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# The Saturday Reader.

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## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 304.

### CHAPTER X.

"Mamma, mamma," said Mabel, after having read the foregoing letter to Mrs. Saxelby on the first evening of her return to Hazlehurst, "do you believe there is such another lovable, generous creature in all the world as Aunt Mary?"

Poor Mrs. Saxelby could not be as enthusiastic as her daughter. Every word of the letter made plain to her mind that another and a longer separation from her child was impending. And there was a passing pang of jealousy in her heart at the thought of those years in which she had been nothing to Mabel, and Mary Earnshaw had been everything. She smiled faintly, and answered, "Your aunt is very kind."

"Very kind, mamma? She is an angel. See how she puts herself in the background. 'Your uncle says this; your uncle sends you this money.' Yes; but I know that it is all her doing. Dear Uncle John is very good, but he would not have the power to help me that she has."

It was evident that nothing less than her mother's authoritative prohibition would prevent Mabel from embracing the chance thus held out to her. And Mrs. Saxelby knew herself well enough to be aware that she would be quite unable to give a stern refusal to any prayer of Mabel's. But Mabel knew instinctively that what she had next to tell would cause her mother a still more bitter disappointment. Nevertheless, it must be told.

"Mamma, she said, 'let me sit at your feet, and lean my head on your knees, as I used to do when I was a little girl. There, so.'"

Mrs. Saxelby stroked her soft hair in silence. The caressing mother's touch suddenly broke up the fountain of tears that had been frozen for many days in the girl's breast by her proud undemonstrative self-repression, and she sobbed with her face hidden in her mother's lap; and told her all.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, almost in a wail; "oh, Mabel!"

"I knew you would be grieved, mamma dear. And that makes my grief the greater."

"He is so good, Mabel. So true, so highly principled, so kind-hearted. He has been like a son to me, and I feel as if he were almost as dear to me as a son. You couldn't help loving him if you did not purposely steel your heart against him."

"It is over, mamma. He will be sorry for a while, but then he will find some one who will value and love him as he deserves, and whom his family will be glad to welcome and make much of."

They sat talking far into the night, until Mrs. Saxelby was startled by the striking of the hour from the belfry of the village church, and hurriedly bade Mabel go to her bed, and seek the rest she was so much in need of. But, before they separated, Mabel had received her mother's reluctant consent to accept her aunt's offer.

"But yet—but yet—but yet, my darling," said Mrs. Saxelby, holding her daughter to her breast, "how I wish you could make up your mind to think favourably of Clement's suit! Good Heavens, to think of the girls who would give the world for such an offer!"

"Mamma, I will tell you something that may help to reconcile you to my refusal. Besides the injustice I should do Clement Charlewood

were I to marry him without really loving him enough, I have reason to believe that I should also be injuring his worldly prospects. From some words that Penelope once said to me—and Penelope speaking on such a subject would weigh her words, you and I know—I feel sure that a marriage between his son and a penniless girl like myself, would so anger and disappoint Mr. Charlewood, as to make a serious difference in Clement's circumstances. Perhaps Mr. Charlewood might even disinherit him."

"I don't believe it, Mabel; and, besides, I was not thinking of the money only."

But, nevertheless, as Mabel had said, the suggestion did help to reconcile Mrs. Saxelby somewhat to her daughter's decision.

### CHAPTER XI. DOOLEY EXECUTES A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Mabel allowed no time to be lost before replying to her aunt's letter. She decided to start for Ireland at the end of April, which was now only ten days distant, and had calculated that she should thus have six weeks with her aunt in Dublin, to make preparation for her first attempt at Killeclare. When once the letter was written and despatched, Mrs. Saxelby appeared to become more reconciled to the idea of Mabel's going. "Though what," she said, with a sudden qualm of remembrance, "though what, my dear, will Miss Fluke say about it?"

The mother and daughter were sitting at work, engaged in some ingenious contrivance for making "auld claes look amais as weel's the new;" and Dooley, perched on the window-sill with the kitten in his lap, was studying a picture alphabet with a thoughtful brow. At the mention of Miss Fluke, he looked up quickly. "Miss Fook's very naughty," said Dooley; "she made mamma cry. I shall mack Miss Fook!"

"Dooley!" urged his sister, in feigned amazement, though she had much ado to keep a grave countenance, so irresistibly absurd was the notion of Dooley engaged in inflicting condign chastisement on Miss Fluke. "Dooley, what shocking things are you saying? Come here to me, sir. Why, I declare I don't know you. Is this my own good little brother, this angry, frowning boy?"

The child's face was crimson, and he had clenched his small fist in his wrath.

"I shall mack Miss Fook if she makes mamma cry," he repeated, with great determination.

"Don't say any more just now, Mabel," whispered Mrs. Saxelby. "Go back to the window, Julian, and learn your lesson. I shall expect you to know F and G when I call you. The fact is," she continued, when the child had obeyed her and was deep in his book again, "the fact is I want him to forget all about the scene. I never saw him so excited as he was after Miss Fluke went away the other day."

"I think I should have been inclined to be excited too," said Mabel, with flashing eyes. "Do you really mean to say that that woman made you shed tears, mamma?"

"Hush. Yes. You know, my nerves are not strong; and I was worried and lonely; and she took me by surprise; and she was so loud, and so vehement! Oh, Mabel it was terrible, I assure you. You don't know how dreadful she can be. It is quite impossible to cope with her."

"I should not think of trying," replied Mabel, with a disdainful lip; "I should simply withdraw my attention, and let her rave unnoticed."

"Good gracious, Mabel! Withdraw your attention? Short of putting cotton wool in your ears, there is no possibility of withdrawing your attention from Miss Fluke when once she begins in earnest. Besides, I don't like to be openly

rude to her, for I can't help feeling that she means it all for my good."

"It's a very amiable feeling, mamma. But I take the liberty of doubting whether Miss Fluke is a better judge of what is good for you than you are yourself."

"I say, missus!" exclaimed Betty, opening the parlour door and putting her head inside the room mysteriously, "here be Miss Fluke a-comin'! I were a carryin' some pig-wash out to the sty, when I seed her three fields off, a-comin' along the path. She do stump along at a rate. I thought mayhap you'd like to have a warnin'," added Betty, ingeniously. "I allus do lock my workbox up from her now. She bates all for curiosity, does Miss Fluke."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Saxelby, absolutely turning pale, "what shall we do?"

"Dear mamma, don't distress yourself. If you dread seeing her so much, go to your own room, and let me speak with her. I will say you are not equal to seeing her to-day; and that will be true enough."

Mrs. Saxelby could not repress a sigh of relief at this proposition.

"But," she said, hesitating, "it seems so cowardly to leave you to face her alone."

Mabel laughed with almost childish enjoyment. "Oh, don't mind me, mamma," she said, with the irrepressible high spirits of youth dancing in her eyes. "I am not a bit afraid."

"Ain't you indeed, my dear?" said Mrs. Saxelby, regarding her daughter with a kind of wistful admiration. "Ain't you indeed?" And then she stole quietly up-stairs, and Mabel heard the door of her bedroom softly shut, and the bolt drawn.

Betty's irreverent phrase expressed Miss Fluke's method of locomotion very graphically. She did "stump along at a rate." And many seconds had not elapsed after Mrs. Saxelby's retirement to her own room, when Miss Fluke's martial tread was heard resounding on the flagged stone passage, and that lady, eschewing any preliminary ceremony of knocking at the door, burst into the little parlour with all her own peculiar vigour.

For a minute or so she stood stock still, and stared around her. Mabel was stitching away placidly, and Dooley remained curled up in the window-sill, half hidden behind his broad picture-book.

"How d'ye do, Miss Fluke?" said Mabel, looking up. "Pray sit down."

"Why, goodness me, Mabel," cried Miss Fluke, with a gasp occasioned partly by surprise and partly by the breathlessness consequent upon the rapid pace she had come at, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Mabel, rising to bring forward a chair for Miss Fluke, and then resuming her own. "Yes, it is I. Won't you sit down?"

Among Miss Fluke's many admirable qualities, that of a quick and accurate perceptive faculty could not be counted. She did not comprehend the situation with the rapid intuition which would have enabled some women to see their way at a glance, but continued to stare about her with an air of bewilderment. "Where's your mother?" she said at last, abruptly.

"Mamma is in her own room."

"In her own room? But she must have been here this minute, for there's her work with the needle half stuck in it." Miss Fluke held up a long strip of muslin triumphantly, and looked at Mabel as though she had just detected her in some attempt to deceive. Miss Fluke was very prone to suppose that people uttered deliberate untruths, and to rejoice openly in their fancied detection.

"She was here, certainly," rejoined Mabel; "but Betty saw you coming, and gave us warning, and then mamma went away to her room."

Miss Fluke stared at Mabel for a minute or two, with eyes so wide open that it seemed as if she would never be able to shut them again.

"I said I would tell you," proceeded Mabel, in the same unmoved voice, "that mamma did not feel strong enough to see you to-day. She would be sorry, I know, if you thought her unkind or discourteous."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Miss Fluke, emphatically. "Never! I have come here, at great inconvenience (leaving Louisa to take the afternoon practice for next Sabbath's hymns), expressly to see your mother, and now your mother shuts herself up in her own room. I don't understand what your mother means by it!"

"I'm very sorry, Miss Fluke, but mamma cannot see you to-day. If you will entrust me with any message, I will deliver it."

After a pause of consideration, during which the silence was only broken by the occasional click of Mabel's thimble as she busily plied her work, Miss Fluke untied her bonnet-strings and dropped into the chair with a violent concussion.

"Well, she said, "since I am here, I will endeavour to improve the occasion."

"Suppose you begin by having something to eat after your walk, Miss Fluke," said Mabel, demurely.

"Not for the world, Mabel," returned Miss Fluke, with great solemnity. "I am thinking of matters which concern the soul, and not the body. And besides;" with still more impressive emphasis: "I ain't at all hungry."

Mabel could not for the life of her resist a smile. "That is an excellent reason for not eating," she observed.

"Mabel," said Miss Fluke, suddenly; "do you know what has become of the child Cordelia?"

"Become of her?"

"Yes; she and her father and her brother have left New Bridge street, and gone away nobody knows where."

"Is that all? You startled me. I feared that some harm had befallen poor Corda. No, indeed I do not know where they are. How should I know?"

"Because you have been in communication with them; because Mrs. Hutchins knows that you wrote to the man Trescott, and that he answered your letter," rejoined Miss Fluke, with her detective air. "What do you say to that, Mabel?"

"I say nothing to that, Miss Fluke."

"You say nothing?"

"Nothing."

This reply was so totally unexpected, that Miss Fluke could do nothing but stare at Mabel open-mouthed. Again there was a long silent pause. But though Miss Fluke might be astonished, it was not in the power of any mortal to quell her energy. So, baffled on one point, she returned to the attack on another.

"And is it really true," she said shaking her head violently, "is it really true, this dreadful, shocking, awful news that I hear about you, Mabel?"

The tone of her voice was so loud and menacing, that Dooley left his place at the window, and crept up close to Mabel, as if in expectation of a personal attack on the part of Miss Fluke, from which he intended to protect his sister.

"I heard something of this from Mrs. Hutchins, but I could not bring myself to believe it. I positively could not, so I came to Hazelhurst the other day to wring the truth from Mrs. Saxelby. What she is about, or how she can reconcile it to her conscience to allow such a thing, I don't know."

"Mamma's deed, an' oo're naughty," said Dooley, "Oo made mamma c'y."

"She may well hide herself from me," pursued Miss Fluke, heedless of the interruption, and now in the full tide of her angry eloquence. "She may well be ashamed to look an old friend in the face.—not to mention the daughter of a minister of the Gospel."

The colour was mounting to Dooley's forehead, and he kept his eyes fixed unwinkingly on Miss Fluke's face.

"Don't tell me of a mother's love," continued Miss Fluke, joining her hands together on her breast, and then separating them widely, with the palms turned outward, which gesture she repeated at every clause of her discourse:—"Don't tell me of fond indulgence. Don't tell me of self-sacrifice. Where is the sense of duty in a parent who allows her child to be lost before her eyes, and does not stir a finger to save her? I call your mother not weak, but wicked. Inexcusably wicked, Mabel Earnshaw."

The words had no sooner passed her lips than Dooley, who had planted himself in front of the chair on which she was seated, raised his tiny hand, and struck a blow upon Miss Fluke's cheek, with such right good will, that the mark of four small fingers and a thumb were visibly impressed on it, in crimson lines; immediately afterwards he raised a prolonged bellow, and, bursting into floods of tears, hid his face in his sister's lap, and kicked convulsively.

The proceeding was so sudden and so unforeseen, that for an instant both Mabel and Miss Fluke were paralysed with astonishment. As soon, however, as Mabel recovered her presence of mind, she called Betty, and consigned the sobbing child to her care. "Oh, Dooley, Dooley, I am so sorry and so shocked."

As to Miss Fluke, she arose and stood erect, receiving all Mabel's apologies with rigid inflexibility.

"You know how distressed I am that this should have happened," said Mabel, earnestly, "and I hope you will forgive poor Dooley; he is but a baby."

"Of course I forgive him," said Miss Fluke in her hardest tones. "I forgive everybody. It is my duty so to do. But it is very sad and terrible to see the old Adam so violent and ungovernable in so young a child. If he was my little boy, he should have a sound whipping, and be kept on bread and water until he had learnt Dr. Watt's beautiful hymn by heart—that one that says:

But, children, you should never let  
Your angry passions rise.

However, I have no more to say on the subject. I merely desire to know from your own lips, Mabel, if the awful news that I hear about you is true."

"Miss Fluke," said Mabel, regarding her visitor steadily, "I might fence with you, and ask what news you allude to; or I might decline to answer a question so couched; or I might inquire by what right you put the question at all. But I prefer to answer you clearly, and with what good humour I can command. I am going on the stage, or at least, I am going to make an attempt to do so. I shall be under the care of a relative whom I dearly love and thoroughly respect, and who is herself an actress. Mamma has given her consent to my plan. I am thoroughly resolved to try it, and nothing you can possibly say can shake my resolution for an instant. Will you shake hands with me, Miss Fluke, and say no more on this subject? I am willing to believe you have acted from a sense of duty. Will you not judge as charitably of me?"

Mabel held out her hand with a frank winning gesture, but Miss Fluke drew herself up to her full height, and, folding her arms tightly, answered:

"No, Mabel, certainly not. I couldn't think of such a thing on any account whatsoever. I shall make a point of praying for you specially every Sunday, and I trust your heart may be turned, and you may be brought to see the error of your ways, but," here Miss Fluke became so very upright that it seemed as if she must positively be standing on tiptoe, "but I can make no compromise with sin." Thus concluding, Miss Fluke drew her shawl round her with great energy, and marched majestically out of the room and from the house.

#### CHAPTER XII. "MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT."

Under a dark blue sky, studded with myriads of twinkling stars, and through an atmosphere

so still that the smoke from the tall black funnel curled in a long roll, and melted faintly into air in the far distance behind her, a steamer was cutting her way through the waters of St. George's Channel towards the Irish shore. The long track of foam from her paddles glistened white upon the dark sea, and, save for the strong vibrating pulse of the machinery, there was scarcely any motion in the ship, except now and then a long gentle rolling swell, as if old Ocean were lazily turning in his sleep. Most of the passengers had gone below. Two or three men, wrapped in rough coats, tramped with measured step up and down the deck, stopping always at precisely the same spot in their walk, and executing a resounding stamp before they turned to pace back again.

The deep night sky watched golden-eyed above, the deep waters slept placidly below, and in all the air was a calm silence and the salt-savour of the sea.

To one leaving home alone, and for the first time, the sense of change and strangeness is necessarily much greater when the journey is made by sea than by land. In the latter case, the parting from familiar objects is more gradual, and the constantly varying scenes that meet the eye, melt imperceptibly into one another, without any strong line of demarcation between the old and well-known and the new and strange. But to the unaccustomed traveller on ship-board, the change is complete. Such a traveller is cut off from all familiar sights and sounds, without any gradual process of preparation, and is almost as strange and lone as though embarked upon some unknown planet for a sail through space.

Thus at least felt one inexperienced voyager on the Irish mail steam-packet bound from Liverpool to Kingstown. Mabel Earnshaw sat apart on deck, gazing with outward eyes at the blue moonless heavens, but seeing with the vision of the spirit a busy panorama unrolling itself before her. All her thoughts were retrospective. The young, strong in their youth, and in the confidence of natures unacquainted with harshness or repression, look boldly forth upon the future from the warm shelter of home. But once launched into the wide pitiless world, how the heart remembers the sweetness of the love left behind! As we may fancy that some fledgling bird, when first it tries its trembling pinion, may faint, and yearn for the soft safety of the mother's nest.

Mabel leant back against the ship's bulwarks, and looked at her past life. First among its memories, came the shadowy image of her dead father, kept alive in her heart chiefly by the fond faithful praises of Aunt Mary, who was unwearied in her gratitude to and love for "John's brother." Then, while she was yet too young to feel the separation very keenly, came the parting from her mother, and her sojourn in her uncle's home. She remembered cousin Polly, a tall merry good-humoured girl of nearly fifteen years; she remembered Jack, terrible in the matter of torn jackets, and costing unheard-of sums in boots, but generous, warm-hearted, and able to draw the most wonderfully beautiful pictures—so they seemed to Mabel's admiring eyes—with the most unpromising materials. Then, there was Uncle John, always an object of the tenderest care to all the family, erect and portly, with a placid gentle smile upon his sightless face, and usually to be found, at home or abroad, with Janet's tiny hand fast clasped in his, and Janet's earnest childish voice translating into words for her father's ear all that came under the inspection of her grave observant eyes. Lastly came Aunt Mary, the sun that warmed and lighted this domestic system. Cheerful, active, hopeful, unselfish: the soul of simple kindness: Aunt Mary, whose genial, honest nature no poverty could embitter, and who, as Mabel well remembered, would in the midst of her own struggles not only freely utter the charitable word that consoles, but hold out the charitable hand that helps, to many a comrade in distress.

All that old time came back to Mabel as she sat on the vessel's deck beneath the stars, the lessons read aloud to Uncle John, and eluci-

dated by his comments, the rambles, under Jack's guidance, in broad country meadows; the queer humble lodgings in provincial towns, the shabby clothes, and threadbare little gloves, and sunburnt bonnets, and the light-hearted disregard of all such short-comings, the Sunday afternoon excursions, in which Aunt Mary often (but not always) had leisure to join, when after church-time, the whole family would sally forth, carrying cold meat and bread in a basket, and would picnic in some quiet nook miles out in the country, returning, dusty, tired, and happy, through the glimmering summer twilight, the occasional visit to the boxes of the theatre, and the breathless interest and delight awakened by some thrilling melodrama: an interest in no degree rendered less keen by personal acquaintance with all the performers, or by a certain knowledge that Mr. Montmorency, who enacted the villain was *not* dead when the captain of the guard fired, and when he fell with a crash upon the stage, uttering a yell of rage and anguish, but would get up presently and go comfortably home and eat a hot supper.

