marriage-laws at the period in which our man lived."

"Ah, to be sure! That was a strong point."

"I should rather think it was. I took the trouble to look up the history of Mayfair marriages and Fleet marriages before you started for Ullerton, and I examined all the evidence I could get on that subject. I made myself familiar with the Rev. Alexander Keith of Mayfair, who helped to bring clandestine marriages into vogue amongst the swells, and with Dr. Gaynam—agreeably nicknamed Bishop of Hell—and more of the same calibre; and the result of my investigations convinced me that in those days a hard-brained young reprobate must have found

it rather more difficult to avoid matrimony than to achieve it. He might be married when he was tipsy, he might be married when he was comatose from the effects of a stand-up fight with Mohawks, his name might be assumed by some sportive benedict of his acquaintance given to practical joking, and he might find himself saddled with a wife he never saw; or if, on the other hand, of an artful and deceptive turn, he might procure a certificate of a marriage that had never taken place,—for there were very few friendly offices which the Fleet parsons refused to perform for their clients—for a consideration."

"But how about the legality of a Fleet marriage?"

"There's the rub. Before the New Marriage Act passed in 1753 a Fleet marriage was indissoluble. It was an illegal act, and the parties were punishable, but the Gordian knot was quite as secure as if it had been tied in the most orthodox manner. The great difficulty to my mind was the *onus probandi*. The marriage might have taken place, the marriage might be to all intents and purposes a good marriage; but how produce undeniable proof of such a ceremony when all ceremonies of the kind were performed with a manifest recklessness and disregard of law? Even if I found an apparently good certificate, how was I to prove that it was not one of those lying certificates of marriages that had never taken place? Again, what kind of registers could posterity expect from these parson-adventurers, very few of whom could spell, and most of whom lived in a chronic state of drunkenness? They married people sometimes by their Christian names alone—very often under assumed names. What consideration had they for hers-at-law in the future, when under the soothing influence of a gin-bottle in the present? I thought of all these circumstances, and I was half-inclined to despair of realising my idea of an early marriage. I took it for granted that such a secret business would be more likely to have taken place in the precincts of the Fleet than anywhere else; and having no particular clue, I set to work, in the first place, to examine all available documents relating to such marriages."

"It must have been slow work."

"It was slow work," answered Mr. Sheldon with a suppressed groan, that was evoked by the memory of a bygone martyrdom. "I needn't enter into all the details of the business,—the people I had to apply to for permission to see this set of papers, and the signing and counter-signing I had to go through before I could see that set of papers, and the extent of circumlocution and idiocy I had to encounter in a general way before I could complete my investigation. The result was *nil*; and after working like a galley-slave I found myself no better off than before I began my search. Your extracts from Matthew's letters put me on a new track. I concluded therefrom that there had been a marriage, and that that said marriage had been a deliberate act on the part of the young man. I therefore set to work to do what I ought to have done at starting—I hunted in all the parish registers to be found within a certain radius of such and such localities. I began with Clerkenwell, in which neighbourhood our friend spent such happy years, according to that pragmatical epistle of Mrs. Rebecca's, but after hunting in all the mouldy old churches within a mile of St. John's-gate, I was no nearer arriving at any record of Matthew Haygarth's existence. So I turned my back upon Clerkenwell, and went southward to the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, where Mistress Molly's father was at one time immured, and whence I thought it very probable Mistress Molly had started on her career as a mastron. This time my guess was a lucky one. After hunting the registers of St. Olave's, St. Saviour's, and St. George's, and after the expenditure of more shillings in donations to sextons than I care to remember, I at last lighted on a document which I consider worth three thousand pounds to you—and—a very decent sum of money to me."

To be continued.

## LITTLE BLUE EYES.

WE were bored to death, Ted and I, and it was at Overcourt. There was a circulating library, to which no one subscribed, and which consequently did not circulate, there was a croquet-ground, with a total absence of hoops, balls, and mallets; there were little boats (possibly for rowing) with the bottoms out, and there was a shop which sold worse cigars than are to be found even at Boulogne.

Gentlemen, I appeal to you. Can I say more? Still, being there for a week, and with no money to take us elsewhere, there it was necessary to remain. I trust I make this reasonably clear?

It was our nightly custom, and our one amusement, to walk up and down the only promenade of the place (for whom it was made has not yet been discovered. Ted thinks for visitors), smoking ourselves "seedy." Ted, who did not care to give in to adverse circumstances, used to try what singing would do towards enlivening us.

He composed a little song, really beautiful in its simple truth and earnest fervour. Here it is:

And now another day is done:

And when we see to-morrow's sun.

We'll know another day's begun.

Let's hope that, too, will soon be done.

There was not a girl in the place, or we should have allowed her to make two conquests, thereby doing our little best to increase her girlish vanity, and render her generally insupportable at home. Such was the state of affairs on the first day; but towards noon on the second day we saw a rainbow for one thing—and, for another, two girlish figures on our walk, dressed both alike in brown carmelite dresses, brown carmelite jackets made loose to the figure, and large brown salad-bowls for hats, neatly trimmed with brown ribbons.

Anything more hideous it is impossible to imagine. Whence had the frightful apparitions come, and why did they haunt our only walk? We had wished for girls, like the bad queens in the fairy tales, but—we appealed to each other—had we wished for such as these? We both politely replied we had not, and continued our observations at a safe distance. "I'll tell you what," says Ted, after a short pause, "I'm blest if I'll yield up our walk to them. If they don't like our being there, they can do the other thing, and go off. But Overcourt is not like London, and if we give it up to them, we shall have nowhere to go; besides, even then we should meet at church."

Quite so. Always considerate, Ted is. I am not virtuous myself, but I admire virtue in others, particularly in Ted, and should think it wicked to put any difficulties in his way, when he is ready to sacrifice himself. So down we go to the sea, under the delusion that we are going to astonish them, even as they had astonished us, though, we flattered ourselves, in a rather different manner.

Not at all. They looked—not at us, but at their hateful brown carmelites, very much as if they didn't like them, and dexterously gave the salad-bowl, which were doing service for hats, a pull which made them, if anything, uglier than they were before. But they took no more notice of us than if we had been a couple of caterpillars.

Very slowly we walk along (Ted putting on his Regent-street airs), throwing less and less expression into our eyes every time we pass them. They are, or appear to be, utterly unconscious of our presence.

I begin to think Ted's a most unmeaning countenance.

So the morning passes, until it seems that we are fated not to see their faces, they keep them so religiously turned away. When suddenly the wind, which had before been helping these girls, now sides with us, and blows one of the salad-bowls over the cliff into the sea.

