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# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 92.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 8, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 379.

CHAPTER V. MABEL "JOINS."

It will have been surmised that Mr. Trescotts cogitations, recorded in the preceding chapter, related partly to Mabel Earnshaw. She had seen him that morning near Jessamine Cottage, on his way to give a lesson in the neighbourhood—for Mr. Trescott eked out his scanty salary by teaching the violin, whenever he could find a pupil—and had accosted him to ask after his little girl. Mabel had learned from Clement Charlewood that the child was motherless, and more than ever had she set her heart on visiting the little creature, to whose patient sweetness and bright intelligence Clement bore warm testimony.

Mabel had a very strong will of her own, and rarely set her heart on any object without compassing its attainment. Nevertheless, for a young lady of sixteen to walk to New Bridge street unattended, and without the consent of her parents, was not to be thought of. But chance came to her aid from an unexpected quarter.

Mr. Saxelby was a strong adherent and devout admirer of a certain evangelical clergyman, whose preaching (of a very hot and strong quality) was popular with a large section of the Hammerham public. Three times every Sunday, wet or dry, did Mr. Saxelby, his wife and step-daughter, trudge down to the church of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, there to be edified by the eloquent discourses of the Reverend Decimus Fluke. As St. Philip's lay at least a mile and a half from Jessamine Cottage, and in a low squalid part of 't town, the walk thither was exceedingly disagreeable, and even laborious. But Mr. Saxelby would have considered himself a backslider, indeed, if anything short of serious illness had availed to keep him or his family away from one of the three Sunday services. Equally, he would have thought himself disgraced had he been induced by inclement weather to avail himself of the shelter of a vehicle on these occasions. "Shall I not do so much for my Master?" he would exclaim, when any unconverted friend suggested that cabs were to be had in Hammerham. And Mr. Saxelby really considered that in splashing to church, under his dripping glistening umbrella, he was doing a good deal for his Master; and his manner seemed to express a hope that the sacrifice would be duly appreciated, and entered to his credit in the celestial registers.

Now the Reverend Decimus Fluke, incumbent of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, was an energetic man. A very energetic man was the Reverend Decimus Fluke. So energetic that irreverent persons had been known to say that it required a constitution of exceptional vigour to support existence within the sphere of his activity, and that three mild curates had successively succumbed to nervous exhaustion, and given up their positions in his church, owing to the incessant harrying—the word is not mine; I merely quote the irreverent persons aforesaid—to which they were subjected by the reverend gentleman's energetic surveillance in the discharge of their parish duties. Mr. Fluke was a widower, with seven daughters, whose ages ranged from two-and-thirty to sixteen, all unmarried, and all inheriting more or less their father's unflagging vigour of constitution. These young ladies threw themselves into the business of doctoring the souls and bodies of their father's

parishioners, with characteristic and unwearying activity. Miss Fluke, the eldest, was especially indefatigable in her attention to Sunday schools, class meetings, Bible readings, the practice of congregational psalmody—of so severe a character, that the most censorious worldling could not accuse Miss Fluke of getting up her bi-weekly singing class for the vain purpose of giving pleasure to any created being—and last, and most important of all, district visiting. This was an occupation dear to Miss Fluke's heart; and as the parish of St. Philip-in-the-Fields was large, poor, and populous, she had an extended sphere for the labour which she performed entirely *con amore*. Her curiosity about the affairs of the parishioners (dictated, no doubt, by interest in their spiritual welfare) was insatiable. The stoutest Hammerham housewives—and Hammerham housewives are not remarkable, as a class, for sensitiveness or over-refinement—sometimes found themselves no match for the well-directed unflinching fire of questions with which Miss Fluke plied them, in the course of her evangelical investigations. You could not shame Miss Fluke out of anything; and in this superiority to the weaknesses of her unconverted fellow-creatures lay, perhaps, at once her weapon and her shield.

Mr. Saxelby having been known for many years previous to his marriage as a constant and attentive member of the congregation of St. Philip's it was natural that he should be held in high favour by the Flukes, and that the ladies of that family should have endeavoured to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel. They had not prospered very well in this endeavour; finding Mrs. Saxelby far below their standard of zeal;—"lukewarm," Miss Fluke pronounced briefly;—and Mabel, given to disconcerting repartee and argument when pushed too hard on points of low-church doctrine of practice. Disconcerting, that is to say, to one or two of the younger girls. Miss Fluke was never disconcerted by anything or anybody. Mr. Saxelby, however, strongly encouraged an intimacy between his family and the Misses Fluke; and his wife, in her usual spirit of conformity endeavoured to make herself as agreeable to those ladies as the imperfect state of her spiritual development would permit.

On the day following the evening spoken of in the last chapter, Miss Fluke and her third sister, Jane, made an afternoon visit to the inmates of Jessamine Cottage. Afternoon visits were not much in Miss Fluke's way generally; she looked on such formalities as vanity and waste of time; saying in her trenchant manner, "That she had no leisure for such observances, but that all Christians friends who had, would find her at home on Friday afternoons with her sewing-basket, when they could listen to her conversation, and satisfy themselves of her perfect health, without taking up valuable hours which should be devoted to the 'Lord's work.'" The work which Miss Fluke thus designated, was, on Fridays, the construction of very coarse and very scanty garments—chiefly of flannel—for the poor. But on this especial afternoon Miss Fluke and Miss Jane Fluke did make a call at Jessamine Cottage, and finding the Saxelbys at their early dinner, sat down very willingly to partake of it with them.

"The labourer," said Miss Fluke, holding her plate for another slice of beef, "is worthy of his hire."

"True, indeed," returned Mr. Saxelby, "and you, my dear Miss Fluke, are indefatigable in the vineyard. Mabel, help Miss Fluke to potatoes."

Mr. Saxelby was a short spare man, so upright as to give the idea that his back was supported by artificial means, and he walked, and moved, and spoke, with a sort of metallic snap.

"It's a stubborn soil, Mr. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, "and requires the ploughshare to go deep, deep, deep."

Miss Jane sighed, and murmured, "deep, deep, deep." She had a way of repeating her sister's last word; this being, indeed, her only chance of joining in the conversation at all, when Miss Fluke was fairly launched on one of her favorite parish topics.

"Now, this very day," resumed the latter, "I've been district visiting for Eliza. Her beat is quite separate from mine, and really I have not time to take any extra duty. Only, Eliza is laid up with a cold, and the other girls' lists are all full. So, of course, I would not withdraw my neck from the yoke, nor turn back from the narrow path, however thorny."

"Thorny," said Miss Jane, pouring some cream over her fruit tart.

"Now Mrs. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, turning on her hostess with such suddenness as to make that lady drop her fork with a clash, "why don't you come back to us? We want recruits. You had half a district with Loui last summer. Why abandon the good work? Remember, you will have to give an account of your talent, even though you bury it in a napkin."

Miss Fluke shook her head so emphatically that the jet flowers in her bonnet quivered again. She usually wore black. No one quite knew why. Possibly because it had a good lugubrious effect by a sick-bed, and attuned the patient's mind to thoughts of a becomingly gloomy nature. Or, she may have worn black as mourning for the sins of her neighbours.

"My dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Saxelby, smiling faintly, and looking helplessly at her husband, "I assure you I have no talent—"

"We all have talents in the Scripture sense, Mrs. Saxelby," interrupted Miss Fluke.

"Yes, of course. But I mean that I really am not fit for the work. My health is not strong; and then I have no influence whatsoever over the people. They frighten me."

"I think," said Mr. Saxelby, "I do think, that my wife is not quite adapted for district visiting. It requires stamina."

The Misses Fluke looked at each other with a significant smile, and nodded their heads. It had been found, indeed, on several occasions, that considerable stamina was required on the part of the visited, as well as the visitors: Miss Fluke's religious exercises being of a fatiguing, not to say exhausting kind.

"Be it so," said Miss Fluke, with the air of making a great concession, and scorning to take any credit for it. "But there are other branches, Dorcas meetings, Bible class, catechism class, hymn class, missionary collections, clothing committees, tract distribution. Come, Mrs. Saxelby, you cannot plead incompetency for all."

"Really, I—I don't know," stammered the poor little woman, colouring painfully, and feeling very much inclined to cry. "I'm so afraid to interfere with people, and have so little confidence in my own power to comfort them, or do any good."

"Comfort them!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Comfort them!" echoed her sister.

"You—must—awake—them—to—a—sense—of—sin. That's the one thing needful, Mrs. Saxelby. Comfort's of no use to them until they've got a sense of sin. It's a snare and a delusion—a folding of hands to slumber."

Mabel, who had been sitting silently attentive, turned upon Miss Fluke, who was quite red in the face from the strength of her emphasis, and was about to make some rejoinder; but she caught her mother's imploring glance, and refrained. Miss Fluke, however, had perceived the movement of Mabel's head, and took the opportunity of addressing her, to ask why she

at least, who was young and strong, should not put her shoulder to the wheel, and assist in the awakening process?

"Now, I assure you," said that strenuous spinster, "that there is an immense field to labour in. Eliza's district, where I've been this morning, is full of interesting cases. There is a woman, an electro-plater's wife, in New Bridge-street, who has had some of the most remarkable experiences."

Mabel started at the words, and Miss Fluke, taking her eager look of interest as a tribute to her own eloquence, proceeded with redoubled vigour: "Experiences, Mabel, of a thoroughly evangelical and spiritual character. That woman's mind was in outer darkness—literally outer darkness. She was willing—to use her own words—weltering, in worldliness and self-seeking. I have strong reason to believe she drank. And I know," added Miss Fluke, nodding her head and speaking in a loud triumphant tone, "that she habitually used the most awfully bad language! Well now, what is the result of three months—only three months—diligent district visiting, tract distributing, and attendance at Sabbath evening lecture? why, that woman—Pugley her name is, is so awakened to the truth, has got such a real sense of sin, that she looks upon the spiritual state of all her friends and relations with absolute loathing."

"Lo-o-o-athing!" repeated Miss Jane unctuously.

"And she said, I particularly remember, that she considered her husband's mother to be clothed in filthy rags, as with a garment—spiritually speaking, of course; for the old woman is a very decent, clean old creature, in a worldly sense, and looks after her grandchildren when Mrs. Pugley is at lecture or Bible class."

