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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 100. FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 3, 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 319.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.—MABEL "JOINS" WITH A DIFFERENCE

MABEL, after the first few minutes, found herself as much at home with all the family, as though she had never quitted her uncle's roof. In Uncle John and Aunt Mary she found no change at all, except that they were dearer and kinder than ever. And though her cousins had grown out of recognition at first, yet as they recalled together sundry childish adventures, the well-remembered expression returned to each face, and Mabel could see them again as they used to be: Jack, a wild harum-scarum hobbledehoy, for ever falling into scrapes and marvellously scrambling out of them, but under all circumstances the hero and idol of the two little girls; and Janet, a grave silent sober little body, devoted to her father even from her baby days, and invariably peace-maker in any of the rare dissensions that arose among them.

Janet was now a young woman of nineteen, and—her mother's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—was certainly not pretty, though hers was a face that few people would forget, and fewer, having once seen it, would not like to see again. She was very pale, with a complexion of a thick creamy white, and hair of too light a flaxen hue to be flattered by the appellation of golden. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were fortunately of a darker shade of brown, and her grey eyes were set very deep beneath a broad overhanging forehead. Her mouth, though wide, was singularly sweet in expression, and her jaw somewhat too massive, but well curved, and with a charming dimple in the chin. Her figure, rather above the middle height, was spare and ungraceful, and she had a slight stoop in the shoulders, occasioned by years of weak health.

"I'm sorry Polly couldn't be here to meet you, dear," said Aunt Mary: "she is looking forward to seeing you with such pleasure. Her husband is very busy to-day, and the little one is ailing slightly, so she could not well leave home, but she will come to-morrow."

"What is Polly's new name, Aunt Mary? You told me that her husband was a teacher of music, but did not tell me his name."

"Oh, his name is Bensa, Carlo Bensa; and Polly is called Madame Bensa. Think of Polly being Madame anybody!"

"An Italian?"

"An Italian, and a very clever singing-master. But what is more important, he is the best creature in the world, and he perfectly worships Polly."

Mrs. Walton—by that name she was always addressed, and by that name I shall call her in these pages—would not suffer the evening sitting to be prolonged as far into the night as the younger people would have had it.

"Mabel is tired," she said. "The parliament is dissolved. I am only in the farce to-night, so I need not be at the theatre before half past nine. But I must positively know that Mabel is comfortably in bed before Jack and I set off. We have put you a little bed in Janet's room, my dear. You won't mind sharing her chamber? It is an airy room, and the largest in the house, though, to be sure, that isn't saying much for its dimensions." With that, Mrs. Walton led the way upstairs, and saw Mabel peacefully composed for her night's rest before she betook herself to the theatre.

The next day, Saturday, was a busy one for Mrs. Walton. She was occupied at rehearsal all the morning, and had to play in two pieces at night. so Mabel had no opportunity for the quiet talk with her which she was very anxious to have. When she said something respecting her wish to talk over her own prospects, Aunt Mary (who was trimming a muslin apron with blue ribbon to be worn that evening as part of the costume of a smart soubrette) kissed her, and bade her wait patiently until the morrow, when she and Uncle John and Mabel would hold a Cabinet Council.

"Now Mabel, my child," said Aunt Mary, when she and her husband and niece were quietly seated in the little sitting-room in her own home: "now, Mabel, let us hear what you wish, and what you propose, and what you expect? And then Uncle John and I will give you the best help and advice we can."

"Dear Aunt Mary, what I wish is to be a good actress, what I propose is to set about beginning to learn my profession practically as soon as may be; what I expect is——." Mabel paused a moment doubtfully, and then resumed: "Well, what I expect is that, with youth and strength, and a determination to work hard, and a good motive to spur me on to exertion, and your help, dear aunt and uncle, I shall be able to earn my own living, and even to do something to help mamma and educate dear little Julian."

"Well answered, Mabel," said her uncle, passing his hand lightly over the girl's head, as he spoke: "well answered, little woman. How her voice reminds me of Philip's, to be sure! Just as I can remember the sound of it, when we were little lads together." And the blind man sighed softly.

His wife instantly pressed closer to him, and took one of his hands between hers.

"Bless thee, Mary," said her husband. "Don't think I'm fretting, my own one. No, no; the sound of the child's voice carried me back to the days of lang syne for a moment. But there was no Mary in those days; no Mary and no bairns. I wouldn't loose you and change back again, wife; not even to see the blessed sunshine again. But come, come! We're a pretty cabinet council, wasting our time on anything but the matter in hand:—though perhaps that has been known to happen in more august assemblies. Well now, Mabel, I need not ask if you have my sister-in-law's consent to making this attempt, because I'm sure you wouldn't go against her wishes."

"Mamma disliked the idea very much at first, Uncle John. The people about her are full of the strongest prejudices against everything connected with the theatre. But she yielded to my strong wish at last."

"Good! Still, another thing must be thought of, Mabel. You were unfortunate in your first experiment at governessing. But we are not to conclude from that, that all schools are like the school at Eastfield, or that all school-mistresses are like Mrs. Hatchett. The good we can get out of the prejudices of other people is to learn to try to overcome our own. Have you quite made up your mind that such a position, even under favourable circumstances, would be distasteful to you?"

"Quite, Uncle John."

"You know, Mabel, if you go on the stage, you will have many rubs to encounter. It isn't all smooth sailing, even for the lucky ones. You must make up your mind to work hard, to be patient, and to hold a steady course undauntedly. You know the Arabian story which tells how the princess had to climb a rugged mountain to reach the magic bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. The mountain was strewn with black stones, the petrified remains of those who had striven in vain to reach the summit. The sole condition of success was to turn a deaf ear to the clamour of taunting voices that filled the air, and tempted one to look back. The princess wisely distrusted her own strength, so she filled her ears with cotton, and having thus rendered them impervious to the mocking voices, made her way victoriously up the hill, and seized the prize she had come for. Now, Mabel, you certainly cannot stuff your ears with cotton, but you must fill your mind and occupy your attention with thoughts that shall serve to deaden very considerably the idle babble that might otherwise distract you from the goal."

"Dear uncle, I will try. I don't fear work, and I am most willing to learn. It must be a steep hill that shall turn me, Uncle John.

"Well, my child, God prosper you! You're my dear brother's own daughter, every inch of you. Tell Phil a thing was difficult, and you might be sworn he would try to master it. I've done my preachment, Mabel. I have plenary absolution to talk as much as I like. I can do so little—so very little—beside. When it comes to real practical business, I must hand you over to Aunt Mary."

"I'm sure, John," said his wife, indignantly, you're very practical. Now, dear Mabel, since you are resolved, I must tell you what plan we had talked over among ourselves. We go, as I told you, to Kilclare every summer. The manager is an old acquaintance of mine, and, as the place is small, and everything on a diminutive scale, and he can't afford a large company, I dare say he would be very glad to give you a trial. Only I fear, Mabel, you mustn't expect any salary at first; but if you do well, it will not be long before you will be able to earn a salary, never fear. The first thing to be done is to write to Moffatt—he is the manager of the Kilclare circuit—and hear what he says. I have not the least doubt as to his answer. Then you must get up in a few stock pieces. The leading lady won't let you have much business."

"Much business, Aunt Mary?"

"Many good parts, child. But I shall stipulate for one or two of the lightest of the juvenile lead, to give you practice, and then you must take walking ladies, or utility, or whatever comes uppermost."

"Oh, of course, aunt." (Mabel guessed at the meaning of these terms.)

"And then we must see about dresses for you. Fortunately, Polly is on a larger scale than you are, so the chief alterations needed will be to take in, and that's always easy. There are a good many of her costumes lying by. We will see about all that to morrow. You'll take Polly's old place with me. Janet's always busy with her father, you know. The first time I went to Kilclare without Polly, I felt quite lost. It will be the greatest comfort in the world to me to have you, but here are Polly, and Jack, and Janet, and Charles, and baby, all coming across the square. Now, Mabel, prepare to like my son-in-law very much, and to fall over head and ears in love with baby."

CHAPTER II.—MESOPOTAMIA AND THE VIOLIN.

Madame Bensa ran into the sitting room with outstretched arms, and catching Mabel in them, hugged her heartily.

"You dear little thing!" she cried "How pretty you're grown; and you're taller than you promised to be. But I should have known you anywhere. The same eyes, the same smile. Goodness, what a booby you must be, Jack, not

to have recognised her instantly. Charles, come here and be presented to your cousin, Mabel Earnshaw. His name is Carlo, but I couldn't possibly call him by it; it sounds so like a dog, doesn't it? At least pronounced in my English fashion. And I *can't* roll my r's. And here's baby. Isn't she fat? And she never cries. I consider those the two most charming qualities possible in a baby." So Polly rattled on in a blithe good humoured way, that infected one with good spirits, and looked as buxom and pleasant a young matron as you could desire to behold. Her husband was a quiet ugly bright-eyed little man, very simple and gentle in manner. An atmosphere of peace and good will pervaded the family circle.

Mr. Moffatt, the manager, wrote a very gracious letter to Mrs. Walton, consenting to give her young relative a trial, on the very handsome conditions of her performing gratis, finding her own wardrobe, and making herself generally useful in the business of the theatre.

"What sort of study are you, Mabel?" asked her aunt one morning, bringing into the room a pile of queer little books, covered with yellow, green, or brown paper.

"What sort of study, Aunt Mary?"

"I mean, do you learn by heart easily and quickly."

"Yes; I think so."

"Because I've got a list from Mr. Moffatt of the pieces most likely to be done during the first week. And you had better begin to get some of them into your head at once."

"Oh yes, aunt," said Mabel, eagerly, seizing on the little pile of books, and turning them over one by one. Her face fell a little as her examination proceeded. "I don't know any of these," she said, looking up.

"No, of course not. How should you? That's why I was anxious that you should have time to write out a few parts. These are chiefly prompt-books, and you will not be able to keep them."

"But," said Mabel, hesitating, and slowly turning over a few leaves, "they seem to me to be—to be dreadful nonsense!"

"You'll find that they act well enough, dear."

"I thought, Aunt Mary, that I might perhaps have one or two parts in Shakespeare. I don't mean the leading parts, although I have studied Rosalind, and Cordelia, and Imogene, and nearly all Juliet. I mean little parts, like Celia or Hero, or Jessica."

Aunt Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid, Mabel, that you won't get Celia, or Hero or Jessica, for the very sufficient reason that the plays those characters are in, are not at all likely to be done. Such a thing might happen on a benefit, or a bespeak, but otherwise Moffatt sticks to tragedy and farce. But we're sure to do Hamlet, and I will stipulate for Ophelia for you. Moffatt's leading lady can't turn a tune, and so Ophelia generally falls to the singing chambermaid. But that's very bad, of course. Meanwhile, get up in those parts that I've marked with a pencil, there's a good girl."

Aunt Mary bustled away to rehearsal, leaving Mabel seated before the play-books, uncertain upon which of them to begin. At length she took up a melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, with a band of robbers, and a forest, and a castle, and a virtuous heroine in distress, and her equally virtuous though not equally distressed confidential friend—for there is a proportion to be observed in these things, and it would never do to plunge the walking lady into an equal depth of misery with the first lady—and a great many high-flown speeches, full of the most exalted sentiments, but a little hazy as to grammar, and containing, perhaps, a somewhat undue proportion of the vocative case.

Janet was seated opposite her cousin, engaged in making a fair copy of very confused and blotted manuscript. John Earnshaw had recently dictated to her several papers on chemistry, which had been accepted and paid for, by the editor of a magazine which professed to present scientific subjects in a popular form. Small sums of money have given a deal of happiness in this large world, but perhaps no small sum of money ever occasioned a purer joy than was felt by Mary Walton Earnshaw when the post-office order arrived in payment for her husband's first article. It was curiously pathetic to hear her expressions of proud delight, and the ingenious manner in which she endeavoured to convince John—having first most thoroughly convinced herself—that those two or three guineas were more important to the household exchequer than all the earnings of the rest of the family put together. Janet, as her father's amanuensis, was making a fair copy of a manuscript whilst Mabel was looking over her play-books.

"I am afraid," said Janet, looking attentively at her cousin, "that you don't much like your task, Mabel?"

Mabel blushed. "Oh," said she, "I am afraid you will think I'm but a poor creature to break down at the first trial. But it is not the trouble I mind a bit. I could learn every word in the play in a couple of hours. Only I don't think I shall be able to say this. I shall feel so ashamed."

"Ashamed?"

"Yes, it *is* such nonsense! Do listen to this, Janet. 'My lord, I quail not at your threats. The thunder of your frown hath for me no terrors. Beware! There may come a day when retribution, upon lurid wing, shall blight you even at the zenith of your power. Beware! beware!"

Janet smiled her rare sweet smile.

"Cousin Mabel, I think your business will be to make it seem *not* trash. Don't you remember the story of the man who made everybody cry by his pathetic way of saying Mesopotamia? I advise you to dismiss the sense of ridicule from your mind, and get the words into your head while I finish copying this page."

"Oh, thank you, Janet," said Mabel, simply. "How sensible you are! I will try, but I fear it would be impossible for *me* to make anybody cry by saying Mesopotamia!"

By dint, however, of fixing her mind upon the necessity of making the best of what was entrusted to her, Mabel not only committed to memory the three or four parts that had been given her, but managed to repeat them to her aunt, when the latter came home, with some degree of earnestness: though when she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," &c., she was conscious of feeling tame and sheepish, and of becoming very hot and red in the face.

She was very anxious to see as much acting as possible, and accordingly she and her uncle and Janet ensconced themselves, evening after evening, in a corner of the upper boxes of the Dublin theatre, and witnessed a great many performances. Mabel was always intensely interested, and was the best audience in the world, becoming quite absorbed in the fortunes of the scene. Indeed, so easily was she moved to tears by the mimic sorrows before her—even by those of the wildest and most melodramatically impossible sort—that Janet sometimes quietly whispered in her cousin's ear, "Mesopotamia, Mabel, Mesopotamia!"

So the evenings slipped away, until on a certain evening, when they were all assembled at supper, John Earnshaw, with his daughter and niece, having been in the "front" of the theatre, and Mrs. Walton having been acting, Jack said, "I'll give you all three guesses as to who came to pay me a visit in the painting-room to night."

"Stop a moment, Jack!" said his sister Janet. "Do we all know him?"

"Yes, all of you, except Mabel; and it's well for her peace of mind that she doesn't know him, for he is about the handsomest fellow going, though I can't say I like him particularly. There's something snaky about his eyes."

"I've guessed!" cried Mabel, suddenly. "Your vistor's christian name begins with A?"

"Yes," replied Jack, staring at his cousin.

"And his surname with T?"

"Will any lady or gentleman present," said Jack, looking round, "be so good as to repeat the most approved form of exorcism against witchcraft? Also, mother, if you happen to have such a trifle in your pocket as an old horse-shoe, I should be obliged by your allowing me to nail it on to the threshold."

"But who was it, Jack?" cried his mother and Janet together.

"Ask Mabel. She evidently knows all about it."

"Jack, how can you be so absurd?" said Mabel laughing; "I only guessed that your visitor was Mr. Alfred Trescott."

"To be sure! That's all!" returned Jack. "A young man, whom I have not seen for more than a year, appears to me in the solitude of my painting-room one evening in the most unexpected manner. Returning to the bosom of my family, I invite its various members to hazard a guess as to who my visitor was; and the only one who instantly pitches on the truth is Mabel! Mabel, who is unacquainted with him, but who, nevertheless, has his christian name as pat on her tongue as if she had been his god-mother."

"Alfred Trescott," said Janet, putting her hand to her head; "then it was he? Of course! I thought I knew the face. My attention was attracted this evening by a young man sitting in the orchestra (though not playing any instrument), and I *thought* I knew him! Now I remember. Alfred Trescott, of course! He stared a good deal at us, and that first made me observe him. Mabel was so absorbed in the play, that she had no eyes for any one."

"And my part of the mystery is no mystery to anybody but Jack," said Mabel, smiling. "I have told Aunt Mary all about my acquaintance with little Corda Trescott."

"Well," returned Jack. "But how did you guess that Alfred Trescott was my visitor? Did you know he was in Ireland?"

"No; but I knew that the family had left Hammerham. And one word you said made me think of young Mr. Trescott:—'snaky.' It flashed upon me whom you must mean."

"Flattering for my friend," said Jack. "I shouldn't care, myself, to be instantly recognised by the epithet *snaky*. But how odd he never said anything about knowing *you*. To be sure, he didn't stay long, and he was talking about himself all the time. I asked him how his playing was getting on, and when he was coming out in a violin solo at the Philharmonic? To which he replied with a sneer, 'About the same time that your first picture is exhibited on the line, at the Academy.' So, as I saw he didn't like it (and perhaps as I didn't particularly like it myself), I dropped the subject."

Two days afterwards, young Trescott called at Mrs. Walton's house, and professed much surprise at finding Mabel there. "I little thought to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Earnshaw," said he. (He had her name correctly enough now) Janet remarked afterwards that this affected surprise was a piece of gratuitous hypocrisy, inasmuch as he had evidently seen and recognised Mabel at the theatre. The young man neither said nor did anything that could positively be called objectionable, and yet the whole family appeared relieved when he went away. He avoided with considerable tact any mention of Hammerham people or incidents, unless Mabel first spoke of them. And yet he contrived, in some subtle way, to give her aunt and uncle the impression that Mabel has been on terms of greater intimacy with himself and his father and Corda, than had ever really existed between them. He let fall, with apparent carelessness, allusions to "the Charlewoods," and "that uncomfortable business of poor Walter's," which it was impossible to resent, and equally impossible to explain; and Mabel found herself placed in the disagreeable position of sharing with Mr. Alfred Trescott a confidential acquaintance with the private affairs of the Charlewood family.

Young Trescott informed them that his father and sister were in Ballyhackett, a town belonging to Mr. Moffatt's "circuit" and that he (Alfred) should join the company at Kilclare in a week or two. "Moffatt don't want me just yet," he said, tossing back his long hair with a gesture that was habitual to him, and showing the whole range of his bright teeth, "so I thought I might as well stay in Dublin for the present, and have a little fun. Paddy, with all thy faults

I love thee still. There is some poetry and imagination about the ragged rascals, anyhow. And I confess it's a relief to me to get the taste of iron out of my mouth, and the sound of the hammer and tongs out of my ears. Don't you agree with me, Miss Earnshaw? I'm sure the hard money-grinding spirit of those purse-proud, vulgar Hammerham folks must be very distasteful to *you*."

There was a covert sneer in his tone that annoyed Mabel, and she answered coldly; "I know some Hammerham folks, Mr. Trescott, who make a good use of their money."

"So do I," answered Alfred, quickly; "our friend Mr. Clement Charlewood, for example. He is a finehearted fellow, no doubt. Though I wish he hadn't quite such a contempt for everything professionally artistic. It seems a pity, you know, when you find a capital fellow like that, with a great deal of intellect too—for I consider him clever—cherishing narrow prejudices."

He expressed himself with so much warmth and apparent sincerity, that Mabel, who was naturally unsuspicious, reproached herself for the haughty tone in which she had previously spoken, and in amends gave him her hand, when he took his leave, with more cordiality than she had yet shown towards him.