And there is the damsel all forlorn. Such a pretty girl, such a bright piquant little face, such a charming addition to Overcourt, which, after all, is not so bad—under certain conditions.

Need I say that I rushed frantically on to the beach and secured the frightful hat, while Ted stood staring helplessly above like an utter fool? To those who know us I feel it must be quite unnecessary to say so. But perhaps it may be as well to mention, that when I returned, hat in hand, to the summit of the cliff, I found Ted and the pretty girl as fast friends as it is possible to become in three minutes and a half, which indeed exceeds the time I was away.

She thanked me in a very steady little voice, and in a set speech which I believe she had composed during my absence.

Very sensible of her, too; anything must be better than listening to Ted's drivellings. I never saw such a fellow! Intelligent enough with men, you have only to hand him over to a woman, and he undergoes transformation, appearing as idiotic as if he had been born a downright fool. He always declares he wasn't. I don't know I should like to have asked his mother.

We all say good-bye, for the little beauty puts on her huge extinguisher (not a whit uglier for having been in the water), and hiding as much of her pretty face as possible, makes another set speech about "going home" and "papa," and giving me her hand at parting (charming little girl, but she needn't have given it to Ted—I am afraid she has not much discernment), takes possession of her sister and decamps, looking, the moment we lose her bright face and pretty natural manners, as preposterous a little figure as one could wish to see.

"That's my style!" says Ted, with great satisfaction, after watching her disappear in the distance. "A jolly-looking girl, with a bright good-tempered face, and eyes that look straight at you with no sort of affectation of shyness, yet without effrontery. Too simple-minded for a coquette, too natural for a prude."

I remark dryly, that that's my "style" too, but Ted has become suddenly deaf, and doesn't hear me. We agree, however, that Overcourt improves on acquaintance, and each of us has serious thoughts of visiting it again next year.

The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me. And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.

The next day she dawns again upon our horizon—with papa this time as a horrid cloud to play propriety—and with the little sister, who is also very pretty, but somehow not so taking, not so piquant and original. My little beauty has been going in for personal adornments. The curly brown hair is all tied up with a long blue ribbon to match her eyes, and floats upon the brown carmelite; the salad-bowl is in shape again, even though the shape is atrocious, and is trimmed with blue ribbons like those in her hair.

The little lady is not troubled with shyness: she introduces us to "papa," who doesn't even pretend to look glad to know us, but remarks à propos of nothing, unless, indeed, it be the blinding glare of the sun upon the cliffs, that he thinks "it is going to rain."

We tell him we don't, both politely, of course, but both at the same time, so that it is quite impossible to hear either of us, which, his pretty daughter perceiving, looks wickedly up at me.

Very foolish of her, if she had only known it. I can never answer for myself what I may or may not do with a pretty girl glancing up at me with innocent blue eyes, curiously sparkling with a wickedness that belongs not to the sweet face and laughing rosy mouth. The odds, I feel guiltily, are sadly in favour of my kissing her there and then, though papa plays propriety like a strict old dragon. Fortunately (that is, fortunately for our future intimacy, not fortunately as regards present gratification), Ted chimes in, and, by causing her to drop her eyes, delivers me from a sin, or banishes it to an unknown future.

How intimate we all grew in the course of that long summer morning. Long before its close, "blue eyes" had revealed to me many charms besides her pretty face and natural unaffected ways. It didn't do to treat her to our

usual common-place talk; she saw through it at once, and quietly showed that she did so in a few quaint remarks very prettily turned. She was not in the least clever in the light of saying sharp things. She was too thoroughly kind-hearted to be sarcastic, and her quaint little speeches were as natural to her as—as Ted's, clumsy blundering ways are to him. A most amusing little blue eyes, and well versed in all the provincial small-talk of the place. Among other things, she told us of a ball to be given at Harwich, to which both she and her sister had a great wish to go, only they didn't feel quite sure of their dress.

"You see," she went on, "we have nothing here but these brown carmelites, and I don't think they would look very well."

I didn't think so either, but I wasn't going to tell her so. I praised the hideous attire, and pronounced it, with the addition of a few artistic touches (I haven't the least idea what I meant), just the thing for a dance.

Ted put in his oar, fully agreeing with me. "Besides," he added, "you mustn't be too bewitching, your papa wouldn't like it; such pretty daughters are a horrid responsibility, without your trying to make things worse."

"Seriously, though," said blue eyes, "you think we can go as we are?"

We assured her with perfect gravity that we "thought so," and the pretty face brightened directly.

"It won't matter much, after all," she said, "at the sea-side. And we can put on our hair-cloth bodiés, which will take off a little of the heaviness."

We stood aghast. What were hair-cloth bodiés?

It wouldn't do, however, to show our ignorance, so we said, "Yes, that would do nicely," and the thing was considered settled.

It was agreed that we should meet them at the ball. Blue eyes was there before us, and of course papa and the little sister also, but they were as nothing to us. Blue eyes was there in her thick white hair-cloth body; a great improvement on the brown carmelite, still inconsistent with the gay scene around her.

Fortunately for her, however, she was pretty enough to wear what she liked, or rather in this case what she had. She knew no one, and her father was very particular, and wouldn't let her dance with everybody, or nearly everybody, who asked her. He got her a few partners through one of the naval officers stationed at Harwich, and whom he knew; but beyond this, and us, he laid his "veto."

Ted and I were in our element. We danced every dance with her after the first or so, and each waltz was better than the last. She was a most indefatigable little dancer, and several times nearly caused me to give in, though she was light enough in all conscience, and a mere nothing to hold.

But with Ted it was different. The dear boy danced till he was frightful to look at, and would have shamed a boiled lobster that had any sort of self-respect left in him; yet still he would not give in, and the wicked little sprite had no compassion.

I began to be afraid that Ted would have a fit, and that blue eyes would be the cause of it. Ted always times things so ill. It is not as if he had a room to himself to have one of his fits in. In an uncomfortable bed at midnight, in a double-bedded room, there should be I, sleepless, with Ted groaning horribly, and sprawling at full length on the floor, like some hideous overgrown frog. Clearly, then, I must put a stop to it.

So I go up to them, and—smiling at his partner—tell Ted he will make himself unwell, and will be quite knocked up in the morning, and I amiably propose to blue eyes that I be allowed to finish this eternal waltz.

Ted looks refractory and stubborn, though steaming; and blue eyes, very quietly, declines the exchange.

Blue eyes prefers Ted!