How it all came back to Mabel, the pathos and the fun, the poverty and the contentment, the smiles and the tears, as she sat there on the vessel's deck beneath the stars!

Then followed the news of her mother's marriage, and the parting from her relatives, and the five years of school-life passed chiefly in an old-fashioned roomy house in a country village, where the schoolmistress, a pleasant stately gentlewoman as unlike Mrs. Hatchett as possible, had been so kind and motherly, and where she had first met Augusta Charlewood. Augusta Charlewood! At the recollection of that name, and all the associations it conjured up, Mabel felt the blood tingle in her cheek, and the hot tears well up into her eyes. "He is very good and generous," she murmured. "Very noble-minded and unselfish! I hope he may not quite forget me. I should be sorry to be quite forgotten by him. And I hope—oh! I do hope, with all my heart—that he may find some girl to love him very dearly, and to make him a good wife!"

Then the sliders of that most magical of magic lanterns, called Memory, became peopled with a throng of oddly assorted figures, that passed vividly before her. Miss Fluke, and her father and sisters, marched past busily; little Corda's pale face looked up out of her bed, at Mr. Saxelby, upright and dapper, picking his way over the wet stones to church; the dragged gown of Mrs. Hutchins appeared side by side with Mrs. Charlewood's costly velvets; Penelope and young Trescott, the mild old clergyman at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Hatchett and the ugly Swiss governess, were all fitting backwards and forwards pell-mell. And amidst them all, there was ever her mother's graceful delicate form, and the bright golden curls that she had loved to fondle on Dooley's innocent brow.

But surely her memory held no such figure as this that stood before her. A bluff red-faced man wrapped in a pea-coat, and holding between his lips a great cigar, that glowed through the darkness like a railway signal!

It was the captain of the vessel, to whose care she had been specially consigned on leaving Liverpool by some friends of the late Mr. Saxelby, who had met her there and put her on board.

"I thought I would prefer to stay on deck, Captain Duff. It is so much pleasanter here than in the close cabin."

"Ay," was the answer in the broadest Scotch. "it's like a good many other pleasant things, not altogether prudent. Why, were ye thinking of passing the neecht up here? Hoot, my dear young leddy, joost take my advice, and go away down to bed. Ye're half way to the Land of Nod the noo', and I'll undertake that ye'll not be five minutes in the warm cabin before ye'll be sleeping joost as peacefully as possible."

"I won't be obstinate, captain," said Mabel, rising with a smile. Indeed, the captain spoke with a mingling of fatherly kindness and authority, which it was not easy to resist.

"Good night, and good rest to ye. Ye'll

awake in the Emerald Isle. I expect we'll be in, about seven to-morrow morning."

A loud grating and clanking of chains, the heavy tread of feet, and a confused noise of many voices, roused Mabel from a dreamless sleep, and she listened to dress and go on deck. They were in Kingston harbour, lying close alongside the quay, and the sun was shining brightly on the dancing waters. Many times afterwards Mabel looked at and admired the beauties of that beautiful Bay of Dublin, but now she scarcely saw or observed them, so anxiously were her eyes employed in scanning the faces on the quay above the vessel. Porters and carmen were shouting and gesticulating with wonderful vehemence, all talking together, and at the full pitch of their lungs; leaning over the iron railing were two or three gentlemen, but Mabel could not fancy any of those to be her cousin. She was beginning to fear that he had not yet arrived to meet her, when she heard Captain Duff's voice behind her, saying: "Here she is; this is the young leddy;" and, turning round, encountered the inquiring gaze of two round merry blue eyes belonging to a young man dressed in a loose coat and slouched hat, and with the ends of his neckerchief fluttering in the morning breeze. Mabel looked at him doubtfully for a second, and then inquired: "Are you Jack?"

"Of course I am Jack," replied the young man, seizing her hand and shaking it heartily. "I am Jack; but are you Mabel? That's the question. Gracious, how you've grown! How glad I am to see you! How are you? Won't mother be delighted! Come along! Where are your boxes? That black one, and the little canvas-covered one? All right. You've got no hand-boxes, and that's a blessing! Wait here one instant, and I'll get a porter directly. Now then! Come along! The railway takes us into Dublin, not two minutes' drive from where we live."

Mabel, pausing a moment to say good-bye to Captain Duff, and thank him for his kindness, was surprised to see Jack interchange cordial greetings with the old Scotchman.

"Oh, ay," said the latter to Mabel, "Mr. Walton and I are auld acquaintance. I'm quite comfortable about ye, now I know whose care ye're consigned to. Make my best respects to your mother, Walton. She's a fine person; a very fine person." Which eulogium in the captain's mouth meant something very different from the interpretation most English people would put upon it.

Mabel was hurried by her cousin into a railway carriage, and soon rattled into a dingy station. Then she confusedly descended several stone steps to the street, was placed on one side of an outside car, balanced by Jack on the other side, and her trunks in the middle; and after a short rapid drive, was deposited at the door of a small neat house in a widestraggling half-built square, and found herself in a cheerful room with breakfast spread, a bright tea-kettle singing on the hob, and, amidst a chorus of "Here she is!" "Here's Mabel," "Darling child," "Welcome, welcome!" was clasped in the arms of Aunt Mary.

END OF BOOK II.

## MARTIN GUERRE.

IN the little town of Artigues, in the district of Rieux, there lived, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a young couple, about whom the neighbours whispered most wonderful stories. Bertrande Rols, a girl of great beauty, had been married at the early age of a little over ten years (as was customary in those parts), to Martin Guerre, who was not much older. No children resulted from the marriage for some years, and it was universally believed that the young people had been bewitched. Their friends and relations advised all sorts of things to deliver them from the charm under which they were supposed to be suffering. But, in despite of consecrated cakes, masses, and holy waters, held and given by the priests of the district, the enchantment continued. Bertrande's relations and friends strongly advised her to sue for a

divorce, as to marry some one else. But the young wife was as virtuous as she was beautiful, was devotedly attached to her husband, and would not hear of a separation. At last, after eight or nine years, when the young couple were about twenty, Bertrande gave birth to a boy, who was christened Sanxi. Shortly after the birth of the child, Martin Guerre was induced to misappropriate some corn belonging to his father, who though of Biscayan origin, farmed lands in Artigues. The robbery was discovered, and Martin, fearing his father's anger, left the place. No one, not even his wife, could find out whether he had gone. For eight years, no tidings were heard of him. Meantime, his father died, apparently without any ill feeling against his absent son, for he did not disinherit him. Peter Guerre, brother of the deceased, managed the property left to Martin, and drew the rents.

Bertrande during these eight years lived in strict retirement. Suddenly the news was spread that Martin Guerre had returned. The fact was not to be denied. One day Martin, who was certainly somewhat changed during the eight years he had been absent, appeared by the side of his delighted wife, and was warmly welcomed by the neighbours; they all recognised him by his features and stature. He gossiped about old times, on adventures which had befallen himself, and on many of his old froaks when a boy. Martin Guerre's four sisters hailed him as their brother, and Uncle Peter acknowledged him to be his nephew. He took possession of Bertrande's house, where he installed himself as Bertrande's husband. Two children were born to them, one of whom died an infant.

Who could entertain a doubt that the new comer was the real Martin Guerre? Yet a most extraordinary report was spread in Artigues. A soldier from Rochefort, who by chance visited Artigues, publicly declared that the real Martin Guerre, with whom he was well acquainted, was in Flanders; at St. Laurent he had lost a leg by a cannon-ball, and had a wooden one; consequently the man with two sound legs must be an impostor. Yet who had the right, on the simple word of an unknown soldier, to question the identity of a man whom both wife and relations had acknowledged? This stroller might have an ulterior object in view, in spreading such a report, and his statements must be fabulous. For, if Martin Guerre were elsewhere, why did he not claim his inheritance? Some sensation was, however, created when it was found that Bertrande had sent for a solicitor to take down the soldier's statement.

Another circumstance shortly afterwards attracted the attention of the neighbours to the Guerre family. Between Uncle Peter and his nephew there were violent disputes. It is true, Uncle Peter had handed over his nephew's property to him, but he postponed from day to day the rendering an account of his trusteeship. Martin pressed him hard, he brought an action against him, and they became inveterate enemies. The uncle was even accused of having attempted Martin's life, in a fit of anger one day he knocked him down, and was about to hit him with an iron bar, when Bertrande rushed forward and preserved her husband. Peter now thought only of revenge.

A dispute with one Jean of Escarboeuf led to Martin's imprisonment. The uncle took advantage of the opportunity to endeavour to persuade Bertrande to leave her husband. He said he was an impostor, whom she ought to turn out of doors, he even threatened to have them both turned out of house and home, if she lived with him any longer. But the wife was not to be intimidated, and firmly declared that no one could know her husband better than herself. If he were not her husband, he was the devil in her husband's skin. The exasperated uncle had no better success with the other relations. Jean Loze, a man of considerable property, and consul at Palhos—to whom Peter applied for a loan of money to institute proceedings against the presumed impostor—declared that he recognised Martin, and declined to advance any money to do him harm, if he did advance

money, it would be to defend him against his calumniators.

The uncle's attempts seemed to have failed completely, and Martin having been released from his short incarceration, was received back with open arms by his wife. To the astonishment of every one, on the following morning Martin was forcibly taken from his house by the uncle and his four sons-in-law, all armed, and was lodged in the prison at Rieux. The report accredited was, that this was done at the request of Bertrande herself, who had at last found out that her supposed husband was an impostor.

Respecting Bertrande's own feelings and belief, the greatest uncertainty prevailed. She now seemed tortured with doubt about Martin's identity, but more inclined towards him than otherwise. She had given her uncle the authority to take the step he had taken, but probably in consequence of his threats of what he would do if she refused; for, scarcely had Martin been lodged in prison, when she sent him clothes, clean linen, and money.

This extraordinary trial came off before the Court of Justice at Rieux.

The plaintiffs pleaded that the accused was not the missing Martin Guerre, but was a certain Arnold Tillh, commonly called Pansette, born at Sagias. They denounced him as an impostor, amenable to all the rigours of the law.

Martin's defence was simple and natural. Having left his father's house in consequence of having offended him, he had wandered about from place to place; and he mentioned by name many persons in whose society he had been. He had enlisted, and served in the French army nearly eight years; had then deserted to Spain; and, having heard that he could return home without danger, had done so. On reaching Artigues, he was immediately recognised by the inhabitants, who, with rejoicings, accompanied him to his wife's house. His wife had received him without the slightest doubt or hesitation. His relations and friends, including his four sisters, threw themselves into his arms, and embraced him with tears, before he had narrated his adventures. If his wife now, apparently, was among his accusers, after living three years with him without the slightest compunction, it was clear that this could not be an act of her own free will, but must be the result of threats and intimidations on the part of the uncle and his partisans. The motives were revenge and self-interest. The well-known violent disputes between him and his wicked relative offered him the best means of defence. He therefore prayed that Bertrande should be released from the power exercised over her by her uncle; and that, to shield her against his malicious influence, she should be placed under the care of some disinterested persons. This was granted. A species of clerical edict was issued, threatening excommunication against all persons cognisant of the affair who did not come forward and tell the truth.

Every investigation made by the authorities tended to corroborate the statements of the accused as to the towns he had visited and the persons he had mixed with. In cross-examination, his replies were quite satisfactory. He talked without any hesitation of his native place, his father, his mother, his marriage, the priest who married him to Bertrande; he even remembered how some of the guests at the marriage were dressed. On the marriage night, some of the young men of the place had given a serenade. He mentioned their names.

Bertrand corroborated every circumstance. There was only one important point upon which Martin had been silent—the story that they were bewitched. On being pressed, Martin related every circumstance connected with that rumour, almost in the very words in which Bertrande had already stated them on paper.

No less than one hundred and fifty witnesses were examined as to whether they recognised the accused as Martin Guerre, or Arnold Tillh.

Sixty of these witnesses declared that the resemblance between the two men was so extraordinary, that they could not make a solemn declaration either way. Thirty or forty declared

that they unhesitatingly believed the accused to be Martin Guerre, whom they had known from his boyhood. They recognised him by certain marks upon his person, as well as by his face and figure. Fifty witnesses declared that the accused was Arnold Tillh, of Sagias, whom they had known from a child!

Martin's son, young Sanxi, was confronted with the accused; there was no resemblance between them. On the other hand, the four sisters Guerre were as like as one egg is to another.

The judges of Rieux pronounced that the accused was convicted of imposture; and sentenced him to be executed and quartered. The accused appealed to a higher tribunal, and the High Court of Justice of Toulouse ordered a new trial.

Investigations were now set on foot respecting Bertrande's character, with a view to induce her to make a full declaration of everything within her knowledge. They were all in her favour. Every witness bore testimony to her high moral character and virtuous conduct. It seemed impossible that so innocent a woman could have lived for three years with a man as his wife, unless she was firmly convinced that he was her husband. For eight years, in the full bloom of youth or beauty, she had patiently waited, had declined every inducement to sever the already half-broken band of matrimony and contract a second marriage, had remained faithful to her absent husband. On being confronted with the accused, she became confused. In a cheerful voice he asked her to tell the whole truth, she must swear whether he was or was not her real husband; if she denied him, life had no longer any charm for him.

Bertrande could only reply that she could not swear it.

The view taken by the new judge of this reply was favourable to the accused. Bertrande had been so importuned and frightened that she had reluctantly given her adhesion to the accusation of her uncle; she had committed an error from fear and weakness; and now, fear of punishment prevented her from retracting. Moreover, the open countenance of the accused, and his calm and collected replies when confronted with Bertrande and the uncle—who trembled and were greatly discomposed—had a powerful effect upon the jury, who fancied they saw evidences of falsehood in the demeanour of Peter Guerre.

Thirty witnesses were again examined. Some swore to the identity of Martin Guerre, others to the identity of Arnold Tillh.

According to the depositions of all who had known this Arnold Tillh, he was a wild young fellow, a gambler, a blasphemer, thief, and clever swindler. Witnesses beyond suspicion, owned that the resemblance between him and Martin Guerre was extraordinary, and that a casual observer could not distinguish one from the other. Martin Guerre was, however, somewhat taller and darker, and had a stooping gait. Arnold Tillh was of stronger build, and held his head upright. The latter description was in keeping with the personal appearance of the accused at the bar. But he also had, as advanced by Martin's witness, the mark of a swelling on his face, and a scar over the right eyebrow. The evidence as to these marks was, however, contradictory. Some said the left eyebrow, others declared that the mark on Martin's face was larger, some that it was less. No two witnesses could agree. Among the accusations brought against the prisoner was one of witchcraft; and the High Court of Toulouse, and its Councillor Coras who belonged to the Reformed Church, laid stress upon it. By the black art the accused had acquired the knowledge of every circumstance connected with Martin Guerre's history.

Bertrande was not for a moment suspected of complicity with the imposition, or of having been bewitched by him. Her conduct throughout proved that she was an amiable timid woman, incapable of forming any strong resolution to do harm to any one. It was considered that it required an immense effort on the part of a virtuous woman to declare publicly that

she had mistaken her husband's identity; such a declaration would imply the illegitimacy of her children. This was taken as an explanation of her half retraction and anxiety. Among the witnesses who solemnly declared the accused to be Arnold Tillh, some had had dealings with him, or had acted as witnesses to transactions with him. They showed documents bearing his signature, but these were no proofs against a man who disowned them. On the other hand, an innkeeper of a town in the vicinity deposed that, under the seal of confidence, the prisoner had confessed to him that he was Arnold Tillh, but that Martin Guerre had made him his heir. Two other witnesses stated that when they wished to speak to him he had made them a sign to be silent, and that one of them had received a present from him. It was further stated that Martin Guerre was a good swordsman and wrestler, and that the accused was not. Martin Guerre was originally from Biscaya. The accused was ignorant of the Basque dialect, except a few words which he occasionally introduced into his conversation. The shoemaker formerly employed by Martin Guerre swore that the number of his last was 12, while that of the prisoner was 9, and that within his whole experience he had never known the feet of a healthy grown-up man to increase in size. An uncle of Tillh by the maternal side, at once recognised the accused as his nephew. He burst into tears when he saw his nephew in chains. The judges attached great weight to this involuntary confession. Had there been no counter-witnesses, these positive declarations might have been conclusive against the accused. But the witnesses in his favour remained unshaken; they again and again declared that he was Martin Guerre. What gave more importance to their declarations was, that they had known Martin Guerre since he was a child, whilst the former witnesses had simply had dealings with him. As to what had become of Arnold Tillh, no trace could be found. The four chief witnesses for the accused had at once recognised him as their brother. No cross-examination could shake their belief. Could it be supposed that all four were deceived by a resemblance? If it had even been so at first, the present trial must have drawn all their attention to the man anew. Should even sisterly affection have deceived them, was it likely that the husbands of two of them should be equally deceived? They also recognised the accused as their brother-in-law.

Uncle Peter Guerre, the chief accuser, was unwittingly an indirect witness in favour of the prisoner. He himself had at once recognised him as his nephew, had handed him over his inheritance without hesitation, and it was only when a dispute about the trusteeship arose that he challenged his identity. It was presumed that, from revenge, he had got up several plots against Martin. Were not, then, his motives to ruin him, self-evident? Bertrande's whole conduct was surely in the prisoner's favour. On his return he addressed all his former friends by their christian names. Was it possible for the most skillful impostor not to have betrayed himself? What study such an impostor must have previously undergone! And who could have helped him? If not Bertrande—who was above all suspicion—it could only have been Martin Guerre. The number of years of absence explained a certain change of aspect. The boy had filled out, had become stouter, had served in the army, drill had made him more erect, he had grown a beard, and it made some alteration in his face. Martin Guerre had, firstly, two double teeth in the upper jaw; secondly, a scar on the forehead; thirdly, a misshapen nail on the forefinger of his right hand; fourthly, three warts on the same hand, and one on the little finger; fifthly, a mole over the left eye. All these marks were on the accused. That the boy Sanxi should not resemble him, was of no account; taking into consideration the striking resemblance to the four sisters. That he did not understand the Basque dialect, proved nothing. He was only two years old when he left that district, and no one could prove that he spoke the dialect in the days before his flight. Even Arnold Tillh's disreputable character was in

favour of the accused. During the three years he had lived with Bertrando, he had appreciated the love of an amiable woman, and had given her no cause for complaint. Was it possible that the natural inclinations of a desperate man could be so suddenly changed?

The judges were in the greatest perplexity. A favourable verdict was expected. A contrary verdict would involve the destruction of a happy home, and the illegitimacy of a child.

But now, a new witness suddenly made his appearance—a far more important witness than any of the others, a witness against the accused, and at the same time an accuser—a man with a wooden leg, calling himself Martin Guerre the real, the only Martin Guerre of Artigues, the husband of Bertrando of Rols.