The only member of the family who seemed at all disposed to like Alfred Trescott was Mr. Earnshaw. He was precluded by his blindness from being subjected to the repulsive influence of the young man's sinister eyes; and Alfred had evidently endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Mr. Walton, as he called him, and had offered to bring his violin and play to him as long as he chose. The blind man had always been remarkably fond of music; but since his loss of sight, his delight in it had increased to a passion. It was one of the great regrets of Janet's life that she had no musical talent wherewith to gratify her father; they had a little hired piano, on which Mabel's fingers had already been set to work many times, and occasionally at Uncle John's request she would sing him some simple ballad in a fresh untutored voice. But Alfred Trescott's playing was music of a much higher kind than any that Mabel could pretend to make; and Mr. Earnshaw enjoyed it most thoroughly.

"I wish," said Janet to her mother, "that it were any one else but Alfred Trescott who had offered to come and play to father. I have an unconquerable aversion to that young man."

"I can't say that I'm fond of him, Janet," returned her mother; "but its thoughtful of him to remember your father's love for music. And we can't give him the cold shoulder. Dear John has so few pleasures, we ought not to grudge him this one."

So it came to pass that Alfred and his violin were to be seen and heard nearly every day in Mrs. Walton's house for a fortnight.

On the first occasion of his coming he brought a roll of music in his hand, and begged Miss Earnshaw to be good enough to accompany him on the piano. "I'm no musician, Mr. Trescott," said Mabel, to whom the task was distasteful, "I should do injustice to your sonata by my unskillful accompaniment."

"Oh, I assure you it is quite simple," said Alfred, looking disappointed. "Just a few chords. You can read them easily, I am sure. In fact, I fear it will be almost impossible for me to play without the assistance of the piano."

"Come, Mabel," said Uncle John, "you'll try, won't you, to oblige me?"

After that, it was impossible to refuse. So Mabel sat down at the instrument, and found that she could accomplish her task satisfactorily.

The moment Alfred Trescott took his violin in his hand, he seemed to be transformed into another being. It was as if some finer spirit moved the long supple fingers that pressed the strings and inspired the curved right arm to wield the bow. He had pathos, passion, and a splendid purity and beauty of tone. It was impossible to resist the charm of his playing. Even Janet yielded to the spell, and Mabel's eyes were full of tears as she rose from the piano. As to the blind man, he sat drinking in the music with silent ecstasy. Alfred was quick to perceive the impression he had made, and took care not to destroy it by remaining too long. Praise was very sweet to him, and he was greedy of it, but it did not act with him as an incentive to exertion. He only said to himself: "See what an effect I produce upon these people! How shamefully unjust it is that that so clever a fellow as I am, should be allowed to remain in obscurity!" However, he steadily kept his best side towards Mrs. Walton's family: which, indeed, was not difficult, for their gentle good humour offered no temptations to call forth his evil tempers. Mabel, who was devoting herself heart and soul to the study of the profession she was about to attempt, and who found food for the nourishment of her own artistic capacity in all the other forms of art and poetry, enjoyed his playing exceedingly.

"I wish," she thought, "that I could have some one to play to me like that, whenever I chose. I fancy that I could act so much better, after listening to such music."

But still, young Trescott made no advance in her good opinion. He and his playing were somehow quite separate and distinct from each other in her mind. Her nature was too true and earnest to sympathise with his shallowness and egotism. He sometimes, with an idea of ingratiating himself with her, assumed a false enthusiasm, which Mabel's truthful instinct never failed to detect for what it was, and which caused a revulsion in her mind that made her hate the very name of art for the moment. At such times the recollection of Clement Charlewood's simple manliness would recur to her, and she would feel how high above this vapouring sensuous egotist rose the moral nature of the Hammerham "money-grinder."

"After all, there is nothing good but goodness!" Mabel would say to herself. And then the work would fall from her fingers, or the little yellow play-book would drop into her lap, and she would sit musing, musing, for an hour together.

To be continued.

THE FRENCH IN IRELAND.

On the morning of the 22nd of August, 1798, the town of Killala, a seaport facing a large inlet of the Atlantic in the county of Mayo, was startled by the appearance in the bay of three frigates, showing English colours. The arrival of English cruisers seemed especially unaccountable, as the province (Connaught) was then quiet, although rebellion was raging in other parts of Ireland.

Mr. Kirkwood, a magistrate, who commanded the local yeomanry, though not much alarmed, kept his corps of thirty horsemen under arms at the castle, the residence of Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killala; and so did Lieutenant Sills, of the Prince of Wales' Fencibles, his twenty militiamen from Ballina, a place seven miles and a half distant. Two sons of the bishop, eager to see the English men-of-war, threw themselves into a boat with the port-surveyor, and pulled off at once to the unexpected vessels.

The next day was the visitation of the dioceses of Killala and Achonry (sees now abolished), and the sensible and good-natured bishop was entertaining three or four of the clergy and two officers of carbineers, from Ballina, at the castle. The ladies of the family—the bishop's wife, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Cope, and eleven children—had just retired to the drawing-room. The bishop and his friends had drawn closer round the claret; the pleasant after-glow of a summer evening was gleaming on the ruby of the wine; the Atlantic decanting into the bay was crimson as a bowl of Burgundy; when suddenly the door flew open, and a terrified messenger informed the bishop that the French had come, and that three hundred of them were within a mile of the town. General Humbert (Hoche's second in command at Bantry Bay in 1796) had, indeed, disembarked with one thousand and ninety men. The carbineer officers instantly leaped on their horses and dashed off to carry the news to Ballina. Lieutenant Sills resolved to fight, and mustered his fifty yeomen and fencibles at the castle gate. The men then marched into the main street, which stands at right angles to the castle, and prepared to meet the French advanced guard, which came on in a dark mass of blue and scarlet and sour sallow faces; the drums beating sharp, fierce, and quick. In a moment two yeomen were struck dead, and the rest fled, leaving Captain Kirkwood alone to stand fifty shots before he was taken. Lieutenant Sills, retreating into the castle, was soon after obliged to surrender to General Humbert, who sent him away the next day to the ships to be taken to France, because he was an Englishman. Nineteen of the yeomen were also secured by the French, and closely imprisoned in the bishop's drawing-room. One of the bishop's guests, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Ellison, of Castlebar, having formerly been an officer, could not resist the sound of the drum, and at the approach of the French shouldered a musket and joined the yeomen. He stood fire well, was wounded by a spent ball, and was one of the last to retreat into the castle. The worthy bishop retired into his garden to collect his mind while the firing went on, and succeeded in the attempt by the time the French general and staff of seventy officers arrived in the castle yard and demanded to see Monsieur l'Evêque.

The French soldiers were, except the grenadiers, generally short men; their clothes were shabby, their faces pale and sallow with the recent voyage and the fatigues of the campaigns of Italy and the Rhine. At the siege of Mentz, the winter before, many of them had suffered great privations. It is only necessary to say they were French soldiers, to be sure that they were temperate, intelligent, self-reliant, patient, and full of ardent courage. They had started eighteen days before from Rochelle, and had tried unsuccessfully to land in Donegal, where a succeeding expedition afterwards failed to get a footing.

General Humbert, who had distinguished himself in the desperate Vendean war, was sanguine of success. Ten more frigates and three thousand men would soon be off the coast. Ireland would be a free and happy nation, under the protection of France, within a month. A Directory was immediately to be set up in Connaught. The tricolour and the green flag would wave together, and scare the English lion. Humbert was an ignorant man of low origin, who had forced his way through the ranks by prompt decision and by physical energy. His passions were furious, his manner marked by a roughness and violence that was only assumed to carry out his own purposes. He was tall and well-made, and in the vigour of life. His small sleepy eyes, languid with watching, cast side-long insidious glances, like those of a cat, and gave a forbidding look of distrust to his physiognomy.

The bishop being a travelled man, spoke good French, and General Humbert told him to be under no apprehension. He and all his people would be treated with respectful attention. He even hoped a person of the ability and consequence of the bishop would serve himself, and help to liberate his country, by joining the new Directorate. The main army, under General Kilmaine, numbered ten thousand men, and three thousand more on board ship were ready at Brest under General Hardy. Nothing but what was absolutely necessary for support was to be taken by the French troops. The evening was spent in giving hurried orders for the disembarkation of the men, and making arrangements for their quarters. The French officers boasted, after their manner, that they had brought arms for one hundred thousand men and nine pieces of cannon. They had really with them arms for only five thousand five hundred men and two four-pounders.

That evening Humbert examined his prisoner, Captain Kirkwood, as to what supplies could be drawn from the town to assist the republicans in their march forward. Mr. Kirkwood replied, with such frankness and candour, that the French general liberated him on parole. His invalid wife, however, flying to the mountains, Kirkwood

broke his parole to join her, and after hiding for some days in the sea-coast caves of Erris, obtained permission to return to Killala, and found half the oats, salt, and iron in his stores removed by the angry French, and his dwelling-house almost a wreck.

The bishop's dining-room, on the evening of the landing, half an hour before the scene of tranquil festivity, was soon turned into a noisy guard-room crowded with gesticulating French soldiers dragging in leather valises and cases of ammunition, and with prisoners being examined by savage-looking republican officers, while in one corner a surly-looking grenadier captain was having a severe wound dressed by a surgeon and his assistant. Three hundred soldiers swore and chattered in the court-yard and offices. Immediately on entering the dining-room, the bishop's butler was called for, ordered to collect all the plate and secure it in his pantry. Not an article stolen, nor so much as a hat, whip, or great-coat pilfered from the hall. The yeomanry were locked in the drawing-room in the middle floor. Two bed-chambers adjoining were seized for the general and his principal officers. The attic story, a library, and three bedrooms were reserved sacredly for the bishop and his family, and only on one occasion did the officers ever enter those rooms, and that occasion was the evening the tidings reached the French of their victory at Castlebar.

The bishop has left us a vivid picture (worthy of Waverley) of the first night after the landing of the French. "It is not easy," he says, "by any force of language to convey an adequate idea of the miseries of that first night which succeeded to the landing of the enemy. To the terrified imaginations of the town's people the castle instantly presented itself as the only place where they could have a chance of safety. Thither accordingly they fled, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, forcing they way into every corner of the house and offices, occupying the staircases, spreading through the bed-chambers, and some of them even thrusting themselves and their children into the same beds with the infants of the bishop's family. Women that had lain sick in their beds for a month before and one old lady past eighty, who was bed-rid, and believed to be at the point of death, gathering strength from despair, contrived to work their way to the very top of the house. Chairs were placed round the lobby of the attic story, on which the family, with some of their principal acquaintance, remained without a thought of repose for the whole night. Indeed the leaden hand of sleep could not have closed any eye-lids but those of an infant. The whole house resounded like a bedlam with the loquacity of the Frenchmen below, and the shrieks and groans of the fugitives above. Among the last there wanted not some, who sought consolation from the whisky bottle, in consequence of which they became presently so clamorous and troublesome, that it was found necessary to restrain them by force.

Two of the bishop's clerical guests, had fled on foot to the mountains on the first alarm, leaving their horses to be seized by the French, but the Dean of Killala brought his wife and children for shelter to the castle, the Reverend Robert Nixon, curate of the parish, and the Reverend Mr. Little, of Lachan, also sought the same asylum with the bishop, his eleven children, and his thirteen servants.

On the morning after his arrival, Humbert pushed forward to Ballina a detachment of a hundred men, forty of whom he mounted on the best horses he could find in the country. He concealed under the arch of a bridge near Killala a sergeant's guard, to watch the enemy's reconnoitrers. A shot from this ambuscade proved fatal to a brave young clergyman, the Reverend George Fortescue (nephew to Lord Clermont), who had put himself at the head of a party of observation from Ballina. The town at once fell into the hands of the French, the carbineers, the yeomanry—all but one fat lazy fellow, who was caught in bed—taking to their heels with great unanimity Humbert returned to Killala in triumph in poor Mr. Fortescue's two-horse curricle, with the fat yeoman (looking like a seal just awoke) by his side in full uniform. Several hundreds of rebel peasants, recruits, rent the air with their acclamations. A green flag, with the inscription "Erin go Bragh," was now mounted over the castle gate as a rallying standard for the pikemen, to whom arms, clothing and ammunition were to be at once distributed. Ready money would arrive in the very first ships from France. In the mean time goods brought in voluntarily were to be paid for by drafts on the future Irish Directory. For the first three days the French commissary of stores spent his whole time in writing these valuable documents, but at last he began to treat the matter as a joke, and the people soon learned to consider it in that light also. Other promises were, however, more promptly fulfilled. Chests, each containing forty fusils, and boxes crammed with new French uniforms and gaudy helmets, were unlocked in the castle yard, and the contents given to the first applicants. About one thousand peasants were completely clothed; the next comers received everything but shoes and stockings; to the last arms only were given—in all, about five thousand five hundred stand, according to French reckoning. The muskets were well made, but the bore was too small for English bullets; the carbines were especially good; the swords and pistols were reserved for the rebel officers.

The country people pressed forward to snatch these fatal presents, forgetting that an English army of scarcely fewer than one hundred thousand men was already marching fast towards county Mayo. The ragged ploughmen and bog-cutters hardly knew themselves when dressed, washed, and powdered. The French soldiers watched with droll contempt the avidity with which the Irish recruits fell on their allowance of fresh meat. They reported that one Irish savage, having been given eight pounds of beef at once, threw himself on the ground and gnawed at it like a wild beast till it was all consumed. Many of the recruits were forced to join by the menaces of their friends and the dread of rumoured Orangeman oppression. The bishop paints quite a Hogarthian picture of the vanity and ignorance of these raw, hot-blooded levies:

"The coxcombry of the young clowns in their new dress, the mixture of good humour and contempt in the countenances of the French, employed in making puppies of them, the haste of the undressed to be as fine as their neighbours, casting away their old clothes long before it came to their turn to receive the new; above all the merry activity of a handsome young fellow, a marine officer, whose business it was to consummate the vanity of the recruits by decorating them with helmets beautifully edged with spotted brown paper to look like leopard's skin, a task which he performed standing on a powder barrel, and making the helmet fit any skull, even the largest, by thumping it down with his fists, careless whether it could ever be taken off again—these were circumstances that would have made you smile, though you had been just come from seeing your house in flames. A spectable not less provoking to mirth presented itself to your view, if you followed the new soldiers after they had received their arms and cartridges, and observed their manner of using them. It was common with them to put in their cartridges at the wrong end, and when they stuck in the passage (as they often did), the inverted barrel was set to work against the ground till it was bent and useless. At first they were trusted with balls, as well as with powder. But this practise was not repeated, after it had gone near costing his life t General Humbert. As he was standing at an open widow in the castle, the general heard a ball whistle by his ear, discharged by an awkward recruit in the yard below, whom he instantly punished with an unmerciful caning."

The young soldiers were especially fond of shooting the ravens (that, since the civil war, owing to the number of unburied bodies, had increased in the devastated parts of Ireland) for their quills.

The French now required boats at once, to transport the artillery and stores from their ships, and carts and horses to bring them from the shore to the town. High prices were offered, but the fishermen and carmen did not respond. The bishop was then applied to: but he said that he was a new comer, and, moreover, had no authority, civil or personal, in the town. Humbert replied that he was the principal inhabitant, Kirkwood the magistrate having fled and broken his parole, and he must and should procure a supply of boats and carts, and that in twenty-four hours.

Next morning, when neither boat nor car appeared, Humbert became furious. He poured forth a torent of vulgar abuse, roared, stamped, laid his hand frequently on a scimitar that battered the ground, presented a pistol at the bishop's eldest son, and at last told the bishop himself that he would make him sensible he was not to be trifled with, for he should punish his disobedience by sending him instantly to France. Orders to this effect were given on the spot to an officer, who delivered the bishop in charge to a corporal's guard, only allowing him to put on his hat. The inhabitants stared in silence, as they saw their bishop conducted on foot through the town. The French soldiers marched him at a good pace along the road that led to the ships, and seemed to have received orders not to answer any of his questions.

Their pretended ferocity was only a ruse de guerre. Half a mile from town the general sent an express to call back the bishop, and the French officers loaded him with apologies for their hasty but good-natured chief. Humbert himself received him on the castle stairs, and pleaded the necessity of the occasion. The fishermen and boatmen, alarmed for their good bishop, had already appeared.

Though the enemy was full of professions, and took nothing with them but what was absolutely necessary for the field, they nearly ruined the poor bishop. They burned thirty tons of his coal in one month, besides setting the kitchen chimney several times on fire with their ragoûts. They drove away his nine horses, and six more belonging to his guests. They consumed his corn, potatoes, and cattle, before they touched those of any one else. They emptied his well-filled cellar and larder in three days. They carried off his cars, carts, and waggons, so that the worthy prelate computed his loss in thirty days only, at six hundred pounds.

Meanwhile, the enemy's main body, under Kilmaine, had landed, and had scarcely began their march, when a flag of truce arrived from Castlebar, carried by Captain Grey of the carbineers. He came, under pretence of inquiry for an officer wounded at Ballina, to discover the strength of the enemy. He privately told the bishop that a force three times Humbert's number waited at Castlebar to give a good account of the enemy

Everywhere before the French advance fluttered the impudent proclamation of General Kilmaine. In this caricature of republican aggression he said that a band of heroes had come to liberate the Irish from the hands of tyrants, to teach them the arts of war, and to despise the "low pursuits of toil and industry." "We have made," said the gasconader, "all the nations we have conquered happy by arresting their property, by applying it to the common cause, and consecrating it to the champions of liberty. Property is a common right belonging to the valour that seizes it." (Could Canning have written a more bitter parody than this of intolerant and fanatical republicanism?) "We have already destroyed the unaspiring tranquility of Switzerland, and the wealth, the power, and the bigotry of Italy are no more." The proclamation ended by imploring the Irish to cast off the bondage of religion, and to put down "that grand impostor, the Pope." The Irish were to "fly to the French standard, and enjoy at once the blessings of French fraternity."

The French entered Ballina with about nine hundred bayonets and two thousand pikes.

The omens that greeted them were not favourable. No disaffected Protestants joined the tricolour, no well-to-do persons of any kind. On a tree, in a conspicuous place, hung a rebel agent, executed for having a French commission in his pocket. The French officers embraced the unconscious rascal, "bedewed the body with tears of sympathetic civism," exposed the corpse in the streets to excite the populace against the

loyalists; and, after that, carried the dead body to the Roman Catholic chapel to lie in state surrounded by lighted candles, as that of a hero, a patriot, and a martyr.

In the meantime, Lake and Cornwallis were roused and in earnest. There were two roads (now disused) leading from Ballina to Castlebar. The lower road, by the east of Lough Conn, passes through Foxford and crosses the river Moy, a deep wide river, by a long narrow bridge. This road was guarded by General Taylor with the Kerry regiment, two battalion guns, some companies of the line, and some yeomanry cavalry. The upper road by the pass of Barnageeragh, running westward of Lough Conn, was considered impracticable, and therefore left open, Humbert leaped at the chance; he pretended to go to Foxford, then dashed at the pass and all but surprised the unsuspecting English. An accident prevented the surprise A small farmer, up at three to visit the cattle on his mountain farm, observed a strong column of men dressed in dark blue winding their way towards the pass. He instantly gallopped to Castlebar and woke up the garrison. General Trench rode out towards the pass, but his escort being fired on by the French advanced guard, he rode back to call out his forces and form them on a range of rocky heights north of the town, commanding a rising ground one thousand yards distant, which Humbert must of necessity cross. The blue and the scarlet were to meet again upon a new battle-field. It was too late now to occupy the pass that Humbert could never have found if it had been held by only a single company. The pikemen were already hallooing and tossing their rude weapons, that thristed for English Protestant blood; but Humbert did not believe in pikes against muskets.