After all, what is Ted? A gentleman by birth and position, it is true, and amusing enough withal; but surely blue eyes, like all other girls,

thinks most of looks, and here I flatter myself I do come in. I am of the average height, slight, dark, and of prepossessing appearance; decidedly better-looking than the general run of men; while Ted is ridiculously tall and broad, of the true Saxon type, with fluffy yellow hair, blue eyes, shining white teeth and all the rest of it. It is impossible, no girl in her senses could prefer Ted.

Yet—after supper—on the stairs?

This is what happened after supper on the stairs.

Blue eyes, looking (very properly, too) mortally ashamed of herself, sitting on the edge of a most uncomfortable step, with one little hand clasped in Ted's, who was spooning in the most alarming manner (alarming at least to any one who knew how his fits were usually brought on), and finishing up by a deliberate offer of marriage.

Blue eyes then made one of her absurdly formal little speeches, bringing in "papa" three times: and finally ended where she might as well have begun—by accepting Ted.

But I was resolved to give her an opportunity. Young, poor little thing, and inexperienced!

Next morning, on the sands, I contrived to meet her, and delicately hinted at the state of my feelings towards her, thereby giving her a chance of an escape from Ted, if she were so inclined. Apparently she was not so inclined, for she seemed unusually dense, and carefully misunderstood me the whole time. When I had quite finished, she told me what had happened on the stairs last night, and demanded, in her pretty imperious little manner, to be congratulated: "papa" having interposed no objections.

Congratulate her! Blue eyes engaged, and not to me! I looked unutterable things at Ted when he joined us, but that young man paid not the smallest attention to me. I looked at blue eyes. She seemed very happy.

How to account for this, now? Take Ted, when she might have taken me? And yet in her right mind! I can only account for it, on the supposition that she had never heard of his fits. Nor indeed had I myself ever heard of his having any other fit than a love-fit: only, when that was on him, in the height of that everlasting waltz, he looked as if he were fit to fall into any number of other fits—and (though I am greatly attached to him) I wish he had.

## THE ADVENTURES OF BISHOP MACKENZIE

### LIVINGSTONE'S COMPANIONS.

"IT'S all very well for you to laugh, sir, but it's no laughing matter; though, I s'pose, the longer we lives the more we sees. I've seen many things in my day, but what I've seen lately beats everything else hollow; for I never did expect to see a bishop a-taking out o' anchors and a-hauling in o' cables, and a ship managed by the likes o' you and me, sir." Thus spoke a gruff old quartermaster to a missionary on board the little steamer *Pioneer*, then drifting almost helplessly between the eastern coasts of Africa and the Comoros Islands. The bishop was Mackenzie: Doctor Livingstone was with him, and almost everybody else on board was down with fever. The stoker held out longer than most, but at length he too fell ill; and then, to the unspeakable astonishment of the ancient mariner already quoted, to his other labours the bishop added that of the stoker, and was seen to emerge from the engine-room as black as a sweep—he had been stoking for several hours.

A bishop of this kind was likely to meet with a good many adventures on his way through the world, and to bear himself, whether in good or evil fortune, in a sufficiently resolute and energetic manner. In truth, Mackenzie's life will always be worth the telling; and, thanks to Dr. Livingstone and Dean Goodwin, the materials for a sketch of his career are ample.

Mackenzie was born at Portmore, Peebleshire, on the 10th April, 1825, and was a younger brother of the Forbes Mackenzie whose name is popularly associated with the regulation of the

liquor traffic in Scotland. As a boy, he was clever at figures, but clever at little else; and he seems to have been almost ludicrously deficient on the side of imagination. It is absolutely on record that after ascending a mountain he "forgot to look at the view which he went on purpose to see." As he said himself, with characteristic frankness, "I just sat down a little and ate my cake, and came down again." He might be indifferent to such things when a boy in the Scottish Highlands, but they struck home to his heart amid the loneliness of Africa.

At nineteen Mackenzie came into residence at Cambridge. His fame as a clever young Scottish mathematician had preceded him; and he was looked upon, accordingly, as one of those terrible Northern invaders who, like Mr. M'Niven of Aberdeen in the present year, come, see, and conquer—desperate, dogged, determined men, who can live if needful upon a crust, and who have gone through a rigorous course of training in their own land, from which the spirit of an Eton boy would shrink with well-bred horror. In January, 1848, accordingly, Mackenzie was Second Wrangler.

At Cambridge, both before and after he took holy orders, Mackenzie's was essentially a busy life. He was interested in athletic sports, and was himself a boating man; and hence he gradually acquired an influence amongst all classes of undergraduates. The most earnest student could not despise a man who had been Second Wrangler, the most fidgety coxswain on the river had a certain respect for his broad shoulders and strong arms, the most spiritual of devotees revered one who laboured so zealously in all Christian work. Nearly six feet high, excellently well made, with a countenance winning, if not handsome, and small but bright, quick, resolute eyes, Mackenzie's was a familiar figure for many years at Cambridge, and was very welcome to all kinds of people. A calm and prosperous career seemed before him, but gradually, as he meditated upon the future, the missionary spirit—that spirit which is the chivalry of religion—arose within him. Mackenzie's mind was soon made up, and in 1855 he sailed to Natal, with the rank of Archdeacon. He flung himself into his new work with characteristic ardour, and with that kind of genial enthusiasm which was his special charm. Praying in Kaffir kraals—riding through swollen rivers to preach at distant stations—he was incessantly occupied, but it seemed as though no amount of toil could either shake his iron constitution or dishearten his zeal. His house was burnt down; he quietly set to work and built another. A man not to be easily beaten, was this archdeacon; and one, too, who had a marvellous power of winning the love of his neighbours. The soldiers voted him the finest parson ever known, the Kaffirs got to consider themselves as members of his family. Troubles he had about church matters, but in the practical part of his vocation he laughed at the very idea of difficulty.

Meanwhile, there had been growing up in England a new interest in African Christianity. The return of Dr. Livingstone seemed to stir the heart of the whole nation, and when the great explorer, though himself a Presbyterian, appealed to the old Universities for help, every thing that was generous and manly in Oxford and Cambridge responded to the chord he struck. It was at this juncture that Mackenzie revisited England, he was almost immediately recognised as the proper man to head the expedition that was being organised, and, readily accepting that charge, with all its glory and all its danger, he forthwith began to travel over England, addressing public meetings and collecting funds.