The first-suspected-to-be-false Martin Guerre had already given the judges so much trouble and anxiety, that they received the second pretender with extreme disgust, and ordered him to be arrested. The suspicion against him was in some measure justified. The declaration of the soldier, and the step taken by Bertrando, had become public. According to the soldier's statement, the real Martin Guerre had a wooden leg. Not a bad inducement to an adventurer with a wooden leg, to try for the disputed place, in which another had already succeeded so well. It was even assumed that Uncle Peter might have set up this new Martin Guerre. Moreover, the wooden-legged man, instead of going first to the town, had presented himself at once in court, with a document in his hand, in which he set forth all his civil claims, and demanded his restitution in his former position and in all his rights. This smacked of a conspiracy to entangle the case still more. The replies of the wooden-legged man did not weaken the suspicions against him. They were, certainly, precise and minute; and they agreed exactly with what the first claimant had declared.

Before the witnesses were called, the two Martins Guerre were confronted. The first did not for a moment lose his presence of mind. He maintained that the new claimant was an impostor suborned by his supposed uncle, and that he knew nothing at all about him. With the confidence of a man conscious of being in the right, he declared that he was ready to suffer the most ignominious death, if he did not succeed in convincing the judges of the conspiracy against him. A violent altercation ensued between the two. Though the wooden-legged man was never in want of a reply, he at times lost his presence of mind and firmness, whereas the other remained perfectly calm and collected. New witnesses were sought out. Arnold Tilh had brothers. They were cited to appear; but neither promises nor threats could induce them to do so. The judges did not press them further, as the life of a brother might be at stake.

The next step was to confront the new comer with the Guerre family. The elder sister was admitted first. She looked for some time steadily at the new comer. She then threw herself on his breast, sobbing, and kissed him; called him by his name, and entreated his forgiveness. She had been deceived. Her brother was equally moved, kissed her, and forgave her. A similar scene occurred with the three other sisters. The witnesses gradually agreed that their judgment had been misled, and that this was the real Martin Guerre. All that now remained, was to confront Bertrando with the new claimant. She stopped at the threshold as soon as she saw the unexpected man, and evinced sudden and powerful emotion. She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, stretched out her arms, and, sobbing loudly, she begged his forgiveness. He was her lost husband, the real Martin Guerre. No more evidence was required. The mystery was held to be solved. Even the impostor saw that the game was up, and without being put to the torture, made full confession of his guilt.

On the 12th of September, 1560, the High Court of Toulouse passed sentence on Arnold Tilh. The sentence of the court of Rieux was quashed, as execution with the sword had been decreed: which was not adjudged to low criminals. Arnold Tilh was sentenced, because he

had assumed the name, rank, and person, of Martin Guerre, claimed his wife, appropriated and spent her property, and contaminated her marriage, to go on his knees from the church door of Artigues, in his shirt, with uncovered head and bare feet, a rope round his neck, and a burning taper in his hand, asking pardon of God, the king, the authorities, Martin Guerre, and Bertrando of Rols, then to be led through all the streets of the town, and finally to be hanged and strangled in front of Martin Guerre's house, and his body then to be publicly burnt. The sentence was carried out on the 16th of September. Under the gallows erected in front of Martin Guerre's house Arnold Tilh implored the forgiveness of Martin and of his wife.

According to Arnold Tilh's statement made before his death, he and Martin Guerre had served together in the army, sharing the same tent. Martin had repeatedly related all his affairs to him, and every circumstance connected with his parents, his home, his wife, his friends, his flight; in a drunken fit he had even told him the various circumstances of his marriage. On his return home, Tilh had been repeatedly addressed as Martin Guerre. He had at first treated it as a joke, but afterwards resolved to turn it to account. He made a study of it, and, thus prepared, came to Artigues.

It is pretty obvious that this sharp impostor must have been greatly assisted by the dulness of his dupes. Nor is it reasonably to be doubted that they themselves originated the remembrance of an immense number of small circumstances, which remembrance they afterwards ascribed to him, and he readily appropriated. It does not appear that, when he began to be seriously mistrusted, any of the hesitating people about him tried him with a few pretended recollections of occurrences that had never happened. The neglect of so simple an expedient is expressive of the general level of acuteness at Artigues in those days. The case is so famous that we present it from the original records; but it appears to us to be far more remarkable for the simplicity of the believers, and for the extraordinary personal resemblance (*in details*) between the real man and the false, than for any extraordinary ability on the part of the latter. If the latter had been a man with a most wonderful memory—as he must have been if his last statement were the whole truth—he would surely at one time or other, have given some previous proof of it; but no such proof is forthcoming against him, though the prosecution inquires closely into his former character. One would say, too, that a man with a most wonderful memory would have picked up for so special a purpose more than “a few words” of the Basque dialect.

On the whole, we take the main interest of this well-known case to lie in its being a leading example of the extent to which the believers in a deception become its innocent accomplices. Two or three London seasons ago, we heard much—greatly too much—of the praises of a certain male “Medium” who raised Spirits at so much a sitting. Under a modest incognito, we obtained an appointment from this gentleman, on payment of certain guineas; and then repaired to M. Ronin, the excellent conjuror at that time at the Egyptian Hall, and begged the favour of his accompanying us to the other world. “Willingly,” said M. Robin. “But observe. I know my art and I know what this man can do. He can do nothing unless you help him. His visitors really do his tricks, not he. No plan or test is necessary. Tell him not a word, make no gesture of assent or dissent, guide him by no expression of face, and he will do absolutely, nothing.” The visit was made, and he did nothing. In offering a sort of forlorn apology for his dismal failure when we took the liberty of remarking on it at the close of the proceedings, said the discomfited Medium, indicating M. Robin who had sat on his right hand; “But at least the Spirits did spell the name of Valentine, which was written by this gentleman.”—“Ah!” said M. Robin, checking him with the politest little action of the hand in the world. “O yes. Permit me. Bah! Else why did I sit so close to you, and let you of a purpose look over my shoulder, you know!”

## THE SKYE FERRY-BOAT.

A STORY OF SECOND SIGHT.

THE Hebrideans, in 1773, were somewhat given to superstitions, as most Highlanders are. They had their legends, their banshees, their second-sight experiences, in which it would be disloyalty to their Celtic origin to disbelieve so long as the fairy-flag is possessed by the owner of Dunvegan Perchance when it has done its duty for the last time, and Titania shall reclaim her gift, then may the belief in fairies, charms, and omens vanish with it from the shores of Skye. But now the north wind blows athwart Loch Shant, and ruffles the waters of Snizort and Bracadale; and the lone shepherd, watching his flocks upon the heather-grown hillsides, fancies that spirits are crooning a wild lament over other days, or are bearing a message from other spirits pent up in blocks of northern ice to their freer brethren amongst the snow-capped mountains of Skye.

But the wind was not sighing now: it had brought fair weather with it out of the north, as in the times of Job; so perhaps the spirits were not so restless in their captivity as usual, and the clouds did not weep for them, though there were a few still floating in the evening heavens. It was a glorious sunset; and the sun burst through the soft grey fleeces in floods of light, painting the nearer ones with gorgeous colours, and streaking the horizon with broad golden bars that were reflected in the smooth waters below, forming so brilliant a background that the bold coast was sent into darkness, and the ferry-boat seemed to glide like a dark spectre over a fairy sea of glass.

Two girls were watching the boat as it made its way towards the landing-place. They were dressed in the ordinary costume of the Skye peasants, and their scarlet plaids, which anywhere else might have seemed out of keeping in the summer weather, here blended harmoniously with the scene around. They were tall, fair-haired lasses, bearing a sufficient resemblance to one another to be sisters. But they were only sisters' children; and the orphan Christy found a home at the house of her uncle, Farmer McCrumme.

“What is the matter, Christy?” asked her cousin, as Christy suddenly rose to her full height, and shading her eyes with one hand, stretched out the other towards the boat that was slowly approaching.

“D’ye see that lassie with the plaid wrapped round her, looking this way?” said Christy. “It’s just my own face looking at me from the glass,” and she shuddered.

“Nonsense, Christy, there’s no plaided lassie on board; your eyes are strained looking for Donald.”

(I give the conversation in my own vernacular.)

“No lassie, Jessie?” answered her cousin, her voice sinking almost to a whisper; “no lassie? I tell you there is one standing close by Donald; and it’s myself, Jessie, myself! Oh! but there is trouble in store.”

Jessie drew nearer to her cousin: she was not above the superstitions of the island; she had heard of numerous instances of second sight, and she well knew that it foreboded trouble, if not death.

“D’ye see her now, Christy?” she asked in a scarcely audible voice, as she hid her face on her cousin’s shoulder.

“Not now,” returned Christy, solemnly. “She’s gone, and Donald sees us and is waving his hand. There’s nothing wrong with him. Perhaps my eyes were dazed, dear. And there’s some one by his side, a man with light hair, and yet the face was sorely like mine.”

Jessie looked up half relieved.

“I told you it was but a fancy, Christy.”

“Maybe,” replied Christy, musingly. “I’ll try to put it out of my head; but if there had been no one with Donald, I should have been tempted to say—”

“Hush! hush! Christy. Don’t say it; don’t think about it. See, they’ll be ashore in a few

minutes," and Jessie became absorbed in watching the boat land its passengers.

Donald McCrume was one of the first to step ashore, and, followed by the light-haired stranger, made his way to the spot where the two girls were standing.

After the greetings were over, Donald introduced his new friend as Mr. Evanson, a young gentleman from the south, whom he had met with at Glenelg, and who wanted to have a fortnight's shooting and fishing in Skye.

"I told him I was sure my father would give him a lodging," he continued, turning to Jessie, "for there are few inns convenient, and there's room and to spare at Glenecraige."

"And a welcome for all," added Christy, for Jessie was too bewildered to make any reply. She was occupied in wondering what could possibly have induced Donald to invite Mr. Evanson, what could have induced Mr. Evanson to accept her brother's invitation, for Mr. Evanson was a gentleman, and they were but farming people.

However, before many hours had passed away, she, and all in the old farm-house, felt as much at ease with the stranger, as if they had known him for years, and as if he were no more of a gentleman than the Skye-farmer, who ploughed his own fields, sowed his own barley, made his own candles, spun his own cloth, and, in fact, carried on multitudinous household trades beneath his roof.

Perhaps the secret lay in Allan Evanson's being truly a gentleman, and recognising in the unpretending Skye farmer and his family, that inborn element of true nobility which alone places men on a level one with another,—that produces a sort of freemasonry, binding together the better part of mankind, and causing the high-born noble to appreciate one of nature's gentlemen in the lowest peasant. The only equality there can ever be upon earth, the equality of soul with soul, born of that innate self-respect which commands respect from those around to the man, as a man, and not as the mere creature of circumstances, whom the accident of birth, or the skill of his tailor, sends forth, to shine with equivocal lustre in the world. For "gentlemen," (I use the term technically,) like heroes, depend a good deal upon their surroundings, often reminding one of the quaint words of the old northern "songsmith":—

I hung my garments  
On the two wooden men,  
Who stand on the wall.  
Heroes they seemed to be  
When they were clothed  
The unclad are despised.

Robin McCrume, the father of Donald, was a steady, industrious, intelligent man, who had given his son the best education in his power, though it was necessarily a limited one. And Donald, in common with his father, possessed a love for the poetic legends and ballads that fell to the share of his native island; which taste further softened and refined his nature, and caused him to appreciate the higher endowments of the young Oxonian, whom he had met with at Glenelg. There was a slight touch of envy mixed with the eagerness with which he listened to his conversation, as he noticed how eagerly Christy listened too, and how her eyes glistened, when, in return for an old Skye song, Allan would recite passages, or even whole poems, of Tennyson,—for Allan was a Tennyson-worshipper, and knew page after page of his writings by heart. In fact a change had come over Christy; a cloud had gathered between her and Donald, and it seemed to him that the love he had been cherishing in his heart for so long, and which he had hitherto hoped was, in some measure, reciprocated, would have to remain for ever unspoken. Allan's fortnight, expanded to a month, and still he lingered on. The time passed pleasantly—the shooting and fishing surpassed his expectations, the mountainous country, the silent lochs, the hillsides dotted with sheep, the mossy pasture-lands, the sense of being in some degree separated from the great world, of being in a remote region, had a touch of Cathay about it, which, despite the depreciation of his favourite author, was not altogether distasteful to him. But then this

Cathay was not ungenial to his tastes; and he had found a princess, who, somehow, appeared to have been planted in the wrong place, and yet whether she would have appeared as much of a princess any where else was doubtful. There was a natural grace and freshness about Christy that was lacking in the stereotyped girls he had been flirting with at the Commemoration. True, Christy was no prettier, and she was clad in homespun, whilst the others were attired in sweeping silks, and delicate laces, and soft floating gauzes, and yet they seemed but as the dressed-up wooden images of the "Håvamål" in comparison with the unsophisticated Skye maiden.

But it had never entered into Allan's mind, to ask himself whether the Princess would bear transplanting; he was at present in a state of unconscious appreciation of the pleasure of being listened to by an intelligent and admiring listener, and of seeing every emotion and expression of the poetry he quoted reflected in Christy's face. He was unaware that he had a rival, who was watching him with the keen eye of jealousy, and was quite at a loss to interpret the moodiness that was stealing over the young farmer, and making him a less cheerful companion than he had been at the commencement of their acquaintance.

Jessie, with a woman's instinct, read her brother's feelings aright, and she read Christy's heart also; and with a shudder recalled the evening of Allan Evanson's arrival, and her own terror at Christy's words. She tried not to think of it, but in vain; the ferry-boat looking like a spectre-bark against the glowing sunset, and her cousin's voice and look haunted her.

"And yet she said 'there's nothing wrong with him,'" murmured Jessie, to herself; "but ah how could she tell where the blight was to fall? I wish we had never gone down to the water's edge that evening." And then all the old stories of second sight that she had heard from childhood came crowding into her mind, and she watched and watched in her turn, and she became almost as silent as Donald.

Allan was the only one who experienced no change; he was as gay and pleasant as ever, and told his stories and recited his favourite passages, whilst the island princess listened and lost her heart, thinking that she was only learning the sweet words of an English poet, and drinking deep of the fountain of knowledge that had suddenly sprung up within her reach.

And so the days sped on until the last day that Allan should spend in Skye arrived, and then Christy woke up from her dream and knew the reality, and saw the hopelessness of the love to which she had been so blind. She did not deceive herself, she knew that Allan Evanson guessed not her secret, and that his feelings went no deeper than a mere passing interest, she felt (for her perceptions were sharpened and had made rapid strides during the last few weeks) that the barrier placed by society between his class and hers had, all unknown to himself, protected him from any other sentiment than that of appreciation of an unexpectedly intelligent companion. For Allan Evanson was young, and full of the buoyancy of youth and happiness; the world was before him, it was too early for him to sit down and count costs, or to look very far beyond the present moment. He had formed no plans, he had no definite aims and objects in life. Had he been an older man, it might have been different; as it was, he simply regarded Christy as one of the most delightful and freshest girls he had met with, and with whom he had spent many a happy hour that in years to come he should always look back upon with pleasure.

He took leave of the family at Glenecraige with the warmest protestations of continued friendship, and the warmest thanks for their hospitality. He promised to send Christy a copy of Tennyson's poems, and went away, promising one day to see them all again. And as the ferry-boat bore him from the island, he waved his adieux with a merry smile and a cheerful heart, all unwitting of the weight of sorrow he was leaving behind.

And Christy after her waking up, fell again into a dream, and went about her work mechanically, yet with a steady determination that bore her through it and half made Jessie believe that Tennyson and Allan Evanson were hiding from her mind.

And Christy tried to drive away the memory of the past, to quench her love through pride, through shame, but in vain; a revelation of light had been vouchsafed to her, and she could not forget it in the darkness that succeeded.

And none but Donald guessed the struggle that was going on, but he, from knowledge of his own heart, read hers quite clearly, and when her cheeks were dyed with a deeper hue, and her eyes sparkled with unwonted lustre, he gave credit to no bright flush of health as the cause, and mourned the day that he had met with Allan Evanson at Glenelg. He did not look upon him in the light of a rival now, and as he gazed upon Christy he would have been content to have had him for one, if so she might have been spared the conflict that she was enduring.

He spoke no word of love to Christy, but he was very thoughtful for her, and anticipated unobtrusively her every wish, and a sort of sympathy sprang up between them; but Donald knew too well it was not love.

They had strolled down to the shore one calm still afternoon early in December. The day was wonderfully fine for the time of year, and the sun was setting in stately magnificence. The sky was cloudless, and the faint blue shaded into soft saffron, which lost itself in a rosy hue that deepened into crimson behind the purple hills. A few fishing boats moved slowly over the sea. Suddenly Christy grasped Donald's arm—

"The ferry-boat!"

"Where?" asked Donald, as his eye swept the expanse of waters, but could not perceive it.

"There! there!" said Christy, "it's making for the shore, and I'm on board, Donald—it's myself this time, it's myself: Jessie would believe me if she were here. Can't you see? There! there!" and she pointed to a blank space on the water.

"There is no boat, Christy," answered Donald, looking down anxiously at Christy, who was clinging to his arm for support. "There's no boat, Christy. Oh, Christy, my darling, you are ill." And Donald gently placed her on the ground, and kneeling beside her, raised her drooping head.

Slowly she opened her eyes, and once more looked in the direction to which she had pointed.

"It's gone now," she said, with a gasp; "but I saw it quite plainly, and I was on board in a long white dress, and I was smiling as I have not smiled for many a day. I looked so happy, Donald, quite happy. I am happy now, Donald," she continued, lifting up her head and looking at him. "You must not grieve for me. I've known it for a long time—ever since Jessie and I came down to meet the boat that evening. It was the first warning, and now the time has come. And we shall be parted, but not for ever, we shall all meet again, Donald, in a land where there will be no more sorrow—no more sorrow and no more tears. I'm tired now, take me home," she added, faintly, "take me home."

And the strong man took her in his arms and carried her as though she were a little child, back to Glenecraige.

She rallied once, and took leave of them all, and then she lay quite passive, with her eyes closed, still clasping Donald's hand as though she could not let him leave her.

And he sat watching the life ebbing away. Fainter and fainter came the breath, when suddenly she opened her eyes and gazed wistfully upon him, and her lips moved, he stooped down to catch the words, that came so indistinctly:—

"Donald, keep my secrets!" And the eyes looked wistfully into his.

"For ever and for ever," answered Donald. A smile stole over her features, her fingers loosed their hold, one gentle sigh, and death had gained another victory over the children of earth.

## STALKED BY A LION.

"The other night," said I to Frazer, "you spoke of a puma following your trail for two or three days. If the story is not 'Sabbath gas,' I should like to hear it, for, though they tell a similar tale of lions in Africa, the fact has always seemed doubtful to me."