The royalists were in two lines on the heights; first the Kilkenny militia, some of the 6th, and a party of the Prince of Wales' fencibles and the Galway yeomanry. In a valley in the rear were four companies of the Longford militia in reserve. The cavalry, a part of the 6th Dragoon Guards and the 1st Fencibles, were in the rear of the first line; the artillery were a little in advance, two curricle guns on the right of the road, and to the left two battalion guns of the Kilkenny militia.

At eight o'clock the tricolour showed, and the French drums beat loud, as Humbert's men came on in a close driving column, covered by a clump of rebels richly dressed in French uniform, sent forward with the agreeable object to themselves of drawing the first heat of the artillery fire To the swarms of noisy pikemen in his rear, Humbert—already sick of his wild allies, and their superstition, treachery, greediness, and cruelty, paid no attention whatever. But woe betide the Kilkenny and Longford men if they were once broken and the pikes came down among them.

The royalist guns were coolly and cleverly served. The first round shot from Captain Shortall's six-pounder plumped full into the head of the advancing French column and broke it into two parts. Humbert drew his column back and re-formed. Again the hydra head appeared over the ridge, and a second shot struck the column in the old wound. Fifty brave Frenchmen then ran forward and got under cover of a house, but the rest retired again to re-form. The first blood was decidedly for the king; so far so good.

Five minutes' lull and the indefatigable column again crossed the ridge, driving cattle before them to blunt the cannonade. This was an old wild Irish and buccaneer trick. But, again repulsed, Humbert at once changed his tactics, and deployed rapidly from his centre with open files, until he had formed lines, mostly in rank entire, nearly parallel to the English position. The skill and rapidity of these manœuvres of veteran troops staggered the mere militia regiments. They began firing uselessly at a harmless distance. The French, encouraged by this alarm, ran forward en tirailleur, seized some hedges, and extended with great rapidity to outflank the royalist line.

In war the man first frightened is first beaten. The militia wavered along its whole length, then fell back, leaving the cannon unprotected. The regular troops fled pell-mell to the town. A few of the Longford men were rallied, and fired from stone wall to stone wall to check the advance of the enemy, and afterwards on the Bridge of Castlebar, to protect a curricle gun, there still steadily served by the artillerymen. This party of brave men suffered severely, for they were galled by a cross fire from two roads and from the houses on either side. The men often fell back and were rallied by their officers. At length, nearly all the artillerymen being shot, the gun became silent, and a body of French hussars dashed forward at the charge but were repulsed. The staunch men retreated, having lost two officers and half their number.

The French were as brave, and still more daring. Ten of their hussars hung on the rear of the fugitives, and, capturing a gun, were about to turn it on the runaways, when a large number of Lord Roden's "fox-hunters" charged back, killed five, and drove off the rest. The place where these hussars were buried is still called French Hill. The carbineers fled with such extravagant haste that they achieved the sixty-three miles between Castlebar and Athlone in twenty-seven hours. The French took fourteen guns. The Royalists lost fifty-three men, thirty-four were wounded, and two hundred and seventy-nine were taken prisoners. Fifty-three men of the Longford militia deserted to the enemy, and, reversing their coats, were marched into Killala amid the cheers of the delighted rebels.

A more disgraceful defeat than that of the Royalists at Castlebar not even Walcheren or Bergen-op Zoom exhibited. The rebels stormed into the town, mad with delight, but, thanks to the French, they committed no cruelties, eager as they generally were for Protestant blood. Almost the only victim was a lion of a Highlander who would not leave his post at the door of the town jail. He shot down five Frenchmen; and, while he was loading for the sixth time, a grenadier, beating out his brains, flung him down the steps with the sentry-box upon him.

The garrisons of Killala was now ordered to the front, and only three French officers Charost, Boudet, and Ponson, left to drill and keep in order two hundred armed rebels. Charost was the son of a watchmaker of Paris, and had been a planter at St. Domingo. He was a vigorous portly man; with a pleasing expression of face, and great good nature. Coudet was a tall, thin, bragging Norman, argumentative and irascible, Ponson a little merry Navarrese, brave, watchful, and indefatigable. These men did their best to protect the threatened Protestants, giving them arms, and keeping up a nightly patrol. The mutinous rebels becoming infuriated at the distribution of arms, were given up to guards appointed for each district of the town and neighbourhood.

General Humbert writing to Charost, and ordering him either to bury the powder which had been left behind, or to throw it into the sea, ninety barrels were hidden under a hot-bed in the garden, and the rest placed in a vault in a haggard under the corn-stand. On three occasions fires broke out near the powder, and it was only by the great precautions of the excellent bishop that it was eventually saved.

The rebel officers were generally great scoundrels, and kept the Protestants of Killala in perpetual alarm by their insolence and threats. The worst of them was a drunken fellow named Bellew, brother of the titular Roman Catholic Bishop of Killala. He had fought well among the Russians, and had been desperately wounded at the siege of Ismail. He was quartered at the house of a merchant, from whom he extorted money and clothes, and was in the habit of tearing down slips of the wall-paper to light his pipe, and was tyrannical and unbearable. Another of these swaggerers was named O'Donnel, a young farmer and custom-house officer, who vexed the bishop by his vulgar forwardness, but who always did his best to keep the peace and to restrain the insurgents. This man was afterwards shot by the English when they retook Killala, and Bellew was hanged.

In the mean time, the French had already lost all hope, and were disgusted with their allies, whom they beat and neglected, everywhere taking to themselves the best food and the best quarters. Only three drunken and degraded priests had yet joined the French, who had lost favour with the people by openly deriding both their piety and their superstition. None of the gentry had joined them, except two or three lost men, sottish and reprobate. The French also especially offended the peasants by resolutely preventing as much as possible the robbery or murder of Protestants.

The game was now nearly played out. Humbert turned from Sligo. Marching by Drummahair towards Leitrim, the French general, nearly at his last move, left behind three guns, and threw five more into the river. He was now making for Longford, where the people had risen, but the staunchest of bull-dogs were close upon his heels. The French rear guard was incessantly pressed by General Lake's cavalry, behind whom were mounted the light infantry. Humbert, at bay, halted from time to time, and grappled with his leading assailants. Half a mile from Ballynamuck, Sarrazin, the second in command, at last surrendered with all the rear guard.

The Earl of Roden and Colonel Crawford, then sounding a trumpet, rode up to the French advance guard, and desired them to surrender to save any more effusion of blood. Humbert requiring half an hour to think over it, and still retreating. Lord Roden ordered the advance; the first and second French brigade then surrendered to about three hundred of our cavalry. Humbert rallied his grenadiers and chasseurs, and made prisoners Lord Roden and twenty of his dragoons, who were taking some guns. They were prisoners exactly fifteen minutes, and during all that time the French officers kept cursing the United Irishmen for having deceived and dissappointed them. The fencibles advancing in angry search for their colonel, the seven hundred and forty-eight French and ninety-six officers surrendered, or they would have been instantly cut to pieces. The French, since their landing at Killala, had lost two hundred and eighty-eight men.

The revenge taken on the wretched Irish rebels was savagely cruel. About five hundred were cut down, shot or hanged during the pursuit round Ballynamuck. They were found by dozens in the fields, drunk or worn-out with fatigue. Wherever they were met the sabre fell upon them. At Carrick-on-Shannon seventeen rebels were hanged at one time . the door of the court-house, the prisoners being compelled to draw lots from the adjutant's hat—one hundred lots with *death* written on seventeen of them.

On the 25th, the sound of cannon and the flame of blazing cabins announced the advance of the royalists upon Killala. The town became rapidly filled with frightened fugitives from Ballina. The rebels made a stand behind some stone walls on the high ground outside the town. Their fire was ineffective, and they were at once routed and pursued by the Roxburgh cavalry. Four hundred of them were cut down in the streets or mown down by the cannon on the sea-shore. One Protestant gentleman was shot in his own hall by a bullet intended for a rebel he was trying to exclude, and Colonel Charost narrowly escaped death from the gun of a maddened Highlander who wanted to give no quarter.

So ended an irrational and useless insurrection, with the usual horrible results of more bloodshed and less liberty. General Trench instantly pushed detachments into the wild districts of Laggan and Erris, where the rebels' cabins were burnt by dozens. For years after, however the mountain borders of Sligo and Galway were infested by deserters and outlaws, who lived by cattle-stealing, and who houghed the cattle and burnt the corn-stacks of their enemies. Two of the most notorious of these robbers, Gibbons and M'Greal (Red James), were at last seized, the former was hanged and the latter pardoned.

On the 27th of October, in this same year 1798, two French frigates again entered Killala Bay with two thousand men: intending to commence

operations by burning the town and carrying the bishop off to France—as they said, for betraying them. Some English cruisers, however, appearing, the frigates stood out to sea, and came no more. They were already too late, for the Brest squadron had been struck to pieces after a long and galland fight, on the 11th of October, off Tory Island, by Sir John Borlase Warren, and there were captured one seventy-four, three vessels of thirty-six guns, and two of forty; three others escaped. Wolf Tone, captured in one of the French vessels, was tried and condemned to death, but he killed himself in prison

WEARING THEM TO SOME PURPOSE.

Lydia, aged twenty, the only child of Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles, of Blubluddy Park, Suffolk, having written to her quondam school-fellow and bosom-friend, Julia Coutsher, two years her senior, wife of a doctor with an extensive practice in Halifax, Yorkshire, and mother of a fat boy fourteen months old, to the effect that if she did not come to spend a fortnight with her, she would borrow a team of wild horses from Mr Saugster, who was making a tour though her neighbourhood, and come and drag her away forcibly—the propriety of accepting the invitation was seriously discussed in the medical mansion. The Coutshers were a happy couple, and averse to separation, but Julia was fond of her friend, and glad to keep the bond between them taut. There were to be private theatricals and other gay doings at Blubluddy Park; and as the Coutshers were not rich, and rather proud, Halifax was a dullish place for them. Lydia was a munificent godmother to the fat child. The Snaffles were a very old county family, and to be on intimate terms with them was very creditable. When one's wife goes to stay with an influential and much-respected baronet, there is no knowing what may turn up. So it was settled that Lydia Snaffles might countermand her wild horses, for that Mrs Coutsher would go without compulsion—for a week. Mr Coutsher was included in the invitation, but his leaving his patients was of course an impossibility. He never did while they lived; and when, they ceased to do that, it was rather they who left him. The fat boy was likewise asked, and occasioned a discussion. The mother wanted to take him, the father to keep him. "It's very bad for young children to travel in the autumn" said the doctor.

"Pooh!" replied his wife. "Not unless they are well-paying patients."

"I shall be dull enough without *you*, and if you take the boy too, I don't know what I shall do," pleaded the husband.

"I can't be happy without my Billy," said the wife, wavering.

"Well, then, take him," replied the doctor with a sigh. That sigh was a bull's-eye, and the fat child stopped with his father.

At 5.10 on an October evening, Mrs Coutsher alighted on the Blubluddy End platform, and was immediately embraced and hungrily kissed by the impetuous Lydia—an operation which turned the hearts of five young male travellers by the down-train to water. "O you dear, delightful love of a Julia! how good of you to come! The carriage is waiting; the porters will look after your things. Well, and how *are* you? And so you have not brought my godson; left him as a hostage for your going back, have you? a pet? How is he? And your husband, how is he? Of course he could not come, Halifax would find it could get well without him, and that would never do! You are looking blooming. I am so glad! O what fun this is!"

And so Lydia rattled on all the way to Blubluddy Park, which was about two miles off, hardly giving her friend time to put in monosyllables. But smiles, nods, and shakes did just as well. "We dine at six," she said, when she had seen her in her room, with her box uncorded and opened, and her evening-dress laid on the bed. "My room is only next door;" and she disappeared.

In twenty minutes, she came back again, dressed for dinner, and found Julia also ready. They were exceptional and quick dressers both of them, worth backing when Her Majesty's Plates are withdrawn from the turf, and instituted as prizes for the encouragement of Rapid Female Toilet, as will be the case when everything is thoroughly reformed. How amusing the reports will be; "Lady Jane won cleverly by three hooks and eyes and a bracelet."—"Miss Mary Smith came in first, but was objected to by the second lady, on the ground of her back-hair being insecurely fastened. The stewards allowed the objection, so Miss Smith was disqualified."—And then the handicapping · the winner of any previous race having to put on an extra earring, or to wind up her watch.

"It wants ten minutes to the gong," said Lydia, "come and see my room, dear."

So they went into Lydia's bower (when you first read *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, you thought that was a haunt of frogs and spiders in the corner of the garden, did you not?—*I* did), and the proprietress exhibited her dresses, jewels, and knickknacks.

"Whatever is this thing?" asked Julia, taking up a silvered instrument.

"That? That is my spur, dear. When you press it so, a little prick comes out, like the sting of a bee."

"And what do you wear that for?"

"To make my mare go. They say money does that; I don't know; I think a spur is better."

"O Lydia, how can you! But you do not really prick the poor thing?

"If the poor thing will not jump when I am out hunting, I do."

"Do you really and truly hunt, and take actual leaps? You said something about it in your letters, but I thought it was only fun; you are such a girl!"

"What is one to do, living in the country?"

"And what are these for?" continued Julia, pointing to a pair of thick-laced boots, with great nails in the soles.

"They are my shooting-boots; and there are my gaiters. My gun is in papa's study. I will shew it you to-morrow morning."

"O no! I hate the sight of a gun. But you do not mean a real gun, that has powder, and goes off?"

"Of course I do. It is such a light little darling; kicks a little though, if you do not hold it tight."

"One would think you were talking of a baby, dear," said Julia, laughing.

"You shall have a pop at the pheasants with it yourself," continued Lydia.

"I should die with fright, and be deaf ever afterwards," replied her friend.

"There's the gong."

Julia Coutsher being a stranger, observed her hosts and neighbours at dinner somewhat carefully.

Sir Thomas was a very proud man in theory, but had no offensive pride of manner, in practice. When he came to reason about it, he was rather surprised to find that common labourers had the same number of arms and legs as a man of his breed; but he shewed no scorn in his actual intercourse with them. In his own house, he was hospitable, cheerful, and the slave of his daughter.

Lady Snaffles was as firm a believer in the mysteries of birth and blood as her husband. She professed to consider that ingratitude was the one great characteristic of the "lower orders," and she habitually spoke of persons who had raised themselves in the social scale by superior talents or industry as "dirt." But she was a good, motherly soul for all that—exceedingly charitable, and enjoyed a scandalous gossip with an old almswoman most heartily. She was likewise completely under Lydia's authority.

It was wonderful to see how both the parents deferred to the lively girl, appealed to her opinion, listened to her, laughed at her fun, and turned to others with eyes which expressed: "Is she not brilliant, and clever, and beautiful? Yet she is positively our child!"

There were three guests. A fox-hunter who was nothing else, and not being now in the hunting-field, was obscure—a quiescent steam-engine, having coal and water supplied to it. Second, his sister, likewise possessed of only one faculty, that of liking classical music; and as, unfortunately, no one else in the room could soar above opera, or distinguish Sebastian Bach from tuning, she too only opened her mouth for commissariat purposes. Third, Mr. Robert Staunton, a handsome man of about thirty, of "good" family, possessing a large property immediately adjoining Blubluddy Park.

Julia Coutsher soon saw that Mr. Staunton admired Lydia quite as much as her parents did, and desired nothing more than to be elected slave Number Three. It was also evident that Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles were exceedingly anxious to have him for a son-in-law.

But Lydia did not give him any encouragement, which was rather surprising, for he was as sensible and agreeable as he was good-looking and eligible.

I do not mean to suggest that Julia Coutsher was such a wonderful physiognomist as to read all this in the people's faces at the dinner-table, or that the various characters announced; "I am so and so, and so and so, and my tastes and desires are so and so;" like the old Greek heroes. She had a whole evening to watch them in, and several confidential conversations with Lady Snaffles in the course of it.

At ten, the lovers of hunting, of symphonies, and of Lydia took their departures, and the household retired to rest.

I do wish that people still went to bed at ten. There is no Midnight now, only a twelve o'clock with a small *t*; and how can one believe in the supernatural without a midnight? Now, a belief in the supernatural is necessary to human happiness; it is also (which is of more importance) a trump-card in the hands of a story-teller. Alas! we have no duels and no ghosts and the taste for the sensational is increasing! No straw, and yet the *tale* must be delivered!

Julia and Lydia sat over a fire in the bedroom of the former. They were in their dressing-gowns, ready to pop into bed in a minute. Julia had her hair all over her shoulders; Lydia had not, because it was cut short, and curled about like a boy's.

"Such a pity," said Julia; "such lovely hair as you had."

"Do you think so, dear?" replied Lydia. "It was coming off, and Snips of Bond Street said, last season, that cutting it short for a time would restore it; he said, also, that this style suited my features—and then it is the fashion. It is very convenient, too, for riding: one's back-hair can't come down where there's none to come, you know. Besides, it will be so very handy for our private theatricals, in which I am going to take a man's part."

"Lydia! how can you; how absurd. As if I was going to believe that!"

"It is quite true. I have got my clothes made, and will shew them to you to-morrow. We want a pert young fellow of eighteen, and have got nothing but brawny men six feet odd; so you see I must come to the rescue. I make a capital man; you would never know me, especially when I have got my moustache on. Fact, 'pon my word, ya-as. Got a cigar about you, old fler?"

"And what do Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles say?"

"Why, it made them open their eyes at first; but they are so fully impressed with the wholesome idea that I must do what I like, and that if it seems wrong, it must be the laws and customs of the country that are in fault, and not their Lydia, that they soon dropped all opposition. Indeed, having private theatricals at all was such a pill for them to swallow, that their dear throats have been wider ever since."

"Well, I did wonder at their having them, and especially at their letting you act."

"Why, you see, dear Lord Coulis, the head of the oldest family in the county, started it all, and Lady Augusta acted. The first fact converted papa, and the second mamma."

"I cannot think how you dare. O Lydia, you never will be able to appear in he-clothes before a roomful of people!"

"I shall not mind it a bit."

"You always were as bold as brass. If I were your mamma, though I would not let you."

"If the cherub has a sister, Julia, you will make a terrible prude of her—will you not? Why did you not make a prude of me at school? You were two years older, and I thought you very wise."

"I was not an old married woman then," said Mrs. Coutsher: "I was a little flighty myself, I fear."

"Yes, you were, dear."

"And then you were so unmanageable. Somehow, it was impossible to help spoiling you, everybody did."

"Even the Misses Magnell."

"Yes, even the Misses Magnell; and they were stiff enough. But you were kept in better order there than at home. Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles seem to let you do whatever you please."

"Ah, Julia dearest," said Lydia with a sigh, "they indulge me in trifling matters; but where the happiness of my life is concerned, they are obstinate and cruel."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, they want me to marry Mr. Staunton!"

"Ah," said Julia, "and is that such a very great hardship? He seemed to me just the sort of husband you would like."

"Perhaps, if I had no prior attachment."

"Why," cried Julia, "you can never mean that affair between you and William Waters! That was quite a bit of boy-and-girl nonsense, not at all suitable either; and you cannot have seen him for a year and a half."