It was a forlorn hope that Mackenzie was leading, at the best. Livingstone, to be sure, had raised an expectation that commerce and Christianity might go hand-in-hand, but the great traveller was himself over sanguine, and at any rate, the resources at the disposal of the missionaries were pitifully and pathetically insufficient for the work before them. Even Mackenzie, before many months had gone by, perceived these truths; but for himself his path was clear, and if it led him to an early death in

the wilderness, we must not rashly assume that his efforts were therefore altogether wasted. After many tedious delays, he set off from Cape Town with his companions for the Zambesi. The first sight of that famous river was to him and all his staff a bitter disappointment. Sad indeed was the change from the bold and glorious coast-line between the Cape and Natal to this dull and sandy shore, fringed with mangroves and dwarf palm; and the naval officers who accompanied him, men not inclined to exaggerate difficulties, openly ridiculed the idea that the Zambesi could ever be made suitable for commerce on an extensive scale. However, there might be some comfort to be got from the doctor, whose little steamer, the *Pioneer*, was safely waiting for them, as they thought, inside the bar. There, sure enough, lay the *Pioneer*, and there, sure enough, was Livingstone, but he had not expected them for months to come. In fact, when the bishop shot across the dangerous bar to meet him, he at once declared he would do his utmost to help them, but that they came at an awkward time. On the whole, had they not better join him in going up the coast to another river, the Rovuma? Their ultimate destination was the highlands of the Shiré, a tributary of the Zambesi; but it was more than likely, the traveller thought, that the Rovuma would lead them directly to that country. Mackenzie gravely disapproved of the plan; but it was not for him to contend against the superior experience of Livingstone, and he yielded. The controversy need not be revived. The good bishop is dead; there seems but too much reason to believe that Livingstone has also fallen a victim to "the fatal fascination of Africa." Suffice it that the discussion, conducted on both sides with admirable spirit and temper, ended in a determination to try the Rovuma.

They tried the Rovuma accordingly. An English naval vessel, the *Lyra*, took them to the mouth of it. Says Mackenzie, "I had formed some acquaintance with all on board the *Lyra*. Rowley also knew them all—I mean sailors as well as officers—and the cheer they gave us from the rigging, when our boat had pulled off from the ship's side, makes my heart leap to my mouth still by the mere remembrance." Shifting into the little *Pioneer*, they went up the river, whose waters at first were broad and deep. Even when difficulties came, the great charm of a strange land was still strong upon Mackenzie and his companion, Rowley. On both banks there were luxuriant woods; in the lustre of a sunshine never seen in Europe, flamingo and pelican and ibis flitted by; a thousand new types of life surrounded them on every side; and at evening, when the great sun was setting over the distant hills, and the shadows deepened, and the air grew keen and fresh, they sat upon the deck of their little steamer, night after night, their hearts full of wonder and love and adoration.

The Rovuma was a failure. The channel proved to be both shallow and uncertain; the *Pioneer* was perpetually getting aground; and the natives whom they saw assured them that as the rainy season was now nearly over the river would rapidly get lower. It was possible, of course, for Livingstone to have pushed on by land—but in that case all prospect of a missionary settlement would vanish; and, accordingly, the doctor was staunch to his resolve of carrying his friends back again, and trying what could be done with the Zambesi. It was on the return journey that the fever broke out amongst the party, and that the bishop excited the admiration of the old quartermaster whom we have already quoted. However, the attempt on the Rovuma was a clear blunder, and they had in many ways to pay for it. For instance, touching at the Comoros, they found that there was no vessel to take them back to the Zambesi, and they had to risk the transit in the little *Pioneer*, Livingstone himself acting as skipper. Fortunately, the weather was calm; but the poor little craft could only take about a third of their stores, and their future sources of supply were desperately uncertain. Through all troubles and difficulties, Mackenzie retained his cheerfulness; and as for the fever, his vigorous constitution so quickly threw it off that

ever afterwards he was prone to under-estimate the real danger of the disease. Rolling along with her heavy burden, the Pioneer reached the mouth of the Zambesi, and forthwith Livingstone drove her at the Bar. The huge rollers were trampling in from the south, with a rush and a roar, and with seething of foam. As for the doctor, his nerves were iron; but presently the leadman cried, "A quarter two," immediately afterwards, "A quarter less two," and then, "A quarter one." They had missed the channel. What was to be done? There was no help for it. Livingstone put her right about; she answered her helm splendidly, scudded back, and anchored that night five miles from the shore. It was a close shave. But next day, in calmer weather, the attempt was repeated, and an entrance into the river was effected safely.

It was on May Day that they entered the Zambesi; and they steamed on with infinite toil and difficulty, at first past groves of mangrove trees, and then between vast plains of gigantic grass from six to eight feet high, with here and there a palm, and here and there a clump of trees around the house of some Portuguese settler; and then by-and-by, they caught a distant glimpse of the great mountain Morumbala, golden in the sunset, snowy-white at morning with its clouds of vapour; and so, by degrees, into a pleasanter land, well timbered, and then, by a sudden turn, into the river of their hopes, the Shiré—entering which, their troubles were renewed. They were constantly getting aground on sand-banks, and getting off by means of hawsers, at which the bishop was the first and lustiest to pull. It took them four-and-twenty days to do twelve miles; but at length they reached the highlands in which it had been determined to establish the settlement. Landing, they marched towards it in a notable fashion. Mackenzie says of the doctor, "Livingstone was tramping along with a steady, heavy tread, which kept me in mind that he had walked across Africa," and Rowley says of the bishop, "He went onwards with his detachment—pastoral staff in one hand, and a gun in the other—and as we turned to have a last look, we saw the bishop marching on with huge strides after the bearers, the gun depressed, and the pastoral staff elevated and well in view."

Two braver men never set out upon an enterprise more heartbreaking and forlorn. All over the land two curses had spread—the curse of savagery and the curse of slavery. Mackenzie struggled against them both; but though his noble courage sustained him to the last, his shrewd Scottish sense must soon have perceived what a desperate task lay before him. On this very march they met with Portuguese slaves carrying their captives to market, with the horrible slave-yoke fastened round their necks. Flesh and blood could not stand it; they fell upon the slavers and rescued the unhappy natives, who were positively startled when they found that they had not exchanged one slavery for another, but had been rescued to life and liberty by kindly, unselfish men. And so matters went on, more and more hopelessly. Livingstone had to leave the missionary party, and then Mackenzie, already committed to a warlike policy, had to march out with his clergymen, and do battle against native slavers. There was a sharp fight; the bishop again delivered the captives, and "for one little thing (a girl named Dauma), we could find no carrier. So after she had trudged along some distance, the bishop shouldered her and carried her into Magomera," the settlement. It was all beautiful, no doubt; but it was hopeless. They did what they could; building a "Palace," for instance, at which Mackenzie, as usual, laboured hardest of all, so that "day by day you saw him with axe, spade, or pickaxe working as hard as any laboring man in England." They founded a church; they were good, kindly, generous, self-sacrificing, devoted, if ever men were in this world; but around them still stretched the wide vast desert of barbarism, the summer months went by; the autumn came, no rain as yet had fallen, but already they heard the rolling of thunder incessantly reverberating amongst the hills. At last Mackenzie had to leave Magomera, to keep his

tryst with Livingstone at Malo, the place where the little River Ruu falls into the Shiré.