Miss Fluke stopping the torrent of her discourse here to take breath, and apply a very large pocket-handkerchief to her nose, with a strong wrenching action, Mabel took occasion to ask whether Eliza had any other houses, besides the admirable Mrs. Pugley's that she visited in New Bridge-street?

"Let me see," said Miss Jane, availing herself of her sister's temporary retirement behind the pocket-handkerchief to assert her knowledge of the subject, and advertise her share of the family energy. "Well, I'm not sure, but there's a great deal to be done in the neighbourhood, I know. Will you join, Mabel? Do say yes. It would be a real help, now that Eliza is ill. You could take the lighter duties to begin with. Just a little Scripture reading, and so on, unless—unless—you'd prefer to have Eliza's catechism class, or to make a subscription-book for the Infant Bosjesman Mission."

"May I accompany Jane and Miss Fluke in their district visits?" asked Mabel, addressing Mr. Saxelby.

Her step-father was much surprised by the demand. Mabel had never before shown any desire to associate herself with her friends' parochial labours. But he answered at once: "Certainly, Mabel. I am rejoiced to think that you care about these things. Under Miss Fluke's guidance, I can have no objection to your going."

"I must tell you, sir," said Mabel, flushing deeply, "and tell you, too, Miss Fluke, that I have asked to join you because I particularly wish to have an opportunity of seeing a poor sick little girl in whom I am interested, and who lives in the part of the town you have been speaking of. If you don't think it right to admit me with that motive, I shall be sorry. But that is the true one. I have no other."

"Join, Mabel!" said Miss Fluke, who had risen to go, and was tying her bonnet-strings with superfluous application of muscular power. "It may be a useful and a blessed experience for you. If the little girl you speak of is in a state of grace, so much the better. If not, we will endeavour to bring her into the way of—Are you ready, Jane? And have you given Mrs. Saxelby the penny subscription card for the rebuilding of Duckrell Chapel and school-house? And the last report of the Infant Bosjesman Mission Ladies' Committee? And lent her the number of the Christian Reminder, with those

verses about justification by faith, adapted to a popular melody? Very well, then, come along. And Mabel, be your motive what it may, I say again to you, join! Remember the beautiful hymn we had last Sunday, beginning—

Come dirty, come filthy,  
Come just as you are.

That's my advice to you. Come just as you are; only join!"

Miss Fluke took leave briefly with her sister, and was heard to march with a quick firm tread down the front garden path, and to shut the gate behind her with a loud jarring clang.

"An excellent woman, Miss Fluke," said Mr. Saxelby. "One of those who may be truly said to be unwearied in well-doing."

"I wish," said Mrs. Saxelby, "that she wouldn't shut the garden gate in that dreadfully violent way. It jars every nerve in my body."

To this, Mr. Saxelby made no reply, but took his hat and set forth to return to the office: having first kissed his wife's forehead with more gentleness than his ordinary manner would have led one to suppose him capable of.

"Mabel," said her mother, when Mr. Saxelby had gone, "I'm afraid this won't do."

"Won't do, mamma?"

"No, you'll hate the whole thing, and then you'll say so. And that will make a quarrel, and be worse than not joining at all. Besides, I—I—don't think Mr. Saxelby will like your going to these Trescotts. And his wishes should be respected."

"But, mamma, I told him. I made no false pretences."

"Dear me, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, pettishly—her temper, usually gentle, had been ruffled by Miss Fluke; Miss Fluke was trying to do the nervous system; "I wish to Heaven you wouldn't be so entêtée. The child is cared for. Why not be quiet, and let her alone?"

"Mamma," answered Mabel, softly, bending her head down, and shading her eyes with her hand, "suppose every one had been quiet, and let us alone, when we were desolate!"

#### CHAPTER VI. A DISTRICT VISIT.

On the following Saturday, Mabel, accompanied by Miss Fluke and her youngest sister, a girl of about Mabel's own age, set forth on her first experience as a district visitor. Not without many misgivings, and much upward trembling, did she commence her round. But she put a brave front on the matter, and resolved to be as little intrusive as possible, and to embrace every opportunity, should any be afforded her, of being helpful, and showing sympathy as far as might be.

It is not necessary to follow her and her companion through all the scenes of the morning. Mabel soon discovered that, except in cases where physical aid was rendered, in the shape of food, medicine, or clothing, Miss Fluke's appearance was generally the signal for a sturdy tacit sullen resistance on the part of the poor people whom she visited. Sometimes it flamed out into open warfare. Sometimes it only smouldered with a dull latent heat. But almost always it seemed to be an accepted fact, that Miss Fluke came like an invader into an enemy's country, and that she meant fighting, and had braced herself for the combat. There were exceptions to this, of course. There were whining canting hypocrites of the Pugley school, who related their "experiences," and abused their neighbours in true Mawworm fashion. There were also several instances—and these amongst the most sorely afflicted—of real unaffected piety, which all Miss Fluke's coarse handling was powerless to dim. Mabel was particularly touched by the cheerful serenity of one old blind bedridden man, who listened eagerly to a chapter of the Bible, read aloud in Miss Fluke's hardest and most controversial tone, and who thanked her with unmistakable heartiness when she had finished. Mabel, to whom the chapter selected had appeared singularly ill chosen for purposes of soothing or consolation, could not resist asking the old man privately if he had really liked that, and why?

"Liked it? Ah, sure, miss," said he, in a tone of surprise. "Why, don't ye see that if my

fellow-crecturs thinks of me, and cares for me enough for to come and spend their time a-reading and a-talking to a poor ignorant old man such as me, how sure and satisfied it makes me feel as our Father in Heaven—Him as is all love and mercy—won't forget me neither? Now, I desay, I seems very lonely to you, lyin' dark here all day; but I ain't; not a bit lonely. I've allus lots to think about and blessed thoughts too."

There were few such pleasant gleams of light on the dreary disheartening round of visits; but Miss Fluke seemed to accept the sullen looks and scant courtesy with which she was mostly received as part of the day's routine, and indeed enjoyed any opportunity of displaying her pugnacity and tenacity in the good cause.

When they came, in the course of their duty to New Bridge-street, Mabel left her friends at the door of Mrs. Pugley's dwelling, that interesting subject being laid up with sore-throat, and Miss Fluke having brought in her pocket a large tract and a small pot of black-currant jam, so as to administer at once to her spiritual and bodily requirements. Mabel had stipulated that she should be allowed to visit Corda Trescott on this very first day of her new employment, and had obtained the Misses Fluke's promise that when they had finished their visit at Mrs. Pugley's they would call for her at Number Twenty-three. They were, in fact, very willing, and even eager to do so. Their young friend had not thought it necessary to give them what slight particulars she knew as to the Trescotts' position and circumstances, but they had learned from her the story of the accident, and of Clement Charlewood's kindness to the child, and were excessively curious to see little Corda. Mabel Earnshaw saw her companions enter the abode of Mrs. Pugley, and then ran swiftly up the dirty street to Number Twenty-three. She paused as if irresolute, and then knocked lightly at the door, feeling that her heart was beating a trifle more quickly than usual.

Mrs. Hutchins opened the door—which led directly into the front kitchen, without any intermediate passage—and stood staring at Mabel, with a mop in one hand and a pail of very dirty hot water on the ground behind her. Mrs. Hutchins was washing the brick floor of the kitchen. It was Saturday, the day usually devoted to a general "cleaning up" by the ladies of New Bridge-street and its vicinity; and Mabel had already experienced that morning the wrathful indignation of several housewives at being interrupted in that avocation. Consequently, when she saw Mrs. Hutchins throw the door wide open and stand before her arrayed in full "cleaning up" costume—canvas apron and bib, iron clogs, sleeves tucked up, and a general tone of black-lead over her dress and complexion—she was prepared to be not very civilly received.

Mrs. Hutchins stood and looked at Mabel; Mabel stood and looked at Mrs. Hutchins. At length that lady said, slowly;

"Who might you be inquiring for, miss?"

"Does a gentleman name Trescott live here, if you please?" said Mabel.

"Trescotts oockypies my first floor," returned Mrs. Hutchins, majestically.

"Is his little girl in, can you tell me?"

"Yes, and ever likely to be so."

Mabel was sufficiently well acquainted with the phraseology of the lower orders in Hammerham to understand that Mrs. Hutchins did not by any means intend to imply that Corda was a prisoner to the house thenceforth for evermore, but simply that, under the present circumstances, it was natural that she should be in.

"Can I see her," asked Mabel.

"I suppose so. I don't know as you can't."

"Be good enough to allow me to pass, then, if you please," said Mabel, resolutely; for Mrs. Hutchins stood full in the doorway, and made no attempt to remove the great pail which helped to block the passage. The woman drew aside at once. Mabel's tone of command was the best she could have adopted for attaining her purpose. Mrs. Hutchins being one of those persons whom it is necessary to treat firmly, as one grasps a nettle. She had a secret contempt for people who showed her much gentleness or

consideration; perhaps from a modest consciousness of not being specially entitled to either; perhaps because her weak and frivolous character found it agreeable to be compelled by a superior will, and so to avoid responsibility. At all events, Mrs. Hutchins did not resent Mabel's tone, but made way for her to pass, even with some show of moving the pail of water.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mabel, lifting her dress and stepping nearly over the impediment. In so doing, she displayed a very pretty little foot, which Mrs. Hutchins did not fail to notice, and to compare mentally with the "fairy foot" ascribed to Rosalba of Naples.

"I don't believe her'n could ha' been littler," thought Mrs. Hutchins.

"May I go up-stairs? Is it the front room?"  
"I'm sorry, miss, as I can't show you the way; but I happen to be particular engaged cleaning up, and if I was to wait to take off my pattens—"

But before she could finish, Mabel had thanked her, and was half way up the steep narrow staircase.

"Now, it beats me," muttered the landlady, plunging her mop into the dirty water and vigorously besprinkling the floor with that fluid—"it beats me how them Trescotts gets hold of people. There's young Charlewood, belongin' to one of the first families in Hammetham; and now this here young girl, quite the lady. Her clothes is plain, but thorough good every stitch on 'em. A 'gentleman of the name of Trescott.' Lord, if they should turn out to be somebody, them Trescotts! Alf, he certainly do bear the stamp of aristocracy imprinted legible. What a young rip he is! But Trescott's common enough; no heighth about him."

Meanwhile, Mabel had reached the door of the front room on the first floor, and tapped at it with her fingers.