"Should you have forgotten all about Mr. Coutsher, if you had not seen him for a year and a half?"

"Perhaps. But that is quite different. We were in the same station of life, and our parents approved of our engagement."

"Why, that was all against you!" cried Lydia. "I don't believe there can be any true love without difficulty and opposition. You used to think so once. Don't you remember when William used to come under the playground wall and whistle, and throw letters over when I whistled back again? And how you and I used to read them, and concoct the answers together?"

"I am afraid we did."

"William was very respectable, I am sure; he was the son of a clergyman near here, you know, and used to be asked to the house. But he had no money, and his grandfather was in trade in Ipswich; so when he asked papa's leave to be engaged to me, papa broke out into a terrible passion, and called him dishonourable, and turned him out of the house; and he said if William ever wrote to me, he would find him out, and horsewhip him; and William hasn't. Neither papa nor mamma ever scolded me; they treated me like a goosey girl who knew no better, and could not help myself, and they laid all the blame on poor William: and yet I am sure I had to give him tremendous encouragement at school, when we walked out two and two, and at church, before he dare do anything—hadn't I?"

"Yes, dear, you certainly did."

"I almost fancy that I was the first to write."

"I imagine that you did send a valentine or something. You had arrived at the mature age of thirteen at the time. What a puss! But have you ever met him since Sir Thomas forbade him the house?"

"Once; and he declared he would never marry any one else, and I promised the same. And I mean to keep my word too; and if he is faithful, I'll marry him when I am twenty-one."

"And if he is not faithful, or misbehaves in any way, then you will marry Mr. Staunton, I suppose?"

"Perhaps.—O Julia, it is a terrible thing to be crossed in love!"

"Sad indeed, dear. It often ends in consumption, I have heard."

Lydia sighed; but she did not look consumptive.

It would have made a pretty picture—I mean, of course, for ladies, artists, and fathers of families; not for modest bachelors—those two sitting over the fire in their dressing-gowns, because their styles of beauty were so different that each acted as a foil to the other. Lydia was tall, dark, and lithe, with a slightly aquiline nose in the middle of her very handsome face; her friend was fair, plump, and pretty.

"Lydia darling," said Julia after a bit, "you are the funniest contradiction I ever yet met. You wear spurs."

"No, only one."

"A spur; and you jump over hedges and ditches, and break your neck like a rough man; and you let off horrid guns; and you whistle; and you have smoked a cigarette; and you mean to act in thingummies; and yet you are romantic, and so very romantic!"

"But don't you see that is just where it 's," cried Lydia; "it is because I am sick to death of what is commonplace, that I am always wanting to try something new and unusual. Men seem so much happier than women, that I wish to know what it is that makes them so. But as far as poor William goes, I do not see anything so very romantic in being commonly faithful and truthful. If you make a promise, you can keep it, I suppose, without being silly. Besides, I don't know why it is called romantic to love anyone. You do not think yourself so for loving your husband or your baby, do you? It is not romantic of me to love papa and mamma, is it?"

"But do you really love William Waters, dear?" said Julia. "Did you know your own mind when you played at loving him? It seems to me that Mr. Staunton is worth half-a-dozen of him."

"How can you tell, Julia? You have never seen him since he was a mere boy. What prejudice!"

"Why, to begin with, if he were worthy of such romantic devotion as you propose to bestow on him," said Julia, "he would have managed to communicate with you, and urge his suit before this. In the next place, I do know him, for he is articled to a solicitor in Halifax, and my husband asks him to dinner sometimes. Well, knowing as he does what friends we were, would he not have spoken to me about old times, and tried to make me his confidante, if he had been good for much?"

"And he never did?"

"Never!"

"You never told me you knew him."

"No. I hoped that you had forgotten all about him. I had no patience with a man who could once fall in love with my Lydia, and then put up quietly with a separation from her, against her will too. He cannot have the spirit of a mouse! I cannot bear a tame man."

"Is Mr. Coutsher so wild, then?"

"Tame enough to me, dear; that is quite right; I did not mean that. But if I had thought he would have given me up for a rebuff from a parent, or any one but myself, I would not have had him for anything."

"Well, my prosaic Julia," cried Lydia, breaking out into laughter, "that is the most delightful finish to a sermon against Romance that ever I heard of! But perhaps you misjudge poor William. It is agreed that I am to come and see you at Halifax; perhaps I shall meet him, and then I can tell for myself whether he is what I ' nagined him, or a faithless swain."

"Oh, I have no doubt he will catch fire again quickly enough when he sees you; and then, think what a match you would be for him!"

"Oh, but I mean to see him without his knowing me."

"How can that possibly be?"

"I have my idea; but I will not tell it you to-night; you have had a long journey, and must be tired. And, I declare! if we have not been gossiping for three hours."

At half-past three o'clock one afternoon, a month after the termination of Mrs. Coutsher's visit to her "fast" friend in Suffolk, towards the middle of November that is, a young man left the office of Milikin and Bowie, solicitors, Halifax, and walked up the street. He had a new-looking hat, a carefully fashioned coat, the last peculiarity in collars, creaseless gloves, small boots, and an umbrella, which it would be a pity to open, it was rolled up so neatly.

Some men seem to have an instinct that if they are to be noticed at all, they must trust to their attire to produce an effect; and it appears to be a natural law that, the more insignificant any creature is, the greater is its desire to attract attention. What does an insect do when he has no beauty to please you, no sting to irritate you withal? Why, he commits suicide in your eyes.

But an illustration is a dangerous thing, and apt to carry one too far, for this young man was esteemed good-looking by those who took the trouble to notice him sufficiently to judge. His features were regular and nicely modelled, his complexion was pretty, his auburn whiskers—they were *not* red—long and silky, and his figure was straight and well-proportioned; and yet, somehow, he only impressed the casual observer with his clothes.

A brougham was coming down the street, with a stoutish, sensible-looking man, who was its only occupant, lounging comfortably inside, reading the *Lancet*; but happening to look up from the paper, he saw the young man, waved one hand, pulled the check-string with the other, and presently stepped out on to the pavement.

"How do you do, Waters? It is lucky that I saw you, as it has saved me the trouble of writing a note, and you that of answering it. My wife told me to mind and ask you to come and dine with us to-morrow—to meet a relative of hers, a young fellow who has just got his commission in the cavalry. Are you disengaged?"

"Perfectly; and I shall be charmed. Mrs. Coutsher well, I hope?"

"Yes, thank you—Well, then, six sharp, you know. Don't dress; we shall be quite alone."

"Very good."

Although a poor man, fated to work for his living, William Waters had the makings of a swell in him; but he had never had the proper advantages, poor fellow, and was sadly deficient in many important requisites. He fancied that when he accepted an invitation to dinner, he was receiving instead of conferring a favour; he imagined a cornet to be a superior creature, whom it was a source of pride to form an acquaintance with; and his unassisted intellect failed to teach him that good-breeding demanded his keeping his host and hostess waiting. So the boor was positively punctual, and entered the Coutshers' drawing-room before the clock had done striking.

The doctor was reading the newspaper at the table, his wife sat on the sofa near the fire; a young man, rather short, but very handsome, who wore a small moustache and an eye-glass and was dressed in a rather full frock-coat fastened at the waist with a link-button, was standing on the hearth-rug, playing with a Scotch terrier.

"Mr. Waters; Mr. Chifney.

The two young men bowed. Waters made a mental mem.: "To learn to wear an eye-glass; link buttons are coming in again."

"Clever little dawg this. Fond of dawgs?" observed the cornet.

"Yes, very; particularly big dogs."

"Ah, yes. I have a bull-terrier who is remarkably good at rats. Fond of ratting?"

"Yes; that is, I like to see it now and then."

"Exactly. Good fun ratting. My dawg can kill five a minute; and he can pull a bull down, my dawg can."

"Indeed."

"Dinner is on the table, ma'am."

Waters made another mem. to the effect that dogs and rats were good drawing-room topics for conversation, a fact which somewhat surprised him. He also noticed that the young officer had rather a soprano voice; likewise that his hostess was in an unusually merry mood, and provoked to laughter on very slight occasion. But he was hungry, and his reflections were transient.

Mrs. Coutsher retired soon after the dessert was on the table, and presently the doctor, too, got a message.

"I am sorry to leave you," he said: "that is the worst of my profession; I am never safe against interruption for a minute. One would imagine that patients selected the most inconvenient times for sending for the doctor on pur-

pose. If he settles down comfortably after dinner at the end of a hard day's work, or if he goes to bed particularly tired, he is sure to be disturbed. But, I suppose, one must not grumble at the fish for taking their own time to bite. Ring the bell when you want more wine." And he went.

"Suppose we draw round the fire, and make ourselves comfortable," said Mr. Chifney suiting the action to the word. "What are you drinking? Help yourself. It is a bore one cannot have a cigar, is it not."

"Well, yes," said Waters; "I like a smoke after dinner myself, but this claret is so good, that it would be a pity to interfere with it too."

"Ah, yes, the wine isn't so bad," said Chifney, "By the by, we come from the same county, do we not? My cousin said you were a Suffolk man, I think."

"Yes; I was born in that county. My father was a clergyman there."

"I wonder whether we know many of the same people. Did you ever meet the Wiltons."

"No; I do not remember them."

"Or the Wights, or the Folkers, or the Pursons, or the Manns."

"Yes; I know a little of the Pursons."

"Ah, nice gurls the Purson gurls. Spooney there ever?"

"Not very. You see I am a poor man, and cannot afford to be spooney where there is no tin, and the Miss Pursons hadn't a penny."

"Indeed. Since you know them, perhaps you knew a family they used to visit a good deal. What was the name, hum. they lived at Blubuddy Park."

"Sir Thomas Snaffles, you mean.

"That is the name."

"O yes, I knew him very well indeed," said Waters, who had taken a good deal of wine at dinner, and a little after it, and was disposed to be communicative. "A tremendously proud old fellow, who thinks no end of his ancestors"

"Ah, does he? People who have them often do."

"His daughter was not a bad sort of girl; did you ever meet her?"

"Can't say I have," replied Chifney between two sneezes.—"I never can resist a pinch out of a snuff-box, when it is left on the table, as Coutsher has his, and it always sets me off. Titch-ee! You were—saying—about—— Titch-ee."

"Lydia Snaffles. I wonder you never saw her; she goes everywhere, hunts, shoots, they say—does everything."

"Ah, rather eccentric, I suppose?"

"Well, yes; I expect she is a little touched, she is so desperately fast. All very well now, but an awful bore for her husband when she marries, for really she goes a great deal too far."

"You did not fall in love with her either, then?"

"Well, yes; I was a little spooney at one time in that quarter."

"And she did not return the compliment, I suppose?" said Chifney; "women have such bad taste!"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow," cried Waters, waxing familiar, "she threw herself at my head."

"Bah! Then why did you not catch her? She is an only child, is she not?"

"Yes; it was all right for that, and as far as the girl went. But you see, Sir Thomas and Lady Snaffles cut up rough, and forbade me the house; and then I had to come here, and did not see how to keep up any communication."

"I flatter myself I should, if it had been me!" said Chifney.

"Do you think so?" said Waters. "Well, one thing was that I did not think it worth while to bother myself much. Those girls who are so very free and easy never stick to the same man long, especially if he is absent. Yet I think she was rather fond of me too."

"That is more than you seem to have been of her, or you certainly would not have given her up so easily as that."

"Why, what could I have done?"

"Run off with her, if she would go."

"Run off with her! And supposing Sir Thomas had refused to allow her anything, or had cut her out of his will, what a pretty fix I should have been in!"

"To be sure, so you would.—Shall we go into the drawing-room?" So the two young men went up-stairs to tea; and presently the doctor came home, and challenged Waters to a game at piquet, leaving Chifney free to chat confidentially with his cousin in a corner.

At a little after ten, Waters left, shaking hands with his host and hostess, he was advancing to proffer the same ceremony to Chifney, but that gallant officer bade him good-night with so cold a bow that he stopped short, and stuffed as much of his fingers as he could into his waistcoat pocket.

"Queer chap," he muttered, as he strolled along the street, "to be so familiar, and lead me on so to talk about myself and my affairs, and then to decline shaking hands! But perhaps it has gone out of fashion to shake hands, like taking wine with a fellow at dinner. He is a real swell, though. I wonder who it is he reminded me of, I *have* known some one remarkably like him, I am certain."

Mr. Coutsher saw Waters out, and then went direct to his surgery, so that cornet Chifney and Mrs. Coutsher were left alone.

"Well, you madcap?" said Mrs. Coutsher.

"You were right, Julia: the man I made a Lara of in my girlish fancy is only fit to turn a mangle, I should make ten times as good a man as he is. I acted my part well, though, did I not?"

"You did, indeed, Lydia. I had a rare job to help laughing."

"I was in a terrible fix once though. my moustache nearly came off in my napkin! However, I managed to stick it on again. Do you think your husband suspected anything?"

"Well, Lydia, dear, you really must grant my pardon; but the fact is, I told him. He is so sharp, he would have been almost sure to have found you out, and then he might have been taken by surprise."

"Told him, Julia! And he knew that I was a woman all the time!"

"Yes, dear, it was best, indeed. Besides, he might have got jealous, you know, thinking you a live cornet."

"And he knows who I am, too, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am going to-morrow, so it does not matter, does it? You must drive me to that lane, where I can put a woman's gown over these things, and then take me round to the station."

"Certainly, dear. Oh, how sorry I am that you must go so soon!"

"Never mind, love; I will return after Christmas in my own character."

"That is a promise, mind. And now, dear, tell the truth; you are not altogether sorry to find that Waters is not worth a vow of celibacy, are you?"

"Really, I hardly know."

"You have liked Mr. Robert Staunton a great deal better this long time, have you not?"

"I shan't tell you, inquisitive mother of my fat godchild—there!"

But *I* do not mind telling *you*, O reader that she certainly married that chosen one of her parent in the following autumn.

Reader. And does she still ever wear the—the dress?

Atcually, no; metaphorically, I cannot say. Married readers must guess.

Mutual Forbearance.—The house will be kept in continual turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's failings, no meek submission to injuries and no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn, and a half a dozen, and you will have an effective blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family get into a passion, and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap them all in its burning heat.

SUNSET.

I am gazing away in the distance,
Where a wondrous glory lies
In the golden, crimson and purple clouds
That float in the western skies.
Ah, beautiful, beautiful sunset!
Was ever a scene so fair!
It seems like a glimpse of Heaven
And the glory that shineth there.

See now how the gold is paling,
The crimson is changed to grey,
While the sad-voiced breeze seems moaning
O'er the death of another day;
And the mystic twilight deepens,
Now the sunset hour is o'er,
And the day with its sights and shadows
Has gone to return no more.

To me this hour seems holy,
And my soul goes forth in prayer
To God who hath given to mortals
A picture so grand, so fair;
And oh, when my life's sun setteth,
And the twilight of death draws nigh,
May my home be above in Heaven
Where daylight shall never die.

MARY J. MCCOLL.

Kingston, July, 1867.

REVIEWS.

Bench and Bar. a complete digest of the wit, humour, asperities, and amenities of the law. by L. J. Bigelow, Counsellor-at-law. New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers. (From Dawson Bros., Montreal).

These anecdotes of the Bench and Bar are likely to be popular with the general reader, as they contain a fund of amusement for leisure half hours. Considerable use has been made of Jeaffreson's "Book about Lawyers," in the first two chapters of the volume, the remainder being mainly occupied with specimens of the legal wit and eloquence of Judges and Advocates of the United States. As a fair sample of what the reader will find in this book, we have made the following selections.

Lord Ellenborough's fine humour nipped in the bud one of Randle Jackson's flowery harangues. "My Lord," said the orator, "it is written in the book of nature——" "Be kind enough, Mr. Jackson," interposed Lord Ellenborough, "to mention the page from which you are about to quote."

Here is an anecdote of Lord Eldon, who was equally noted for his gallantry and his vanity. "What a lovely woman!" he exclaimed, as he passed a lady in Westminster Hall. "What an excellent judge!" said the beauty, as her ear caught the flattery of the Lord Chancellor.

The following memoranda of Curran's wit may be new to some of our readers. His ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong even in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty." "That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been practising all night."

While thus lying ill, he was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke. "I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him abruptly, "that you had the keys of heaven." "Why Curran?" "Because then you could let me in," said the Counsellor. "It would be much better for you Curran," said the priest, "if I had the keys of the other place, because then I could let you out."

At p. 179 there is an anecdote related of President Lincoln which, the compiler asserts, has never been published before. It is quaint and characteristic, but will scarcely bear repetition in these pages.

Among some reminiscences of Prentiss, the great southern orator, we find the following: He had spent some time in Cincinnati when a young man, unknown and unhonored. Years afterwards he visited the city, and was requested by a committee, who waited upon him, to speak at a public meeting. "No gentlemen," he indignantly replied, "I will not open my lips in Cin-

cinnati. I spent nine long months here, and during that time no man offered me his hand, no woman gave me her smile. I verily believe that in the last great day an indictment will be tried before a jury of the Twelve Apostles, charging Porkopolis with being the meanest village on the footstool. I shall be prosecuting attorney, and I am confident that I shall secure a verdict."

One more anecdote, and we have done with the book. An eminent western lawyer during his early practice was slightly perplexed with the following case. A stranger came into his office, and abruptly informed him that his wife had deserted him, and that he was afraid she would run him in debt all over the country. "In that case" said the lawyer, "you had better *post* her." What his client understood by the term *posting* remains a mystery to this day. He said, in a meditative way, that he didn't know where she had gone, and besides that she was fully as strong as he was, and he didn't believe he could *post* her, even if he knew where to find her. The advocate then informed him that by *posting* his wife he meant putting a notice in the newspapers, saying, "Whereas, my wife Helen has left my bed and board without any just ——"

"But that ain't true," interrupted the client, "that ain't true. She didn't leave my bed—she took it away with her."

Our readers know by this time the style of amusement they may expect from a perusal of Mr. Bigelow's volume.

THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY OF THE MIND. By Henry Maudsley, M. D., London. New York: D. Appleton and Company. (From Dawson Bros., Montreal.)

In this valuable work, which is a reprint of a book by an eminent English physician, a two-fold object has been kept in view: first, that the phenomena of the mind should be treated of physiologically, rather than metaphysically, and secondly, that many of the obscurer problems of mental science should be interpreted, so far as is possible, by the light derived from the instructive instances so often presented in the various phases of insanity. To the non-professional reader, the second part, on the pathology of mind, will perhaps prove the more interesting. In it the causes, moral and physical, of insanity, are discussed at length, as also the varieties of the insane temperament, and finally, the different modes of treatment. The author rises to eloquence on the evils of large lunatic asylums, and ably combats all the popular objections against the treatment of the insane in private dwellings. He argues that the true principle to guide our practice should be this—that no one, either sane or insane, should ever be entirely deprived of his liberty, unless for his own protection, or for the protection of society. The work altogether is, a most interesting one, not only from the nature of its subject, but from the very lucid and feeling manner in which that subject is handled. The "Lancet," in a discriminating article, says: "It is long since we read a scientific work of any kind, of which the *raison d'être* was so thoroughly good and important, or which accomplished so much towards the fulfilment of a most arduous and laborious task."