Not a year had passed since his consecration at Cape Town; and, hoping against hope, he was writing home to England for help—notably, to the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Clubs. To the end he was faithful and enthusiastic; and now the end was near, Livingstone, it had been arranged, was to go down in the Pioneer, and bring up one of Mackenzie's sisters, his own wife, and some other ladies. Two days before Christmas the bishop set out upon his journey, and by this time there were fever and famine in the settlement itself. Accompanied by a gallant clergyman who had come out to join him, Mr. Burrup, and by three natives, Mackenzie faced the journey down harder than he had fancied. The mountain streams were now swollen by heavy rain, the clothes of the whole party were wet night and day, and at length, whilst pushing in a canoe through Elephant Marsh on the Shiré, the frail craft overset. Their medicines were rendered utterly worthless, their ammunition was also destroyed or lost. Still pushing on, they reached the rendezvous, only to find that Livingstone had left it and gone down the river some days before. The precise time of his departure was uncertain, and so they waited, daily and hourly looking out for the returning smoke of the Pioneer. It was the 10th of January, 1862, when they reached Malo, and in a few days the bishop, having no longer the excitement of travel to sustain him, fell seriously ill. Even his bodily energy failed him, day after day he sat listlessly in his tent.

Then, longing for his sister, he told Burrup that he thought it would break his heart if she did not come. When such a man talked of his heart breaking, everything else must needs have been broken already. In a day or two more he was down with the fever, and they had not a single dose of medicine left. By the 24th he was incapable of collected conversation; his mind began to wander. On the 31st he died.

Over his grave Livingstone, returning, planted a cross, and now, who shall plant a cross over the grave of Livingstone? Both had their faults and errors—both the dead bishop and the heroic traveller whose death is still uncertain, yet, as we look through the long roll of noble lives that Africa has cost us, we shall find, perchance, that these two were the noblest of them all. Nor shall we rashly and hastily say that even such sacrifices were in vain.

### AN OLD WHALER'S YARN.\*

"DID I like the life? and if I had my time to live over again would I make the same choice? Well, Miss Waven, it's about this. It's just the finest thing out—so long—as you have—no fluttering here," and he laid his hand on his broad chest. "But when a man's ship ceases to be wife and child and all the world to him, it is another thing altogether; my advice to him is, he'd better give up whaling."

So spoke Captain Harding, erst South Sea whaler, now, these ten years past, gentleman of England, living at home at ease. Captain Harding is sitting in my brother Henry's drawing-room after dinner and a heavy day's sport among the turnips—the captain commonly uses an immense double-barrelled gun which has in old times brought down monkeys many.

Captain Harding is not after our received notion of a sailor; he is sufficiently broad, but much too tall with it; a pale-faced man with a full white beard, he is rather bleached and aged than bronzed by his foreign experiences—fifty-five, he looks sixty—also, instead of the sailor's roll, he has an erect, military carriage, partly to be accounted for by his five years' service in our local volunteers, of whom he is a most efficient officer; only occasionally he orders the piping of all hands instead of the assembly, and all taut in lieu of dressing up.

"It is not to say there is any choice in the matter," continued Captain Harding. "Let a

\* This is what it professes to be, an after-dinner conversation.

boy but have the sea fever on him—not the sham thing, that a month's coasting voyage will cure—but the real thirst for the sea, for foreign adventure, and he'd best be let go. I for example, shouldn't have made half a man at home—now, however—"

"You are a man and a half," interposed my brother, heartily.

"In size you mean?" and the captain laughed enjoyably. "Well, my father was in a large way of business, but he had little capital—I should have done nothing at the hum-drum, mill-wheel life I must have been bound to. But he consented that I should go to sea, and I flatter myself I did make a good whaler."

"Self-reliance is the best lesson in the world for a boy," said Henry, sentimentally.

"It is, it is. Jack and I, Mrs. Waven, were turned out of the nest to make room for a second brood, and what way we have made has been against wind and tide."

"But there are very many dangers attending whale fishing, are there not?" I asked—"sharks and all sorts of things?"

"We get used to them, Miss Waven, we just get used to them. I have seen men sitting with bare legs over the gunwales of the boat, and a shark come sheer up, and make a snap for them, times out of mind. He comes with a swift motion, as you have seen a pike. Sharks don't often of intention attack a man. When he is about a whale they'll occasionally take a neat piece out of his leg by mistake for the whale's flank. In my thirty years' experience I have not known many men killed by them. And in every way fatal accidents are less frequent than you would imagine. A lot of men about a whale just remind me of a lot of bluebottle flies about a joint of meat. You strike here and there and everywhere as sharply and as fiercely as you like—the chances are they'll all escape you. It is precisely thus with the whale's frantic strokes. Jack was less fortunate in this respect than I. He lost two of his officers in one voyage. Parley—you know Parley of our town, Miss Waven?—his brother was one. The whale brought down its tail on the boat, and he was crushed to death as you would crush a gnat. The other fellow lost his life about two months after in much the same way."

"Now, when you set out on a voyage," Henry asked, "what would be your particular destination?"

"Just where my judgment took me. You see, I was differently situated to most masters. I was allowed more discretionary power. I had in fact, a sort of roving commission. My owners would say, 'there is your ship, Harding—everything, we think, in her that you'll require for four years. Now sail as soon as you like, and let us hear from you as often as you can. Whatever luck you have, good or ill, don't scruple to write—we shall be glad to hear.' Then I would be gone from three to four years, according to my degree of success. For the months of our own summer we would cruise in the Japan seas; for the Antarctic summer in the Australian seas. For six years, through coming home between whiles, I entirely escaped winter."

"And how do you find the whales, Captain Harding?" inquired my sister.

"My wife thinks you fish for them with a rod and a line," laughed Henry, "and a worm at end."