"I've piped off Sabbath gas in my time, I don't deny, but under the woods we mostly tell truth. Them stories you may swear upon; I've been t'acked myself, an' so has Pike County. He's just a hairy devil, yer puma, playful, an' cowardly, an' cruel, like some women as one sees. Bring him up from a kitten, tame him as thoroughly as you will, stuff his skin till he nigh explodes, an' still you can't trust a child within his sight, nor turn yer back upon him safely."

"The ugliest skrimmy I ever had with lions\* was down the Serebpiqui, after that eternal raid of Schlesinger's upon Costa Rica. We didn't travel far, sir, as you know, for the Greasers gave us the durnedest whipping at Santa Rosa that ever I had since my old grandmother deceased. How they did it, or what was the sign that scared us, no one could plan out, an' I believe—ay, by the Eternal, I believe—some of our boys was witch-ed! It was a right-down whipping, anyway! There was a couple of hundred of us in the corral (cattle-yard)—every man ready an' drougthy to face ten Greasers, bragging all his pile upon the trick: there was nary one among them boys but had been suckled on a six-shooter, an' vaccinated with a bowie; but we ran, sir, every man of us, before a hundred an' eighty Greasers. We did so! The yell-faced cusses was heard in the bush five minutes before they broke out, an', as far as I could see, every man of us was at his post. Naow, it's no good blowing, Beasley! we were fairly whipped, an' you an' I ran with the rest; so what's the use of gas? I say we were mostly all at our places by the palisade before they charged across the open. My man fell clean an' pretty, with the bullet fair between his eyes, where a ranger's bullet should be; an' then, before the smoke had cleared away, they were over the fence, an' swarming down among us. Twenty of us rangers would have mused—ay, an' had done an' did after—the whole durned drive of 'em; but—but, cuss it, we ran like sheep! Who led the way, I don't know; they said Schiesinger, but I didn't see him. I only tell there wasn't twenty of us killed, no, nor yet disabled, when we cleared out. Eh! one feels mad yet, a-thinking of that day. Us—the pick o' Walker's army, Wester-ny men two out of three on us—to stampeede before a drive of Greasers! I see men cry that day as hadn't since they wore out their cradles! We had our turn with the Costa Rican cusses many a time after that, but there's never a man with us can think of Santa Rosa without feeling wolfish. Ay! an' that were Walker's first check, too! If we'd taken Cartago or San José, he might have been President of Central America now, maybe; an' Beasley an' I been high-Greaser generals, with fifty dollars pay per annum, finding our own gold buttons."

"But, man," I said, "San José has seven thousand inhabitants, and Cartago has twelve thousand, and the two cities are not fifteen miles apart. Were you going to attack these mountains with two hundred men?"

"Guess we were!" returned Frazer composedly; "leastwise, so we thought in the army, an' I never heard that Schlesinger's instructions was different. But you see a hundred an' eighty Greasers was enough to turn us about an' send us into the woods with the loss of all our plunder. Yet you know how they stood against us at Rivas an' Granada, an' I guess we'd 'a stepped out just as free for San José—eh, Beasley?"

"Guess we would so, boss! But Santa Rosa took all the stiffening out of my neckcloth. Lo'! O lo'! a hundred and eighty Greasers!"

"Wal, some of us surrendered on good terms,

an' some made straight tracks for the San Carlos, an' some kept down the river. Jem, there, was one of those that made for San Carlos, an' a queer story he'll tell you of his voyage, if you can squeeze it out of his modesty some night. As to whether it's true, I don't give no opinion, but it kinder does one's ears good to hear."

"Why, did yer fall in with the Guatusos, Pike?" asked Vansten laughing.

"That's just what he did," said Frazer solemnly. "An' stranger things than Guatusos there is in that wild Frio country."

"There was five or six of us started together down the river-bank, walking through the shallows, an' cutting our way where the water was too deep. Now, I guess I've seen the tropics mostly everywhere. I've travelled through the East Indies an' never yet did I sot eyes on such a forest as stands round the head-waters of the Serebpiqui. The only place that can hold agin it for beauty is Ceylon, an' one an' t'other should be put under glass, an' kept for sinful folks to stare at. There's no such trees here as on them hills, an' no such ferns, nor lianas, nor flowers. Where we struck it first on our retreat, the Serebpiqui is a little tumbling brook, all full of purple stones, an' fringed with great leaves an' fern. The water leaps an' foams through the bamboo thickets an' the valleys, so that its spray always hangs above it like the spray of breakers on a sand-bar. Overhead, the forest palms join their shining tops; an' big tree-ferns, crowding to the brink, shake feathery heads all day long to the quick beat of the water. The shallow banks are thick with flowers, the wet moss sparkles like jewels, scrub-palms an' climbing vines cover the rocks like a hanging carpet. There's the greatest variety of painted leaves there that I ever see, much greater than in Borneo, where they do good trade in such plants. I tell you, sir, the Serebpiqui river runs through a fairy-land such as few could pictur," an' I guess the hardest couldn't go along that trail without feeling kinder gratef I there was so much beauty left on earth. I can't describe them to you, an' no man could—the flowers, an' golden leaves, an' happy sunshine. Jem can run off high-prime gas sometimes, but my father never gave us a chance to learn accomplishments. The minister, says he, may flourish any way, because he daren't reel off his feelings man-like in honest swearing; but don't ever give us anything of that sort, my son, because, if yer do, I'll apprentice yer to the county newspaper, an' make yer responsible for the weekly poetry."

"We didn't take much pains to keep together, for all was good woodsmen, an' the Serebpiqui track was more lonely than then even now, so it was little danger of meeting enemies. Nor was there fear of starving either, for the fish lay in shoals under every rock, an' all had their rifles an' lots of ball. Empty, very empty, as we were, six or seven days should have taken us to the San Juan mouth, so we hung back in twos an' threes, prospecting for gold an' all that."

"At the end of three days from Santa Rosa, Jed Smith, an' Gregory of Galveston, an' I found ourselves alone. Jed noticed that whatever gold might be in the stream would be found at the mouth of it, and we pressed on, thinking to get down first. None of us knew there was any muelle (place of embark' on) at all upon the river; we thought its banks were uninhabited the whole way down. It wasn't worth while to make a dug-out; an' besides, the rapids would have been right-down dangerous to such a craft, so we held on to the water-course, and went into the woods when needful."

"I can't rightly say where we were about the sixth morning after taking the forest; but on that day we sat to breakfast, of cold monkey an' lizards' eggs, just at the head of a thundering rapid, that skirled an' whizzed in a manner quite pretty to look at from the bank. I can't help thinking the muelle has been changed of late, for they tell us there's a big rapid just below as it stands now, an' I kinder fancy that's the spot we chose to breakfast in."

\*Of this mysterious tribe of free Indians, I shall hope to speak in a future paper.

"The present muelle of the Serebpiqui," I said "has certainly a big rapid just below it. The channel is hard under the left-hand bank, and there's quite an island of snags in mid-stream."

"That! the golfired place! I remember them snags well, all twisted up together like a not, and holding long grey weeds that twine like rock-snakes in the water. We were sitting, as I said, upon a fallen tree that overstood the river some-way. It didn't rest flat, for the broken crown held it up; in front was a thick curtain of snags and flood-rubbish, not solid, but nigh so. Suddenly, as we sat there—Jed an' Gregory smoking an' laughing at one end, while I baited for guapotes at the other—three or four rifles cracked on the other bank, an' I heard the "swish" of a bullet mighty close to my pictur.' O' course we dropped straight, for, hit or missed, that's allurs the safe thing to do when there's shooting round in which one don't take no interest; but poor Jed an' Gregory never rose agin. Gregory fell backwards off the log dead as a parish ghost; while poor Jed fell on his face into the current an' down the rapid."

"I wasn't hurt a mite, but I felt kinder mad; so I slipt down beside Gregory's body, got all the rifles into my claws, chose a loophole through the drift, an' waited. Thunder! I seem to look on that reach now, just as it were while I 'possumed for them murdering Greasers! The day was deathly still, as on these levels it mostly is at noon-tide; there wasn't a breath stirring in the thick-pressed leaves, nor a motion, except where a bough dragged in the racing water. Up the stream an' down, nothing but blue sky, an' gleaming swirls, an' leaves that glittered in the still sunshine. No bird nor beast came out in those hours of silent heat. Great fish swam slowly round in the dead-water by the bank, under shade of rocks an' glossy boughs: one would have taken oath they were the only waking things for miles. I heard no noise except the beat an' the shrieking of the rapid, an' presently the sharp buzz of flies already clustering round."

"But here an' there, the sun-rays shot through overhanging boughs into deep hollows, where the back-eddy slept an' rotted from flood to flood. In such a gleam, after ten minutes of ghastly silence, made more still by the roaring of the rapid, I suddenly caught sight of a pallid face, that looked as scared as a Padre's in an earthquake. Then a head was pushed through the leaves, an' a pair of yellow eyes stared across—a green-faced cuss! There's two more of you somewhere's, I thought—bound to be! An' I'll mark every mother's son! So I waited. Presently, a small canoe came pushing out from a white flowering bush. Three of 'em was in it; an' those Greasers made more noise about crossing a brook than all Walker's army would have raised in shooting the rapid. But it was all as paddles could do to take 'em over, for the stream was sluicing down like a mill-race; but at last, keeping her bows allurs up, an' working for life, they got into dead-water, an' came towards me larling."

"About a yard from shore, two of 'em shipped their paddles, an' the bowman stood up. That was my count. I took the steersman first, to overset the canoe, an' his forehead I marked as right as a compass. He threw up the paddle, swung over the canoe, an' swept off slick. The other two were not so much in the stream, but before they reached shore I dropped another. The third rifle, which was Jed's, missed fire. I pulled again, an' missed again, an' by that time the Greaser had touched ground. His *gaspice* (rifle) had gone with the canoe, an' he stood looking the durnedest fool, so that I larfed out. But the cuss began to handle his machete ugly; an' so, not to waste time, I gave him a New Orleans slipper between his eyes. The good old bowie whizzed like a Pawnee arrow, an' sliced his headpiece up to the "y."

"Why not handle him with yer clubbed rifle?" asked Vansten.

"Durned good reason for that, Yank! There's few would stand a chance so agin one of them Costa Rican peons with his machete—I'll say

\*Throughout America, the puma is called "lion," and the jaguar, a much more dangerous animal, "tiger." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that all the species of Tropical America differ from those of the Old World.



that for 'er It's a weapon I don't make much 'count of, is a clubbed rifle.

"Wal, the Greaser dropped in his track, an' I had to pull hard to 'rat the old knife out. Then I took his machete an' two or three gold dollars he had about him, an' pitched his body into the stream. Heavens! how slick it flashed an' rolled through the rocks, an' snags, an' dashing water! After that, I picked up poor Gregory, stretched him on the trunk, piled all the drift around, an' set it afire. I knew 'twas dangerous, for there's keen woodsmen in Costa Rica, but I couldn't leave an old mate to the Turkey-buzzards. When the wood was fairly blazing, I made into the forest, an' sat down to think.

"There wasn't much choice of roads, so I struck out a straight course for the San Juan. Three days I kept steadily northward, an' nothing particular happened, but after the very first night, I felt there was something on my track. I hadn't seen living man since I left the river, I wasn't much afraid of Guatusos in them parts, an' more'n that, I knew any Ind'an would have fixed me long since. But I was sure, though I had sot eyes on nothing nor heard any sound exactly, I was sure my trail was followed. We've lived too long among Ind'ans not to know the signs of that knowledge, which is more than eyesight or hearing. How can I say what it is? But this I tell you—if any man means to do well in the woods, an' to keep his life in, he must have some sense more than eyes or ears to trust to; an' that sense warned me now. Perhaps I'd seen the waving of the bushes on my track, when no wind stirred in the hollow wood, perhaps I'd thought to hear the crack of broken sticks as a heavy foot pressed on them, perhaps through my shut eyes at night, I'd seen great green lamps glaring on my face, an', wakening in the black stillness, had heard a stealthy rustle of undergrowth. On the third morning, I said to myself; "You're tracked by a lion, boy; there's a lion on your trail at this moment!" An' I turned cold all over. I went round on the back-track. I weren't needed to go far. Within ten yards o' the camp, my footprints of yesterday were hidden by a broad round pad, with a little heap of soil thrown behind.\* Last night's trail too, for dew still lay in the deep hollow. I took the back-track for a mile, maybe, thinking as like as not there were two of the varmin. Once or twice, the prints seemed confused an' tangled, as if the beast had gone into the bush, an' come back to roil himself an' paddle all about; or else it had been a pair of them at play. After half an hour, I turned round, feeling more like a sinner than other men, an' most greatly in want of praying for.

"About a hundred yards from the turn, my eyes suddintly got a sight that stopped me dead like as Ind'an sign on the Prieto—there was new prints atop of the old track, an' turned the other way! Great thunder! the varmin was on my trail again—at that very moment he was watching me out of some black bush. I went on after a while, for, yer see, it were nothing worse than I knew already, only more startling like, but before reaching the camp, on throwing a look behind, I saw—thunder! it were an ugly sight—I saw the bushes waving gently along my trail! It were ugly to see—that's what I thought it, boys. Half an hour I sat by the fire scheming, while the red brute glowered at me out of sight, or rolled about with his mate: at last, I drove my boot into the logs, for no two plans could I hammer out, an' the day was slipping on. First thing wanted were a "congo," for the lion likes them noisy baboons above everything. After an hour's tramp—an' you may swear my head was over my shoulder pretty constant—I heard one of them howl, an' in a very few minutes a ball was through his

head, his throat was sliced, an' the body trailing behind me. The report, I know, would stop the beast for a quarter of an hour, an' meanwhile I reached a small glade, some thirty or forty yards across, in the middle of which I throw down my congo, making a splash of blood all over the soft moss an' many-coloured carpet of convolvulus. Then cutting sharp across the trail, but keeping my feet clean, I got behind a tree an' waited."

"Why not round beside the track? What use was the congo?" I asked.

"You don't suppose a lion is such a gollified fool as a human! If I hadn't stopped the cretur with the crack of my rifle, he'd never have given me time to get far from my sight; and without the 'tice of that blood-smell, he'd not have shewn on any clearing; of that you may take oath out loud.

"Five minutes after I was stationed, the bushes moved this way an' that, but he was too cunning an' cowardly to shew himself. Now and agin, I caught sight of a red hide and pale throat shiftingly; but at length a breezy gust carried the reek of that congo so strong into his nostrils that he thrust his head right out, an' sniffed with eyes half shut. A pretty-looking beast he were! But I shot snapping, cut his jug'lar, an' he rolled into the open pretty nigh dead. I was loading agin mighty lively, I tell you, when the varmin stopped struggling, an' broke into a low soft cry that I've heard times an' agin, an' allurs with a thump of the heart. It's a sweet sound enough, sir, isn't it?—sweeter than one could have expected from such a throat—but it's been the death cry of many a stout *tigrero*—the last sound he's heard on airth. I pushed the ball down with a jerk, an' my ramrod snapped! The lion lifted his beautiful head, all stained with blood an' foam, an' called agin faintly; then his great green eyes opened an' closed, an' his head fell backwards heavily. I drew my machete, and tried to slink through the bushes; but as I turned, the cry was answered an' his mate bounced into the clearing, eyes all aflame like lamps, an' hair bristling from nose to tail. She smelt the blood, an' lapped it, rolled her mate over, an' dashed about roaring. Ay, that would ha' been a fine sight in a cage!

"I said to myself. "Your father's son, Jos Frazer, should have spunk as good as a dirty Ind'an." Then I drew a long breath, took my bowie in my teeth, wiped the handle of my machete, an' stepped clear of the bushes. She roared like sudden thunder, then crouched closely down with her belly to the ground, an' tried to get behind me. I stepped on. She stretched her tail straight out, an' strained down closer. I planted my right foot fast, an' leaned forward. With a roar like the shout of an earthquake, she sprang up, claws outstretched, an' big mouth gaping an' bloody. I struck fair as an Ind'an *tigrero*, an' cleft her skull like an apple, but she threw me over, an' cut my legs an' shoulders badly before I could push from underneath. It were a near thing, boys!

"That's how I was tracked on the Serebipiqui, sir. I carried the skins to Greytown, got the reward, an' sold 'em. But such a scare as that is dear at twenty-five dollars!"

### NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew  
That trembles on the leaf or flower,  
Is but exiled, to fall anew  
In summer's thunder-shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day—  
Chance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,  
They have their power, scarce understood;  
Then let us use our better will  
To make them rise with good.  
Like circles on a lake they go,  
Ring within ring, and never stay.  
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so  
That they might bless away!

### REVIEWS.

History of the Panama Railroad, and of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, together with a traveller's guide and business man's hand-book; by F. N. OTIS, M.D., with illustrations by the author. New York: Harper & Bros., publishers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We have seldom been more interested by a book of this nature than by this account of the Isthmus of Panama and its commercial connexions. The title is assuredly not very promising to the general reader, but it is impossible for any one who turns over the leaves of the book even casually, not to light upon some interesting facts, or some vivid descriptions, which prove how well the author has performed his task. The illustrations, also by the author, are about thirty in number, and almost rise to the eye the verbal descriptions of the volume, which, as most readers will acknowledge, is indeed high praise. The wood-cut at page 36 of the "Ancient Bridge at old Panama," and that at page 98 of "Stephens's Tree" are especially deserving of notice, where all the drawings are good. Subjoined to the account of Panama are descriptions of the Republics of Central, and also of South America, with important details about their topography, climate, agriculture, natural productions, &c.

We are tempted to extract for our readers the following description of a rare variety of the Orchid family known as the *Espiritu Santo*. Its blossom, of alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a powerful perfume not unlike that of the magnolia; but it is neither for its beauty of shape, its purity of color, nor its fragrance that it is chiefly esteemed. Resting within the cup of the flower, so marvellously formed that no human skill, be it never so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the prone image of a dove. Its exquisitely moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides, the head bends gently forward, the tiny bill, tipped with a delicate carmine, almost touches its snow-white breast, while the expression of the entire image (and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see the expression) seems the very incarnation of meekness and ethereal innocence. No one who has seen it can wonder that the early Spanish Catholic, ever on the alert for some phenomenon upon which to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin, should have bowed down before this matchless flower, and named it *Flor del Espiritu Santo*, or the flower of the Holy Ghost: nor that the still more superstitious Indian should have accepted the imposing title, and ever after have gazed upon it with awe and devotional reverence, ascribing a peculiar sanctity even to the ground upon which it blossoms, and to the very air which it loads with its delicious fragrance."

Henry VIII, and his Court; or Catherine Parr. An Historical Novel, by L. Mühlbach. Two volumes in one. New York; D. Appleton & Co. (From Dawson Bros.; Montreal.)