"Come in," said a silvery childish treble, and Mabel entered.

On a mean bed, covered with a patchwork quilt, lay the pretty little girl whose pale death-like face, as she had seen it on the day of the accident, had many times haunted Mabel's memory. The pretty face was still pale, but no longer leath-like, and it beamed brightly from among the soft curling tresses scattered over the pillow. Before her, so as to be within range of her eyes, was a pile of oblong books, evidently music-books, supporting a smaller volume in which the child had been reading. One hand and arm still nearly useless, but she kept the other on her book, holding a page between her finger and thumb, so as to be able to turn over without pausing. The room, though poor, was orderly and decent—more so than Mabel had expected from the appearance of Mrs. Hutchins and the comfortless look of the house. This child herself looked neither squalid nor neglected.

Little Corda looked up wonderingly at the unexpected apparition standing in the doorway.

"How do you do, dear?" said Mabel, smiling, though something undefinably pathetic in the lovely little figure made the tears brim up into her eyes at the same time.

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am," returned Corda, with grave politeness.

"Not quite, quite, well yet, I'm afraid," said Mabel. "You don't know me. I am a friend of Mr. Charlewood, who is so kind to you. I was in that dreadful carriage that ran over you. May I come and talk to you a while?"

Mr. Charlewood's name was evidently a passport to Corda's favour; but, besides that, with the unerring instinct of an affectionate child, she felt that the grey eyes looking at her so kindly were full of real honest sympathy. Her fair delicate skin flushed a bright rose colour, and she smiled back at Mabel, but she was too shy to be at all demonstrative to a stranger. So she merely answered, "Yes, if you please," and took her thumb and finger from between the leaves of her book, as a courteous intimation that she was ready to be talked to.

Mabel sat down by the head of the bed, placing herself so that the child could see her easily, and without the necessity of moving.

"You are called Corda, are you not?" began Mabel, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, I'm always called Corda. But my real name is Cordelia. Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott."

"And my name is Mabel Earnshaw. Just Mabel, and nothing else."

"It's a funny name," said Corda; then added, hastily, as if fearful of wounding her new friend's feelings, "but I think it's very pretty, too."

"I am glad you like it, Corda. And are you really getting strong? Have you any pain?"

"Not now. Scarcely at all. It used to be bad at first, because, you know, one of my bones was broken in two. I forget what they call it, but Mr. Brett knows."

"Mr. Brett is the doctor, isn't he, Corda?"

"Yes; he's a very good doctor indeed. He mended my bone beautifully, papa says. And he brings me oranges, and talks to me when he has time."

Mabel, finding the child grow less shy as she became accustomed to her visitor's presence, endeavoured to find out whether there were any way in which she could be useful to the little creature. But Corda seemed to have no selfish wants. Her papa was so good to her, and fond of her, she said. And Alfred was a very dear clever brother. And even Mrs. Hutchins was very kind. Of course Mrs. Hutchins was not a lady—and Corda was evidently quite capable of appreciating the refinement and charm conveyed in that word—but then she had a great many things to do, and was obliged to work very hard, and so she couldn't always be quite nice and clean, could she? Corda's face involuntarily wrinkled itself up into a queer little pucker, as sundry reminiscences of Mrs. Hutchins's personal peculiarities came vividly to her mind.

By degrees the child, feeling at her ease with Mabel, and being a trusting artless little creature, proceeded to chat very confidentially about her family, as she was in the habit of doing with Clement Charlewood. Her papa was a very excellent musician, but he couldn't play so beautifully as Alfred, because papa was subject to a nervous twitching of one side, which was apt to come on when he got excited. Hadn't Mabel noticed it? She, Corda, meant to be a singer when she grew up. She liked singing better than anything. Except reading. She thought she almost liked reading best, especially fairy stories. The book she had there, was a fairy-book. It had been given to her by a very kind lady. She had written Corda's name in the book. There it was, "To Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott, with M. W.'s kind love."

"M. W." said Mabel, eagerly taking up the book. "I know some one whose name begins with those letters. Tell me, Corda—" But at this moment the door was flung wide open, and Miss Fluke, followed by her sister Louisa, marched into the room. Miss Fluke's ordinary gait was a march. She was very upright, very broad in the chest, very stiff in the neck, and had a habit of staring straight before her like a soldier on drill. She stopped short, in some surprise, seeing the little patient whom she had been told was so ill, flushed and smiling, and leaning with one small hand on Mabel's shoulder as she bespoke her attention to the writing in the book. Corda started, and moved as well as she could yet nearer to Mabel, who took the hand that had been resting on her shoulder between hers and held it encouragingly.

"So this is the little girl that was run over," said Miss Fluke. "I hope you are thankful to Providence for your escape, little girl, and that it'll be a warning to you."

Corda looked at Miss Fluke with wide eyes, like a frightened hare, and whispered, timidly, "Yes, ma'am."

"These ladies are friends of mine, Corda, who have kindly called to see you," said Mabel. "I meant to have told you about them before, so that you might not be alarmed—surprised. But we have been chatting so much about other things."  
"I am a district visitor, my dear," said Miss Fluke.

Corda looked a little puzzled, but, seeing that Miss Fluke expected her to speak, answered, meekly, "Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't thank me, child," said Miss Fluke, with great vehemence. "Thank a bounteous

Providence who has allowed you to be born in a land where there are district visitors."

It is to be feared that Corda scarcely realised the blessing with any rapturous joy, for Miss Fluke had seated herself on the edge of the patchwork quilt, and, in the energy of her emphasis, communicated a quivering movement to the tickety bed, which jarred the slight form within it, painfully. Mabel observed the child's face change, and rose to go, in the hope of drawing Miss Fluke away. But the latter was not going yet awhile. Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, was fresh ground for her—virgin forest, untrodden pasture—and she set herself to explore it, with great keenness and zest. Miss Fluke's method of procedure on these occasions was simple, direct, and vigorous. It consisted in asking a series of point-blank questions, so couched as to make evasion impossible, short of refusing to answer altogether.

"Now, little girl, what is your name? Cordelia? Absurd name for a child of your class! Now, Cordella, tell me who are your father and mother, and why isn't one of them at home to look after you?"

"I haven't got a mother, ma'am," said Corda, timidly, "she died when I was a baby. And papa is gone to treasury."

"Gone to what?"

"To treasury, ma'am. It's Saturday, you know."

"I don't understand you, Cordelia," said Miss Fluke, severely. It was a case for severity, doubtless. When Miss Fluke did not understand something said, there was surely implied some strange and reprehensible short-coming on the part of the speaker.

"She means," said Mabel, hurriedly coming to the rescue, "that he has gone to receive his weekly salary."

"I never heard such an expression in all my life. Treasury! Well, Cordelia—it is impossible to express how hard and ugly Miss Fluke contrived to make her utterance of poor Corda's name, and she seemed, too, to lengthen it out mysteriously into some six syllables—"and is your father a Christian?"

"Great astonishment in Corda's hazel eyes.

"Oh yes, of course, ma'am"

"Not at all of course, I grieve to say, Cordelia. Very far from of course. However, I hope and trust he may be Does he attend to your spiritual health?"

The hazel eyes yet more bewildered, and turning from Miss Fluke to Mabel, and back again.

"Does he look after your soul, Cordelia? Has he taught you to know that you're a wretched, lost, sinful little girl, full of iniquity and hardness of heart?"

A look of terror in the bright eyes fixed on Miss Fluke, and a self-accusing blush on Corda's cheek.

"I know I'm naughty sometimes, ma'am, but papa always forgives me."

"Oh dear me!" said Miss Fluke, turning to her sister. "Dear, dear, dear me! There it is! No sense of sin. None whatever."

Corda, though considerably puzzled, understood very well that blame was being cast, not only on herself, but on her father; and the tears she had been struggling to keep down, overflowed her eyes, and began to trickle piteously down her face, and drop on the coverlet of the bed.

Mabel could bear it no longer. "I really must go, Miss Fluke," said she. Mr. Saxelby and mamma will be displeased if I am late for dinner. Besides, I think Corda is not strong enough yet to bear much talking to. I had tired her already, before you came."

Miss Fluke was very reluctant to quit the scene of action: but she acknowledged to herself that it was getting late in the afternoon, and she had other duties to attend to. So she yielded to Mabel's suggestions, and arose from the bedside with another jerk.

"I shall come again next Saturday, please God," said she to Corda. "Meanwhile, read this, and this, and this," thrusting a packet of penny tracts on the child. I see you can read. Now good-bye, and try to profit by those blessed words."

"I will try to come again," whispered Mabel, bending over the sweet plaintive face. "Don't cry, darling. The lady did not mean to be unkind to you. I will send you some story-books, Corda. Fairy tales. And you must tell me about M. W., who gave you that book."

Mabel hastily arranged the child's head more comfortably on the pillow, put her story-book within reach of her hand again, and ran down stairs after the Misses Fluke.

On their way out of the house, they encountered a strikingly handsome young man entering it, who touched his hat somewhat sulkily, and stood to stare long and fixedly after them as they walked down the street.

*To be continued.*

## L'AUTO-DA-FÉ

In the hush of the winter midnight—  
In the hush of the sleeping house—  
When no weird wind stirs in the gloomy fire,  
The spirits of storm to rouse.

When never a glint of moonlight  
Gleams from the great black sky,  
By the red fire's glow, as it smoulders low,  
We crouch, my letters and I,

My letters, they lay where I tossed them,  
On the crimson hearth-rug there,  
Still, vivid and bright, in the ruddy light,  
As cobras in their lair.

I push the hair from my forehead,  
That burns and throbs so fast,  
Thinking the while, with a strange dull smile,  
Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I, the comfort  
Those foolish letters have been?  
The depth and scope—the strength and hope—  
Of those "leaves," that are always green?

Who knows but I, how sadly,  
To-morrow, I and my dream,  
By the ashes grey will weep and say,  
"Woe's me for that vaunted gleam"

"The gleam of idle gladness,  
The glimmer of memories bright,  
That hid in each line of those letters of mine  
Those letters I burn to-night?"

Ah well! the dream was a folly;  
Its joy was an idle thing,  
Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty  
Died of a whisperer's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters  
A resolute hand, and—there!  
Do the sad dark eyes of my Paradise  
Meet mine through the fierce flame's flare."

## TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

*Continued from page 175.*

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VIII.

**T**HE letter was for Miss Ashenhurst, but Miss Pollard, who was nearest the door, took it from the servant, and handed it to Sylvia.

"It is from Dr. Strong!" said the little lady, dropping into the nearest chair, and opening her round eyes in wonderment. And I heard her murmuring while Sylvia read the letter:

"Advice about Mattie—not time to call—does not approve of her walking about the garden with a crutch. He might have waited till to-morrow, and spoken to me."

But Sylvia sat grave and silent, with the letter spread on her knees. She looked so shocked that even I began to feel surprised, and Miss Pollard went red and pale, and twitched at the lappets of her little widow's cap.

"My dear," she said, looking at Sylvia with tears in her eyes, "we are naturally anxious to know what is the matter. Pray set our minds at rest by assuring us that this is not danger, or worse. If it is illness, he may recover, but tell us that he is not dead, my dear—tell us that he is not dead."

I do not think Sylvia heard, for she took no notice of the little spinster's speech.

"Well," she said, slowly and thoughtfully, "I never dreamed the poor man was so seriously in earnest."

"In earnest about what?" I said.

"Why," said Sylvia, "it is not fair to tell, but I am so much astonished that I cannot hold my tongue. You must both promise me to keep the secret. Well, then, here is a proposal of marriage from Dr. Jacob Strong—kind, good, simple man that he is!"

I glanced at Miss Pollard. She sat bolt upright in her chair in speechless dismay; but presently she got up all trembling and most piteous to behold, and came across the floor to Sylvia.

"Miss Ashenhurst," she said, "will you allow me to look at the envelope? These mistakes have been known to occur. He may have been writing to you also about Mattie, and may have put yours into my cover, and mine into yours."

Sylvia looked at her first in surprise, and then a comical look, half compunction and half amusement, came over her face.

"Miss Pollard," she said, "why do you suppose that this letter was intended for you?"

"Miss Ashenhurst," said Miss Pollard, "I have heard of such things as flirts, who have fooled many women, but I do not believe that a respectable man like Dr. Strong, with a high reputation in the country, would be capable of making love to two ladies at once. My dear, I know that I am a middle-aged, ordinary woman, and should never dream of entering the lists with a young and beautiful creature like yourself; but when first one letter and then another comes dropping into one's lonely life with words of love and comfort that one never thought to hear; when, in spite of one's silence and slowness to believe in the change, these letters keep perseveringly coming to one's fireside; then, my dear young lady, even at my age, one will begin to forget one's wrinkles and common sense, and to look forward to events which one would have laughed to think about but a short time ago."

Sylvia looked up at the bright proud little simple face, then dropped her head abashed, and said penitently:

"Miss Pollard, I am very sorry indeed. I should never have done it if I had foreseen how things were to turn out. I hope you will forgive me, but it was I who sent you those letters."

"My dear, no!" said Miss Pollard, mildly, feeling in her pocket, and producing a note. "These came from Dr. Strong, Mattie will assure you. You may compare the handwriting if you wish."

And the little spinster opened her letter with trembling triumphant fingers, and seemed to feel herself happily fit to cope with this new piece of quizzing from Sylvia.

"I am very sorry, Miss Pollard," repeated Sylvia, "but I copied the writing, having a letter of Dr. Strong's in my possession. That note was written by me, as well as all the rest you have received. It was a silly hoax."

Miss Pollard stood folding at her letter for some moments, then seeming to take in the truth, dropped the paper in Sylvia's lap, and moved away quickly. She kept her face turned from us as she crossed the room to the door, but I could see the cruel quivering of the contracted face, and I grieved for the kind little wounded heart. By-and-by, she came back equipped for departure, with her bonnet put on the wrong way, the deep silk curtain dipping over her wet patient eyes.

"Thank you, my love," she said, when I put it straight. "I had no wish to see my foolish face in the glass, and I did not feel it wrong. It does not much signify."

Then she went up to Sylvia, and held out her hand.

"Good night, Miss Ashenhurst," she said, "and I hope you believe that I forgive you. I know that old maids have always been sport for the young, and perhaps it is natural that they should be so. We have all our crosses to bear, and I nourish no ill will. Forget if you can, the humiliation you have caused me this evening, and be a good wife to Dr. Strong."

"I am very sorry I pained you," said Sylvia, "but I am not going to marry Dr. Strong."

"Not going to marry him!" echoed Miss Pollard, and now at last her meek eyes began to kindle fire. "Dr. Strong is not a person to be played with and thrown aside."

"Perhaps not," said Sylvia, carelessly. She was tired of the conversation, and was not going to submit to be lectured. But Miss Pollard would not overlook the doctor's wrongs so easily as she had done her own.

"Miss Ashenhurst," she said, her whole little person quivering with indignation, "you have done wrong, you have done very wrong. Doubtless you have been at a loss for amusement, but the sad humbling of one foolish woman might have been enough, without the grieving of a worthy heart like that which has been offered to you, and which you so carelessly flung away. I am speaking to you freely, Miss Ashenhurst, because I am angry. Your conduct since you came here has been most unworthy; your behaviour with Mr. Elphinstone, in spite of his engagement to Mattie, is talked of in the village. Such ways may do for London, but they are not admired in simple places like Streamstown. I shall bid you good night, Miss Ashenhurst, I have not been so angry for many years. I am sorry I have had to speak to you so plainly. Good night, Mattie, my dear, and I wish you could contrive to infuse a little of your honesty into your friend."

And with this the little lady bounced out of the room, and out of the house.

It seemed a long time after she had gone before Sylvia spoke to me. While Miss Pollard had talked of herself and the doctor, Sylvia had sat studying the carpet and tapping her foot. When Miss Pollard said, "Your behaviour with Mr. Elphinstone," Sylvia's face had flushed crimson, and she had lifted her head to speak angrily. When Miss Pollard said, "in spite of his engagement to Mattie," Sylvia's dilated eyes had fixed themselves with an absent look of perplexity on the opposite wall, while gradually the indignant glow faded from her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips, and she sat paler than I had ever seen her, studying the carpet as before.

It seemed five minutes before she spoke. I dare say it was not so long.

"Mattie," said she at last, "what was it that fiery little woman said about Luke?"

I had never felt such a coward in my life before. I had never been so utterly at a loss to know what to say.

"Did you not hear what she said, Sylvia?" I stammered.

"Had I been sure I heard rightly, I should not trouble myself and you with the question, returned she, so sharply, it hardly seemed possible it could be Sylvia who was speaking. "You do not seem to wish to repeat what she said. I thought she spoke of an engagement between you and Luke. She or I must have been wrong. It is not possible that such an engagement could exist."

"It is quite true. Such an engagement has existed for the past six months. I ought to have told you about it," said I, stabbing her involuntarily in my trepidation.

"You ought to have told me about it," she echoed, laughing, with a spasm of pain upon her face. "Hear her! how coolly she says it. She ought to have told me about it!" repeated Sylvia, leaving her seat with a passionate spring, and standing at the window, her back to me.

"Sylvia," began I, pleadingly, "how could I know that it was anything to you?"

She made a little frantic gesture of impatience.

"Mattie!" she cried, "you have got me on the rack, but why need you torture me more than is necessary? Stay, though!" she added. "We may as well speak out, having said so much already. You think that during your illness I have employed myself by 'setting my cap' as they say, at Mr. Luke Elphinstone, and that I am now disappointed. Is not that what you believe?"

"I will not say anything, Sylvia," I said,

"You have no right to oblige me to accuse you against my will."

"I thank you for your generosity," she said, bitterly; "but I will have the truth. What have you thought? What have you believed? Miss Pollard spoke of talk in the village. What have they dared to say? What have you heard? I will hear it from some one, so you may as well tell me."

"I heard some remarks from the servants," said I, "which I treated as idle nonsense, and silenced at once. I saw you and Luke sitting by the burn together this afternoon, and I spoke to Luke about it."

"You spoke to Luke about it," she echoed, in a choking voice. It seemed as if she could not clearly realise the meaning of what I said, unless she repeated my words. "You spoke to Luke about it. And what did he say?"

"He acknowledged that he had flirted a little," I said, "and treated the matter as a jest." Then there followed a long silence, while Sylvia stood in the window with her back to me, and the twilight gathered about her light figure.

At last she turned to me again. She was strangely flushed, and there were traces of suffering on her face. One could scarcely have recognised the gay pretty Sylvia.

"Why did you keep your engagement a secret from me, Mattie?" she said.

"It was Luke's desire," I said. "I promised him not to tell you of it till he gave me leave."

"I see; and then he behaves as if he has done, and then he tells you that I have joined with him in a vulgar flirtation. He trusts to a woman's pride for silence between you and me, and he is right enough there. But I will tell you this much, Mattie, Luke asked me to be his wife before ever he could have been a lover of yours. Did I not tell you one day that at the time I promised to marry poor Dick, I liked another better than your brother? That other was Luke, and he knew it."

I was not surprised to hear this. I had guessed something of it before.

"He left me in great grief and anger," Sylvia went on, "but he came to me again one day last spring. He told me then that he had become a wealthy man, and he urged me to pay a visit to the Mill-house. I think I told you before how I was starved for a little love in those days. I had just had a snubbing that very morning, and I was particularly lonely and sad. I believed it was in all sincerity that he led me to believe that he still had the hope to win me for his wife. I gave him a note to you, saying I should come, and I came."

"Which note he never delivered," I thought, remembering her unexpected arrival; but I let that pass.

"You may have mistaken his manner, Sylvia," I said.

"Mistaken!" she said. "Oh, you meek Mattie, how quietly you take all this! You are not a bit jealous, not a bit indignant. For shame, Mattie, to give your promise to a man you care nothing for! But it is a wise age. I should have thriven on my own wisdom before now, if Providence had not ordered things otherwise. If Luke were not rich, richer than that dashing soldier who was here this evening, looking as if he thought you an angel, instead of a mercenary little piece of clay, you would have nothing to do with him, not you. Gracious Heavens what a pair of iceles you will be! But, Mattie, we will go to Eldergowan."

I was lying on a couch, and I had turned my face away from her. I could not bear to see her flashing eyes. The bitter gaiety of her voice was cruel enough. "Poor Sylvia," I thought, and "poor Mattie!" and "oh, why would not Luke return to his old love?" I had nothing to say aloud on the instant, and when I thought of something, and turned my head, Sylvia was gone.