"We find them, Mrs. Waven, by their spouting. With the first of daylight, a look out is told off, and kept going, relieved at due intervals, until night. Sometimes we go two months without even seeing a whale. Then again, I once killed eleven in one day. But they were shoal whales, and the whole eleven not worth so much as one good-sized male whale. A fair-sized male whale is worth five hundred pounds, and some large ones bring in as much as a thousand. When you have secured a large whale, it saves a great deal of trouble if you can get it close up by the ship. This is done by jawboning him—work often falling to my share."

"Why to your share?"

"Because I was always good in the water. You take a rope suited to the purpose, and make

a good running noose, as you call it, in it. You stand with this noose well advanced in your right hand, so as to avoid entanglement, your steersman brings the boat immediately over the spot where the whale is gone down; your best man—the man with the readiest eye and most reliable nerve—stands lance in hand, prepared to pin any too curious shark; at the right moment you leap into the water, and diving, fasten the noose on the teeth of the whale. You know the jaws of a large whale are from sixteen to eighteen feet in length; the teeth are about six inches long, and a foot apart. You can get a capital purchase on these, and the thing is done in a minute."

"Rather you than me though," said my brother.

The captain, like all truly brave men, was modest. "Oh," said he, naively, all you want is to calculate before you go down. Only say I have to do thus and thus, and thus, and when the thing is to be done you will have twice the confidence and twice the dexterity. The danger, of course is the sharks. The rope fixed, it is easy towing to the ship."

"But don't you often get your boats smashed in," asked Henry.

"Oh yes, that's an affair of frequent occurrence, and if you are engaged with a whale towards the end of the day, a source of extreme danger. For, of course, there is no twilight in those equinoctial regions,—now, broad daylight, five minutes hence, darkness. You get stove in just as the sudden darkness sets in, and the chances are you perish. For by the morning, the ship, quite ignorant of your whereabouts, may have drifted miles out of sight. Now I did see a brave thing done once in an affair of this kind. You know, ladies, or more probably, you do not know, a whaler's boat—there are three or four of them to a ship—is some thirty feet long and as thin as a lath—"

"Thin as a lath!" exclaimed Henry.

"Three cuts to the inch plank, in fact."

"But I should have thought you could not have had them too strong—so as to resist the strokes of the whale."

"The stoutest boat made to handle wouldn't do that; so these answer in that respect as well; and they are much more convenient for lowering from the ship and for repairing. Thirty feet long as they are, you and I could carry one on our two shoulders with ease. When a boat is stove, we right side it, lash the oars crossways so as to make a wide raft-like surface,—there are ropes expressly affixed to the sides of the boats—and all sit down to await assistance. Of course we are stationary; but thus sitting down, the weight of our bodies is not more than a pound or two on the boat; the water nearly supports us; if we stand up the boat sinks immediately. I once so sat—the water breast high—for three hours. Bless you, it's a luxurious position in those climates—provided your comrades look like eventually coming to your assistance. Well, on the particular occasion I have in mind, we fell in with a large whale late in the day. We were working in an extended line—the two other boats some long way to the right—with the ship at least three miles to leeward. We are stove in, and, as Coleridge has it, 'at one stride comes the dark.' The ship is miles away, the other boats far beyond hail, there does not appear a hope of salvation. Then one man gets up from among us and says he will swim for it. He does not propose trying for the ship, that is quite out of the question. But he points out how, in order themselves to reach the ship, the other boats must at some one spot come within three-quarters of a mile of us, and he hopes, in spite of the sharks, in spite of the darkness, to happen upon their path, when he will bring them to our aid. Over the side the man went, and we waited and waited, and listened and listened, and in no very long time we heard the grateful splash of oars, and they brought us all off safely. I do call that a brave fellow. Our passive endurance was of a very different quality. It was touch-and-go both for him and for us. I never had a nearer—except once, perhaps, when a whale, with a clever back-stroke of his fin, took my left eyebrow sheer off to the bone," and

the captain pointed to a very visible scar. "A trifle further, Miss Waven, and I should not be here to tell the tale, that I should not as I am a man alive."

"Yes," said my brother, "there is something very admirable about that man's act. Mr. Kavanagh might have remained in Lucknow with the other brave men and women, but he went out and won the Victoria Cross. Ah! sailors are subject to so much exposure, a little excess may be forgiven them."

"Now I'll tell you. I am fifty-five, and I was thirty years at sea—I was never screwed more than twice in my life. Once when I was a boy, and somebody who ought to have known better gave me some doctored stuff; and again on the occasion of my joining my second ship. I had something to remember that last by. As I went on board, a mate says, 'Harding, how are you old chap?' 'Right as a trivet,' says I. 'Right as a trivet.' And it passed into a by-word among them—Harding's being right as a trivet. It is a Suffolk saying, you know. I had a plan of my own with my crews. I found spirits in that climate did not agree with me, nor, indeed, any fermented liquors. So for myself I prepared a mixture of best Scotch oatmeal and water—the water simply poured over the oatmeal, about a pint to a spoonful. I found it very nourishing as well as thirst-satisfying. Now if I had gone to my men, and in so many words recommended it to them in the place of grog, they would have turned up their noses. But by putting a pail of it on the deck, and making a point of helping myself from it, in less than no time I had them following my example, and soon, like me, they would drink little else."

"It is a strange life," said the captain passing his hand meditatively over his hair. "When you get into the seas where the compass dips perpendicularly, you expect the strange things though. Now I'll tell you"—his favourite preface.—"My brother Jack went to sea a year later than I; consequently, our spells at home timed differently, and we lost all reckonings of each other. I had not seen him for twelve years, and I did not even know in what ship he was. I was second mate, or chief mate, I forget which, in the ship Eclipse, and it was in the Australian Seas." There is a certain particularity in the form sailors speak of their vessels. "I was at the look-out. I reported a sail, and the next minute I sighted a whale. The captain would not bear down on the latter lest the other ship should observe it and, being nearer, forestall us. But, in spite of our caution, in only lowering the boats, they perceived our object and followed our example; reaching the whale first, of course it became their lawful prey. As the boats neared each other, I sang out, 'Halloo, that's Jack!' meaning the officer in charge of the stranger's boat. I had not seen him for twelve years; but, bless you, I knew his build in a minute; just as I spoke the whale indulged in a few antics, and they were all thrown into the water. We were pulling to their assistance, when it happened that another whale spouted to the right. 'Bye, bye, Jack,' I shouted, with a wave of my hand, the boat's head was brought round, and we were off after it in a trice. We did not see one another again for eleven months. Now if you had to tell that in a book I doubt whether you'd get believed. 'A pretty brother for you,' said Jack, telling the tale only a few weeks ago to a lot of gentlemen. 'We had not seen each other for twelve years, and then he left me struggling in the water to go after a whale.' 'Quite right too,' I replied. 'You'd have done the same.' 'That I should,' he said, 'for the whale was worth five hundred pounds, and I know I was not—at that time.' Of course I knew he was in no danger; a whaler is, or ought to be, amphibious."