Novel writing, says a clever American critic is generally deemed to be as "easy" as lying; and the facility with which things called novels are written seems to favor the dogma. Still, we humbly conceive it to be an error. Many persons have attained a marvellous proficiency in falsehood, and tell lies as assiduously as a friar does his beads; but the number of great novelists is small. Lying therefore is no key to the mystery of romance writing. Let us seek the solution in a rarer quality—truth. "I can write prose as well as Mr. Pope" said the sagacious Edmund Curll, the bookseller, "but he has a *knack* of rhyming which I do not possess." Now the difference between Mr. Curll and Mr. Pope is no greater than that which exists between good and bad novelists. The former have a certain *knack* which the latter cannot obtain; and this is the *knack* of seeing and telling the truth. Here is an important distinction. The power of faithfully delineating life, character, society and manners, is one of the rarest gifts of genius. In its greatest manifestations, it is felt to be the noblest exercise of a creative mind.

During the last few years Miss Mühlbach has

\*Although the puma is an animal very much smaller than the Jaguar, its paws are generally as large. The only difference, so far as the author could ever note, between the track of the one and the other is a small, very small, heap of earth which the puma always throws behind each footprint. This peculiarity is not very generally known, except among woodsmen; and some of our naturalists have expressed doubt about the fact. The author, however, can certify it, he has several times watched the peculiar gait of the puma, and marked the manner in which the earth is thrown up.

poured out from the press an alarming number of what she calls historical novels. They all bear a strong family likeness to one another, and their maternity can never be mistaken. There are seventeen of them either published or about to be published: and the man who would undertake to peruse them all, would probably reduce himself to the same vacuity of mind, after which it is said that Carlyle once strove upon losing some valuable manuscript, when he deliberately read through the whole of Captain Marryat's productions.

In saying this we do not mean to imply that Miss Mühlbach's writings are tedious or uninteresting to the general reader. Such is not the case. She has performed with considerable ability in many instances the task which she proposed to herself, namely, to illustrate historical facts by romances constructed in the spirit of history. She has presented to us history in a romantic form with animated descriptions; and if we miss in her novels the touch of Scott's genius, revivifying the past and identifying us as it were with scenes long since enacted, we have at any rate to thank her for favouring us in her volume of Henry VIII. with a skilfully constructed plot, and picturesque grouping of well-drawn historical characters. Without burdening the book with references to recognized authorities on the history of the time with which she deals, Miss Mühlbach has shown by a few brief notes that she has ever borne in mind that historical accuracy without which all romances of this class must be utterly valueless to the well-informed student. The book is neatly printed, and will no doubt enjoy an extensive circulation.

**RAYMOND'S HEROINE.** A Novel. New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers, Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The Messrs. Harper have conferred a great boon upon the reading community of this continent, in selecting for republication, only those English novels which have attained in the old country, some well merited renown. *Raymond's Heroine*, the last addition to the "library of select novels," has received in England more than an ordinary share of praise. Our readers who have access to a pile of the "Saturday Reviews" will find in its issue of April 13th, a highly laudatory notice of the work in question.

The London *Times* also, and the *Examiner*, papers chary of indiscriminate eulogium, have carefully drawn public attention to the masterly construction of the story, the natural development of its characters, its vivid incidents, and its well written narrative. This tale, says a critic in the *Athenæum*, is written by one who has a master's eye for scenery, and that in the double sense; an eye for landscape as it is—for the peculiarities of moorland, sword, wood, water, village—and also for the moral significance of these visible marks, for what may be called the sentiment of external nature. The Black Moor, with its treeless surface, its stunted gorse, and abandoned coal-pit, is pictured to the imagination with a force that reminds the reader of sketches by Chromo. The pretty sneries, and the weird and yet monotonous misery of St. Austin's, the busy town and port, are only less strongly marked by character than the surroundings of Black Moor Farm. Again we have real conversation in this book, as the *Examiner* well remarks, not the stilted and mechanical phraseology nowhere to be heard but in bad novels and bad plays. The chatter of the work-people is uncommonly true and lively. In the next place the story—and it is a very good one—is well told. Of course there is some crime, more mistake, and much repentance. Minna's education in nobleness is a lesson of the highest value; and few young ladies will be able to pass through the proper stages of sympathy with her trials, her sufferings, and her final purification, without being made better women by their pleasant exercise of thought.

**THACKERAY'S LECTURES.** The English Humorists. The Four Georges. Complete in one volume. New York: Harper and Brothers, publishers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is the second volume of a new and hand-

some edition of Thackeray's complete works. When Thackeray undertook to write upon a particular period of history, he thoroughly saturated his mind with a knowledge of the time by the most varied and extensive reading. He then carefully digested the materials thus laboriously acquired, and the result has given to the world in lectures, which for keen appreciation of the epoch described, and far-seeing criticism enunciated in a perfect style, have seldom, if ever, been equalled. The first volume of this series was the genial "Pendennis." We would heartily recommend all admirers of Thackeray—and who is not his admirer?—to purchase this edition, as being the best published.

## ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

MARTIN VAN BUCHELL AND SIR JOHN DINLEY.

**T**HERE are no queer people now; no extraordinary characters, no singular beings, Society seems to have been brought, somehow, to a kind of dead or living level, so that for one of its members to be an original, is considered to qualify him for Bedlam. The records of some of the queer people who claimed attention before we were born are still to be found in odd pamphlets and dog-eared volumes at the doors of second-hand booksellers, or may be occasionally gathered from the recitals of old-fashioned folks with pleasant memories of their youth, before table-turning superseded the ordeal of the Bible and key, and when Johanna Southcote had not yet given place to Brigham Young.

Singularly enough, references to these queer people occasionally survive in the cant or slang language which finds its way into boy's schools and is preserved there. Why, for instance, do we so often hear of alacrity in connection with "old Boots?" Old Boots was once the boots of a celebrated inn at Ripon, and his fame was spread abroad in consequence of a personal peculiarity which enabled him to hold a coin between the end of a long nose which turned down and the point of a long chin which turned up. His fees were no doubt considerable, and his willingness to respond to the good nature of his patrons even at the sacrifice of some personal dignity elevated him into a proverbial personage, but only his official name remains. He was called old Boots till he died, and had, perhaps, forgotten that he ever had any other.

Who would now consult a doctor if he exhibited the eccentricities of the once famous Martin van Buchell? and yet worthy Martin was very nearly being appointed dentist to the king. There are queer people amongst our doctors still, but the queerness is of rather a more private character. They don't ride on a rough pony painted of a piebald pattern, nor do they advertise that ladies in delicate health may receive great benefit from purchasing hairs from their beards. The father of Van Buchell was tapestry maker to King George the Second, so that the future doctor may be said to have been born under the shadow of the court, and he commenced his career as groom of the chamber to Lady Talbot, in whose service he saved money enough to enable him to commence the "study of mechanics and medicine," the latter under the tuition of William and John Hunter. Like many other medical aspirants, Van Buchell first appeared as a dentist, and was so successful that he is said to have received as much as eighty guineas for a set of false teeth; but he also devoted himself to mechanical inventions connected with surgery, as well as patent stirrups and other contrivances long since forgotten.

The most extraordinary freak of this eccentric philosopher was exhibited after the death of his first wife, from whom he was so unwilling to part that he had her body embalmed, and for a long time kept it in a glass case in the drawing-room, where numbers of persons went to see it, and in order to account for such a strange whim invented a report that he was entitled by a clause in a will to certain money so long as his wife "remained above-ground."

His was a queer household: but little meat and no fermented drink was allowed; at all

events, he partook of none of the latter, though he may have winked at its consumption by his wife, for he made it a rule to take his dinner alone, and whistled when he wanted anything.

He was twice married, and on each occasion gave his wife the choice of wearing either white or black clothes from that time thenceforth. The first chose black, the second white, so that he had an opportunity of discovering which was most becoming, but neither of them ever appeared in colours. His own appearance was not a little singular, and, as at one period, he took a fancy for selling cakes, nuts, apples, and gingerbread at his street-door in Mount Street, Berkeley Square, he became, perhaps, rather more notorious than famous, although there was really a certain dignity about his fine flowing beard in days when everybody shaved clean. Imagine him, however, on a grey pony untrimmed and undocked (for his objection to hair-cutting extended to the clipping of animals) with a shallow, narrow brimmed hat, rusty with age, a brown coat, and unblackened boots; his steed not only decorated with streaks and spots of black, green, or purple, but furnished, by way of head-gear, with a sort of spring blind, which could be let down over the animal's eyes in case of his taking fright, or to conceal any particular object at which he was likely to shy.

Van Buchell was said to be really skilful, and might have attained to a first-rate practice but for his extraordinary whims, one of which was that he would never visit his patients. The motto which appeared in all his advertisements was, "I go to none," and it is reported that he once refused a fee of five hundred guineas offered by an eminent lawyer who desired him to come and prescribe for him.

His advertisements were even more whimsical than his appearance, and yet they had in them flashes of humorous common sense. One of them was in the form of an address to George the Third, and set forth that "Your majesty's petitioner about ten years ago had often the high honour, before your majesty's nobles, of conversing with your majesty, face to face, when we were hunting of the stag in Windsor Forest." It was certainly true that the ingenious eccentricities of the doctor very often attracted the notice of his sovereign. He was, in fact, just the sort of person to whom George the Third was likely to be communicative on a chance meeting, and it is easy to imagine that the king was curious to discover the effects of the long beard, and willing to admire the little mechanical contrivances of the robust doctor. One of the favourite advertisements of Van Buchell was the quotation from an essay on the subject of beards. It was headed, "Beards the Delight of Ancient Beauties," and went on to say, "when the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion;" and so on, narrating the story of the cropping of Louis the Seventh, the consequent divorce of Eleanor of Aquitaine, her marriage with the Count of Anjou, and the subsequent wars which ravaged France for three hundred years. In another public announcement he says, "Let your beards grow long that ye may be strong in mind and body; leave off deforming, each himself reform." In another and much madder effusion, he speaks of himself as having "a handsome beard like Hippocrates," and as "a British Christian man, with a comely beard full eight inches long."

Probably, few men have made more capital out of a beard than Doctor Van Buchell, though there are still many men who owe much to the appearance given to their faces by this appendage, and who would sink into comparative insignificance if they were once to be induced to shave. Their strength, like that of Samson, is in their hair, which may be said to be a preface without which they would not be able to assume so confident an address. Whether his beard or his amperate manner of living had most to do with it, it is certain that Van Buchell enjoyed a robust old age, and his venerable figure was well known at the Westminster Forum, a sort of debating society of some note; but which, during the agitation caused by the writings of

Paine, was suspected of having deteriorated through the opinions of some of its members. The doctor, however, always exercised the right—claimed by every individual according to the rules—of reading aloud a chapter of the New Testament, and at that period he frequently visited Newgate for the purpose of consoling the prisoners confined there on account of seditious practices. In 1806, Doctor Van Buchell suffered a great domestic calamity in the loss of his eldest son, but he lived for some years afterwards, and there are still people who remember as children hearing of the house in Mount Street, with its motto of, "I go to none."

Do any of my readers remember Sir John Dinely, Knight of Windsor? It is scarcely probable, and yet his is a grotesque shadow not altogether disconnected with a tragedy. His father was Sir John Dinely Goodyere, who had taken the name of Dinely in consideration of the estate he held from his mother's family, and who, being on bad terms with his younger brother, Captain Samuel Dinely Goodyere, of the Ruby man of war, threatened to disinherit him in favour of his cousin, John Foote, the elder brother of Samuel Foote the comedian. Domestic disagreements and a case in the Divorce Court had already issued in the unfortunate knight disowning his wife, and it was the fear that he might re-marry and that an acknowledged heir should be born to the estate, that first led to the animosity of his younger brother. In order to make some attempt to reconcile the two men, a good-natured friend took the opportunity of Captain Goodyere's ship lying off Bristol, and invited them to his house to dinner. They met without quarrelling, and parted with seeming friendship; but a few days afterwards there were rumours that the elder brother had disappeared, and at the next sessions Samuel Goodyere, late Captain of the Ruby, was indicted for aiding and abetting in the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Baronet.

A Mr. Roberts, who kept the "White Hart" on College Green, just opposite the house of the gentleman where the brothers had dined, deposed that the prisoner came to his house early in the morning the day before the murder was committed, and ordered him to get a dinner ready for six men. These six guests having assembled, they talked much about some person named Mahony, who, however, was not one of the company, though Roberts knew him well as a visitor at his house. The men who dined there were dressed like seamen, and Roberts thought the captain was giving a treat to some of his crew; he was a little surprised, however, when a message was sent to make tea for the men, that being a beverage not generally appreciated by sailors in those days. Charles Bryant was one of the six men who had been hired by Captain Goodyere to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him on board the Ruby man of war. After dining at the "White Hart" they stood on the balcony watching for a signal, and when that signal was given they left the tavern and overtook the deceased knight, and at once dragged him towards the rope-walk, where twelve more men joined them, and hurried Sir John on board a boat near the Hotwells. The prisoner was with them all the time directing them, and stopped the mouth of the deceased with his cloak when he called out "Murder! I am Sir John Dinely Goodyere." Some people asked what was the matter, but they were answered by the assertion that a criminal had escaped from a ship and had just then been captured. When they got into the boat, the knight, addressing his brother, said—"Brother, I know you have an intention to murder me; I beg that if you are resolved to do it you will do it here, and not give yourself the trouble of taking me down to your ship." Upon which the prisoner replied—"No, brother, I am going to prevent your rotting upon land, but, however, I would have you make your peace with God this night. Upon this he was hurried on board, and the crew were told not to mind his noise, for he was mad, and had been brought on board to prevent his making away with himself. They then thrust him into the purser's cabin, and all the ruffians except two were ordered on shore.

Mr. Berry, the first lieutenant of the Ruby, the ship's cooper and his wife—all three watched the proceedings in the purser's cabin, through a crevice in the partition. The prisoner, and two men named Mahony and White, stayed with the deceased and arranged their sanguinary bargain. Mahony was to have two hundred pounds, White one hundred and fifty pounds and all that the murdered man had about him. Goodyere stood sentry with a sword and pistol, while White held the victim's hand, and Mahony tried to strangle him with a handkerchief, in which he was afterwards assisted by his companion, both of them pulling it as hard as they could, but the knight continuing to struggle and cry for help, Goodyere ordered Mahony to take a cord which he had laid ready, and with this he was at last strangled but not without great violence. White took eight guineas and a gold watch from the pockets of the murdered man, and showed them to Goodyere, whereupon he gave them what money he had about him, and told them to get ashore directly, that they might escape before daylight. The discovery of the murder was perfectly accidental. Mr. Smith (the gentleman at whose house the brothers had dined) heard on the following evening that a person of respectable appearance was hurried in a very violent manner over College Green, and that a gentleman whose description answered to that of Captain Goodyere assisted in thrusting him along. The suspicions of Mr. Smith having been aroused, from his knowledge of the ill-feeling between the brothers, and his having learned that the Ruby was only waiting for the first fair wind, he applied early the next morning to Henry Combe, the Mayor of Bristol, for an officer to go and search the ship before she was out of the liberty of the city. This mission was entrusted to the water-bailiff and his officers, who had no sooner reached the vessel's side than they heard the account of the lieutenant and the cooper. Captain Goodyere was seized at once. Goodyere, Mahony, and White received sentence of death, and were hanged in chains to the north of the Hotwells, in sight of the place where the ship lay when the murder was committed.

The son of the unfortunate gentleman, who came into some portion of the family property, and seemed always to expect to make good his title to the whole, cut so strange a figure in the world that people might well wonder how so comical a person should be, as it were, the only living representative of such a tragical event. Sir John Dinely spent years in the pursuit of various ladies of fortune, until he had almost entirely exhausted his own means. By that time, and when he was a spare, middle-aged gentleman, with queer, old-fashioned, seedy garments, which yet had about them something of a court fashion, the interest of Lord North procured for him the pension and residence of a poor Knight of Windsor. His one virtue—his character being quite harmless and good-natured—was a kind of amorous Platonism: all his talk and most of his amusement was in reference to his supposed proceedings to obtain a wife until he became a public character, and his matrimonial advertisements, his old-fashioned finery, and his rather comical figure were so well known to the public, that he became a character, and was recognised as one of the queer folks of the time. Of course his small pension made the practice of strict economy a necessity, and in Windsor he might sometimes be seen on his way from the chandler's shop carrying his own small purchases; but not without a certain dignity, which showed that he believed he was only under a temporary reverse of fortune. Very different was his appearance when he was on his way to the place where he hoped to meet some fair respondent to one of his advertisements in various country newspapers. If the day turned out to be wet, he was generally mounted on a pair of high pates, and his costume was at least half a century behind the time, consisting of an embroidered velvet waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. Perhaps the interviews and adventures which ensued from his pursuit of matrimonial fortune repaid the trouble, for numerous assignations were kept

some of them, it is to be feared, by practical jokers, who damaged the holiday attire of the poor vain gentleman, but he kept on advertising and waiting and hoping for the lady who, with a fortune of not less than a thousand a year, would consent to become baroness, and receive a settlement of a possibly contingent three hundred thousand pounds when Sir John obtained his rights.

The old gentleman never achieved success in this strange pursuit, but died in 1808 a Windsor pensioner but he persevered to the last. Perhaps the fame which he had obtained, founded as it was on a sort of contemptuous amusement, became sweet to him after he had given up his hopes of an alliance. At all events he persisted in advertising to the last, and the terms of his proposals were not in the least abated. In one of them he says, "As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning, and as the contest will be superb, honourable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love and an infant baronet." In the *Reading Mercury* for May 24, 1802, appeared an address to "Miss in her Teens," saying, "Let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies—marriageable—to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. Pray, my young charmers, giving me a fair hearing, do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary, and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroic command my £300,000, and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom." In the *Ipswich Journal* of August 21, the same year, he addressed "The Angelic Fair of the True English Breed," and winds up by saying, "Pull no capson his account, but favour him with your smiles, and means of pleasure await your steps." These effusions were all signed, and applicants were directed to address him at his residence at Windsor. Sir John Dinely was another word for a sort of amatory Don Quixote, a man whose absurdity had something about it which gave it an "air tendre." His great amusement—besides that of attending auctions when the poor old fellow could afford to spend a shilling or two—was an occasional visit to Vauxhall or to a London theatre. Before going to either he apprised the public of his intention by an advertisement, and always took up his position in the front row of the pit, or paraded in the most conspicuous portions of the "Royal Gardens." Singularly enough, his visits to these places of public entertainment were in the nature of an extra attraction, for the Sir John Dinely nights were sure to draw a large attendance, especially of the ladies, who went to see the strange, old-fashioned gentleman with sentiments, the nature of which it would be difficult to guess, except that they were like himself, the shadow of something in which the comical was a little subdued by a sort of melancholy dignity.

## THE COUNT'S FIASCO.

### CHAPTER I.

"Waiter!"—"Yes sir."

"Here, come here, quick! Can you tell me who these two ladies are now passing on the other side of the road—the one with the parasol light green, and the one with the dress of gait?"