I got up-stairs. Passing Sylvia's door, I listened, and fancied I heard a sob. But it was not likely. I could better imagine her with still that angry flush on her face, and that dry light in her eyes, sitting proud and straight, with her head high, than broken down and weeping. I

thought it sore and hard that she might not be Mattie, and I might not be Sylvia, and free.

My room was full of silence and the cool green twilight, the stars twinkling serenely above the dim trees without, the window open, and all the out-door perfumes coming in. I hid my eyes in my arm on the window-sill, and felt my mother mourning over me. "Kind mother," I sighed, "you get little rest, for every day I am in sadder straits!"

I heard heavy feet coming along the gravel. My father, Mark, and Luke all came up the walk together. They were giving good night before the door, when a light foot went down the stairs, and I saw Sylvia appear on the steps.

"A note for your mother, Major Hatteraick," said her clear voice, and a little white waif went fluttering down into his hand.

"Mattie and I shall be delighted to go to Eldergowan."

I saw Mark's swift bright glance upward; but I retreated from the window, and laid myself trembling on my bed.

#### CHAPTER IX.

I slept little that night. During the first hour after I laid my head upon my pillow I assured myself that I could not go to Eldergowan. But as the night advanced, my ideas changed. For Sylvia's sake, I must dare to go. Did I not owe her something for the wrong that my silence had done her? I knew her secret now, and, knowing it, could I selfishly shut the door of her escape from the Mill-house? Having given up her situation to come to me, she had no home ready to receive her upon a day's notice. I could not send her to Eldergowan alone, and did I refuse to accompany her thither, now cruel and capricious would not my conduct appear? Oh yes, for Sylvia's sake I must go, and while there I would be honest and brave. Suffering lay before me, whichever way I turned; and if in it I could include a benefit to another, would it not be well? With the stars shining in at one's window, and dim boughs sleeping solemnly against the sky, it is easy to be heroic between the hours of dawn and midnight. And then, having made up my mind, I thought I should sleep, but the glamour of a brighter sun than ever shone over the Mill-house crept under my eyelids. The thought of no after sorrow could keep down a thrill of joy at the surety that to-morrow I should see Eldergowan. But it was a feverish joy, struggling with fear and anguish. The lonely wheel of the beetling-house purred dolefully all the night, and the cocks crowed sad and shrill in the dawn.

I went down to breakfast in the morning, the first time for many weeks. Luke was sitting in the window, with a flushed angry face, screened from the room by a newspaper. I heard Sylvia's laugh before I opened the door. She was already in her place at the head of the table, in her white wrapper and nosegay. She was paler than usual; and when she stopped laughing for a minute, I saw a darkness round her eyes, which was something new in her face. But she went on laughing again, and when she laughed there was nothing to be observed about Sylvia but glow, and glitter, and enchantment. She was chatting to my father and putting him in a good humour, as she could do better than any one else, although when away from the charm of her presence he always spoke of her with a grudge. I could not clearly see a cause for her excessive mirth, though the subject of their talk was a pleasant one. Sylvia was extolling Major Hatteraick, and expressing her delight at the prospect of going to Eldergowan.

"He is a very fine fellow," growled my father, in his blunt way, "and he is old enough to be thiinking of taking a wife. He seemed very anxious to get you to his mother's house. When you go to Eldergowan, Miss Sylvia, I think you ought to stay there."

Sylvia laughed another gay peal, and clapped her hands softly together in a rapture of fun.

"Would you give the bride away, Mr. Gordon?" she said. "And oh! what a pretty place Streamtown church would be for a wedding on a summer morning, with the sun coming down

through all the little coloured windows on our heads!"

"I tell you what it is," said my father, with sudden warmth, "you and Mattie get married on the same day, and we'll have such doings as shall make the country wonder. The work people shall have holiday, and the wheels shall rest. Eh! Miss Sylvia?"

At this moment I asked Sylvia, rather sharply, for a cup of tea, and Luke flung down his newspaper and came over to the table with a black frown on his face. Something had put him in a very bad humour that morning. Sylvia seemed the only one who appreciated my father's joke.

My father left the room first, and Sylvia followed, singing a little catch as she closed the door. I hastened out also, but Luke stopped me.

"What is the meaning," he said, "of this sudden visit to Eldergowan?"

"The meaning is," I answered, looking him full in the face, "that Sylvia wishes to go, and, of course, I am going with her."

He turned his back to me, and began to fidget with the blind, on pretence of drawing it up.

"Why does she wish to go?" he asked.

I was silent for some moments, not knowing how to answer this question. I watched his nervous fingers playing with the cord of the blind, and wondered at him. I felt that he was was false, but I could not understand him.

"Why does she wish to go?" he repeated, impatiently.

"You can best answer that question yourself," I said, at last.

He wheeled round suddenly. "You have broken your word," said he; "you have told her of the engagement between you and me."

"Yesterday," I said, "you gave me a good character for truth. I am sorry to say I kept the secret, Miss Pollard enlightened her by accident."

"When?" he said. "Since yesterday evening?"

"Last night," I said.

"Meddling old fool!" he muttered under his breath.

Again I looked at him, wondering at the unaccountable meanness of his conduct.

"Luke," said I, "if you knew what I am thiinking of you now, you would give me my liberty at once."

He smiled at me, with a sort of admiration in his eyes.

"There is a great deal of the child about you yet, Mattie," said he. "What is your terrible thought?"

"I have been hating you," I said.

"That is nonsense," he said. "I never did you any harm that you should hate me."

"You have done me harm," I said, "a great deal; and you have done Sylvia harm."

"Has she complained to you?" he said, with sudden anger and triumph struggling in his face. Just at this moment Sylvia passed under the window, to pluck some lavender from a bed close by, to lay amongst the linen she was packing in her trunk. A startling change passed over Luke's face when she appeared; he flushed up to the forehead, and his lips quivered.

"Four years ago," he said, huskily, "she cost me bitter suffering. I have been trying to punish her, but she is as heartless as ever. Let her go as she came. She shall not interfere between you and me. You are too good for me, Mattie, I know you are, but I will not give you up, nor your father."

He rushed out of the room and down the path to the bridge, without once looking at Sylvia, who was coming in with her lavender, and we saw no more of him till after our return from Eldergowan. I followed Sylvia, who had passed him, smiling on the steps. When I arrived up-stairs, her door was locked. I knocked, and there was no answer. Afterwards, when I coaxed my way in, she was packing her trunk with a dark face, and very few words for me. Good-bye had been said to our friendship; she could not forgive me.

I found Elspie in my own room, waiting for me in triumph, with a pile of white muslins, coloured cambrics, dainty laces, bright ribbons,

shoes with rosettes on them, and pretty morsels of jewellery which she had taken from my mother's old casket, and rubbed up with her kindly hands till they sparkled again in the sun. Her bairn had been covered up in ugly black the last time she went visiting, said Elspie, this time she should be as gay as a garden of posies. She took a simple delight in watching me dress myself in white, and tie a rose-coloured ribbon among my curls. She had little bits of gold and diamonds for my ears and throat, but "yon braw ring o' Luke's," she said, "has the bonniest glint o' them a'." I sighed a passionate sigh as I dropped my hand into the folds of my gown. I could not but see that these bright garnishes had made me a different creature. Little black Mattie might sit in the corner and cry over her sorrows, but this shining young woman looked like some one fit to be loved, some one with a right to walk out into the summer sunshine, and stretch forth her hand for her share of human happiness. And again the "Why had not I been Sylvia, why had not Sylvia been me?" rang its sharp changes on my heart; while Elspie clucked and admired, hopping Mr. Luke would come back to take just one peep before I went off in my glory.

I was surely mad that day as we drove out into the wreathed and scented midsummer world, along the sunny roads, under the arching trees, and between the blossomed hedges, mad with the madness of nineteen years, from whose hands trouble drops of its own weight, while joy hills them with flowers at a moment's notice. I was mad to tremble with ecstasy, when we turned into the avenue of Eldergowan, and the scent of the wild orange-blossoms stole to my senses; maddest of all when Mark Hatteraick handed me out of the carriage, and I stood by his side on the gravel, with the dear old house beaming down on me, with its sunny windows, and puffing welcomes from all its thrifty chimneys, with bright faces flashing out of the open door and down the steps, with voices of delight ringing, with dogs leaping and barking, and Mark holding my hand longer than he need have done, and looking at me and my pretty dress, my gay bonnet, and my little gold things, till I could not see for blushes, and got so dizzy, I did not know who was speaking to me at this side or that, but answered all at random and in confusion.

It was I who, instead of Sylvia, should have sat in the carriage, cold and pale as if happiness were dead, and we were driving to its funeral, tricked out in gala garments for a mockery. It was I who should have stood gravely indifferent, looking around without interest, like one setting lonely foot on an alien land—who should have said, "Thank you, Major Hatteraick, stiffly, and talked to the sweet-faced old lady at the top of the steps without tremor or effusion. Sylvia, was the stately banished princess, with her trouble wrapped about her in dignity, but, alas! I was only like a poor little caged mouse running gleefully back to his hole.

We did not find Eldergowan the quiet place I had left it two months before. There was more lively stir and bustle, more coming and going of visitors, and freshened vividness of colouring about the whole house, some water-colour paintings from this year's exhibition, and some new pink linings for the clutz-chairs cartoons in the drawing-room, a tall crystal tazza for piling pyramids of flowers on the hall table, a noble "Diana robing" to fill a nook on the gossip's landing, and be hung with the fluting jewels, showered through the coloured window by the sun of sunny afternoons—little novelties like these, the fruits of a visit of Major Hatteraick to London, gave the place an air of being newly swept, and garished, as if in preparation for new scenes of delight, which the remaining summer days had yet in store. And gaieties already were projected, promising more excitement, if not more pleasure, than might be expected to be found in dreamy saunters in the garden, nutting rambles in the woods, and story-telling gatherings on the steps at sunset. The Eldergowan I had known had passed away, with my black gown and my peace of mind, and I could be thankful for visitors, for bustle, for many eyes,

many voices, from amongst which one would not be missed, if it sometimes failed and dropped away; for such fun which could keep laughter on the lips, let the heart be never so sore.