"It ought to be a paying concern, and I suppose it is?" said Henry.

"It was, but it is not now. I never went a voyage after I became master of a ship without bringing home from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds for my share of profits. But now, what with goldfields in California, and goldfields in New Holland," (the name he always used for Australia), "you can't keep

your crews—men worth having, that is. A lot of riff-raff I daresay you could have; but they are not the stuff for whalers. I left it as soon as I found how the wind lay."

The captain told us much more worth knowing; but this is all I remember with sufficient distinctness.

It was a rough night for his walk home, so my brother lent him an overcoat. It was of rather peculiar fashion, and required a little ingenuity in the putting on. When, after a minute of anxious examination, the captain announced that *the ropes were all right* we could not refrain from smiles. WYNN WAVEN.

## PASTIMES.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A word signifying "heavenly." 2. A town in Italy. 3. A tree, the leaf of which is much quoted by the poets. 4. An animal. 5. An abyss. 6. An aperture for cannon. 7. A town in England. 8. To invest. 9. An Emperor of Rome. 10. A feature of beauty. The initials will name a poet, and the initials one of his poems.

### CRYPTOGRAPH.

Az etq omq iust m oxagp ar omzlime.  
Dustf msmuzof stq iust iustf uxqi.  
Gzlux stq qkq oaxp puefuzquet.  
Ftq rmoqo ar ftq odqi.

### CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 11, 8, 3, 9, 1, is what a sentry takes.  
My 14, 2, 7, 13, 10, is fearful.  
My 5, 7, 3, 4, 6, 5, is a disturbance.  
My 14, 12, 9, 3, is a sound.  
My whole is a French saying.

B. N. C.

### RIDDLES.

1. The title of a well-known poem, consisting of nine letters—contains the five vowels, a, e, i, o, and u, four of them being together.  
2. What word is that signifying what cannot be found, if differently divided implies presence?

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My last defies my first:  
And let him do his worst.  
My last will fight  
For Queen and right,  
Against his cause so cursed.

- The lads and lasses gaily play,  
And pass with games their holiday.
- Lo! from my shores the conqueror came,  
And Europe trembled at his name.
- The conqueror's name these lines will show,  
The pride of Gaul, Britannia's foe.
- The warrior Greek to me returns,  
His faithful wife her suitors spurns.
- Each day, to age ago I bestow:  
I take from none, I always grow.
- A Russian city stands beside  
My icy current's rolling tide.

RUCLED.

### DECAPITATION.

Take fifty off, a fruit remains  
That you may fancy for your pains;  
Cut off my head, and there's showu  
A certain portion of your own;  
I put back the head transposed, and lo!  
A certain farmer's seed I show;  
My head then off, and I proclaim  
An animal, 'tis yours to name;  
My whole's a certain kind of gem,  
That gloweth in a diadem. C. B. G.

### ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A gentleman left \$11,200 to be divided between his wife and three daughters, in such a manner that the proportion to each should be as 4 to 3, to that of the next younger. How was it divided?

### ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC &c. No. 92.

Acrostic—Bernadotte—1. Brest; 2. Egypt; 3. Rhine; 4. Nans, 5. Alleghany, 6. Derwent-water; 7. Olahcite; 8. Toronto; 9. Tobolsk, 10. Etna.

### Square Words—

- |          |         |
|----------|---------|
| 1. WHARF | 2. SALT |
| HAGUE    | ALOE    |
| AGENT    | LOSS    |
| RUNIC    | TEST    |
| FETCH    |         |

Decapitations—1. Finger-fringe-ring-gin-in; 2. Wasp-paws-asp-was.

Charades—1. Pomegranate, 2. Potentate; 3. Kindness.

Battles & Seiges—1. Inkerman; 2. Agincourt, 3. Lucknow; 4. Camperdown; 5. Delhi.

Problems—The numbers are 12 and 25.

Answers received will be given in our next.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIGUS.—The motto *Dieu et mon droit* which accompanies the royal arms of Great Britain, is supposed to have been a war cry, and was used in England at least as early as the time of Henry VI. Its origin has been assigned to a saying of Richard I, "Not we but God and our right have vanquished France."

B. N. C.—We have handed your note to the Chess editor, the contributions are very acceptable.

J. B. O. CHINGACOSSY.—Respectfully declined.

A SUBSCRIBER, TORONTO—Will supply the information in our next issue. Your note reached us but a short time before going to press.

A. W. H.—The eldest son of a duke uses the second or some other title of the family by courtesy, and he is addressed as if he held the title by law, though in formal documents he is called "—Esqre commonly called the Marquis or Earl (as the case may be)."

CONORR.—Originally, a fathom was taken as the width to which the two outstretched arms extended.

MARTHA, H.—The best advice we can give you is to leave them alone.

W. Y.—The geometrical mean of two numbers is found by multiplying the two numbers together and extracting the square root of the product, thus the geometrical mean of 9 and 16 is 12, for  $9 \times 16 = 144$ , the square root of which is 12.

"ROTHSAT CASTLE, TORONTO."—Will reply in our next.

F. X.—The Koh-i-noor diamond was found in the mines of Golconda in 1550, and from that time till it became the trophy of English valour, passed in the train of conquest into the possession of numerous families of native rulers.

ADA Z.—The M.S. was certainly mailed as requested. Will report in our next.

W. W.—There is no such journal published in Montreal.

Geo. B.—Received—thanks!

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Sir Charles Lyell, in the new edition of his *Principles of Geology*, notices the discovery of live fish in some artesian wells sunk in the Desert of Sahara. They were brought up from a depth of 175 feet, and were not, like those of Adelsbrug, blind, but had perfect eyes.

Wine and other liquids are subject to considerable loss and even to changes which deteriorate them in consequence of the porosity of the wooden casks in which they are kept. These evils are prevented by drying and warming the casks, and then causing their interiors to imbibe pure fused paraffin.

A specification has been filed by J. S. Nibbs, of Warwick, numbered 2147, relating to improvements in lamps. The invention consists in forming a chamber for receiving the spirit, the volatile nature of which is controlled by elevating the top of the wick, which is brought up through a tube made to represent in appearance a candle.