The speaker's interest seemed entirely engrossed by the two ladies, about whom he was inquiring, and he scrutinized them with the eye of one who seemed desirous of thoroughly mastering every detail of their appearance, in order to impress them on his mind.

A waiter, he he whose ever he was, is invariably more or less flattered by being, as it were,

admitted to one's confidence, to be made the medium of communicating little pieces of intelligence of the description of the above inquiry, and, if he be a man of ordinary nous, will endeavour to keep himself well posted in such little matters as form the staple of the questions of many of the visitors to the establishment which employs him—such as minor scandals, and the identification of passers and visitors. The waiter addressed was of an inquiring a turn of mind as the general run of his class, and he had gained some time since the information sought by his questioner.

"Yes, sir," he replied, with alacrity, and with that inevitable flick of the napkin which is inevitably in the hands of every waiter, "yes, sir, that there one with the pea-green parasol is Miss Courtenay, and the old lady is her ma. They did stop in this house some few days, but they're living in the square now. Very rich old lady sir,—very rich."

"Dear me," said the gentleman meditatively. "Courtenay! A pretty name, vera pretty name, Mrs. Courtenay and Miss Laura."

"You know them, then, sir?" said the waiter, noticing how glibly the christian name of the young lady came from his tongue.

"Know them!" exclaimed the gentleman, almost fiercely, "how should I know them, when I ask you of them—tell me?"

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the waiter, humbly, "but I did not think I said the young lady's name."

"Bah, it was you who said the name, or how should I know it?" asked the gentleman. "That is enough."

The extinguished waiter retreated to his multifarious (we might almost say ubiquitous) duties, and the gentleman seated himself by the open window, and, lighting a cigar, remained for a considerable time in a brown study, with the cool evening air playing over his face.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself presently, in his native language, "that waiter has a quick ear, and some of us mortals are but poor fools after all. Courtenay! I wonder how long these same ladies mean staying here? and I wonder—"

He did not finish the thought verbally, but by blowing a great cloud of smoke from his lips, and he watched it as it circled upwards on the calm evening air until it was lost as it spread and dispersed, becoming thin as the atmosphere with which it mingled.

The pronunciation of this gentleman has already made it plain that his native country was not Britain; but if it has pointed to any one country more than another we are mistaken. His was, perhaps, hardly the style of English one would expect to hear from an Italian; yet Monsieur Eugene Picciolini belonged to that nation—so he gave out. He was the only son of an Italian noble, who had taken to wife a French lady of high birth, and he accounted for his French christian name by having one of his mother's relations for a godfather. Beyond the statement of these facts he did not go, and indeed his friends in England seemed so few, and were so seldom seen by him, that it would hardly have been warrantable, from their slight acquaintance with him, to make further inquiries concerning his private affairs, which surely could be but of minor interest to them. It was evident that his connections were not of the lower orders, for he himself was most lavish in his expenditure, living in the very best style the resources of his hotel could produce. And then the man himself! Was not his manner sublimely magnificent, and was not his carriage unexceptionable? So, at least, the proprietor of the hotel in the fashionable watering-place, where he had taken up his quarters, declared, and we have no desire to gainsay him at present, for, surely, he (as he said), seeing so many of the aristocracy and the first people in the land, must be capable of giving a reliable opinion.

These conclusions seem not unfounded, for Monsieur Eugene Picciolini was a man whom one would not pass unnoticed. True, he was not brilliantly handsome so far as his personal adornments were concerned; but with a good address and an ultra-confident manner (not to

put another term on it), he bore plainly the stamp of that class, the individuals of which are so happily designated, "distinguished foreigners." He was not handsome, we have said, but still he was far from plain. His features were well formed, and his complexion was good—clear, but dark, of course, as becomes a native of those balmy southern climes in which his younger days had been passed, and his moustache had the twirl *irreproachable*, which, he wore scarcely any.

M. Picciolini was alone at his hotel, without even valet or servant of any sort; but then his was only a temporary sojourn. In a few weeks he would take wing to London, therefore what need of retinue? The great metropolis would supply all those wants which the small resources of a sea-side town could not so efficiently provide. "It needed no valleys and all them things," said the servant of the hotel, to show that "the Count," as they had christened him, belonged to the first in the Land—his manner was quite sufficient, but then they may have been prejudiced, for his largesses certainly had been well and wisely distributed in the ranks of the establishment.

His cigar finished, "the count" took his hat and strolled listlessly down the parade, wending his careless way among the many, who, like himself, were wandering aimlessly to and fro. He passed by the numberless groups, merrily conversing together, and by the rustic seats on which so many happy couples flirted the time away. Lost in a train of thought as he moved along, he tapped perpetually with his cane at the toes of his shoes, as was a habit of his when musing, attracting as he went, glances from many fair eyes, which could not let pass unnoticed so *distingue* a face and figure. But he paid no heed to the numerous observers. A great idea had occurred to him, and for the time, those who brushed by him on either side were as nothing. Thus he paced until brought to a dead stand by the wall which flanks the east end of the parade. There he raised his eyes from the ground, and the gloomy, thoughtful expression left his face. He turned about gaily, smiled a smile of great self-satisfaction, as full of latent meaning as Lord Burleigh's nod, and lighting another cigar, strolled his return along the parade as joyously as any other holiday-maker, humming the while, softly to himself, one of the airs of his native country.

"A bold stroke for me," he thought as he passed within the portal of his hotel, "a very bold stroke it shall be. Faint heart never won fair lady." Mademoiselle Courtenay shall, ere two months are past, be Madame Eugene Picciolini, or Madame la Countess Picciolini, if she prefers the title."

#### CHAPTER II.

It was on a Tuesday evening that M. Eugene Picciolini had indulged in the stroll along the parade, beguiling the time with the merry thoughts we have recorded. On the evening of the Thursday in the same week, a simply arranged and very plain basket carriage, drawn by a pair of neat grey ponies, passed over almost precisely the same ground as "the count" had traversed, with the exception that, whereas the man walked on the path sacred to pedestrians, the pony-carriage passed along the roadway.

Two ladies were the occupants of the vehicle,—the one elderly, but still good-looking, and, with that taste which never deserts some individuals, rather fashionably dressed; the other, young, handsome, and more than fashionably, elegantly attired. The elder of the two was Mrs. Courtenay, the widow of an officer in the Indian Army, who had died four or five years before, leaving his wife a fortune of some two or three thousand a year, and a daughter in the bloom of girlhood, to pilot safely through the eddying streams of life, until a husband should take the burden from her hands. This daughter was now beside her, toying daintily with the handle of her parasol, as she enjoyed the soft breeze of evening, and watched, for want of livelier occupation, the sun descend to his couch in fields of crimson and gold.

Without mistake, Laura Courtenay was a

handsome girl, and in her delicate poorly silk dress seemed almost too angelic for a creature of worldly desires, and pomps, and vanities. To describe her were a vain attempt; no artist, even, could do justice to her soft brown-gray eyes, shaded by long dark silken lashes, that added great power to the expression of the orbs,—or to so exquisitely cut and finely moulded a nose, as purely Grecian, as ever enraptured ancient sculptor, or, to her mouth, which wreathed in smiles, would steal the heart of the varriest misanthrope. Her hair too, ripply brown, gently undulating into curls, that glistened like wavelets in the summer sun, would try the skill of a Raffaele or Murill, and her complexion, neither dark nor fair, but happily graded between the two, would baffle the manipulation of any shades of colour. One sees only one such face in a lifetime.

"Laura, my darling," said Mrs. Courtenay, turning her glance in the same direction as her daughter, "that sunset is very lovely; but there is so much glare that really the sea is quite dazzling to look upon."

"Yes, dear mamma," replied Laura, bringing her eyes so full of exquisite feeling, to bear upon her mother's face, which the suns and chills of more than one year had robbed of much of its bloom; "but it is really very charming. Do you not begin to find the air grow chilly?"

"No, my child," she replied, "for I always take care to wrap myself up for these evening drives—"

Laura was awakened from her half-dreamy state, and she now allowed her eyes to roam over the crowd of passers on either side; when recognising a face and form she had observed before, she interrupted the maternal eloquence:

"Look mamma," she whispered, "there is that distinguished looking foreigner again. I wonder who he is? He always seems to look at us as if he knew who we are."

"Which?" asked her mamma, who was not so dexterous with her eyes, in picking out the good-looking men from the crowd, as her daughter.

"To the right," replied Laura, motioning slightly with the handle of her parasol.

"Yes, yes. I fancy I've seen him rather often this last week. I recognise him now you draw my attention to him. But, my dear, do not talk of distinguished looks," said Mrs. Courtenay, becoming didactic. "How often you may see some tea-merchant, or confectioner, whose looks might pass him for one of the aristocracy; and, on the other hand, how often may we see an earl or duke whose *personnel* is as mean as that of the veriest coachman."

"Yes, mamma, I know," responded the young lady, somewhat testily, slightly piqued at her parent's very unflattering comparisons; "but he really does look like a foreign noble. Do you remember the Count de M——, whom we met at Lady Tipton's? Really there is a vast resemblance between the two."

"True, my dear, said Mrs. Courtenay; but still, that is no rule to go by."

"Very likely not," said Laura, "still, ho—well, never mind."

Laura had felt inclined to persist in her notion, but she checked herself, perceiving that no good could come of an argument on such a subject, especially with her mother, who never could be persuaded that any of her old world ideas were in the remotest degree erratic.

"There!" she exclaimed, the next moment, with a slight start, that silly pony is shying again. Oh, dear! it does frighten me so."

"It is only a little foible of his, and very harmless," said her mamma, who held the reins, "and Johnny always seems more alarmed himself than inclined to be vicious."

Johnny, the pony, was a quiet, docile animal, but he had a silly habit of shying at anything on the road that was out of the ordinary ran of street litter,—such things as pieces of paper, or anything white, which might cross his path, but his companion in harness was equally docile, and not given to any tricks of the kind, so that, as Mrs. Courtenay expressed it, "it was quite harmless."

Arrived at the end of the parade, Mrs. Court-

ony turned her ponies' heads, and drove back again along the way she had come, passing the same groups of idlers; the same disconsolate coast-guardman, with the same shabby telescope under his arm; the same couples, talking soft nothings, and incessantly grinning; the same pedestrians, the same equestrians; everything the same as she had seen at the commencement of her drive, and indeed as she had seen daily for the last two or three weeks. But such is sea-side enjoyment in a small place—or in a large one, either, for that matter; it is the way the idle re-invigorate themselves for the task of doing nothing, and the hard-workers prepare themselves for a renewal of their toil.

Johnny, the "off" pony, was a silly creature, as the ladies had agreed. He had troubled himself, on the way up, to perform the daring and somewhat dangerous, gymnastic feat of standing on his hind legs at sight of a simple scrap of white paper; and now, again, on the return journey, the said scrap not having been removed by the local parochial authorities, it occurred to him to repeat the experiment, which he did: and he seemed to derive peculiar satisfaction—or the contrary—for his experience; for he stopped, pranced, and almost succeeded in standing upright, much to the alarm and dismay of the fair occupants of the carriage. But there was no such thing as even danger to be thought of. Were there not a dozen hands ready to seize the beast by the head, and compel him to assume a proper and decorous position again? At any rate there were two hands, and those were very white and respectable-looking appendages, neatly encased in light lavender kids, the owner of which, a distinguished-looking foreigner, when he had brought Master Johnny to his senses, bowed with wonderful grace and politeness, saying he hoped "the ladies were not so much little bit frightened. The little horse vair quiet, and soon behaft himself."

"Oh, thank you very much," replied Mrs. Courtenay, who thought to herself that it was really extraordinary that the very man whom Laura had termed a "distinguished-looking foreign noble," and whom she herself, she must acknowledge, had noticed very often lately in the course of her promenades and drives, should come to their assistance in the hour of peril. "It is a trick my silly pony has," she continued. "He will shy: but the other generally keeps him steady. Thank you—it is very kind of you to take the trouble."

Then she bowed; but the "foreign noble" had not yet said all his say. His hat was still in his hand, and he responded to Mrs. Courtenay's bow by a like inclination of his own anatomy.

"I sink I have the honour of address Madame Courtenay," he said. "I have heard your name often from Baronet Sir Cecil Haughton abroad, and has promised me the pleasure of the introduction when he may return, and I have noticed you many times in my promenade."

As he finished speaking "the count" turned his eye languishingly around him, allowing them, in their circuit, to light for a moment on the face of Miss Laura, which wore a pleased and smiling expression, and was delicately tinged by the faintest blush, which always adds a wonderful elegance to any face.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, after having executed another elaborate bow, "Sir Cecil Haughton is one of my oldest friends, and I am sure any friend of his need not wait for an introduction till his return, which may not be for months. Will you do as the pleasure of calling?"

The smile of delight passed over the whole countenance of the foreign gentleman. He would most certainly avail himself of the great pleasure; and he mentioned the fact that his name was Monsieur Eugene Picciolini, and that he at present sojourned at the hotel. Then, with another bow to each of the ladies, he again wandered off among the idlers.

"How very extraordinary, mamma!" said Laura, when the ponies were again in motion. "He is that distinguished-looking man whom I pointed out to you some time since. How very strange, is it not, that he should be a friend of Cecil Haughton's?"

"It is strange, but not very remarkable," replied her mamma, who was aware how arrogant young folks became if their ideas are entirely agreed with by elders and betters. "Sir Cecil has many friends both here and abroad; he is a very popular man wherever he goes; indeed, he has so many friends that I doubt now whether it was not a great indiscretion on my part to say I should be glad if this person called."

"Well, mamma, I hardly think so," said Laura, who was already greatly prepossessed in favour of the foreigner; "besides, he may never be able to find us—you forgot to mention where we are living at present."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, now remembering this slight omission on her part; "how odd!—so I did. Well, perhaps it is best. When I write to Cecil again I will ask about this stranger; and in the meantime—but there, he is not very likely to call."

So for the present the subject dropped: but whether "the count" entirely slipped from the thoughts of Miss Laura or not, we do not consider ourselves privileged to state.

### CHAPTER III.

"No, all right, Wilkin. I'm awake enough now. Bring them to me here, and—confound that *eau de vie* that Dr. Crespigny bragged so much about. I wish I had let him drink it all himself. My head aches like anything this morning, and—well, never mind. How many are there?"

"Three, sir," replied Wilkin. "One English—two from this neighbourhood."

"Ah," said his master, a young Englishman, who reclined lazily on the heap of pillows on his bed, having only just awakened from his night's sleep.

Wilkin, whom the young man addressed, was his valet, and who, bringing in his letters, had aroused his master from his slumbers. The time was half-past eleven and the place Thun.

Sir Cecil Haughton turned languidly on his pillows, yawned drowsily twice, and then took the letters in his hand, twisting them about for half a minute each, as lazy people are wont to do. He was, however, soon satisfied with his examination, and peevishly threw them on to the coverlet, with another yawn and a weary exclamation.

"Hang the letters!" said he. "I shan't read them at all. One is an invitation to some stupid fete, the other seems like a bill, or something, and the English one is one of old Mother Courtenay's driveling nonentities—I know her hand-writing."

"Shall I remove them, sir?" suggested Wilkin, who knew well enough that his master did not mean what he said.

"Please yourself about that, Wilkin," replied Sir Cecil, with petulant sarcasm; "for my part I should prefer them to remain."

"Bath now, sir?" asked the mild valet, quite satisfied.

"In ten minutes," returned the baronet; and Wilkin withdrew, being well informed that ten minutes with Sir Cecil meant very much nearer an hour.

In the lapse of two or three minutes the baronet again yawned, sat up, stretched himself, and taking up the letters once more examined them.

"I was right!" he exclaimed, cheerfully, elated by his discrimination, after glancing at the contents of the first two epistles; "one is a fete to which I shan't go, and the other is a bill—scoundrels are always sending in bills. The third is, as I thought, from Mrs. Courtenay, with a Brighton post-mark—oh, hang her writing! Let it wait. Wilkin!"

He cast the letters again on one side, and called to his valet, who of course was not within hearing, therefore replied not.

"Very good, monsieur, don't come," exclaimed Sir Cecil in the same instant as he had called; "I don't want you. You're a humbug—a worthless scoundrel."

Then he fell into a soliloquy on the comparative merits or otherwise (and it was mostly otherwise) of valets in general, and Wilkin in particular.

"It's just a month since Smith left me, confound him!" he said; "consequently it's nearly a month since I have had the distinguished honour of being served by Mr. Wilkin, who is a greater humbug than Smith. Smith, let me tell you" [he meant himself by "you," and he was not always too choice in his epithets when he addressed that same individual], "was an invaluable creature, but he was a liar and a thief, which is saying a good deal for any man; but he understood me capitally, and suited me. By Jove, sir, he purloined nearly everything valuable I had, and then always most unblushingly declared that I had lost it myself the night before. Well, he's off; I suppose he is victimising some one else now. Hallo! there's a foot-step outside. Let's call Wilkin."

As he spoke the door opened, and the valet entered.

"Oh! it is you this time," said his master.

"Well, that's considerate, I must say. I assure you I haven't called more than twenty times; indeed, I may say, hardly more than fourteen."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir," replied Wilkin, who of course didn't believe what the baronet said (but what valet would?) "You didn't notice the bell, I expect, sir."

"Oh!" replied Sir Cecil, thus delicately reminded that there was another means of communication with his attendant than shouting; "very well, I shall wait my bath in five minutes."

"Very good, sir," said the valet, on the point of retreating, this time to prepare the bath.

"Wilkin," cried Sir Cecil, calling him back, "just hand me up that letter from the floor before you go. I can't understand why you put it down there."

The valet did his employer's bidding, well aware that the epistle in question could not possibly have come on the floor unless thrown down there by the bars himself; but he said nothing.

"Who's it from?" asked Sir Cecil, taking the letter in his hand for the third time. "But of course you don't know—you are new at it. Smith could have told me whom it came from, and what the contents were too, for the matter of that, I believe."

Very deliberately he broke the seal, and began slowly to trace a meaning in the scratches of the fine pen of Mrs. Courtenay:—

"MY DEAR CECIL,—We have a gentleman staying here now—I mean in this place, not with us—who says he knew you abroad, in Venice, Milan, Rome or somewhere,—at each place, I believe, though, by-the-by. He is an unmistakable foreigner, medium height, young, handsome, distingue', poetical (but all foreigners are that), and has made a wonderful impression on Laura, who is with me here. They ride and drive together, sing and play (he plays the piano, but all foreigners do that) together, and read poetry together. His name is Nicolas." "No, it can't be that," said the baronet, puzzled. "Emeraus Risschlessi." "Oh, hang it! I can't read that. Call it Pickaxe, as the children are taught to do when they can't pronounce a long name." "His name is 'pickaxe,' and they call him 'the count' down here (but all distinguished-looking foreigners get that sort of nickname in England, and he really does look distinguished.) He is evidently making a great impression on Laura—[So you said before, Mrs. C.]—on Laura, who is young and pretty and accomplished, as you know."