For my little flash of delight faded away from me like a streak of winter sunshine, and every night I asked myself why had I come again to Eldergowan to wreck my life utterly for the sake of one who had already, in such a little while, exhausted the sorrow which I had looked upon with sympathy and awe? I had sounded her trouble and thought it fathomless, and, behold! the shallow fountain was already dried up. For Sylvia's fit of hardness and gloom passed off in a few days, and she threw herself into every plan for amusement with a zest and merriment that made her a favourite with every one she met with. She was queen of every festival, dance, and pe-me, what not. She had but to lift her little finger and any one was ready to do her will. Who would not love her—gay, witty, melting, wilful, with only that fierce hard look for me when nobody was by?

Sylvia was at enmity with me, yet it was only at times that I cried out the injustice that she was heartless and suffered nothing. I, who knew her, saw the hectic on her cheek, and heard the discord in her voice. She suffered in singing of songs, in the pauses of the dance, at night when her door was shut.

Our rooms opened out from one another, but the door between us was kept fast closed. I could not have dared to creep to her beside saying "Poor Sylvia!" And I knew she would sooner have thrown dust upon my head and sent me wrapped in a sheet to do penance on the highways, than have turned the handle of that lock and stolen an arm round my neck, whispering courage in the darkness. She was at enmity with me, and she did not disguise it. I had wronged her once in my secret engagement to Luke, and again it seemed that I offended in attraction that kept Mark Hatteraick at my side. I often wondered whether it was in a spirit of coquetry that she desired to draw his homage to herself, or whether she had seen more than any other eyes could see, and, regarding me with angry contempt, was endeavouring to punish me. But one night at last she did visit me in my room.

There was a full moon that night, and no strangers were with us. Sylvia sat out on the steps with a light scarf round her head, singing softly in the pauses of the nightingales. One song after another made the night more still, till all the moonlit world seemed intent on listening, the soft greenish air on which the scents hung breathless, the yellow light sleeping on the house front and on the flats of the steps, the velvety shadows that lurked about the dim wrapped trees. First we had passionate ballads, and then dreamy melodies on which the very soul of melancholy had spent itself. Now the clear mellow voice soared among the stars, which seemed to flash and reverberate for sympathy, and now it fell softly to the level of the roses, with a special cooing note for the little baby-buds folded under the mother-leaves close by.

Mark was smoking somewhere in the walls outside, and we had no light in the drawing-room. Mrs. Hatteraick had fallen asleep on a couch, and I was resting on another in the window, from which I saw the dimly swelling swards with a faint glory hovering above their breasts, the shadowed woods lying with dusky shoulders against the stars, and the patches of light and pools of shadow that exaggerated the grotesque carving of the stonework outside the window.

"Mattie!" whispered Polly, pulling my arm. "They are making butter in the dairy. Come and print some little pats."

"Hush! Polly," said Nell, in a motherly way, spreading a shawl over my feet. "Mattie has a headache. Come along, and I will make pats with you, and the little girls left me alone in quietness."

Just then, Sylvia, who had been lingering about the open hall door, sat down on the steps and began her singing. By-and-by, I saw a dark figure emerge from the trees, and Mark came towards the house. Through the open doors, I heard Sylvia saying to him on the steps,

"They are all asleep in-doors, and I am trying to amuse myself." Then she asked him a question. Did he ever hear a song called so-and-so? No? Well then it was very pretty; it went like this. And so she went on singing, and he remained listening. Sometimes the song ceased for a minute or so, and I heard her voice in speaking tones. I grew restless—the room was hot, the couch hard. I would go away to bed. I passed out to the hall, where the fresh air and moonlight came freely through the open door. I stood in the shadows and saw a striking picture—Sylvia, sitting on the step like a beautiful yellow haired gipsy, with her light dress gathered about her, and a half-faded scarlet kerchief looped under her chin. Mark leaned against the opposite railings.

"Oh! you do not like that," she said, breaking off abruptly in the middle of a refrain, and looking up brightly.

"Yes," he said, with his good-natured smile, "it is very sweet; go on."

The melody turned to discord, and my heart began to burn, "Mattie," said Sylvia, suddenly, "come out here, and do not lurk in the dark like a spirit of evil. The night is glorious."

"Come here, Mattie," said Mark, softly; but I said, "No, I am going to bid you good night;" and I retreated into the shadows, and went away up-stairs out of reach of the sweet echoes, taking with me rending pains at the heart. And yet it was all nothing, I told myself; nothing that Sylvia should look so fair, and sing bewitchingly; nothing that Mark should stand by and see and listen; and if each of these nothings had been a very important something, still it were nothing to me. I crushed my throbbing head into the cold pillow and tried to sleep, and after a time I must have succeeded, for I did not hear the people in the house settling to rest, the voices on the lobbies, nor the doors shutting.

The first thing I heard was the opening of the door of communication between my room and Sylvia's, and, starting up, I saw Sylvia walking across the floor in the moonshine, with a dark cloak wrapped around her, and all her yellow hair lying loose over her shoulders. She shocked me with her sudden appearance, as she had shocked me on the first night I had seen her in the Mill-house. She reminded me, as then, of my mother's wandering spirit. I sat up and spoke to her with irritation. Why had she startled me out of my tranquil sleep to uneasy recollections? We were not good enough friends to hold those nightly talks which have such an irrestible fascination for some girls.

"What do you want, Sylvia?" said I. "Why have you awakened me?"

She had seated herself on the corner of my bed facing me. The moonlight from the window fell on my face, leaving hers in shadow, only rippling down the edges of the long rich hair that fell to one side in a pale stream over her arm.

"I did not wish to trouble you, Mattie," she said, humbly. "I came to talk to you a little. Let us be better friends than we have been."

"We are pretty good friends," said I, "as good as we can be, I think. What can we have to talk about? I do not want to loose my sleep."

"You do not sleep so well at nights," she said. "I can hear you fidgeting through the door. Mattie you have a sorrow that you are keeping all to yourself. Open your heart and talk to me, and you will be the better for it."

"What has put such an absurd idea in your head?" I said. "Go away to your own room, Sylvia, please, and let me go to sleep."

"Nay," she said, "I will not be shaken off so easily. I will tell you about it, then, if you will not tell me. You are engaged to marry Luke Elphinstone. He loves some one else better than you, and you do not like him. I thought so before, now I know it."

I did not reply to the first part of the accusation, I thought only of keeping my trouble to myself.

"Why do you say I do not like him?" I said. "I never gave you the right. I will not allow you to say it."

"You are making a confession now," she said.

"You defend yourself: you do not notice that I said, Luke loves another better than you. Yet I made you jealous to-night by singing a little song for Major Hatteraick. Ah, Mattie! you love Mark, and Mark loves you. I have tried him, I have sounded him, I have made you jealous for your own good. He is noble, he is worth a woman's devotion. He—"

"Stop, Sylvia!" cried I. "I will not hear another word; and I pressed my hands over my ears."

She seized my wrists in her strong white fingers, and brought down my hands, and held them one upon another in my lap.

"You must release Luke," she said, vehemently, looking in my face with passionate eyes, half crying, half commanding.

"Impossible," I said. "The engagement cannot be broken. As for the rest, Major Hatteraick is nothing to me, and I am nothing to him. You imagine a hundred foolish things. Go away to your bed."

I never saw such a look of utter scorn as came into her face as I spoke. She draw away her hands from mine, and half turned her back upon me during some moments of silence. But afterwards she turned to me, softened again, and began speaking sweetly and sorrowfully.

"Mattie, dear," she said, "I am older than you, and I have more experience of people and things. What is your reason for acting so strangely? Luke is rich; Mark is a little poor, they say. Is that it? Do you think of those things? I did once; I do not now. It is a great mistake when women do not know at first what women are made of. If one is content at her heart, what a little thing will make her happiness—a step on the floor, a voice up-stairs. I have seen a poor wife sing for joy over a tattered jacket. If a woman has given the salt out of her life, what will satisfy her? Not jewels nor fine dresses, nor gaieties nor luxuries. Take the joy, Mattie, that is waiting for you, and turn your back on the emptiness, the thorns, the heart-sickness. Mattie, dear—"

Her voice melted away, and her fingers coaxed themselves in among mine again. But the woe that had gathered to my heart made me sullen. I closed my mouth on the troubles that would not bear to be let loose. Why should I speak, to embitter my after life with shame? I drew my hand away from hers, and turned my face to the wall.

"I never told you I did not like Luke," I said. "and I never told you I liked any one else. I cannot break my engagement."

She sprang back from her seat on the bed. I did not look round to see her, but I heard the anger in her voice, as she spoke her parting words.

"Go your wicked way, then," she said to me, "but no blessing will go with you. I have stooped very low, begging for your happiness and my own. It is the last time. Good night."

Then I heard her door shutting.

#### CHAPTER X.

At breakfast next morning there was some discussion about getting up charades, to be followed by a ball on the same night, at Eldergowan. Nell would like to be a princess, Polly would dearly love to be dressed up like an old market-woman. Mrs. Hatteraick said Sylvia would make a perfect Mary Stuart; and Mattie, why Mattie might be transformed into an Italian peasant. But the words must be chosen, said Uncle Mark, before the parts could be cast; and still more was it necessary that the resources of Eldergowan in the way of properties should be ascertained, before any other steps should be taken.

So, after breakfast, Mrs. Hatteraick took me up-stairs with her to an old little attic where lumber was kept. This was a little room at the end-of-a long upper passage, nestling under the eaves of the western gable, a little room where there was a range of tall black ghoull-like presses, and cavernous chests of drawers with grotesque brazen handles; with an old cradle; with mouse-holes; with pictures leaning against the walls in tarnished frames, from which mysterious features peered dimly into the daylight of the

present day; and with a lattice window rustily bolted, from which you looked down into the heart of the Eldergowan woods, beyond them to moors and hills, and further still into regions of indescribable cloud and sunshine—a landscape full of a wild glory, a stream flashing here, a streak of vivid purple there, an amber valley printed with moving shadows, a lazy cloud just waking to the sun along a frowning ridge of rocks.