The last scientific toy is in the shape of some cigar-holders made of paper and quile, each showing a blank medallion, on which, however, a photograph is developed in a few moments when the holder is used for its intended purpose. It appears from experiment that the ammonia of the smoke is the developing agent, but the exact nature of the action has not yet been explained.

THE NEEDLE LATCH AND THE NEEDLE LOCK.—We have heard of the needle gun, but the needle lock rather took us by surprise. It is simple in its construction, as it is composed of neither more nor less than steel wires—call them needle if you like—strung together on two stumps attached to the running upon which they revolve, and they require to be lifted by the key to a position to admit of their being

passed through certain holes in a plate of brass and thus passing, carry the running bolt with them, which carries the real bolt. The needles move obliquely, perpendicularly, laterally, and in any direction, hence the difficulty in raising all the needles with an instrument simultaneously to their required positions to run through their own apertures, and escape the many traps set for them in the shape of a number of holes pierced nearly half-way through the fence-plate of the exact size to fit the needles. In the more expensive latches, as we have only been describing the cheapest one, there are protectors and detectors.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In Problem No. 70, a Black Pawn should stand on Q R 2.

B. N. C.—We must apologise for not having corrected the error in Problem No. 70 earlier. We take every care in correcting the proof, but mistakes or omissions will sometimes occur, thus being a case in point. Your solution was correct.

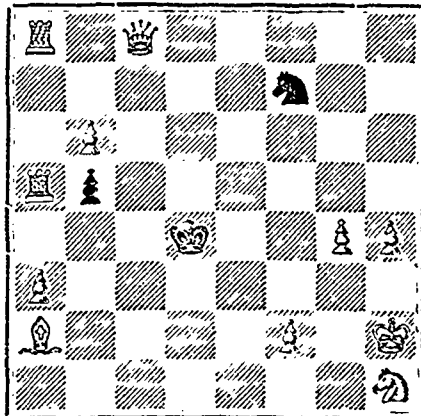
G. ST. CATHARINES.—No. 51 is still faulty, it can be solved by Kt to K B sq, followed by B to K B 3, &c. Have written.

T. P. BULL, SEAPORTH.—The publication has been mailed to your address.

MEDICO, WATERVILLE, C. E.—Excuse us for once, Solution of Problem 68 was correct. Thanks for the enclosures. Your previous Problem having as its key move Q to Q B 5, admits of a solution in *tro* as follows, 1 Kt to K B 5 (ch.), 2 R to K 5 Mate. Problem No. 71 is faulty, your solution, however, works equally as well as the author's.

PROBLEM, No. 73.

By GEO. E. CARPENTER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 71.

BLACK. WHITE. 1 Kt to Q B 5. P takes Kt (best.) 2 R to Q B 2. P takes Kt. 3 R Mates.

(The author has overlooked a second solution commencing with K B to Kt 2.)

Game played between Leow and Hirschfeld, in the Berlin Club.

EVANS' GAMBIT

WHITE (Leow) BLACK (Hirschfeld) 1 P to K 4. 1 P to K 4. 2 K Kt to B 3. 2 Q Kt to B 3. 3 B to Q B 4. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 P to Q Kt 4. 4 B takes Kt P. 5 P to Q B 3. 5 B to Kt 4. 6 Q B to R 3. 6 P to Q 3. 7 P to Q 4. 7 K Kt to B 3. 8 P takes P. 8 K Kt takes P. 9 Q to Q 5. 9 Q B to K 7. 10 Q takes Kt. 10 P to Q 4. 11 B takes P. 11 Q takes B. 12 Q to K 2. 12 Castles Q R. 13 Castles. 13 Q B to Kt 5. 14 B to Q Kt 2. 14 B takes Kt. 15 Q takes B. 15 Q takes Q. 16 P takes Q. 16 Kt takes P. 17 Kt to R 3. 17 R to Q 3. 18 Q R to Q sq. 18 K R to Q sq. 19 K takes R. 19 R takes R. 20 P to Q B 3. 20 R to Kt 3 (ch.). 21 K to K R sq. 21 Kt takes B R P. 22 B to Q B sq. 22 R to Kt 5. 23 B to K 4. 23 P to Q B 4. 24 R to Q Kt sq. 24 B to R 5.

And must win, his last move is very neat.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

When is a sermon like a round shot? When it comes from a canon's mouth.

An American aptly described a gentleman's park as "Nature without her hair combed."

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear; nor believe you are cut out a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

THE LOUDEST THING GOING.—Bugle Trimming. —Punch.

CON. BY MR. CADDLE.—Why is my wife likely to become a good equestrian?—Because she's always on the nag.

If you are truly benevolent and charitable, perhaps you will, when you see a neighbour in distress, ask some other neighbour to help him.

"AN India-rubber ship!" exclaimed an old sailor, who had been listening to a description of such a proposed invention. "That would never do, because it would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

A HINT.—If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boy.

TABLE OF INTEREST.—The dinner table.

"POOR Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other; "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

A "PAWKEY" SCOT.—A shrewd old Scotch M.P. used to say the proper time for asking for an appointment from a minister was just before a critical division. On one occasion he caught Canning in the lobby, and mumbled out his queries whether the matter of the tide-waitership at Dumdorum had been settled yet. The Minister cannot attend to such business until the great question is decided, and ends the colloquy, as he supposes, with, "and of course, Mr. —, we count upon your vote." Mr. — cannot honestly leave such an impression. "The faunt is, Mr. Canning, I am so concerned for the fate of that pair fatherless laddie, that really, unless I feel some assurance, I cannot get my mind into a proper train for considering so large a question."

"NO ANOTHER DRAP."—In former days, when roads were bad, and vehicles were almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the River Urr, at a ford at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed until her husband reached his door, when of course there was an immediate search made. The party who were despatched in quest of her, arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words, "No another drap, neither het nor cauld."

NEWS FOR THE NURSERY.—We are informed that an enterprising American publisher is about to bring out a volume of nursery literature, in which the stories and rhymes of the "exploded old country" will be adapted to the tastes and understandings of young America. To illustrate this we shall venture on a version in prose of Humpty Dumpty. "Humpty Dumpty sot hisself on a tall rail. Humpty Dumpty dropt of his pearb—ker-squash. And all the equipages, and all the liveried menials of an estete monarchial system was just a one-hoss affair as regarded the sottin' of that unfort'net cuss on that everlastin' rail again! Moral.—The skreekin' bird of Freedom what roosts on the zenith, with his head tied up in the star-spangled banner, rather kalktates that monarchy is played out—some!"—Fun.