COLLEGE LIFE. Its Theory and Practice. By Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D., L.L.D., late President of the Wesleyan University. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers. (From Dawson Bros., Montreal.)

We are told in the Preface to this book, that there has been a special demand for the volume of Dr. Olin's works which contains these lessons to young men. The theory and practice of scholastic life are discussed in seven lectures, which were doubtless from their earnestness of very beneficial effect when they were originally delivered, and are now destined to win the attention and permanently affect the character of a large body of students. Lecture VI, on "Offences against propriety and good taste," strikes us as being peculiarly happy; while the four "Baccalaureate Discourses," which form an appendix to the "Lectures," are founded upon interesting topics, and written in a pleasing style.

MR. WYNYARD'S WARD. A novel by Holme Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. (From Dawson Bros., Montreal.)

All who had the pleasure of reading "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," by Miss Parr, (whose *nom de plume* is "Holme Lee,") will be anxious to peruse her latest novel. They will assuredly not be disappointed in it. The "Athenæum" speaks of the story as "flowing on tranquilly, and with steadily increasing force, until its stream of pure and undefiled English terminates in an artistic ending." As to the incidents, which bring about Penelope Croft's sharp trial of love, and result in the triumphant vindication of her husband's honour, we forbear to give so much as a hint, having no wish to diminish the pleasure which readers will experience in ascertaining them for themselves, in the pages of a book, than which no purer, brighter, or more delightful tale has for many a day come under our notice. It was originally published in one of the London Magazines, and was afterwards reprinted in two volumes by Messrs. Smith & Elder. It is now, therefore, enjoying the well merited honour of a third edition.

LOUISA OF PRUSSIA AND HER TIMES: an historical novel. By L. Mühlbach. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

From the pertinacity with which the Messrs. Appleton republish the historical novels of Miss Mühlbach, we infer the fact that they command a ready sale, and are greedily devoured by a certain class of readers. Who these readers are may well occasion profound surprise. As regards ourselves, we feel affected by them exactly as we would be by a large family of pretty children, all excessively like each other. We have conscientious scruples in giving a more favourable opinion of Miss Mühlbach's works than the above words may be deemed to convey.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CONFLICTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By E. E. Marcy, A. M.

This book if not the moral antidote, is unquestionably the moral antipode of these vatimalistic works that for the past few years have issued in such numbers from the press. Written by a devout and sincere Roman Catholic, it contains an able exposition and defence of the leading dogmas of the church of Rome, and an *ex parte* discussion of some of the principal incidents in the conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism. In it we find a decided advocacy of the doctrines of sacramental efficacy, saintly intercession, papal supremacy and infallibility, and a clear recognition of the canonical authority of the apocrypha, as also the authority of tradition as binding in the faith of the Christian equally with the inspired scriptures.

The book is written in an off-hand, popular style, free from all technical expressions, and in the discussion of abstract doctrine guards against extreme views, and carefully discriminates in some cases between popular belief and the accredited doctrines of the church. But in some cases, where the topic is historical rather than doctrinal, the author exhibits a partiality and even a bitterness of tone, that proves him incompetent to form an independent opinion or to pronounce an unbiassed judgment.

For example, to say as Mr. Marcy does at p. 141 that in contrast with Roman Catholic missionaries, those of the Protestant faith have only hovered about the borders of heathendom, surrounded by commercial settlers and national gun boats, betrays either a lamentable ignorance of the history of the Protestant missionary enterprise, or a still more lamentable disregard for historical truth, and a perversion of unquestionable facts. The author's statements are falsified by the familiar history of the South Pacific missions, those of India, Burmah and South Africa, and China; and equally so by the martyr devotion of Henry Martyn, the consecrated zeal of Carey and his colleagues, who in the face of the most strenuous opposition of a hostile Government persisted in their work, till after years of most disheartening discouragements, their labours were crowned with success; by the untold sufferings of Judson and his noble wife in Burmah, and by the biography of Williams, the martyr of Eromanga, who fell beneath the club of infuriated savages, and by the sufferings and zeal of hundreds of Protestant missionaries, whose record is on earth as well as in heaven.

We equally object to the author's principal of estimating the efficacy and success of Christian missions, that is, by the number of reputed converts. Numerical results, especially as these meet the eye in published reports, are not the truest, nor always a safe test of the real success of a mission.

In the brief portraits of some of the leading reformers, as well as in estimating the political and religious results of the Reformation, Mr. Marcy derives his information from prejudiced sources, and looks at the objects before him through the coloured spectacles of Rome. He knows too how to turn to advantage, the failings and short-comings of reformers and puritans, whose political and religious intolerance in many instances will admit of no defence and whose conduct in these instances can only be extenuated by the consideration, that they derived the principles and views which controlled their conduct from that church of which Mr. Marcy appears as the defender. If emancipated from the political yoke of Rome, they never were entirely from the bondage of its ideas. It has taken centuries to reach and assert the great doctrine of liberty of conscience, a doctrine even yet but imperfectly understood in most nations.

We cannot but take exception to the title of the book, which is both presumptious and likely to mislead. The subject discussed is "Romanism and its conflicts" and not "Christianity and its conflicts."

By Roman Catholics the book will doubtless be read with satisfaction, and by Protestants to whom its mistakes and errors will be apparent, its perusal may be turned to good account.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The *London Review* states that Mr George Augustus Sala is about to give readings in the United States.

Oxford has voted 500*l.* from the University funds in aid of the explorations now going forward in Palestine; a similar amount will probably be voted at Cambridge.

Miss Harriet Marion Thackeray, a daughter of the eminent novelist, has been married to Mr. Leslie Stephen, second son of the late Sir James Stephen.

An odd piece of Conservatism is reported from China. The Imperial Government has prohibited the printing of newspapers with moveable types.

Mr. Satyam Jayati, member of the Ceylon branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, has published a work called "The Song of Songs, a Hebrew Pastoral Drama, *not* by King Solomon", accompanied by Oriental illustrations. The author undertakes to prove that the so called "Song of Solomon" is really of Hindu origin, and he repudiates as simply ridiculous the commonly-received clerical interpretation of the work, as typical of the Church and Jesus Christ. He regards in a similar light much of the religious poetry of his own countrymen.

Here is an advertisement which appeared in a late number of the London *Times*, worth quoting for the entertainment of paradox-hunters. The signature is, of course, omitted :—"I have been for nearly twenty-one years investigating the value of shape in relation to volume in different branches of economic science, and on the 11th of June current I finally solved the problem, discovering simultaneously the square of the circle, the key of the Pyramid of Cheops, and the value of the number seven. The problem is of vast importance, and I wish, through the columns of the *Times*, to prove the date of my 'instantia crucis' and its truth on the base of the world's evidence in a series of seven letters."

THE evening of Thursday week, was signalized at Paris by the revival of M. Victor Hugo's play,

"Hernani," after a withdrawal from the French stage of all the author's dramatic works during a period of fifteen years. M. Hugo having always been an extreme opponent of the present form of government in France (it was he who wrote the celebrated pamphlet about the banquet to the army in 1850 or 1851—the great affair of the sausages and champagne), his dramas have been prescribed ever since the *coup d'état*. The Emperor, however, has now withdrawn the prohibition, and "Hernani" has been reproduced at the Théâtre Français. A large and very enthusiastic audience filled the house, and so vociferously applauded the play that much of it was lost in the noise. These manifestations of approval were particularly emphatic when any political passages occurred, or any phrases which could be made to bear an application to the present time. Some few lines were omitted or mutilated, by order of the censorship: but the liberty was always resented by the audience with exclamations of "The text, the text!" Cries of "Vive Victor Hugo!" "Vive l'exile!" were also raised, and the occasion altogether received very decided political tone from the company. Among the audience were a number of well known republicans and friends of Hugo, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia (who occupied the Emperor's box), Prince Napoleon, Auber and Dumas. "Hernani" was originally produced in 1830.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

(*Continued from page 299.*)

Book the Sixth.

THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTHS.

CHAPTER V. TOO FAIR TO LAST.

IN my confidences with my dear girl I had told her neither the nature of my mission in Yorkshire, nor the fact that I was bound to leave Huxter's Cross immediately upon an exploring expedition to nowhere in particular, in search of the archives of the Meynells. How could I bring myself to tell her that I must leave her?—how much less could I bring myself to do it?

Rendered desperately unmindful of the universe by reason of my all-absorbing happiness, I determined on giving myself a holiday boldly, in defiance of Sheldon and the Sheldonian interests.

"Am I a bounden slave," I asked myself, "that I should go here or there at any man's bidding for the pitiful stipend of twenty shillings a week?"

It is to be observed that the rate of hire makes all the difference in these cases; and while it is ignominious for a lawyer's clerk to hasten to and fro in the earning of his weekly wage, it is in no way dishonourable for the minister of state to obey the call of his chief, and hurry hither and thither in abnegation of all his own predilections and to the aggravation of his chronic gout.

I wrote to my Sheldon, and told him that I had met with friends in the neighbourhood of Huxter's Cross, and that I intended to give myself a brief holiday; after which I would resume my labours, and do my uttermost to make up for wasted time. I had still the remnant of my borrowed thirty pounds, and amongst these northern hills I felt myself a millionnaire.

Three thousand pounds at five per cent—one hundred and fifty pounds a year. I felt that with such an income assured to us, and the fruits of my industry, Charlotte and I might be secure from all the storms of life. Ah, what happiness it would be to work for her! And I am not too old to begin life afresh; not too old for the bar; not too old to make some mark as a writer on the press—not too old to become a respectable member of society.

After having despatched my letter to Sheldon, I made off for New hall farm with all speed. I had received a sort of general invitation from the kindest of uncles and aunts, but I contrived with becoming modesty to arrive after Mr. Mercer's dinner-hour. I found Charlotte alone in the dear old-fashioned parlour, aunt Dorothy being engaged in some domestic operations in the kitchen, and uncle Joseph making his usual after-dinner rounds amongst the pig-sties and the threshing machines. I discovered afterwards that it was Miss Halliday's wont to accompany her kind kinsman in this afternoon investigation; but to-day she had complained of a headache and preferred to stay at home. Yet there were few symptoms of the headache when I found her standing in the bow window, watching the path by which I came, and the face of Aurora herself could scarcely be brighter or fresher than my darling's innocent blushes when I greeted her with the privileged kiss of betrothal.

We sat in the bow window talking till the twilight shadows crept over the greensward, and the sheep were led away to their fold, with cheerful jingling of bells and barking of watchful dog. My dearest girl told me that our secret had already been discovered by the penetrating eyes of aunt Dorothy and uncle Joseph. They had teased her unmercifully, it seemed, all that day, but were graciously pleased to smile upon my suit, like a pair of imprudent Arcadians as they are.

"They like you very much indeed," my Lotta said joyously; "but I believe they think I have known you much longer than I really have, and that you are very intimate with my stepfather. It seems almost like deceiving them to allow them to think so, but I really haven't the courage to tell the truth. How foolish and bold they would think me if they knew how very short a time I have known you!"

"Twenty times longer than Juliet had known Romeo when they met in the Friar's cell to be married," I urged.

"Yes, but that was in a play," replied Charlotte, "where everything is obliged to be hurried; and at Hyde Lodge we all of us thought that Juliet was a very forward young person."

"The poets all believe in love at first sight, and I'll wager our dear uncle Joe fell over head and ears in love with aunt Dorothy after having danced with her two or three times at an assize ball," said I.

After this we became intensely serious, and I told my darling girl that I hoped very soon to be in possession of a small fixed income, and to have begun a professional career. I told her how dear an incentive to work she had given me, and how little fear I had for the future.

I reminded her that Mr. Sheldon had no legal power to control her actions, and that as her father's will had left her entirely to her mother's guardianship, she had only her mother's pleasure to consult.

"I believe poor mamma would let me marry a crossing-sweeper, if I cried and declared it would make me miserable not to marry him," said Charlotte: "but then, you see, mamma's wishes mean Mr. Sheldon's wishes; she is sure to think whatever he tells her to think; and if he is strongly against our marriage—"

"As I am sure he will be—" I interjected:

"He will work upon poor mamma in that calm, persistent, logical way of his, till he makes her as much against it as himself."

"But even your mamma's authority won't last for ever, my love. You'll be twenty-one in a year or two, and then you can marry whom you please: and as I am thankful to say you don't possess a single six-pence in your own right, we can marry on your one-and-twentieth birthday, and defy all the stern stepfathers in creation."

"How I wish I had a fortune, for your sake!" she said with a sigh.

"Be glad for my sake that you have none," I answered. "You cannot imagine the miserable complications and perplexities which arise in this world from the possession of money. No slave so tightly bound as the man who has what people call 'a stake in the country' and a balance at his banker's. The true monarch of all he surveys is the penniless reprobate who walks down Fleet-street with his whole estate covered by the seedy hat upon his head."

Having thus moralised, I proceeded to ask Miss Halliday if she was prepared to accept a humble station from that enjoyed by her at the Lawn.

"No useful landau, to be an open carriage at noon and a family coach at night," I said, "no nimble page to skip hither and thither at his fair lady's commands, if not belated on the way by the excitement of tossing half-pence with youthful adventurers of the byways and alleys, no trim parlour-maids, with irreproachable caps, dressed for the day at 11 o'clock A.M.;—but instead of these, a humble six-roomed bandbox of a house, and one poor hard-working slavey, with perennial smudges from saucepan-lids upon her honest pug-nose. Consider the prospect seriously, Charlotte, and ask yourself whether you can endure such a descent in the social scale."

My Charlotte laughed, as if the prospect had been the most delightful picture ever presented to mortal vision.

"Do you think I care for the landau or the page?" she cried. "If it were not for mamma's sake, I should detest that prim villa and all its arrangements. You see me so happy here, where there is no pretence of grandeur—"

"But I am bound to warn you that I shall not be able to provide Yorkshire teas at the commencement of our domestic career," I remarked, by way of parenthesis.

"Aunt Dorothy will send us hampers of poultry and cakes, sir, and for the rest of our time we can live upon bread and water."

On this I promised my betrothed a house in Cavendish or Portman-square, and a better built landau than Mr. Sheldon's, in the remote future. With those dear eyes for my pole-stars, I felt myself strong enough to clamber up the slippery ascent to the woolsack. The best and purest ambition must surely be that which is only a synonym for love.

After we had sat talking in the gloaming to our heart's content, aunt Dorothy appeared, followed by a sturdy handmaid with lighted candles, and a still sturdier handmaid with a ponderous tea-tray. The two made haste to spread a snow-white cloth, and to set forth the species of banquet which it is the fashion nowadays to call high tea. Anon came Uncle Joseph, bringing with him some slight perfume from the piggeries, and he and aunt Dorothy were pleased to be pleasantly facetious and congratulatory in their conversation during the social meal which followed their advent.

After tea we played whist again, aunt Dorothy and I obtaining a succession of easy victories over Charlotte and Uncle Joe. I felt myself hourly more and more completely at home in that simple domestic circle, and enjoyed the proud position of an accepted lover. My Arcadian friends troubled themselves in no wise as to the approval or disapproval of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, or with regard either to my prospects or my antecedents. They saw me devoted to my dear girl, they saw my dearest pleased by my devotion, and they loved her so well that they were ready to open their hearts without reserve to the man who adored her and was loved by her, let him be rich or poor, noble or baseborn. As they would have given her the wax doll of her desire ten or twelve years ago without question as to the price or fitness of things, so they now gave her their kindly smiles and approval for the lover of her choice.

"I know Phil Sheldon is a man who looks to the main chance," said Uncle Joe, in the course of a discussion about his niece's future which dyed her cheeks with blushes in the present; "and I'll lay you'll find him rather a difficult customer to deal with, especially as poor Tom's will left all the money in Georgy's hands, which of course is tantamount to saying that Sheldon has got the disposal of it.

I assured uncle Joe that money was the very last thing which I desired.

"Then in that case I don't see why he shouldn't let you have Charlotte," replied Mr. Mercer; "and if she is cheated out of her poor dad's money, she shan't be cheated out of what her old aunt and uncle may have to leave her by and by."

Here were these worthy people promising me an heiress with no more compunction than if they had been offering me a cup of tea.

I walked homeward once more beneath the quiet stars. O, how happy I was! Can happi-

ness so perfect, joy so sinless, endure? I, the friendless wanderer and penniless Bohemian, asked myself this question; and again I paused upon the lonely moorland road to lift my hat as I thanked God for having given me such bright hopes.

But George Sheldon's three thousand pounds must be mine before I can secure the humblest shelter for my sweet one; and although it would be bliss to me to tramp through the world barefoot with Charlotte by my side, the barefooted state of things is scarcely the sort of prospect a man would care to offer to the woman he loves. So once more to the chase. One more day in this delicious island of the lotuseaters, Newhall farm; and then away!—hark, forward!—and tantivy!—and hey for the marriage-lines of Charlotte Meynell, great-granddaughter of Matthew Haygarth, and, if still in the flesh, rightful heiress to the one hundred thousand pounds at present likely to be absorbed by the ravening jaws of the Crown! One more day, one more delightful idle day, in the land where it is always afternoon, and then away to Hiddling in the hybrid vehicle, and thence to Hull, from Hull to York, from York to Leeds, then Bradford, Huddersfied—*toute la boutique*!

The rain beats against the diamond panes of my casement as I write. The day has been hopelessly wet, so I have stayed in my snug little chamber and occupied myself in writing the record. Foul wind or weather would have little power to keep me from my darling; but even if it had been a fine day, I could not with any grace have presented myself at Newhall farm for a third afternoon. To-morrow my immediate departure will afford me an excuse for presenting myself once more before my kind uncle and aunt. It will be my farewell visit. I wonder whether Charlotte will miss me this afternoon. I wonder whether she will be sorry when I tell her that I am going to leave this part of the country. Ah, shall we ever meet again under such happy auspices? Shall I ever again find such kind friends or such a hospitable dwelling as those I shall leave amidst these northern hills?

CHAPTER VI. FOUND IN THE BIBLE.

Nov. 3rd. The most wonderful event has befallen—surely the most wonderful that ever came to pass outside the realms of fiction. Let me set down the circumstances of yesterday coolly and quietly if I can. I invoke the placid spirit of my Sheldon. I invoke all the divinities of Gray's-inn and "The Fields." Let me be legal and specific, perspicacious and logical—if this beating heart, this fevered brain, will allow me a few hours' respite.

The autumn sunshine blessed the land again yesterday. Moorland and meadow, fallow and clover-field, were all the brighter for the steady downfall of the previous day. I walked to Newhall directly after breakfast, and found my dearest standing at the white five-barred gate, dressed in her pretty blue jacket, and with ribbons in her bonny brown hair.

She was pleased to see me, though at first just a little inclined to play the *boudeuse* on account of my absence on the previous day. Of course I assured her that it had been anguish for me to remain away from her, and quoted that divine sonnet of our William's to the like effect:

"How like a winter hath my absence been?"

and again:

"O, never say that I was false of heart
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify."

Equally of course my pet pretended not to believe me. After this little misunderstanding we forgave each other, and adored each other again with just a little more than usual devotion; and then we went for a long ramble among the fields, and looked at the dear placid sheep, who stared at us wonderingly in return as if exclaiming to themselves, "And these are a specimen couple of the creatures called lovers!"