Mrs. Hatteraick unlocked her presses, and their contents were dragged forth to the light—ancient robes of faded satin with short waists and tight skirts, tarnished brocades, Indian scarves, velvet turbans, embroidered shoes, plumes and wreaths, and a hundred fantastic fripperies belonging to a bygone day. These were duly examined, and then Mrs. Hatteraick laid open some of the deep drawers, and showed me stores of goodly linen and damask, also rare old laces, untouched webs of delicate India muslins, and exquisite painted gauzes, handkerchiefs fine as cobweb loaded with the richest needle-work, curious fans carved in ivory and various costly woods, with many other such feminine treasures, which she told me were all to be appropriated by Mark's wife, whenever that person should make her appearance at Eldergowan.

"She will be welcome when she comes, Mattie," said the dear old lady, gazing at me in her sweet wistful way, putting her soft hand under my chin and drawing my face to hers for a kiss.

"Provided you approve of her, Mrs. Hatteraick," I said gaily. "Mothers are hard to please for their sons. I dare say you would like a princess out of a fairy tale, with all the good gifts on earth."

I wanted to make a longer speech, but my breath failed me.

"No, my love," said Mrs. Hatteraick, smiling. "I shall only desire some one young, and fresh, and warm hearted, and sweet tempered, such a one as I know my Mark will choose; with a kind staidness, with a gentle pride, a lady at all points. Nay, my darling, do not blush so terribly and look so disturbed. I did not mean to run too fast, nor to probe too deeply."

"Mrs. Hatteraick—" I began, desperately, with all my confession on my tongue, but at the same moment the door was dashed open, and in came Nell and Sylvia, followed by Polly and a pet dog. The dog, dashing in amongst the outspread fineries, was noisily ejected on the passage, and up came Major Mark to know what all the scuffling and whining was about. The dog being disposed of, there followed an examination of the articles lying around, and a discussion as to what might and what might not be available. Sylvia wound a yellow scarf round my head, and threw a scarlet mantle over my shoulders. Mark picked up a blue velvet turban and perched it on his head, while Polly, eager to make new discoveries, dived into a press which had as yet not been ransacked, and dragged forth in triumph a rusty-white satin gown of ancient pattern, and, slipping into it, began dancing about the room, crying.

"Grandmamma's wedding dress! Grandmamma's wedding dress!"

"Polly! Polly!" remonstrated grandmamma, gently.

"Is it really your wedding dress, Mrs. Hatteraick?" said Sylvia, catching the little flying figure in her extended arms, and examining the robe with interest. "Dear, dear! what a funny gown! Mattie, how should you like to be married in this? Mrs. Hatteraick, you must lend it to Mattie for a pattern, she will want one soon, you know."

"Mattie want one soon!" echoed Mrs. Hatteraick, looking from me to Sylvia, and from Sylvia to me, in perplexity. Then there followed a sudden silence, and every eye was turned on me, as if they were all waiting for me to contradict this extravagant assertion, which could only have been made in jest.

"Have I made a blunder, Mattie?" said Sylvia, innocently. "Is it a secret here? Why, I thought every one knew of your engagement to Mr. Luke Elphinstone."

"I had never spoken of it here, Sylvia," I said, "but it does not signify;" and I felt an

icy indifference creeping into my voice and eyes as I spoke to her.

"Is this jest or earnest, Mattie?" said Mrs. Hatteraick, looking at me strangely.

"It is earnest, Mrs. Hatteraick," I said; and then I picked up some white flowers and began decorating Polly to make her look still more like a bride, putting my head on this side and that as if criticising coolly the effect of what I was doing; but I might have been sticking my roses in the child's mouth for aught that I could see to the contrary.

I had felt Mark's eyes upon me all this time; but I had not ventured to glance at him. Now he turned to the window and stood some time looking down on that landscape I have described. At last he said suddenly:

"Mattie, will you come down with me to the garden for a few minutes? I have something to say to you."

I could not find a word to give in answer; but I dropped the remainder of the flowers in Polly's lap, and turned to follow him.

"Are you going in that costume?" said Sylvia. I took off the yellow turban with which she had decked me, and threw it at her feet, slipped the gaudy mantle from my shoulders, and went down-stairs after Mark.

"Mattie," said he, when we got into the open air, "how long have you been engaged to Mr. Elphinstone?"

"Six months," I said.

"Then you were engaged to him before you came here first?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not tell us—tell my mother? Why did you keep it a secret?"

"I had a right to do so, if I pleased," I said.

"You had not the right," he burst forth, in a voice and with a face that reminded me of the day the little boy had been kicked in the stable-yard. "Answer me truly, Mattie, have I hidden from you, from any one, how I have been setting my heart upon you? Have you not known all this time that I have loving you with all my strength?"

I said "Yes," and I tried to say it coldly and hardly, for I felt tears coming, and I feared not what might happen if I let them fall. But I looked up at the moment, and I think my eye must have told him something, for he checked his anger and spoke tenderly.

"Mattie, my own love," he said, "you are unhappy. There is something very wrong in all this. Trust me, tell me about it, can we not set it right?"

He held his large strong loving hand towards me as he spoke, and with all the passion of my soul I yearned to lay my face against it and pour out all the troubles of my heart, as freely as a little child to its mother, but the madness of such an action stared me in the face all the time, and I could no more have done it than I could have died of my will on the instant.

"Will you not trust me? Can we not set it right?" he said again, but I said "No," in the same cold way, and turned from him. My arms hung like lead by my side. I could not lift one finger to detain the kind eager hand extended towards me, till at last it was withdrawn in anger, and I saw him turn and stride away—away from me, among the trees, without looking back—out of sight.

I fled into the house. Hurrying across the hall, I met Mrs. Hatteraick, who put her arms round me and drew me into the nearest room. Then I broke down, and with her motherly hand on my hair, I cried on my knees with my head in her lap, wept and wept, till I thought I must have wept all the youth out of my life. I spoke nothing to the dear old friend, her soft soothing and hushings sounded as if from across a raging sea. I could take no comfort. I do not know exactly when it was that there arose a cry of "Mattie! Mattie!" all through the house, as it seemed, outside the door, and on the stairs. But, at last, several people came into the room at once, and were not at all surprised to see me crying so, telling me to hope for the best, assuring me that my father was not dead, that the doctor gave hope of his recovery saying that the carriage was at the door, one bringing me



my hat, and another my mantle. And before many minutes had passed I found myself driving lustily home to the Mill-house, with a clear knowledge that my father had got a stroke of paralysis, and lay in danger of death.

I found by his bedside two kind friends, Doctor Strong and Miss Pollard. Then began a weary period of watching and nursing, during which the shadow of death hung over the Mill-house. All selfish unruly thoughts were obscured in the darkness, and the sore heart was thankful to mistake one pain for another in the confusion of its growing sorrows.

It was Miss Pollard who beckoned me out to the lobby one day to give me the latest news of the country-side.

"Miss Sylvia is engaged to be married to Major Hatteraick, my dear!" she said. "Goodness me, what a coquette that girl has been! And now to think of her settling down in Elder-gowan at last!"

I almost pushed my little friend down the stairs. I called to Luke, and bade him see her home through the village. Why should I hate her, who had never meant me ill? I said good night kindly, and went back and shut the door of my sick-room, and gathered myself under the shelter of the shadow of death.

*To be continued.*

### A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

**D**URING eleven years of varied life in California, I witnessed and participated in some strange scenes of adventures. Not the least singular of these, perhaps, was a case of mistaken identity.

In the early part of the year 1851, the shop of Charles Jansen, a wholesale cloth-dealer in San Francisco, was robbed under the following circumstances. About six o'clock in the evening, all the clerks were out at dinner, and Jansen was the only person in the shop. Two men entered together, and rushing upon Jansen, one of them felled him with a heavy bar of iron; the other opened the desk in which the merchant kept his money, and, seizing its contents, consisting of several bags of coin and "dust," both the robbers escaped. Jansen was left bleeding and senseless on the floor, and in this condition was found by his clerks on their return. Jansen was removed to his lodgings, and lay all night in a state of stupor. By morning, however, he had sufficiently rallied to give a detailed and perfectly connected account of the assault and robbery, and even described with a great degree of particularity the appearance of the perpetrators. Upon the strength of this description, two men, supposed to be the guilty parties, were arrested on the following day, just as they were stepping on the steamboat bound up the Sacramento.

The occurrence created a great excitement in San Francisco. Robberies and murders were at that time not unfrequent, and it was known that an organised gang, composed in part of escaped Australian convicts, was burrowed among the sand-hills of the neighbourhood, and most of the nightly burglaries and outrages were attributed to its members. This gang was under the leadership of one James Stuart, a desperate scoundrel, whose name was a terror throughout the entire state. Many crimes had been fixed upon him, and among others, the murder of the sheriff of Yuba county. By his great skill and *finess*, however, Stuart had always succeeded in eluding the search, both of the regularly constituted police, and the detectives of the Vigilance Committees.

The description given by Jansen of the man who struck him down was immediately recognised by the police authorities as an accurate portrait of James Stuart. Every effort was used to find him, and at four o'clock the following afternoon, the police were satisfied that they had in custody the redoubtable Jim Stuart, and his companion Jo Wildred, the undoubted perpetrators of the assault and robbery in Jansen's shop.

I was, at that time, the local reporter of the leading morning journal of San Francisco, and

as such enjoyed every facility for following, through its different stages to its most unexpected termination, this remarkable case. Greater than ever was the excitement when the journals announced that Stuart and his companion were in custody. People began to gather at an early hour upon the "plaza," and the citizens rather freely expressed the opinion that if the authorities did not act with unusual promptitude in this case, they would save the authorities the trouble, and do for Stuart and Wildred themselves.

At eleven o'clock on the morning after their arrest, I was informed that the preliminary examination of the men would take place that afternoon before a magistrate. Jansen had become worse, and it was feared that he would die. It was therefore important that the men should be confronted with him, and his testimony taken as speedily as possible. This was done soon after noon. The men were privately conveyed to Jansen's apartment, and in the presence of the magistrate and his clerk, Jansen's medical attendant, and myself. Jansen's evidence was given, with the warning from his physician that he might be upon the verge of the grave. When the men were introduced, Jansen looked carefully at both of them, thoroughly scanning their features. He then unhesitatingly said that he recognised the smaller (known now as Jim Stuart) as the man who felled him with the bar of iron—of this he could not have the slightest doubt. Regarding the other, he was not so positive, yet he firmly believed him to be the accomplice. From Jansen's room, with Jansen's testimony, the men were taken before the examining magistrate, whose office was on the "plaza," in what was called the "adobe building."