"[She's a deuced fine girl!]" exclaimed Sir Cecil, breaking off to criticise, from memory, her charms.]

"However, I daresay you will know him if you come back again, of course you will recognise an old friend. Let me hear from you soon all you know of 'the count,' and in the meantime believe me to remain, most sincerely yours,

CLARA SEDGWICK COURTENAY."

"How the deuce can I tell anything about him, you stupid old lunatic, if I can't read his name?" exclaimed the baronet somewhat testily. "Let's try back, and endeavour to make out the writing. His name is Esmeralda—no it can't be that. His name is Ismagés Rissilino—oh!

hang it, I can't read it, and that's the long and short of it.—Wilkin!"

The letter was once more cast aside, and Sir Cecil Haughton springing from his bed, proceeded to array himself in the "costume of the period."

## CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Courtenay complained of a slight headache, and partook of her breakfast in bed. Like Sir Cecil Haughton, she delighted to lie late a-bed, and read her letters over her cup of tea or coffee, as the case might be.

"Groves," she said to her maid, who had just poured her out a cup of steaming, high-flavoured souchong, and had arranged her letters beside her plate, "Groves, whom do you think the letters are from? Is there a foreign one among them?"

"Yes'm," replied the confidential, "and the writing's very like Sir Cecil's, 'm."

"Oh, very well, Groves," said her mistress, "I will just go over that one, and you may put the others aside. My head will not allow me to read so early this morning."

The maid took the letters gently in her hand, and having laid the rejected aside, broke the seal of the favoured foreign epistle, and handed it to her mistress, who adjusting her spectacles—she seemed to be getting rather short-sighted in the mornings, she said—set herself to a leisurely perusal of Sir Cecil's communication.

"He writes a noble hand," she soliloquised; "but ah! he is a noble young fellow; and he dates from Thun, among those horrid Swiss mountains! I'm sure I wonder how he can tolerate that place. I'm sure, for my part, I am thoroughly tired of the Continent, and especially that part of it." Then she proceeded to read:—

"MY DEAR MRS. COURTENAY.—Thanks for your last very interesting letter. How charming Brighton is at this season of the year, more especially as you have come across so interesting a foreigner as you mention—the count, to wit, as the natives facetiously term him. I am pleased to hear Laura finds him an agreeable companion, and I am sure he cannot otherwise than fully appreciate her society. You remember how inveterately stupid I am—'blockhead' my father used to call me.—I am well aware I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am, but the fact is, I am so stupid as not to recognise the name of your friend. I puzzled for a long time over the name, which, for your very distinct handwriting, was a little hazy; and, having at length managed to decipher it, came to this conclusion, he must be one of the many people I have met abroad, and whose name, for the moment, I can't recall. I have met a great many Russians. His is a Russian name—Emanioi Praviolnoi—it seems to me, but it certainly is not familiar to me. Immediately I remember about him, I will let you know further; but at present, the fact is I am rather cornered (excuse the slang, it is so expressive), for my valet (you remember Smith? and yet I suppose you do not) took it into his head to leave me, and I am subsequently thrown into the clutches, and completely at the mercy, of a new man. Had Smith been still with me, he would instantly have remembered our friend, for he had a memory like Dr. Pick; but, as it is, I must wait until I meet 'the count.'—With best wishes, ever yours,

"CECIL HAUGHTON."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, as she laid down the letter; "how very silly of me not to have written more plainly! Of course Cecil could not remember a name he had never heard. Well, well, I will write again, and, this time distinctly; for although I do not doubt the truth and sincerity of Picciolini, still it is interesting to hear particulars of one's friends and antecedents.—Groves, one piece more sugar, please, and—yes, the smallest bit of toast, but no butter on it. I fear this fresh air begins to incline me towards *embompoint*; and yet I hardly think it can."

It was one o'clock by the time Mrs. Courtenay made her appearance in the drawing-room, and greeted her daughter with her morning kiss.

Laura was playing a scrap from Beethoven when her mother entered the room, and she rose

from the piano gaily with a cheery "good-morning."

"Oh! mamma, dear," said she, "how late you are down! I hope you are very much refreshed, and that your headache is quite gone?"

"Quite, dear, I thank you," replied her mamma; "but how fresh your colour is! Have you been out this morning, Laura?"

The question was by no means unnatural on the mother's part, for Laura's cheeks were tinged with an unaccustomed rosy hue, and her eye sparkled with an inward light, proceeding, possibly, from the peculiar joy she experienced in contemplating some expected picnic or croquet fête. She blushed still more at her mother's question, and for a moment did not reply.

"No, mamma," said Laura, "I have not been out."

"Then how have you amused yourself all the morning?" said her mamma; "has any one of your friends called to see you?"

"No, none," replied Laura, hesitatingly; "well, yes, Mr.—Monsieur Picciolini has just called in and stayed a short time, but that is all."

"That is all! But wherefore so much confusion in your manner?" thought Mrs. Courtenay. "Oh, indeed!" said she, aloud, "how very unusual of him to come so early! Has he any plan in view?—I mean any of those little excursions which seem to give him such peculiar pleasure?"

"No-o-o-o," replied Laura, hesitatingly.

"He is very amusing," continued Mrs. Courtenay; and there was some peculiarity in the inflexion of her voice, which struck strangely on her daughter's ear; "he is very amusing and entertaining, but really I begin to think he comes too often to our house. Remember, my dear, he is not an old friend; we have only known him for a month—hardly that."

"Do you not like him, mamma?" asked Laura, in a tone of voice and with a manner which seemed strange to the astute parent.

"Like him, my dear!" said Mrs. Courtenay. "Yes, I like him very well for a mere acquaintance, he is nothing more; but—"

Laura's eyes somewhat dimmed. *she did not regard "the count" as "a mere acquaintance," that was very plain, and she remained silent.*

Her mother had broken off at that "*but*," and now sat regarding Laura with a rather puzzled expression.

"My dear," she said, presently, "is it possible that you have been so silly as to form any attachment for this man?"

Laura hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry, she felt much inclined to the latter, but she succeeded in saying,—"It is not a silly attachment, mamma, thereby confirming her mother's half-guessed notion.

"Then you do care about him!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, not a little surprised.

The daughter hesitated for a moment before replying, then she rose from her seat, and went closer to her mother's chair.

"Mamma," she said, softly and gently, "Eugene has asked me to be his wife."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mother, evincing even more astonishment than she had shown before, "and you—"

"I have accepted him," said Laura, calmly and decisively, brushing away her gathering tears, and allowing her eyes to brim with gleeful happiness.

"Dear me, you surprise me," said Mrs. Courtenay, after having regarded her daughter for a few moments. "Well, you must be the best judge so far as your own heart is concerned, but I should have wished you to select for a husband some one of whom I knew a little more than I do of Monsieur Picciolini."

It is not to be imagined that so interesting a conversation would end here, on the contrary, it grew to a long discussion on the merits and demerits of Monsieur Eugene Picciolini, and his possible worldly prospects and position.

Laura was in that happy frame of mind which causes all things to appear rosy-hued, or golden-coloured, but Mrs. Courtenay was bewildered, and ill at ease, to relieve which happy state she dispatched another note to her friend Sir Cecil

Haughton, taking the precaution this time of making the name of the "distinguished foreigner" thoroughly legible.

The baronet was not so good a correspondent as Mrs. Courtenay; for more than a week passed away without any reply coming to the anxious inquiries about "the count."

"We must not, however, blame Cecil," said Mrs. Courtenay; "for the movements of such a rover are most uncertain, and there are many chances of a letter's missing him."

Picciolini was now a daily visitor at the house of the Courtenays, much to Laura's joy, who was as happy as could be reasonably expected under the circumstances—which is saying a great deal.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Courtenay one evening, when the trio were enjoying the balmy air, which they made the utmost of by sitting on the balcony, "it is really extremely odd that I have not yet heard from Sir Cecil."

"But, mamma," said Laura, who was just then most generously inclined towards all mankind, "you know what a rover he is. He may be miles away from his letter, or he may even have received it, and have been unable to reply."

"True," assented the mamma, "he is not a very regular correspondent, but—ah, well, I will scold him very severely when next I see him."

"Sir Cecil was very uncertain in all his ways," said "the count," "a little unsettled in general, when I have had the pleasure to know him."

"Yes, he is; he always was a most changeable man," said Mrs. Courtenay, turning away to watch the rising moon.

"He may be returning home, mamma," suggested Laura, with much innocence. "What did he say in his letter to you the other day? Is there any chance of it?"

M. Picciolini started violently, but the movement passed unnoticed by his companions, who, had they seen it, we may infer, would have been much surprised. "The count's" complexion was dark—swarthy, we might say; but now it changed to a dingy white hue, and then as suddenly to a brilliant scarlet. His breath came in one long, deep inhalation; and, fixing his eyes intently on Mrs. Courtenay's face, he awaited anxiously her reply.

"He did not mention it," she said, quietly, not aware how much interest her answer contained to one of her listeners; "and I hardly fancy it is probable, but there is no accounting for his vagaries."

Eugene drew a sigh of relief. He was not easily disconcerted, but now he seemed thoroughly uncomfortable in mind, and Laura, turning her glance back to his face, and observing his peculiar state of countenance, started with surprise.

"Are you ill, Eugene?" she asked, tenderly. "You look so strange."

"It is the heat," said he, endeavouring to recover himself, and passing his handkerchief over his brow; "it will pass away."

And it did pass away, for in ten minutes the Franco-Italian was as gay and unconcerned as ever, chatting cheerfully to the two ladies, who never wearied of listening to his narratives of travel and accounts of little adventures which had befallen him.

Yes, this seemed an evening fated to mishaps; for again, shortly after the party had supped, M. Eugene was "overcome by the heat." By a curious chance he narrated an adventure which had occurred to himself and Sir Cecil Haughton, when crossing the Bernese Oberland—a mere commonplace accident, with the concomitant inconveniences always attending the small mishaps, and into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, at the conclusion of the narration, "I think I have heard Sir Cecil tell that little adventure himself. How curious it seems to hear it again from other lips!" And while thus remarking, she thought, "M. Picciolini certainly must belong to even a better family than he says, for I know how very particular Cecil is with whom he travels."

"You have heard him tell thee?" said Eugene, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mrs. Courtenay—"have not you, Laura? But I always fancied he was alone when it occurred."

The face of Picciolini became of a bright scarlet, as it had done before on the balcony, which, being noticed by Laura, caused her to think to herself, "How cruel of mamma! It seems like throwing a doubt on what dear Eugene says, and foreigners are always so sensitive." She however said nothing, but dear Eugene managed to recover his usual *sang froid*.

"Sir Cecil was not always so awkward in telling his adventures as he might be," said he quietly, his strong foreign accent very distinct; "his merriment was so *vera bad—vera bad indeed*."

"Yes, that is true," assented Mrs. Courtenay, who noticed the colour rise to the temples of her guest, and imagined she had wounded his ultra-sensitive feelings. "Or very likely I may have been mistaken, you know."

"That is true, dear madame," said Eugene, apparently much relieved at this half apology; and the subject dropped, the party shortly retiring.

When "the count" appeared on the following morning he was anxious for Laura to fix the happy day; and after much pressing the matter, he obtained her consent for the ceremonial to be performed that day three weeks. The only thing needed, therefore, was Mrs. Courtenay's approval, the obtaining of which was hardly so easy a task as the fond pair had imagined, for she positively declined to say "yes" until a day had been allowed her for consideration of the question. She was too wise to rush headlong into a corner, which did not allow of an easy retreat in case of necessity.

"Then to-morrow morning," said Picciolini, smiling bewitchingly; "to-morrow morning you shall tell me?"

"To-morrow I shall certainly have decided," replied Mrs. Courtenay, discreetly, "but it is rash to be too precipitate in these matters."

"That is your view, dear madame," exclaimed the enthusiastic Eugene; "but to the young heart it sees death long to wait."

Laura thoroughly concurred in this poetically expressed idea; but Mrs. Courtenay was obdurate, so the affair remained undecided, the ultimate arrangement being that mamma's answer should be given on the following evening, till which time the happy young lovers must live on hope.

#### CHAPTER V.

On the following morning Mrs. Courtenay was down early, and sat in the drawing-room with her daughter, glancing over the papers, and fancying herself profitably employed.

"Does Eugene come this morning, Laura?" she asked; "or will he be too much overpowered to appear till the evening?"

"No, mamma, he is not so cruel as to stay away," replied Laura, hardly relishing her mother's half bantering tone, "he will be here shortly."

"Oh, indeed," said her mamma, drily, resuming her occupation.

At this moment there was the sound of a light footstep coming gaily up the stairs, two or three steps at a time, and Laura, springing to her feet, ran towards the door with the exclamation, "There he is, mamma!"

And he was there; but not Eugene the expected. Laura has been too eager.

The door swung open, and a bronzed and bearded stranger entered the room—a young man, handsome, and evidently belonging to the highest *ton*.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Laura, with a little startled shriek, as he seized her hand and wrung it warmly, laughing merrily the while.

Mrs. Courtenay was also taken very much by surprise at first. She seemed highly inclined to resent such a familiarity on the part of this stranger, who rushed unannounced into her room; but quickly recognising the bearded one, she rose to her feet, and came over with both hands extended to meet her greatest favourite—Sir Cecil Haughton.

"Dear me, Cecil, how brown you are!" said Mrs. Courtenay, as she shook both his hands warmly in hers.

Cecil laughed heartily, as though brownness were the finest joke in the world.

"Am I?" said he; "and well I may be, after roasting for two months or so on the plains and in the cities, and then refrigerating myself on the mountain-tops for another month. But you look very well, Mrs. Courtenay, and younger every day, I declare."

Mrs. Courtenay laughed almost as heartily as her guest, for she was vastly pleased, first at seeing him, secondly at his compliment.

"Hardly that, Cecil," said she, "but this air agrees with me. But, come, sit down and let me hear what makes you turn up thus unexpectedly, and let me hear your excuses for not answering my letter."

"So you shall," replied the baronet. "But, in the first place, Laura, why so sad? I thought—but oh! I know you are disappointed. You expected some one else when I came in—Monsieur with the big name."

Laura blushed, which was ample confirmation of Sir Cecil's words; but she made no reply.

"Wait a bit, Laura, and if I don't bother you into speaking, blame me," said the cheerful baronet, whose sarcastic mood had completely changed to natural, easy, and graceful good humour.

"Well now, Mrs. Courtenay," he went on, "the truth of the matter is this. I did not recognise the name of your esteemed foreign acquaintance, and as I flattered myself that I might be more welcome in *propria persona* than my letter would have been, I thought I would run over and see if I recognised the man himself, as I could not recall his name. What is it—Picciolorini? So, you forgive me?"

"Picciolini," replied Mrs. Courtenay. "Yes, I amply forgive you, you naughty boy."

"So he is no Russian after all, but an Italian with a Frenchman's Christian or un-Christian name, whichever you like," said the baronet. "But I beg pardon, Laura; I forgot you admired the name."

The baronet turned to the younger lady, who sat silently at the open window, gazing listlessly at the passers. But Laura was too much pre-occupied to have heard him, his observation therefore, remained unacknowledged.

After a few moments more of desultory conversation with Mrs. Courtenay, Sir Cecil passed over and stood beside the passive figure at the window, awakening her from her reverie by making some commonplace remarks on the weather, and so forth, to which she replied in like manner.

"Charming view from here, Laura," said the baronet, who seemed just the smallest bit uncomfortable.

"Yes," replied the lady, absently.

"Great many boats in sight, it strikes me," Cecil went on, slightly embarrassed in manner—for what reason is uncertain.

"Yes, a great many," replied Laura.

"Hardly so many promenaders as usual, I think, are there?" said Cecil desperately.

"No," responded Laura.

The baronet gave up in despair; Laura's monosyllables had overcome him, and he relapsed into silence. She was evidently too much pre-occupied to pay any attention to her mother's visitor, being engaged in the entertaining occupation of watching for some known form among the loiterers; so Cecil contented himself with joining this ocular search, occasionally varying the monotony of the proceedings by twirling the ends of his moustache.

Laura did not seek much longer in vain. In a few minutes, a form appeared among the passers, which was apparently well known to Miss Courtenay, and on which her eyes resting, she blushed vividly.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, also recognising somebody; "there's that scoundrel—," but he checked himself, and the curious expression breaking over his countenance, he burst into a loud peal of laughter, which for the moment seemed utterly beyond his control.

"What now?" asked Mrs. Courtenay, who,

having approached, had observed what had attracted her daughter's attention, but of course could not understand what caused so much amusement to the baronet.

"Nothing," replied Sir Cecil, slyly, "except that I have had the honour, unless I am very much mistaken, of beholding your distinguished foreign friend, and that I do recognise him, although I had (hem!) forgotten his name."

Mrs. Courtenay opened her eyes in wonder, and yet there was something in the baronet's tone not altogether displeasing to her; and Laura became as pale as the whitest marble: Sir Cecil's words to her sounded like a sentence of doom.

"You don't mean to say—?" commenced Mrs. Courtenay, with some eagerness in her voice.

"No, certainly not: nothing of the kind," replied Sir Cecil, readily; "but dear Mrs. Courtenay, and you too Laura, are you prepared for a surprise?"

Mrs. Courtenay looked from the face of the baronet, which now wore an expression of grave severity, to that of her daughter, and gave her assent by a gesture, rather than by the words she spoke.

"I hardly—," she began. "Yes, I am."

"Will you allow me to speak the first word to your friend?" asked Sir Cecil.

Mrs. Courtenay bowed her head in silence, while her daughter stood mutely by; and the next moment the baronet, most inexplicably, it seemed, slipped to the other side of the room, and took up a position behind the door.

In another moment there was a light footstep on the stairs; and the door opening, Monsieur Eugene Picciolini entered the room with a brilliant smile on his face, and a cheerful—"Good morning, Madame Courtenay, I am *vera*—"

He stopped suddenly in the middle of the sentence, for the door banged loudly behind him, and another voice took up the burthen of the song.

"*Bon matin, Gaspodin Picciolini, wie geht's, amigo mio*," said Sir Cecil Haughton, in fierce, polyglot badinage; "really, I hardly know in what language to address so distinguished a foreigner; perhaps English may be the best."

Eugene's smile had departed; his face had assumed a curious leaden hue, and the power of movement had apparently deserted him, for he stood, as it were, rooted to the spot.

"Ladies," continued Sir Cecil, advancing a few steps, and motioning with his hand towards "the count," "I have the honour of presenting to you Mr. James Smith—at least, if I mistake not, for really the salubrious air of Brighton has so altered the appearance of my—"

"I never did you an injury, Sir Cecil," interrupted the pseudo-count, weakly, but in unexceptionable English, "and—"

"And I never allowed my *valet* to address me as you are doing at present, sir," interrupted Sir Cecil; "allow me to remark, that is the door, and as I happen to know the locality of the police station, permit me to offer as a suggestion that, for your personal safety, it would be well for you to leave, not only this house, but this town also, at once."