We met uncle Joe in the course of our wanderings, and returned with him in time for the vulgar superstition of dinner, which we might have forgotten had we been left ourselves: After dinner uncle Joe made off to his piggeries; while aunt Dorothy fell asleep in a capacious old arm-chair by the fire, after making an apologetic remark to the effect that she was tired, and had been a good deal "tewed" that morning in the dairy. "Tewed," I understand, is Yorkshire for "worried."

Aunt Dorothy having departed into the shadowy realm of dreams, Charlotte and I were left to our own devices.

There was a backgammon board on a side-table surmounted by an old Indian bowl of dried rose-leaves; and, *pour nous distraire*, I proposed that I should teach my dearest that diverting game. She assented, and we set to work in a very business-like manner, Miss Halliday all attention, I serious as a professional schoolmaster.

Unfortunately for my pupil's progress the game of backgammon proved less entertaining than our own conversation, so, after a very feeble attempt on the one side to learn and on the other to teach, we closed the board and began to talk;—first of the past, then of the future, the happy future, which we were to share.

There is no need that I should set down this lovers' talk. Is it not written on my heart? The future seemed so fair and unclouded to me as my love and I sat talking together yesterday afternoon. Now all is changed. The strangest, the most surprising complications have arisen; and I doubt, I fear.

ON LITTLE VILLAINS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

I CAN quite understand the horror which some persons have for Rats, be they ever so small. To tell truth, he is not under any circumstances an agreeable fellow, this Monsieur Whiskers. There are uncomfortable stories afloat of his creeping into cradles and gnawing babies' faces. I am glad they have demolished that Tower of Bishop Hatto. Although I do not in the least believe in the legend of the proud prelate having been devoured by rats, I confess that the very sight of the tower, and the remembrance of the old threadbare guide-book story, used to bring about an ugly twinge in my mind every time I went up the Rhine. To be eaten up by the rats: horrible thought! Is there not in Mr. Ainsworth's harrowing romance of the Tower of London a dreadful chapter, describing how a Mr. Cholmondeley—or some such name—was cast heavily gyved into an underground dungeon, where the rats "got at him?" I think he was rescued by a ghost, drawn in George Cruikshank's best manner. At all events he was alive at the end of the third volume, when he married the young lady of his choice, and lived long and happy afterwards. The rats: fancy being in the black-hole, with fifty pounds weight of Iron on your shins, and your hands securely trussed behind your back, while the hideous slimy things are racing all over you, whisking their long tails in your eyes, and ever and anon making their sharp little teeth meet in your fleshy parts, preparatory to sitting down in right earnest and making a hearty meal! Hearty indeed; and they are as silent about it, and as voracious, as the guests at an American *table d'hôte*. I do not know if there be now—for Cæsar and Baron Haussmann have turned everything topsy-turvey in Lutetia—but there was some years ago, a great horse slaughtering establishment at Montfaucon, near Paris. One of the sights of this monstrous knacker's yard was—to take a dead horse duly skinned, but whose carcass was not deemed fit for boiling-down purposes, and place him in a kind of trench or pit well known to be frequented by rats. Precisely half-an hour afterwards you were led to the brink of the pit, and there you saw, not the carcass, but the perfect skeleton of the horse—cervical, dorsal, lumber, sacral, and caudal vertebræ, cannon, splints, fetlock, pastern, hock, and stifle-joint—all picked clean to the bone, white and glistening, and whole battalions of rats peeping through the railings of the ribs, or lolling from the orbits and lachrymals of the cranium, licking their fearsome whiskers.

Now is the rat a little villain?

He runs large, by the bye, sometimes. I lived once in an old Court, or Grange, or Mansion house, in the county of Bucks, hard by a place which I will call Stuckupton Park. We had a lake in front of our house, which house was about six hundred years old—at least there was a legend of its having been rebuilt by Edward the Second; and there were three different species of rats on the premises, included in the rent. I was quite a compound householder. We had a great hall beamed with Spanish chestnut and pannelled with right English oak; and behind this pannelling, and above these beams, there continually raced legions of some huge four-footed creature, which we were given to understand were rats. "Ye noise of them," I read in a description of the house in the *State of England* for 1683, "is like unto that of a troope of horse, and has oftimes been taken for ghostes." How these rats had managed to exist for the last six centuries, unless they were fond of a ligneous diet and devoured splinters from the inside pannelling, I am sure I don't know. Every crevice was stopped up; and not one of these Adullamites was ever seen abroad. Perhaps they ate one another, as Men do. The second order of rats were the ordinary, merry, furtive little gray fellows, picking and stealing for their daily livelihood, but not doing any appreciable harm. Our head cat, Ginger, kept these rogues in pretty good order, and weeded the population in such a manner as would have brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of the late Mr. Malthus. The third tribe of rats were the water ones, who lived in the banks of the lake. They were enormous. We lighted on the larder of one of these "waterside characters," and what do you think we found in Rogue Riderhood's cupboard? No less than seven young ducks! There was another freshwater pirate, of great age, and with huge white moustaches, who was underhung in the jaw like a shark. We used to call him Blucher; for when he came out of his mud den, and sat on the branch of a tree overshadowing the water, he irresistibly reminded you of the Prussian Field-Marshal surveying London from the top of St. Paul's, and murmuring "Mein Gott! vot a city for to sack!" We could do nothing with the Field-Marshal. The cats all shunned him, and the dogs too; and I was afraid, every time we took an airing on the lake that he would stave in the bottom of our boat with his sharp nose and sink us. I was compelled at last to write to my landlord; and he sent a man with a gun, who shot Blucher as he sat upon the branch.

But I leave these monsters, and I revert to my original inquiry, Is the rat—I mean the ordinary and domestic one, Swedish, Norwegian, or old English blacky—a little villain? I should like to hear the opinion of Mr. Jemmy Shaw on this head, or better still, that of Mrs. Jemmy Shaw, to whom, from a far distant land, I beg to convey my respectful compliments, and who must know more rats than any other lady in the United Kingdom. As a rule, you are aware Beauty screams and holds her skirts tight when a rat approaches. Materfamilias equally, as a rule, abhors Don Grego Whiskerandos, having alway in view his depredations in the store cupboard

"As when a good housewife sees a rat
In a trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her good heart goes pit-a-pat
In revenge for the loss of bacon;
And she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, tossed, and shaken."

This is the rat-philosophy of Mr. John Gay in the *Beggar's Opera*, and it is also that, I fear, of most British housewives—stay, of the domestics charged with the superintendance of our establishments. Our wives do not condescend to keep house nowadays; it is not genteel.

The verdict, then, is all but unanimous, that the rat is a villain. Your mouse, on the contrary—at the best a mean-spirited, evil-smelling little wretch—has occasionally some law allowed him. They write children's story-books about him. When the Frog a-wooing went—heigh-ho, says Rowley!—he called upon the

Mouse, and was regaled upon roley-poley (a pudding, I conjecture), gammon, and spinach, prior to his last and fatal interview with the lily-white Duck. The "Three Blind Mice" were patronised by a great composer, and form the theme of a fugue—I mean of a catch—of great renown. Sir Edwin Landseer has painted one of the sweetest mice ever seen, who is nibbling breadcrumbs from a pencil-tray in the picture of the "Lion-dog from Malta; the last of his race But who cares to paint the picture of a rat, save in the vilest and most offensive caricature? No mercy is shown him; no good qualities are conceded to him. His name is made synonymous with political treachery, venality, envy and spite. When John Reed wishes to wound poor little Jane Eyre's feelings, he calls her a "rat" When the honourable member for Slipton-cum-Sliderton deserts his party, and votes with the government two months previous to his being appointed a Commissioner of Income-tax, they say at the clubs that he has "ratted." A rat! a rat! Dead, for a ducat, dead!" cries Hamlet; and on the pretext of destroying the miserable vermin behind the arras, he stabs Polonius. The rats are said to desert a sinking ship; and, to convey an idea of the forlorn appearance made by a person drenched with water, we say that he looks "like a drowned rat" Finally, we hunt and catch him deliberately for the purpose of being tortured, and having his neck scrunched in a pit by terriers. They offer him up by hecatombs to the canine Moloch—the dog Billy; and then, as an additional outrage, Billy's portrait is painted with a mountain of dead rats heaped in a corner of the background. Nobody pities him. He belongs to the sewers and the subways. He is one of Victor Hugo's Miserables. If he finds out a snug barn in a farm-yard, and tries to live a peaceful life as a country gentleman, the clodhoppers hunt him down, smoke him out of his hole with lucifer-matches, and prod him with pitchforks as he rushes out. You might fancy Marshal Pelissier lighting his bonfires at the mouth of the Cave of Dahra, and bayoneting the Arabs as they come into the open. No one cares to take into account the good qualities of the rat · his infinite shifts for a livelihood, his industry, his ingenuity, his dry and mordant humour. Do you remember the story of the rats who contrived to empty the long-necked flasks of salad-oil without either upsetting or breaking them? Rat number one inserted his tail in the flask's slender neck, and when it was sufficiently lubricated, offered it to his companion, who, after licking off the oil, put *his* tail into the bottle, and indued it with grease. And so turn and turn about, they emptied many flasks of Florence Was there not ingenuity, was there not humour too in that performance? Take Latude's rat as an instance of the good qualities this much-abused animal may possess. He was as kind to the Bastille prisoner as that pigeon of mine to the rascal in the dungeon at Venice. To be sure, he ate part of his dinner every day, and Latude was fain every now and then to rap him over the tip of the tail for gluttony; but he was a kind rat, a sympathising rat, a rat with the heart that could feel for another. Consider, too, how useful is the rat in commerce. They eat him in China, most deliciously accommodated with a sauce of pimentoes, almonds, asafœtida, and barley-sugar, but in Europe, although he is generally banished from the kitchen (I say generally, for I think I once ate rat in a Palais Royal forty-sous restaurant), he is in immense request in the glove trade. I have been told that forty per cent of the so-called Paris kid-gloves are made from rat-skin. I inquired whether this was indeed the fact from the young lady in the Rue de Rivoli, who recently sold me a pair of best Paris at the moderate rate of five francs. I thought that if she could be brought to own the soft impeachment she might possibly abate the extortion by, say, twenty-five per cent She informed me that I was entirely mistaken, that all her gloves were made from the skins of kids reared expressly for that purpose in the mountains of Savoy: but that, on the other hand, all the so-called kid gloves of London owed their origin to rat-skin. I fancy that the gentleman in the Burlington Arcade who for the last twelve years has supplied me with "Dent's best" would not, on this score, be disposed to agree with the young lady in the Rue de Rivoli.

But I suppose I am, in the main, only biting a file and twisting a rope of sand. It is as useless, I fear, to say anything in favour of rats as to whitewash Nero, or apologise for Julian the Apostate. The rat is Dr. Fell. We don't like him, and that is sufficient, even if we are puzzled to define the reason for our dislike. I would give him up without further ado, but that a sense of common justice compels me to urge in his behalf that plea which, to my mind, extenuates much of the seeming criminality of lions, tigers, wolves, cattle-lifters, guerrilleros, ticket-of-leave men, and other wild animals. Continual poverty, hunger, obloquy, these are the heritage of the Little Villain and of wild beasts. He is born to nothing else. He begins with a bad name; his mother is no better than she should be, and his father died by the hands of the common executioner. The kind Providence which was created him has likewise kindly created cats, terriers, boys, and policemen, specially to extirpate him. Directly he puts his head out of his hole he finds some one waiting to be "down on him." Would you give a rat—two, or four-footed—a tract, and counsel him to earn an honest livelihood? Who will employ the rat? Who will give the Little Villain a character? Who does not shudder at his very neighbourhood? Ah! he can be quiet and well-behaved enough in the Happy Family caravan, but is not the lion at the Zoological quiet and affable? Is not your burglar, securely mewed up at Millbank or Pentonville, often a "good prisoner"—the pride of the warders, and the delight of the chaplain? What is the use of telling a rat about the Ten Commandments, and that he shall not steal? He has an Eleventh in his belly incessantly crying to him, "Thou must eat." How would you like to get up every morning in the year with an empty stomach, a hearty appetite, and not the slightest foreknowledge in the world as to how, or when, or where you were to breakfast, dine, or sup? I declare frankly, that were I so circumstanced I should go out and collar the first antelope I could lay tooth on. If I were big enough I would kill a bullock. I should not be deterred by the knowledge that the bacon, cheese, and candles in the pantry were not mine, from satisfying my cravings, and those of my wife and family. In time I would pull down a man, and craunch his bones, and lap his warm blood. I should smell my prey from afar off. I should hide behind a rock to surprise him. I should roar terribly when I saw my dinner approach. Does not the gentlest menagerie lion roar when he sees the keeper with the wheel-barrow-full of shin-bone of beef coming round the corner? I should lash my sides with my tremendous tail. In a word, I should be a wild beast. If the late Mr. Gordon Cumming had a right to shoot me for the sake of my skin, or my tusks, or for honour and glory, or to put me into a show, I have as clear a right to eat Mr. Gordon Cumming, if I can. I don't want honour and glory. I have not the slightest wish to show a stuffed man, or an antelope-skin, at the Egyptian-hall for a shilling a-head. I only know that I am hungry, and that I want my dinner. I succeeded to no patrimony, no Three Per cents, no New River shares, nothing but the thigh-bone of a missionary, left by my papa—Felis Leo, Esq.—in a corner of his den, and picked quite clean. The rat family have no influence at the Admiralty or the Horse Guards. I was born branded and stigmatised as a Little Villain, and I want my dinner. There was a literary gentleman of the last century who, in his autobiography, makes a reflection on the circumstances of his birth, in which those who are capable of reflection might oftener indulge, for it relates to blessings which a thinking man will contemplate with no common gratitude. "My lot," writes Edward Gibbon, "might have been that of a savage, a slave, or a peasant, nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." There is a pretty close parallel between this and the remark of Robert Oastler to the great Sir Robert Peel, when he showed him the portrait of a beautiful young lady in the gallery at Tamworth. "Why, Sir Robert," quoth the rough northcountryman, "but for luck she might have been the factory lass. And a thought not very dissimilar runs through Charles Kingsley's beautiful ballad of "The merry brown hares came leaping." Mr. Gibbon's expression of gratitude is highly philosophical, but has a smack of the comfortable, and perhaps of the egotistical. Why not? Who is not selfishly thankful that he is not in rags, not a cripple, not paralysed? I have a dear friend who prays night and morning that he may never be poor "If I am poor," he ejaculates, "I shall be mean, I shall be vulgar, I shall be a coward, I shall be a shuffler, I shall equivocate, I shall be envious, I shall tell lies." When we rub our hands with glee to think how well off we are, what are we but as the Pharisee thanking Heaven that he is not as that publican? Edward Gibbon, Esq., M P., Colonel of Militia, and historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, would have resented very deeply, no doubt, the imputation of a pharisaical nature; but in acknowledging the bounty of Nature, which made him free, and civilized, and honourable, and rich, he should, in strict equity, have recognized that equal bounty which creates men to be slaves, or savages, or peasants, or street Arabs, as well as lions, or tigers, or rats.

You Little Villains! Who ever would have thought it? Two tiny green lizards engaged in mortal combat! Albeit the lizard, minus the horrid grinders, is the very image of the crocodile seen through a minifying glass, there is something so gentle, so inoffensive, so fascinating almost, about the tiny creature which glides along the rough projections of stone walls,—he prefers ruined ones, and pops in and out of crevices in the stones or fissures in the mortar, —that we quite forget the fact of his having a ferocious old great-grandfather, basking on the muddy banks of the Nile, or a gigantic cousin wallowing amidst the "snags" and "sawyers" of the Mississippi. Ladies don't scream when lizards come near them; they would like to turn them into pets, and fondle and caress them, but for the timidity of the little fellows, who are as wild, although not so spiteful, as Cowper's jack-hare. I knew no pleasanter way of spending a sunny winter forenoon at Rome than to wander up and down the Appian Way, watching the little lizards playing bo-peep among the tombs and the crumbling walls of byegone villas. They looked like little green Lares out for a holiday—Penates seeking in vain for those old Romans whom they once protected. A very practical friend of mine —a gastronome of great renown—once avowed in my presence that he was only induced to tolerate ruins because they were favourable to the growth of capers. Perhaps he approved of the Pontine marches only for the sake of mushrooms, or rejoiced at the leaves being thick in Vallombrosa because beneath those leaves the delicate white truffle—do you know him? *à la serviette* and *au vin champagne?*—so often vegetates. I own myself that ruins would very soon begin to bore me, were it not for the lizards To watch them racing up and down, circling, undulating, serpentining to and fro, diving into recesses whose apertures are no bigger than a corking-pin's head, emerging from caverns about the size of a keyhole, now partaking of the very nature of the rough travertine, now blending their shadows with those projected by little pebbles imbedded in the mortar, but giving always to that which is dead and gone, and would be awful but for their presence, an aspect of grace and movement and cheerfulness: to do this has been on fifty happy idle days my occupation and delight. Let those who will sing the ivy-green embracing the broken arch, the acanthus springing from the shattered capital of the column, the curious ferns half veiling the mouldering bas-relief, the impudent wild flowers sprouting from the very eyes of noseless busts, the infinite luxuriance with which inanimate nature decks the sepulchre of the past; but I like

Life, and I find life among the lizards. O, ye innocent looking little green things! why should ye fight? I have seen cocks, and quails, and partridges, and even spiders, madly wrestling, savagely slaughtering each other, but what can lizards have to fight about? Are not the ruins of a whole world—of the entire Roman past—wide enough for them to live in peace, without cutting one another's throats? Has not this Via Appia been often enough the scene of commotion and hatred and strife? Have not Vandal and Hun, Ostrogoth and Visigoth, have not Alaric and Genseric, Robert Guiscard and the Constable de Bourbon, done enough within fifteen centuries to sow rapine and desolation and misery broadcast within the circuit of these Seven Hills, but you too must strain your tiny limbs in the devil's service? Lizards, for shame! Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature; but, lizards, you should never let your *angry passions rise. Your little claws were* never made to tear each other's scaly hides.—I could have gone on in this strain for an indefinite period; for really I "felt bad," as an American would say, to see those pretty little reptiles quarrelling. Fortunately, just as I was quoting Robert Guiscard and the Constable de Bourbon to them, a fox bolted right across the Appian Way, and after him came a yowling pack, and the huntsman and whipper-in, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the Roman Hunt, brave in scarlet. Aha! I remarked to the fox, here is another Little Villain. Born to ravage hen-roosts, born with a bad smell, born to be the symbol of incorrigible craft and impudent cunning, born to be "preserved" in order that he may be the better exterminated. Not a fabulist but has been "down upon" the fox. A whole epic poem has been written on his wickednesses, and his end is to be torn to pieces by hounds he never offended, and to have his bushy tail presented to a dashing Amazon, who would shrink from his contact were he alive, as from some loathing thing. A kind Providence created the fox for the benefit of the Quorn and the Pytchley, and the Pytchley and the Quorn were created for the purpose of hunting the fox; and so there is no more to be said about it, save to be thankful that one was not born a fox and a Little Villain.

Did any body mention dogs just now? Did I? I am afraid there is a prodigious quantity of little-villainy prevalent among the canine race. The dog *is a villain, I fear, he is always "up to* something," frequently fighting, continually wagging his tail in evil company. If you take the most moral dog, the most sobersided of bow-wows, by the fore-paws, and looking him seriously in the face, say, "How about that half-pound of butter?" or who stole the two veal chops?" or "who licked the leg of mutton while it was roasting?" or "do you remember the sausages?" you will find that dog hang his head and wince, and whine, and strive to avert his guilty eyes. Very few dogs can lay their paws on their hearts, and bark a declaration of innocence. But were the dog as big a villain as Cæsar Borgia, or as diminutive a one as Mr. Quilp in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, I could not find it in my heart to be hard upon him. I have had losses, and bemoan the loss of many dear dogs. My big dog Boodlejack went away with the washerwoman, and now resides in Devonshire. His successor, Tweedle, a lady, who very much resembled in size and feature half-a-dozen skeins of black worsted twisted together in inextricable confusion, turned out badly. I should not be surprised to find her at a midnight meeting, much edified and seemingly penitent while the hot muffins were going round, but speedily relapsing into vicious courses. As for Doctor Binks, who came after Tweedle, and was a terrier of merry disposition, but as mad as a March hare, I am constrained to state, that the Doctor bolted, deeply in the debt of the cook, whose left heel he had most ungratefully bitten, and altogether, *so far as Binks is concerned*, we had a good riddance of very bad rubbish. I was foolish enough to set the Rescue Society at him, in the shape of boys bribed with sixpences to seek for him at street corners, and in adjacent mews, and they brought home many strange animals which the servants were inclined at first to recognize as the Doctor, but not one of them, I am sure, was the original Binks. Just before I left England, eighteen months ago, I came into possession of two dogs—one a darling, a pet, a creature who should have been a gazelle, for it had the soft black eyes of one, and loved me well, but who had been popped by mistake into a creasy skin, *couleur café au lait*, and provided with a sooty muzzle and a nose after the model of that late Mr. Benjamin Caunt. She had been raised near the Peak of Derbyshire. Her name was Plumper. She was worth many guineas, for she was a Dutch Pug of the purest breed. When I went away she found a kind home in the county of Bucks, but she caught cold, or broke her heart—as dogs will do, much oftener than we humans,—and died. It is sinful to bewail a dog, is it not? It is foolish, but my shame for my sinfulness and folly abated somewhat when *the other day, in the great Columbarium or* Tombhouse in the Vigna Codini at Rome, I read the affecting record placed by the noble matron Synoris Glauconia over the urn which contains the ashes of her favourite dog. He was the *deliciæ*, the joy and delight of his mistress, and of the entire household, so says the inscription. Well, if we are fools, it is consoling to know that there were fools as big as we so many hundreds of years ago, and I would sooner write nonsense on a pug-dog's cenotaph than cut off the tip of his tail, as the brute Alcibiades did in old Athens.

This passage concerning dogs would be a digression, and a very inexcusable one, for my theme is the Villain, and not the loving, faithful friend of man, were I not coming as straight as may be, to perhaps the biggest Little Villain that eyes ever beheld, that mind ever conceived, or that ever trotted about on four little feet to torment, to tyrannize over, and to scandalize society. The fee-simple of this dog is still mine, although I have not seen him for nearly two years. His name is Ivan the Terrible, and he is of the renowned Maltese, or rather Cuban breed, for the "lion dog," almost extinct in Malta, is plentiful enough in Havana. A lion, indeed! a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour. This little villian is white, with one black wafer by way of tip to his nose. His eyes are pink, and in one of them there is a slight cast. His hair is neither silky nor furry, it is wiry, like that of a goat. It was in the likeness *of a goat that the enemy of mankind was accus*tomed to make his appearance at the witches' Sabbath, and if you can imagine a goat without horns, and so small that the inside of a lady's muff is a Great Bed of Ware to him, then you will be ready to own that Ivan the Terrible is very like Apollyon. I purchased this little wretch from a gentleman of the "fancy," through the intermediary of a friendly tobacconist. He appeared then to be in the last stage of consumption, and sniffed and wheezed continually. The gentleman from whom I bought him averred that he, Ivan, would go into a pint pot, and offered to bet glasses round that he would never be "a five pound dog." I don't know how much he weighs at present, but if sins could assert their ponderosity, as Christian's budget did in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Ivan the Terrible would weigh twenty tons.

The little beast being taken home, and nursed and coddled and cokered as though he had been a human being, speedily grew surprisingly healthy and strong. He did not increase in size, but he developed as rapidly in wickedness as the best friends of evil could desire. Ill weeds grow apace. I have nothing to say against either the morals or the integrity of this animal. I confess the smallness of his appetite and the quickness of his intelligence, but I will simply say that throughout the few weeks I was afflicted by his society, and subjugated as it were beneath his yoke, he made a twelve-roomed house unendurable through his infernal temper. What are you to do with a dog no bigger than your shoe who gives himself the airs of a Patagonian savage returning at even to his wigwam and hectoring it over his squaw? What are you to do with a contemptible little cur who makes the lives of the servants a burden to them, who runs at the housemaid when she is sweeping and bites her broom, who takes refuge behind armchairs to spit, and snarl, and swear, who is never quiet; who would listen at keyholes if he could, but not being tall enough for that kind of eaves-dropping, inclines his ear to door-mats and listens underneath doors, who is just big enough to waddle upstairs, but is unable, through shortness of leg, to come down properly, and so, tumbling from one degree to another, claws at the stair-carpet and scratches the stair-rods in blind impotent rage,—a dog who cried to be carried, and then cried to be let down again—a dog who was always in the kitchen when he was wanted in the parlour, and always in the parlour when his dinner was laid for him, as though he had been a born gentleman, in the kitchen? He insulted many of my friends pattering about the oil-cloth in the hall with his little fiendish claws, so soon as a knock was heard at *the door, and yapping as though* to ask how people presumed to make morning calls. He licked the blacking off innumerable pairs of boots, and then, forsooth, having made himself sick with Day-and-Martin, he was pronounced a "delicate" dog, and had fish twice a week. He never bit anybody, but his language was frightful. His lungs must have been of leather, and often I used to wonder how so much bark could come out of so small a dog. He has been boarding and lodging since November 1865 in a serious family in England,—at least the family was serious and peaceful enough when Ivan became a *pensionnaire*. Has he strewn his ashes of discord and bitterness on that hearth, I wonder?

Did you ever know a baby that resembled this little "cuss?" Did you ever know a little man, or a little woman, who was a Little Villain, and remarkably like Ivan the Terrible? I have known of more than one.

TWO SALUTATIONS.

"GOOD MORROW, MY PRETTY MAID."!

ONCE upon a time, on a summer morning, three regiments of soldiers marched through an old burgh town, known to its inhabitants as emphatically "the town,"—one of these towns, like blue-white oysters hanging from brown and green sea-weed, which fringe the coast of the frith, *known in its young days* as Scotland Water. The town was not dilapidated then. It was the resort of skippers gently born, who did a little in the privateering business, and left their mark in the shape of two-storied, wind-swept, sea-washed houses, with back doors and main doors—a coping above the last, and a square stone above the coping, bearing an anchor or a coat of arms, or two pairs of initials—those of husband and wife—united in stone if disunited in flesh.

The town had its population, but what the soldiers saw of them consisted solely of women, unless children, dogs, hens, and ducks be taken into account. Not women in their normal state either, running out, fine or slatternly, rejoicing in the sight of the red coats, blessing the bonnie faces of the Southern, but lowering women, scowling and scolding, and where they could not scowl and scold, sore-hearted and wet-eyed. When they held up their children, it was not to laugh and crow to the strangers, but to threaten them:—"Look at them, bairn, ken them again, and if your father falls, laddie, grow a man and be their deaths." The old skipper town, hating the Union, and loving its former privileges in malt and salt and trade with Holland, was Jacobite to the heart's core, and these were soldiers of Cumberland, whom Englishmen called Bluff Bill, and Scotchmen, the Butcher. The townsmen were away with the Jacobite leaders, the women were left behind to witness the desolation and degradation of the town as the Hanoverian troops crossed the ferry, *quartered them*selves on their enemies, or marched in pursuit of "Charlie and his men," to wait for news of encounters and engagements, to sigh for the return of their men folk. And the echo of the women's sighs soughs still on the bleak Scotch

breezes, among the swaying thistles and nodding blue bells in snatches of old songs:—"Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame;" 'A' would be right again, gin Jamie were come back."

A strange, deserted, sad, sullen world these English gentlemen yeomen, and grooms passed through in the hostile districts, like crossing Styx, and wandering among the shades of the dead, as to the Hessians the Northern pass appeared the mouth of Hell; but they were mostly practical men, thinking of the glories of Bath in the season, or the comforts of country-houses, of shot and shoulder-belts, of boots and tops and aching limbs within them, of grudged nights' quarters and "sweer" kail and porridge, or, if their imaginations were given to excursions, of hillside ambushes and the slogan of Highland savages.

The bitter jibes and muttered curses of the women fell on the soldiers like small stones on coats of mail; they were not worth resenting, so long as a war of words was all which the viragos ventured to wage. Yet were the strong women these Scotch wenches—some of them the terror of the yellow harvest field in their snoods or curches, or the randy fishwives of the white sandy shore. Most of them had drunk in Scripture with their Scotch blood and their mothers' milk, and were well read in the stories of Jael and Sisera, and the mother in Israel who threw down a piece of a millstone on the head of Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal; and the red coats had need to march warily through the steep narrow streets of the town.

A few of the spectators were of higher rank and gentler breeding, but not of opposite faith; these were at the windows, expressing their wrath by silent, stately scorn. One young woman of this class filled a narrow window with her hoop and her ruffles: while at the other window of the same tall, grey house, women and children, ladies and servants, clustered and hung by each other like frightened pigeons or sheep; but the girl set herself forth alone as a mark for the carbines should there be skirmishing in the streets, or volleys of insolent triumph, in voluntary testimony, knitting her smooth brow and setting her white teeth, to her hatred of the Whigs. She had thrown the window up and leant on the sill, and there framed by the window-frame in a setting of diamonds, the small window-panes glistening and sparkling behind her head, she was a conspicuous object and a striking contrast to the general forlorness and disarray,—the studied neglect and squalor. Not that it was a propitious face, for not a face there gloomed more determinedly; but it was the gloom of a summer shower shrined in a rainbow: the pout of a girl, and a lovely girl—a rustic beauty growing up spontaneously like the convolvulus on sea braes, with the same wonderful combination of delicacy and wildness. A throat like a swan's, a head like a fawn's, eyes like the shy beautiful eyes of a game bird, and a mouth that spoke frank, rash, froward words of love and hate; a delightful, bold, fearless, trusting, tempting child's mouth, which, even as she bridled and frowned, burst apart, and showed the glistening teeth in their half appreciation and whole marvel at a grand spectacle, a rare show in the town. The entire figure was in holiday array, as Montrose dressed for his execution, in silk gown, worked apron, and gold chain with keys dangling at the side, lace stomacher, and little lace cap laid flat, like the cap of the Christ Church boys, on the top of the overflowing, crisp, girlish dark hair.

A young officer with a light step, a roving glance, and a gay, thoughtless heart, looked up and caught sight of the peerless picture, the one pleasant picture which the town presented. "Good morrow, my pretty maid, will you go with me?" he called out of the undisciplined ranks, giving a scrape and a swagger.

The blood rushed like fire over the beautiful young face, but as the other women screamed and fell back, she stretched farther forward, and facing the bold man, she drew her two arched brows into one straight black line, pressed her red lips together, and uttered the bare monosyllable "No," with an energetic rudeness that caused a hoarse laugh to rise and ring among the old rough John Bull soldiers.

The young officer was a man of rank (as they say), and would linger and parley at will though he kept his comrades waiting. "And why not?" he demanded in explanation. "Because you are no an honest man," asserted the daring, confiding red lips, the wild eyes looking without winking at his dangling sword and silver-mounted pistols, the white throat swelling with fondness and fidelity to his foe; while a murmur and rustle of fear—an "Oh, Mause, tak' ent and dinna brag the sodger," shook like the wind among the slim willows and the birches, the group at her side.

The officer reddened a shade in approach to the hue, "angry and brave," of his coat, but he put the best face he could on the sharp retort. "How do you know that, my pretty maid?" he went on in mock defiance.

"By the colour of your coat," she answered, shortly; "no honest man wears siccan a coat on his back," —and she shut the window with a bang and ran from it in sudden panic, as the commanding officer behind cried "Forward!" and the loiterers advanced in double quick time. Not before Captain Bernard, of Bernard's Court, in the wolds of Yorkshire, hailed a passer-by—"Who was that lass that answered from the window?" (He had learnt the term, like the poor gallant Frenchified lad who, with the two words "bonnie lass," won the woman's heart of Scotland.)

"Lass!" grumbled the pawky gangrel, "she's nane of a lass; she's the young leddy of Legs-my-lea" (*Scottice* for Ecclesia Maria, Church lands rechristened at the Reformation), "Mistress Mause Mailian of Watergate that was; the Laird of Legs-my-lea wedded her and brought her hame a month syne; for him, you can speer word at her if ye want him, for he's gane like the lave of the men to the coals, or the peats, or the hay, or—aweel, the deil and their wives ken whar."

It happened that Captain Bernard was left, much against his will, to hold the town with two scores of his men; and before night the news was brought him that the Laird of Legs-my-lea had been in a tussle with the loyal militia of a landward town, at some miles' distance, had been wounded in the shoulder, had trailed himself home like a wounded dog, and was lying hid in his house in the town at that very moment. "Legs-my-lea!" cried the Captain; "by George, that's the husband of the saucy jade who spurned me!"

"YOUR WORSHIPFUL SERVANT MADAM."

The Laird of Legs-my-lea's house in the town was scant of room. People did not want either space or privacy in those days, but did the most exciting deeds, elbowing each other, in the centre of well-informed, interested spectators. Then there was trouble in the house, which makes a house smaller. Last month a bride had been brought home by a wildfire of a laird, who did not think "going out" and risking his head was sufficient business on his hands, but must marry a wife and risk her tender heart into the bargain. Now, a wounded man lay, boots and all, on the top of the quilt which Mause had patched, in the box-bed, that was not yet discarded from its position as a convenient article of furniture in a private sitting-room. It was highly convenient for Magnus the laird—the comely, despotic, generous young giant, who was not so much injured that he could not raise himself on his elbow, see what was going on in domestic economy, and put in his word when affairs went against his will, and in the fever and irritation of his wound he put in his word perpetually. It was horribly inconvenient for Mause—the lady, the laird's mother and her sister, and the lady's mother and her sister—all of whom had taken refuge in the one house of Legs-my-lea for comfort and company to each other, deserted as they were by their natural rulers and protectors.

The women had business of their own, to which they did not want the man over whose unexpected return they had laughed and cried three hours before, to be a witness. Mause was fretted in the nursing of her husband by the interference of so many other nurses tendering their advice unasked, as a right of kindred, though Magnus turned his back upon them and would allow no one to put a finger on him, not even his old mother, none save his seventeen years' old wife of six weeks.

In the meantime these good people took their ease in the erroneous impression that Cumberland's soldiers had marched through the town, and over the hills and far away, before Legs-my-lea's arrival. Engrossed by their own matter, they had not heard of Captain Bernard and his forty men coolly ensconced in the town-house.

It was a low-roofed, white-panelled room in which the family commotion prevailed, full of the mingled simplicity and mystery which our ancestors loved. Unsophisticated as the room looked, it was choke full of secrets. The box-bed opened like a cupboard. The cupboard itself was entered by a moveable panel. Try to open it in the legitimate way, and a man would require an axe to split the wood asunder; but press a panel in one direction, and it slid away in a trice, leaving to view an innocent enough thing, in its uselessness—a carved buffet, whittled into curves and scallops, not worth the manœuvre of getting at it, unless that it bore poor Mause's blue-and-gold starred china, one cup of which was broken already. (And Mause could have sat down and cried when the fracture took place, ere she knew what she was about, had not Legs-my-lea been still at her elbow to kiss the first big bright drop away; and had she not promised herself never again to trust the egg-shell cups in clumsy irresponsible fingers, but to wash them night and morning, like a good housewife, with her own dainty hands, and dry them with her satin damask napkins.) The very window to the garden was not a window, but a door—half glass, half pannelled wood—which opened with so low a step to the flower border, that, lift the latch, and wreaths of green and white periwinkle, purple and green clematis and single "red, red" roses leapt straight in, and wove a shifting, fading, exquisite summer carpet on the coarse homespun floorcloth.

In this room the somewhat ominous gathering of the couple's families and friends sat, like a bench of judges, masquerading in damask gowns, pinners, top-knots, and mumbled and mowed and skirled their sentences on the improper behaviour of the inexperienced heads of the house of Legs-my-lea; took Mause to task sharply, and spoke out their minds indirectly to the chained at laird.

"What for did you don your best silk gown, my dochter?" insinuated old Lady Legs-my-lea, in a cracked voice, "that suld have been kept for the king's coronation or for the butter-saps at least."

"And you have torn your negligée that cost me ever so many punds Scots, you wastrife bairn:" old lady Watergates, thrown so far off her guard as to confess to a price, flouted the youthful matron in another quavering pipe.

"All the town was there to see," pled Mause, in sensitive vanity; "was Legs-my-lea's wife to appear like a common woman or like no wife at all, but an unspeered lass?"

"You are a bauld wife of two months—no out, that a strange man suld mint to address you madam," her sister-in-law, Mistress Littlejohn, whose husband was only a clerk, and who was in his own person lank, with high cheek-bones, warned Mause austerely.

"And what garred ye answer the man, you cutty? He'll think you a light woman; but you were aye a forward lass, or you would not be where you are;" cried Peggy, the bride's unmarried eldest sister, who had red hair and many freckles, and who tossed her uncovered maiden head scornfully, and gulped dow an indignant sigh.

"I couldna help it," urged Mause irrelevantly, "my heart just came into my mouth."

Legs-my-lea lay there like a lion that has been hit, with his yellow hair so tumbled free from its powder and pomatum that it was flying loose as a mane, and brushing Mause's soft cheek, when he pulled her down to him (much as it had

done when she had sat at her wheel during the long nights of the past stirring winter, and Legs-my-lea had gone a-courting to Watergates), wooed by the caressing touch, and uniting, as amber draws straws, with Mause's dark curls, not yet taking the sit of the curch, still clustering in rich rings to the light tie of the snood. At this point Legs-my-lea started up against his own flesh and blood, and Mauses, like a tyrant of the first water, and swore nobody should "conter" (*Anglice*, contradict) Mause but him, and Mause was to do what she liked, and Mause's pleasure was his pleasure, and he would like to hear who would flyte on Mause after he said that; but "let them flyte;" and "Mause, my joe, never mind the fules flytin."

Legs-my-lea fell back exhausted; the family storm died away in scared silence, till Mause, who had listened to her own condemnation with dry eyes, and an erect little head, fairly sobbed at his defence. He had burst the bandage on his wound, and it was bleeding afresh, and that was what the cruel people had made by their work.

At that very moment a friendly scout rushed in with an awful complication of evil tidings. The English were lying billeted in the town. the English captain had word Legs-my-lea had come to be cured of his hurt by the hands of his young wife under his own roof-tree, and the roystering blade of a captain having swallowed his dinner and swilled a bottle of claret under his belt, was tramping along the streets, breathing fire and smoke, and bringing a magistrate's warrant and a dozen of his men at his heels to apprehend the defenceless man, squatted like a hare by his own hearthstone.