At the conclusion of his sentence Sir Cecil turned his back on the *ci-devant* Eugene Picciolini, considering that his words conveyed all the meaning desirable, and indeed there was no necessity to say more, for, without uttering a syllable, the ex-valet turned on his heel and left the room.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"And a very lucky escape for us," said Mr. Courtenay, speaking from the bottom of her heart; "but in future I shall know how to treat distinguished foreigners." Laura, my darling, I can only congratulate you, and with heartfelt gratitude thank dear Cecil."

Laura was as yet too much exhausted to speak, having only just recovered from a fainting fit, but her eyes showed that she appreciated to the full her mother's sentiments, though, for the present, she felt deeply the loss of her dear Eugene."

"Dear Mrs. Courtenay;" said the cheery Sir Cecil, with a merry laugh, "don't thank me. I am congratulating myself at this moment, and am more delighted than I can tell you; for, if my valet is my only rival, I think even yet there is some chance for me."

A little later Sir Cecil Haughton explained the meaning of his words, and also accounted for his appearance at such a time without any previous warning. He had he said, more than cared for Laura for many months, and, on receipt of Mrs. Courtenay's letter, was much disturbed in mind, but did not for a moment guess the real state of affairs that his ex-valet, making use of the knowledge gained in his service of the names of his friends, and the greater part of their family history, had come to England, and passed himself off as one of his acquaintances.

Sir Cecil never imagined this; but he was vain enough to think that by diligent labour, he might succeed in setting himself before the foreign rival who had appeared in the field; and with this view he came to Brighton. His wish now, he said, was to gain the affection of Laura.

Mrs. Courtenay pressed his hand warmly at the conclusion of this little explication, and heartily wished him success, promising him her best support. Under such auspices, could Sir Cecil do otherwise than succeed?

In the evening of the same day Sir Cecil and Mrs. Courtenay sat alone, Laura having retired to her room in the morning, and being now under the directions of the family medical adviser. Their tête-à-tête was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, who was the bearer of a letter for Sir Cecil. It was a neatly-folded little pink letter, delicately scented, and directed in a fine, somewhat effeminate-looking handwriting.

"Whom on earth can this be from?" said the baronet turning the note over and over, in his hand? "I seem to recognize the writing."

"Open it," said Mrs. Courtenay, sapiently, "and you will know at once."

"I will, if you will excuse me," said Sir Cecil, and he broke the seal.

His countenance was grave at first; but as he proceeded to read the muscles of his face relaxed, and broke into a broad smile.

"Dear me!" said he, laughing heartily, "this is a curious document, Mrs. Courtenay—shall I read it to you?"

"If likely to interest me," she replied.

"I promise you it will," said the baronet, and he commenced to read:—

"Sir Cecil Haughton,—We met this morning under very peculiar circumstances; and allow me to say you did not behave so much like a gentleman and a titled landowner as you might have done. (By the way, the title of baronet could be purchased some two hundred years back; a fact on which you might ponder with advantage.) It may have seemed to you that you frightened me to-day—quite the contrary, believe me. I was, I admit, taken aback at first; but, on consideration, I find there is no cause for me to be alarmed. You could not take proceedings against me in any legal court. I do not try to excuse myself, for a fiasco allows of no excuse; and had I succeeded it would have been the same—no excuse would have been necessary. Allow me, however, to say this—I did not come to England with the intention of imposing on any of your friends; and the idea of marrying Laura Courtenay was a notion that struck me after I came down here. True, I pretended to be a foreigner; but that I always do, because I gain more respect at the hands of menials; and meeting your friends by chance, I determined to scrape acquaintance with them, and turn the little affair to my own account. That is all.

"I can only add that I shall not do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow, as by the time this note reaches you I shall probably be a good many miles away. Another little matter that may interest you:—As you so opportunely came to the same hotel as I did, I turned the circumstance to my account. I explained that I was your valet, down here for a spree, await-

ing your arrival, and my statement must have appeared truthful to the hotel people, so much so indeed, that I go, leaving a bill behind me, which will be delivered to you, my master. Do not, on any account, forget to settle it. I explained that it was your affairs that accounted for my sudden departure: so it was.

"JAMES SMITH.

"P.S.—If you hear of any gentleman (not one with a purchased title) wanting a really accomplished valet, drop me a line."

"If that is not consummate impudence, I do not know what is!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, as he tore the note into fragments and threw them out of the window.

"Most audacious effrontery, I call it," said Mrs. Courtenay; "but surely you will set the police on his track?"

"Not the slightest use in the world, I assure you, my dear Mrs. Courtenay," replied Sir Cecil; "the fellow is far too cunning to leave any track to be followed up. I know him too well. I shall pay the bill he alludes to, and consider that we have all escaped easily in the affair not getting wind, for it is the style of thing which should be hushed up."

In this view of the matter Mrs. Courtenay thoroughly concurred; so no more was said on the subject.

There is nothing more to relate, save that though at first almost inclining to a severe illness, Laura soon fully appreciated the circumstances which had led to the breach of her engagement with "Monsieur Eugene Picciolini," and she rejoiced more in his absence than she had ever done in his presence. Ere another year had elapsed, Sir Cecil Haughton led Laura to the altar.

The last that was heard of the ex-valet, was something not by any means redounding to his credit, in connection with a forgery to a large amount, and a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREM.

- 1. 101 and *Fel rest* = A town in England.
2. 500 " *so sea* = A Russian seaport.
2. 1601 " *Horn* = A city in Virginia.
4. 500 " *Repinc* = A river in Russia.
5. 100 " *all worn* = A county in England.
6. 101 " *Milker* = A city in Ireland.
7. 1000 " *Thou ray* = A port in England.
8. 1000 " *Darken* = A country in Europe.
9. 501 " *Grub hen* = A city in Scotland.

The initials read forward name a celebrated English general. B. N. C.

ANAGRAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLATS.

- 1. Lo our slave bolts.
2. Hard Pat cannot loan ye.
3. 'Tis new leather. T.
4. Nations of them. B. N. C.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A decree. 2. A vessel.
Black To comply with.
Related. Adam in a river.
A river in England. A musical instrument

BERICUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

508. My first is in brig, but not in ship; My second in month, but not in lip; My third is in fresh, but not in stale; My fourth is in bundle, but not in bale; My fifth is in walks, but not in "go it;" My whole reveals a man of whom Scotland has long been proud.

ENIGMA.

Had Phillip's wife been wiser, not with me Would she have trusted Phillip, for you see He's not come home; and there she sits and waits. Her fingers, see, of my communion tread— Although the voice I bring a charm creates— Hang listless down, as if her heart required Something not there. Look, by the water side, O'er me he staggers, powerless to hide That he, alas! is drunk. He shouts and reels, And I am in his voice—hilarious, high, While with his hand my well-known form he feels, His pocket holds—record of liberty And bondage both! Now, if that form you know, My nature and my name, I promise here, The mystery from off this page shall go, And every answer lucidly appear.

- 2. Winter's frost can never freeze me, Summer's sun ne'er melt, And yet I do not last a day, Am seen, but never felt.

CHARADES.

- 1. My first gives warmth to man and beast; my second is a period of time; my whole we ought to rest upon.
2. My first ray often bears the weight of my second; my whole is generally found at a meeting.
3. Lo where the silvery pine tops wave Their tapering spires athwart the glade, My first, with aspect calm and sweet, Wanders through that green retreat; My second oft has ruin brought O'er gilt saloon, and trellised cot; My whole a victory names of bright renown, And wreathed fresh laurels for a hero's crown. W. Z. FOX.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Is M. a Celt.
2. Aid old F. F.
3. One Amen. BERICUS.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person being asked his age, replied "If 1/2 of my age be multiplied by 2 of it, the answer is my age. What was his age."

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM NO. 67.

Arithmorem—John Bright— 1 Jeddo; 2. Omagh; 3. Hamburgh; 4. Naples; 5. Broom; 6. Rochdale; 7. Ireland; 8. Gluckstadt; 9. Himalaya; 10. Tilled.

Square Words—

- 1. B L A N K 2. E Z R A
L A B A N Z E A L
A B A T E R A F T
N A T A L A L T O
K N E L L

Cryptograph—

Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; O, that the earth which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

Key—

a, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, w, x, y. H a m l e t P r i n c e o f D e n m a r k

Enigma.—Yesterday. Decapitations.—1. Skate, Kate, tea, &c.; 2. spare-spar-spa-asp-pear, &c. Charade.—Tarantella. Arithmetical Question.—A had 60, B 30.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Arithmorem.—Bericus, A. R. O., Niagara, B. N. C., Argus, Geo. B., H. H. V., Gale. Square Words.—B. N. C., Gale, Bericus, Argus, A. R. O., Violet, H. N. V., Geo. B. Cryptograph.—Gale. Enigma.—B. N. C., Violet, Niagara, A. R. O., Argus, Violet. Decapitations.—Bericus, Violet, B. N. C., Argus, W. W., L. E. L., Gale, Niagara. Charade.—B. N. C., Gale, Bericus, W. W., Geo. B. Arithmetical Question.—Gale, Bericus, Argus, H. H. V., Geo. B.

A pleasant recognition of journalistic fraternity is about to take place in Paris. We read in the *Liberté*:—"On the first Monday of every month during the continuance of the Exhibition the members of the French and foreign press will dine together in the salons of the *Cercle International*. The first of these dinners is fixed for Monday, the 2nd of July. The cost of the dinner will be ten francs.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—The Gentleman's Journal or Monthly Miscellany which appeared in 1692 was properly speaking the first English Magazine. The Gentleman's Magazine was founded in 1731 by Cave and after surviving all its competitors still continues to flourish. The first English periodical that attempted anything like criticism was the Monthly Review begun in 1749. It was followed 1756 by the Critical Review founded by Smollett and these two were long the leading periodicals of their class. The Edinburgh Review which inaugurated a new era in criticism was established in Scotland in 1802, and was followed in London by the Quarterly Review. Blackwood's Magazine which sprang up in Edinburgh in 1817 was the precursor of the large crop of monthlies with which we are now favoured. The rate of payment for writing in the higher class reviews is generally ten guineas per sheet of sixteen pages. Such weekly periodicals as "All the Year Round" ordinarily pay from half a guinea to a guinea per column but this rate is sometimes largely exceeded in the case of serial stories.

W. J. F.—You omitted to state for whom the enclosure was intended.

C. E. D.—We cannot tell you the origin of the superstition which however is not confined to Ireland, but prevailed and is perhaps not yet extinct in the highlands of Scotland. The Banshee is a female who is called the Wife of the Fairies. The name is supposed to be from the Irish celtic ben or bean a woman, and sighe a fairy.

W. P.—Respectfully declined. Although eminently patriotic the versification is not up to publication standard.

MAITLAND.—The affix "abad" to names of Persian origin is closely allied both in etymology and meaning to the English abode—as Hyderabad the "dwelling" or city of Hyder.

ZARA.—Should have forwarded the article before publication elsewhere. We will return as requested.

A FRIEND.—Declined with many thanks.

W. B. H.—The composition of the Ritualistic Commission, as it has been termed, has given but little satisfaction to any save the Ultra-Church party. The Commission numbers amongst its members several advanced ritualists, and the London Record claims that high churchmen are in a clear majority. At the same time, the low-church or evangelical party is so poorly represented that both the Archbishop of York, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, declined to have anything to do with the Commission.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Mr. Charles Pryor, of Cambridge, has constructed a watering-pot with a rose that is self-cleansing, and which cannot possibly stop up. The spout has a screw, which can be unloosened at pleasure, so that the water can be gently poured into moulds. When the screw is secured a copious shower comes from the rose.

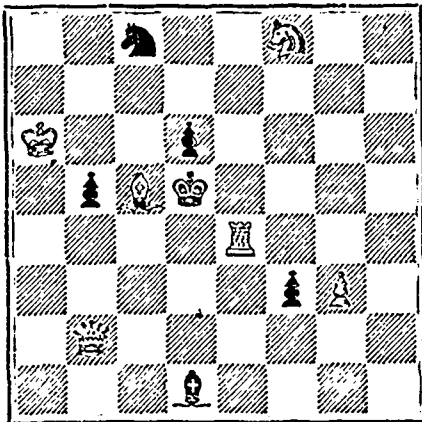
GLASS FROM NATIVE ORE.—Richard Washburn, of Monsey, N. Y., has obtained a patent for the manufacture of glass from the native ore. This ore, which is really pure glass, or silicate of iron, in a crystallized and hence opaque condition, exists in abundance in many parts of the world, as in the columnar basaltic rock of the Palisades of the Hudson, of St. Helena, and of the "famous Giant's Causeway." But all efforts to utilize it for the manufacture of glass had proved singularly unsuccessful until the invention above referred to. The Newburgh (N. Y.) Glass Manufacturing Company, organised to work the ore of that vicinity under this patent, are successfully turning out quantities of glass ware with the two peculiarities of unequalled toughness and unapproachable cheapness.—Scientific American.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. N. C.—Your solution to Problems Nos. 74, 75, 76 and 77 were duly received and are all correct. Contributions for the column will be always welcome. C. C. B.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Accept best thanks for your kindness in so promptly anticipating our wishes. The missing number of the Reader shall be forwarded.

PROBLEM, No. 78. BY THRO. M. BROWN. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 76.

- WHITE: 1 Kt to Q Kt 8. 2 R takes B. 3 Kt Mate. BLACK: K to K 4 or (a.) K moves. (a) 1 Kt to Q sq. 2 R takes B. 3 Kt to Q B Mate.

MACKENZIE-REICHELHM MATCH.

FIFTH GAME. FRENCH DEFENCE.

- WHITE (Mr. Mackenzie): 1 P to K 4, 2 P to Q 4, 3 Kt to Q B 3, 4 B to Q 3, 5 B takes P, 6 B to K Kt 5, 7 P takes B, 8 B takes Kt, 9 Kt to K B 3, 10 Castles, 11 Q to K 2, 12 B to Q 3, 13 Q to K 4, 14 Q to K 3, 15 B takes Q, 16 P takes Kt, 17 Q R to Kt sq., 18 K to B 2, 19 K R to Q sq., 20 P to B 4, 21 R to Kt 4, 22 P to Q 5, 23 R to R 4, 24 Kt to Q 4, 25 R takes P, 26 P to Kt 4, 27 R takes R, 28 R takes R T, 29 P to K 4, 30 K to K 3, 31 P to K R 3, 32 P takes P, 33 P to R 3, 34 R takes R, 35 K to Q 4, 36 K to Q 6, 37 R to Q 6, 38 Kt to K 7, 39 P to B 3, 40 K to Q 7, 41 Kt to B 6, 42 K to B 6, 43 K takes P, 44 K to B 6, 45 Kt to K 7, 46 Kt to Q 5 (ch.), 47 R takes P (ch.), 48 P to K 6, 49 K takes P, and Black shortly resigned. BLACK (Mr. Reichelm.): 1 P to K 3, 2 P to Q 4, 3 B to Kt 6, 4 P takes P, 5 Kt to K B 3, 6 B takes Kt (ch.), 7 P to K R 3, 8 Q takes B, 9 Kt to Q 2, 10 P to B 3, 11 Castles, 12 Kt to Kt 3, 13 Q to B 4, 14 Kt to Q 4, 15 Kt takes Q, 16 P takes B, 17 R to K sq., 18 P to B 3, 19 P to Q Kt 3, 20 B to K 3, 21 P to K Kt 4, 22 K R to Q sq., 23 B to Kt 2, 24 P takes P, 25 K to R 2, 26 P takes P, 27 R takes R, 28 R to Q 2, 29 K to Kt 3, 30 P to K R 4, 31 P takes P, 32 K to R 2, 33 B to B sq., 34 B takes R, 35 P to Kt 4, 36 K to Kt 3, 37 B to K sq., 38 K to Kt 2, 39 B to B 2, 40 K to B sq., 41 B to Kt sq., 42 K to K sq., 43 K to Q 2, 44 K to B 2, 45 B to K 3, 46 K to Q 2, 47 K to R 2, 48 B to B sq.

GOOD INK.—Common India ink, simply dissolved in water, is excellent for writing. It being composed of carbon, and little else, it will keep in any climate or place from year to year, perfectly sweet. Even freezing does not injure its

good qualities, a simple cover is all that is required to prevent evaporation and keep the dust from falling into it. It flows from the pen with ease and freeness. The stroke of the pen made with it is quite black if desired, and will endure unchanged to all time, provided the paper or parchment remains sound, and oven papers that have been burned and not fallen to pieces, with this kind of writing upon them, remain quite plain to read.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WANTED.—A nut-cracker suitable for cracking jokes.

THE ARTIST WHO TAKES PAINS IN HIS DRAWING.—The Dentist.

WHY is a laundress like an insult?—Because she gets up your collar.

WHAT part of a ship is good for youngsters?—The spunker.

WHY are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

AN Irishman remarked to a lady who had been very kind to him, "Bedad, she's a perfect gentleman."

FLOATING LIGHTS.—Swimming matches.

WHAT is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?—A fountain.

The Mayor of Halifax, at a recent dinner of the Halifax licensed victuallers, stated that an application had been made to him a few days ago by an Irishman for a testimonial of character. The mayor told him that he had never seen him before. The Irishman promptly answered, "Faith, your worship, and that is the very reason I come to you. I have never been summoned before you nor fined, and you never had any trouble with me."

Dr. Gross, the justly celebrated surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery he met one of his lady patients—they are not always patient ladies—who remarked to him "Oh doctor! I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen."—"Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor, "but now I fear they will die by the Gross!"

The following communication has been sent to a contemporary from a remote town in Ireland.—"Sir,—I send you this note to inform you that a person qualified to compose poetry for a newspaper is on the look out for an office of that description, perhaps you would require a composer should you require one you will send an answer immediately stating salary and whether the composer is required to compose a story underneath the poetry there could be three pieces of poetry sent by one post for your paper I daresay you do not print one every day. If you do not require one yourself perhaps you would know some person that would require one the poetry can be in a nice plain handwriting so that it will be easily understood you will please give the address to any one that would require a person of my description Address—Co. Donegal Ireland."

"Good-morrow to you, Mrs. Fogarty," said one crone to another, as they met in the streets of Cork. "Then good-morrow kindly, Judy; I hope I see you well this morning?"—"So, Mrs. Fogarty, you married your daughter?"—"I did indeed, praise be to Heaven."—"Did she get a good match?"—"Faix, thin, 'tis herself that did. Didn't she get blind Darby Driscoll, on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork?"—"I'm delighted to hear it, Mrs. Fogarty, I assure you, that the world may wonder at the luck they'll have! Did you give her any fortune?"—"Any fortune is it? Ah, thin, now, Judy, is it after insultin' me you'd be? Sure you know in yer heart that a child of mine was never married without it. Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick Street, which, if well begged, is worth seven and sixpence a week?"—"Oh, what a fortune! and the two women separated."