The report raised a frenzied rout, and above all sounded the shrill accents of Magnus's mother. "You see what you have done, Mause; you have slain your ain gude man and my dear bairn by your glaiket pride and fule's passion."

And Mause's despairing protest—"Mother, I would dee for him; I will dee for him."

And Magnus's tender reassurance—"Never heed my mother, Mause; never heed man or woman of them; and you, mother, be silent, I command you. I tell you, my sweet-heart, you have not harmed a hair of my head."

No time was to be lost. After a short consultation, Magnus was hurried, against the grain, through the glass door to try for an escape by the garden; while young Mause, as his wife and representative, stayed behind, stiff with horror, yet straining all her powers of body and mind to meet the dreaded visitor.

Mause was one of those girls ever put forward by nature and fortune. The youngest of her family, she was courted and wedded the first. She was the head of Legs-my-lea's household—over mother and maids and all. She was the woman who was challenged by, and who answered the challenge of Cumberland's wild officer. She was the wife left to keep the house, vindicate the honour, and cover the escape of her husband. When the quaking old mothers and wailing sisters shrank in their love into corners out of sight, this girl of seventeen came forward. She had not yet attained her full growth; her endurance was only for a time; her constancy failed after a struggle; but of her temper, tried and matured, heroines are made.

Mause stood in her brave attire in the middle of the low-roofed, white-walled room, with its secrets, her eyes wandering in agony to the glass door as Captain Bernard's firm step sounded on the threshold.

The soldier came in with his cocked hat under his arm, bowed so low that he shook the powder from his hair, fixed on Mause his falcon blue eyes, as if he had never beheld her before, and said with covered irony, "Your worshipful servant madam."

Mause responded with a throbbing heart, as if she had never in her life set eyes on Cumberland's officer in his high-collar, his stiff cravat, with his keen eyes and curling lips. "What is your pleasure, sir?" she asked, curtseying, not to be beat in polite hypocrisy—so deep a curtsey that she concealed for three whole seconds the buckles in her high-heeled shoon, keeping her untrained eyes on the floorcloth, that she might not be tempted to look again at that dreadful glass door, before which the boughs of the clematis stirred, though there was not a breath of wind in the sultry summer afternoon.

"Will you do me the favour to tell me, madam, when you last saw the Laird of Legs-my-lea?" inquired the Englishman, mincingly patting his cocked hat.

"Legs-my-lea left the town on the 3rd of July," said the girl, with whitening lips, checking off the number with her third finger on her rosy palm, and falling into that double language in which an honest tongue invariably takes its first stumbling step in deceit.

"Madam, the substance of your communication is false," observed Captain Bernard, rather pleasantly than otherwise, dropping his hat, drawing out his jewelled snuff-box, and refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff in the most elegant manner imaginable.

"Sir," cried the rustic Mause, starting violently, "how dare you say so?"

"I judge by the colour of your sleeve, madam. No honest woman wears such a sign on her arm," he replied, with a sneer; and he snatched up one of poor Mause's cambric ruffles on which was a foul stain of blood, not yet dry, from Legs-my-lea's sword-cut.

Mause gave a loud dismal shriek, and fell at the Hanoverian's feet praying "Mercy! mercy!" clinging to his knees, almost dragging him round with his back to the glass door, where, as he touched her, she had seen Legs-my-lea's inflamed face glaring through the panes.

But in another instant the glass was broken with a crash, the door flung open, and Legs-my-lea staggered in.

"I am your prisoner, captain. Get up, Mause, you quean, and do not beg grace of any loon. Hands of my wife, sir! I surrender."

In the doting passion of his honeymoon, Legs-my-lea was half furious that Mause should abjectly crave even his life and liberty from another man. He would prefer to have the English officer's hand clapped on his shoulder, though that gripe should lead him to the Tolbooth and the dark Tower of London with its purpled black in the distance, than that the white-ringed fingers should ruffle the plumage and brush the broom from his darling. Captain Bernard looked from one to the other with his rapid glance. He arranged the 'top' of his hair foppishly; but as he did so he exposed to view above the jeering lip and the thin nostril that quivered excitedly, a frank, open brow. 'You are my prisoner, Legs-my-lea,' he said plainly, 'but it may be better for you than if you had fallen into our hands later in the day, as you assuredly would unless you had fled forth of Scotland, when I might have had less power to protect you. Now, all that I insist on is, that you lie still in your own house in the town until your wounds be healed, and afterwards that you hold yourself bound not to bear arms against King George for a year and a day, when, as I think, there will be no other prince or standard left in Scotland for you to fight for. As for you, madam,'—and the soldier smiled on Mause with the sweetness of a brave man's smile,—'on some sunny day to come, either here in your own house, or in my house of Bernard's Court, in England, I trust you will take back your hard words, and grant that there are honest men and pitiful men, as well as knaves, bullies, and cut-throats, who wear my uniform.'

Not on one sunny day alone, but on days of rain and frost, at home and abroad, Mause admitted humbly, and thanked God on her bended knees for the husband of her youth and the father of her bairns, that in the ranks she had condemned, the wheat grew strong-stemmed and full-eared along with the tares. In proof of the statement, Scotchmen still tell how James Wolfe raised his sickly, stern head and defied Bluff Bill to the face, when he received the order to stab the prisoners and the wounded men, lying thick as herds of cattle and fallen leaves on the black spring heather of Drummossie Moor. 'I am a soldier,' answered the hero of Quebec, 'not an executioner.'

PASTIMES.

FLORAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. A bird and what a horse is afraid of.
2. A conveyance and a whole country.
3. An animal and to regret,
4. A man's name and part of a goose.
5. An animal and a hollow body.
6. A ruler and a weapon. BERICUS.

VERBAL PUZZLE.

Four s's, four i's, two p's, and an m
Please tell me what you can make of them?

DECAPITATIONS,

1, Whole, I'm a musician; curtailed, I'm his instrument; transposed, I'm a manor; curtailed, I'm a word of blame; curtailed and transposed, I'm a conjunction; and curtailed, I'm a vowel.

2. Whole, I'm an assembly; curtailed, I'm a stamp, again curtailed, I'm a prefix signifying negation; again curtailed, I'm a number: restored and transposed, I'm a season, again, I'm fastened; curtailed, I'm worn by man; curtailed and transposed, I'm a pronoun, and again curtailed, I'm a vowel. PHIZ.

CHARADES.

1 My first is equality, my second inferiority, and my whole superiority.

2. My first is my all, so is my second, and also my whole. BERICUS.

3 I am a word of ten letters; my 1, 2, 4, is the young of a beast; my 9, 8. 3, 5, is that which nothing is perfect without; my 8, 7, 5, is a nice beverage, my 3, 2, 10, no man likes on his coat; my 1, 2, 5, is used at billards; my 3, 8, 9, 5, is part of a horse; my 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is an accumulation of useless things; my 7, 8, 3, 4, is very nice when in season, my 7, 8, 9, 10, is valuable, my 4, 8, 10, is never good; my 4, 8, 9, 10, is composed of musicians; and my whole is a county in England.
O. G. W.

4. To the *whole* of the words forming one part of speech,
Add your mother;
You will find this a curse; keep out of its reach
By observing the precepts the Bible doth teach,
And none other.

5. My first you will meet with in palace and cot,
It contentedly casts in both places its lot;
My second's the first thing to children you teach,
It is found on the land, in the sea, in the beach;
Oh, our tresses, what would of them e'er have become
Had my third not been made by some sensible one;
For my whole go and search in a burial ground,
For there, I assure you, 'tis frequently found.

CONUNDRUM.

Who was the son of nobody? J. G. P.

LONDON MAGAZINES.

1. A vile garb, 2. Pert Mabel; 3. No yon Scot lied; 4. Adorn no elder.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

What was the amount of the account from which after I had allowed exactly 3¼ per cent., I received exactly £25? X.Y.Z.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 98.

Arithmorem,.—Macbeth, Othello.—1. Magnifico; 2, Adroit; 3. Calash; 4. Barnadine; 5. Earl; 6. Teal; 7. Hindoo.

Square Words.—1.
P L U M B
L E V E R
U V U L A
M E L O N
B R A N D

2.
S C R E W
C A U S E
R U R A L
E A S E L
W E L L S

Enigma.—Eggs.

Double Acrostic—*Macready, King Lear,*—1. Kingdom, 2. India; 3. Narcotic; 4. Guadalquiver; 5. Loire; 6. Elba; 7. Amend; 8. Remedy.

Charade.—Faint heart never won fair lady.

Decapitation.—Rhone-one.

Arithmetical Questions.—1. The ages were 12, 8 and 4 years respectively. 2. 20 boys and 30 girls.

Arithmorem.—Bericus, Geo. B., Cloud, H. H. V., Palmer, Violet, B. N. C.

Square Words.—B. N. C., Violet, X. Y., Cloud, A. R. Y., Geo. B.

Enigma.—Bericus, B. N. C., Violet, X. Y., H. H. V, Geo. B., A. R. Y.

Double Acrostic.—Cloud, H. H. V., Palmer, Geo. B., Arthur W., Violet.

Charade.—Bericus, Palmer, Geo. B., Violet, Arthur W., Cloud.

Decapitations.—B. N. C., Bericus, X. Y., A. R. Y., Cloud.

Arithmetical Question—B. N. C., Bericus, Cloud, X. Y., H. H. V.

DYE FOR MOSS AND GRASS.—For pink, get some logwood and ammonia, and boil them together in water, for red, logwood and alum; and for blue, indigo blue; and all other colours that will dissolve. To keep the grass together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water; or put some gum water in the dye which will answer the same purpose.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. C.—Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool, in 1809; his father was a wealthy merchant of that city.

C. H.—Our correspondent asks "Were 1800 years completed immediately after midnight on the 31st December, 1799; or, in other words, did the 19th century commence on 1st January, 1800, or 1st January, 1801?" Divide 1799 by 100, and one year remains to complete the eighteen centuries, consequently it is clear that the 19th century did not commence until the 1st January, 1801.

PARKER.—The standard of weights was originally taken from ears of wheat, whence the lowest denomination of weights we have is still called a grain.

LILY—The Minnie-singers were the German Lyrics, poets of the middle ages, whose name arose from love being the chief subject of their poems, the ancient German word *minne* being used to denote a pure and faithful love.

CLARA H.—The quotation is from Popes' *Epilogue to the Satires*; it is, Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

D. C.—The engagement between the Shannon and Chesapeake occurred on 1st June 1813.

SCOTT.—Adam Smith stated that no one ought to pay more than one-eighth of his income in rent.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The idea of Friday being an unlucky day, probably originated in its being the day of the crucifixion.

ELLEN M.—Declined with thanks.

GEO. W.—The word "Solecism" is derived from the *Soli*, a people of Attica, who having colonized in Cilicia, lost in time the purity of their native tongue, and spoke a barbarous language—hence anything rude or uncivilized is termed a solecism.

A WOULD-BE MIDDY.—The full annual pay of a midshipman in the British navy is £31 5s. 8d.

A. M. O. C.—We have received the story entitled "The Struggle and the Victory."

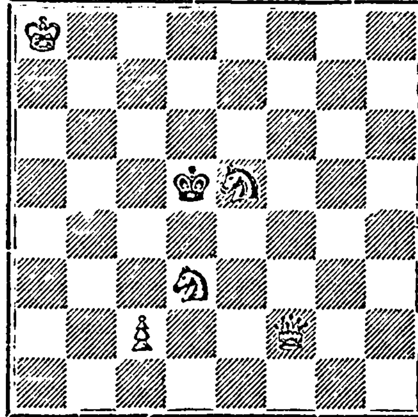
V. G—We will return the M. S. in a day or two.

NEW PROCESS OF SUGAR MAKING.—An invention which has created some sensation amongst those interested in the manufacture of sugar was lately tried with complete success at the works of Messrs. Easton, Amos and Anderson, at Erith. The machinery has been devised and patented by Mr. Walter Knaggs, of Seven Plantations, Clarendon, Jamaica, and promises to effect a complete revolution in the process of converting cane-juice into sugar. Mr. Knaggs has succeeded in producing perfectly white sugar, in all respects equal to refined, on his estate. The chief recommendations of this peculiar system appear to be a means of clarification by which the juice is rendered so pure, both mechanically and chemically, that it will require no skimming while boiling, very rapid evaporation, attained in such a way as that the juice is not at any time in contact with surfaces heated to a higher temperature than 235 degrees and that only for five minutes, reducing it to syrup of a density of from 25 to 28 Beaumé.

TWENTY MILES AN HOUR ON THE HIGHWAY.—A large number of persons lately assembled on the grounds of Trinity College, Dublin, to witness the locomotion of a steam carriage, constructed by Mr. Daniel M'Dowell, late engineer of the Jamaica Railway, and adapted for travelling on ordinary highways. The carriage, which is capable of being worked to eight-horse power, and of travelling on a level road at the rate of twenty miles an hour, can be brought to a stand-still within 20 yards. Its entire weight, with all the tools and appliances, is only two tons. The boiler is vertical, four feet high, by two in diameter, containing 21 vertical tubes capable of withstanding 100 lb. pressure per inch. The cylendar is three inches in diameter by seven in height, and makes four strokes for each revolution of the driving wheels, so that the speed on the driving wheels is reduced at the rate of one to four. The driving wheels are four feet in diameter, and the steering wheel two.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 79.
By T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH, C. W
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 77.

WHITE	BLACK.
1 Q to Q R 4	Kt moves or (a b c d
2 Q to Q R 8 Mate.	
(a) 1 ———	B moves,
2 Q to Q R sq Mate.	
(b) 1 ———	P to Q B 4.
2 Q to K 8 Mate.	
(c) 1 ———	P to Q Kt 6.
2 Q to Q 4 Mate.	
(d) 1 ———	P Queens.
2 R takes Q Mate.	

MACKENZIE-REICHHELM MATCH.
SIXTH GAME.

EVANS GAMBIT.

WHITE. (*Mr. Reichhelm.*)	BLACK. (*Mr. Mackenzie.*)
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 B 4.	3 B to B 4.
4 P to Q Kt 4.	4 B takes Kt P.
5 P to B 3	5 B to B 4.
6 Castles.	6 P to Q 3.
7 P to Q 4.	7 P takes P.
8 P takes P.	8 B to Kt 3.
9 R to K sq.	9 B to K Kt 5.
10 B to Kt 2.	10 Kt to R 8.
11 P to Q 5.	11 B takes Kt.
12 Q takes B.	12 Kt to K 4.
13 B to Kt 5 (ch.)	13 K to B sq.
14 Q to Kt 3.	14 K Kt to Kt 5.
15 R to K 2.	15 P to K R 4.
16 P to K R 3.	16 P to R 5.
17 Q to Q B 3.	17 P to R 3.
18 B to R 4.	18 Kt takes P,
19 K to R 2.	19 Q to B 3.
20 Q to Q 2.	20 Kt to B 6.
21 P takes Kt	21 Q takes P.
22 B takes P (ch)	22 K takes B
23 Q to B 3 (ch.)	23 Q takes Q.
24 Kt takes Q.	24 Kt to Q 6.
25 R to Kt 2 (ch)	25 K to B sq.
26 R to K B sq.	26 B to Q 5
27 Kt to K 2.	27 B to K 4 (ch.)
28 K to R sq.	28 R to K Kt square.
29 R to Kt 4	29 R takes R.
30 P takes R.	30 K to K 2.
31 K to Kt 2.	31 P to R 6. (ch.)
32 K takes P.	32 R to K R sq. (ch.)
33 K to Kt 2.	33 R to R 7. (ch,)
34 K to B 3.	34 R to R 6 (ch.)
35 K to Kt 2.	35 R to K 6.
36 B to Q sq.	36 R takes P.
37 K to B 3	37 R to Kt 4]
38 B to B 2.	38 Kt to B 4.
39 R to Q Kt sq.	39 R takes R.
40 B takes R.	40 P to Q B 3.
41 P takes P.	41 P takes P
42 K to K 3.	42 P to Q 4.
43 B to B 2.	43 K to Q 3.
44 B to Q sq.	44 Kt to K 3.
45 B to Kt 3.	45 P to Q B 4.
46 B to B 2.	46 P to B 5.
47 B to Q sq.	47 P to Q 5 (ch.)
48 K to Q 2.	48 K to Q 4.
49 Kt to Kt sq.	49 B to B 5 (ch)
50 K to B 2.	50 Kt to K Kt 4.
51 B to K 2.	51 P to K 4.
52 B to B sq.	52 P to B 3.
53 B to Kt 2. (ch.)	53 K to B 4.
54 Kt to R 3.	54 P to Q 6 (ch.)
55 K to Kt 2.	55 B to K 4 (ch)

And Black wins.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

STEPS TO KNOWLEDGE.—Library steps.

COMPOUND RATING.—Being blown up by one's wife, and her sister chiming in!

VERY APPROPRIATELY.—If Greece and Rome are represented at the French Exhibition, might not their productions be appropriately ranged in "class six?"

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—A companion volume to "A Winter with the Swallows in Algeria" will be published this season under the title of "A Summer with the Sparrows in Belgravia."

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN WALES.—The following is a copy of a notice exhibited in the Town Hall, Welsh Pool:—"Welsh Pool Fairs. These Fairs will be held annually on the second Monday in every month. By order of the Council. ——, Town Clerk. 1st Jan., 1867."

WANTED.—A rafter from the roof of the mouth; a sucker from the root of the tongue; a sling from the drum of the ear; a fin from the sole of the foot; a leaf from the palm of the hand; a jewel from the crown of the head; a tassel from the cap of the knee; a rail from the bridge of of the nose, some thread from a three-handed reel; and an anodyne from a window pane.

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out every night, so determined is he that everything shall have *its dew*.

A clergyman one Sunday, at the close of his sermon, gave notice to the congregation that, in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of his parishioners exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before. What shall we do?"—"Oh, brother!" said the minister, "I don't expect to go out of town."

A worthy Dutchman lately sued his neighbour, a "gentleman from Erin," for killing a dog. In the course of his examination, the Dutchman being asked what was the value of his *dorg*, replied, "Ash for ter dog, he vas wort shush nothing at all, but ash Pat vas so mean ash to kill him, I swear I makes him pay the full value of him."

A Scotchman went to a lawyer for advice, and detailed the circumstances of the case. "Have you told me the facts precisely as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, ay, sir," replied he; "I tho't it best to tell ye plain truth. Ye can put the lees into it yersel'."

Artemus Ward was fond of telegraphing, and studied it for amusement. He was a very good "sender." To the telegram of a California Lecture Committee, "What will you take for one hundred nights?" Artemus promptly replied, "Brandy and water."

UTTERANCE SOFT AND LOW.—A lady was descanting on the virtue of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes, to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear sir," she said, addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?"—"Very promising, my lady, but—he never pays."

A MODERN DICTIONARY.—Water: A clear fluid, once used as a drink. Dentist: One who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people. My dear: An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel. Policeman: A man employed to sleep in the open air. Bargain: A ludicrous transaction, in which either party thinks he has cheated the other. Wealth: The most respectable quality of men. Bonnet: The female head-dress for the front seat of the opera. Esquire: Everybody, yet nobody; equal to captain. Jury: Twelve prisoners in a box to try one more at the bar. Informer: A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades. Modesty: A beautiful flower that florishes in secret. Lawer: A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself. Money: The god of the nineteenth century.