The "plaza" was filled with an excited populace, and it was evident that trouble was brewing. The prejudice against all persons who had come from Australia was very strong, and all the emigrants were classed under the general title of "Sydney ducks." They were regarded with great suspicion, and many had—indeed, among them some very respectable people—been warned away, and obliged to leave the state.

When the men were brought before the magistrate, they gave their names as Thomas Berdue and Joseph Wildred. Berdue, who was named in the charge as "Stuart, *alias* Berdue," was about forty years of age, of medium height, with a peculiar sharp face, piercing black eyes, and a heavy bushy beard. He stated that he had been in the mines; had only arrived in San Francisco a few days before, in company with Wildred, who had been his "chum" in the mining camp. That he had come down to meet his wife and infant child, who had just arrived from Australia. That he knew nothing of the robbery of Jansen's shop, and that he had never been known by the name of Stuart. Five or six witnesses were called who swore positively, however, to his being Stuart; and upon his stating that there were several persons in San Francisco who knew him for Berdue, a half hour's grace was given him, in which to have them summoned. An officer was despatched for them, but returned with the information that not one of them could be found. It afterwards appeared that, fearing that they too might meet with a long rope and a short shrift, in case they appeared in behalf of a man whom the public had already tried and condemned, they had all left the city.

Before the examination was completed, the throng around the office became so great and so clamorous, that the magistrate, evidently fearing that his prisoners would be violently rescued, thought it best for their own safety to place them in gaol as quickly as possible. Without then giving his decision and committing them, he and his officers succeeded in conveying them by the back door into a carriage, which was some distance on the road to the gaol, before the surrounding throng was aware of its departure.

The gaol and court-house were, at that time, in a large wooden building, originally erected for a hotel, at the corner of Montgomery and Pacific streets, a distance of about an eighth of

a mile from the "plaza." Before the carriage containing Berdue and Wildred reached there, a dense mass of men blocked up the principal streets leading to it. By the time the men arrived, the dark room, in which the recorder was then sitting, was thronged. The men, however, were safely brought in, it being necessary that they should come formally before the recorder before being committed to gaol. They were surrounded by a strong body of police, and Jansen's testimony was read aloud by the recorder's clerk. Upon hearing this, the mob became furious. Cries of "Hang them!—hang them!" rang through the room, and were echoed by thousands of voices outside. It was a fearful moment for Berdue and Wildred, who, pale as shadows, clung to the police for safety. It is probable that they would have been immediately seized, and, if not first torn in pieces by the mob, hung upon one of the beams of the court-house corridor, had it not been for a fortunate circumstance which saved their lives. It was a Saturday afternoon, and in the room adjoining the one in which the recorder sat, once a week on that day a volunteer military company met for drill. At this very hour, indeed, its members were practising the manual of arms. The cries of "Hang them!" became louder and more general, and a rush was made upon the space enclosed by a railing, which separated the court from the spectators, and the frail barrier broke down. At this moment the recorder threw open the door communicating with the drill room, and in an instant fifty men, with fixed bayonets, rushed upon the crowd, driving it before them like sheep. The court-room was soon cleared, and the prisoners, shaking like aspen leaves, were quickly hustled, for safety, into the cells below.

The American blood, which, up to the time of the present civil war, boiled at nothing so quickly as the sight of a bayonet, was running through the veins of the populace at fever heat—"military interference" had now been added to the grievances under which it was suffering. All that afternoon and evening, thousands of people remained about the court-house, shouting for the prisoners, denouncing that they should be brought out, and instantly executed. Harangues were made, in which the story of the robbery was told over and over again, the tardy and uncertain course of justice complained of, and the probable escape of the prisoners, if left to be tried by the constituted authorities, predicted. The imaginations of the mob were excited by glowing pictures of San Francisco in flames, while murder, robbery, and rapine were being committed by the gangs of "Sydney ducks" which infested the city. The invariable conclusion of all these speeches was, that the prisoners should be immediately rescued and hung. In the gaol now, however, were the fifty volunteers, with bayonets and loaded muskets, and not one of the loud-mouthed orators seemed inclined to lead his hearers to an assault which, although it might be successful, might also cost him his life. Towards night, wiser counsels prevailed, and although some persons lingered about the gaol till morning, no demonstration of a hostile character was made upon it.

During the night, a compromise was effected between a self-constituted committee of citizens and the judicial authorities. It was agreed that, on the following day, the prisoners should be surrendered to the citizens, not to be directly executed, but to be tried before a Lynch court. The rumour of this arrangement spread through the town at an early hour, and by noon nearly all the male adult portion of the population was gathered around the court-house. All were quiet and orderly, however, and patiently awaited whatever was to come. A little before two o'clock, a young and well-known lawyer addressed the people, informing them of the decision which had been made, and submitting to them a number of names of proposed members of the court. These were unanimously approved, and the court, consisting of one lawyer and two merchants, who were to act as judges, and twelve jurymen, was organised and in session in a few minutes. A wholesale produce dealer, who afterwards became prominent as the President of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, was appointed

prosecuting attorney, and an old and conscientious lawyer was chosen to defend the prisoners.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, when Berdue and Wildred, looking more dead than alive, were brought into the court-room. The prosecuting attorney opened his case in a few calm words, and the evidence was proceeded with. Jansen, notwithstanding his weak and suffering condition, was brought down and gave his testimony clearly, distinctly, and with evident conviction of its truth. As to the man, Berdue, he again swore positively, while as to Wildred, he expressed but slight doubt. A circumstance had, however, come to light while Wildred was in goal which told heavily against him. Upon the right sleeve of his coat, near the elbow, was found a dried clot of what looked very like, and was assumed to be, blood; and upon a piece of goods in Jansen's shop was found a corresponding blood mark. A clerk testified that this package was on the counter near the door, and in just such a position, at just such a height, that Wildred, in escaping, might have left the mark upon it, as he brushed it with his elbow. A number of witnesses testified again to the identity of Wildred's companion with Jim Stuart. One man swore to having lived three months in a mining camp with Stuart, and unhesitatingly declared, upon his oath, that Stuart was then before him. No witnesses were found for the defence, and no evidence given.

At seven o'clock in the evening the prosecuting attorney made his appeal to the jury, demanding the conviction of the prisoners, and he was followed by their counsel. This latter had during the afternoon, been in conversation with Berdue and Wildred, and was evidently convinced of their innocence, and satisfied that in the case of Berdue, there was a mistake as to identity—that he was not Jim Stuart. His plea was one for mercy—for time to investigate more thoroughly the whole matter—for an opportunity to be given to these men, when the passions of the populace should have subsided, to produce—as he assured them they could produce—ample evidence of their innocence. The old man grew eloquent, and evidently was affecting the jury and the crowd, who had waited patiently in the room during the entire proceedings. As he closed, a round of applause greeted his effort.

The jury, under a charge from the presiding judge, retired to an adjoining room; and during the two hours between ten o'clock and midnight, Berdue and Wildred remaining in the court-room, surrounded by a citizen guard chosen for the occasion, anxiously awaited the verdict of life or death. Near midnight quite a dramatic scene occurred. A woman, young, and by no means ill-looking, and bearing in her arms an infant child, forced her way into the court-room, as she forced it through the dense mob surrounding it. Her baby and her woman's weakness, her only pass, got through that assemblage of rough men. She was Berdue's wife, and upon seeing him, she threw her babe in his arms, and fell exhausted at his feet, where she lay speechless and sobbing, till removed to another room.

At a little after midnight, the jury, by a messenger, informed the court that it was impossible for them to agree. A ray of hope shot across the faces of the prisoners as this message was given, but it was changed to a look of dread and horror when the report having reached the outside throng, it was received with a general shout of "Hang them!—hang them!" In order to allay the excitement, the presiding judge requested the prosecuting attorney to address the crowd. This he did, and reminded them as they had placed this matter in the hands of a citizen court, they were in honour bound to abide that court's decision; and his personal popularity, rather than his arguments, had the effect to lower the temperature of their passions, and when he returned into the court-room, all was quiet. It was now one o'clock, and the jury sent in another communication to the effect that they could not agree. The court consulted together in silence, and then ordering the citizen guard to convey the prisoners back to their cells, the jury was called in and discharged.

The court then adjourned to meet at the call of the president.

The crowd, wearied with excitement, rapidly retired, but several hundred persons remained all night about the court-house. The mayor of the city, an exceedingly popular man, addressed these, and recommended them to retire. He assured them that justice should be done—that the prisoners should have a speedy trial by the regular judicial authorities, and recommended them to leave the matter in their hands. The morning journals contained paragraphs to the same effect, and on Monday, although knots of stragglers remained about the court-house, there was little excitement; and it was generally understood and agreed upon that, as the grand jury was then in session, the prisoners should be immediately taken before that body. "If," was the argument used, "if the judicial authorities fail to punish them, then we will take and execute them without judge or jury."

The grand jury, in the course of the day, found a "true bill," and three weeks afterwards the men were arraigned before the criminal court. The same evidence given by the Lynch trial was reproduced here, and Jansen, now rapidly recovering, appeared in person, and confirmed his former testimony. Additional witnesses were introduced to prove the identity of Berdue with Stuart, and Wildred's coat was passed over to a professed chemist, who reported the clot upon the elbow to be blood. The trial lasted but a few hours, and resulted in the conviction of both the men for the crime charged in the indictment, and both were sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law—fourteen years' confinement in the penitentiary of the state.

Wildred was immediately conveyed there; but for Berdue a requisition was in waiting, demanding him for trial as Jim Stuart, the murderer of the sheriff of Yuba. The night of his conviction he was taken to Marysville, where the grand jury had already found a bill against him. In a few days he was tried as Jim Stuart—sworn to for Jim Stuart by at least a dozen witnesses, convicted as Jim Stuart, and as Jim Stuart sentenced to be hanged in about three weeks from the time of his conviction.

Meanwhile the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance had become a permanent organisation, and its Argus eyes discovered much crime and many criminals. One evening, about a week previous to the day set for the execution of Berdue, some of the detectives of the Committee were out upon a scout among the sand-hills which then stretched between San Francisco and the Mission de Dooses. Suddenly and accidentally they came upon a man lying upon the ground, and sleeping, partially covered with branches of the "scrub oak," which grew in profusion in that vicinity. What was their surprise, upon holding a lantern to his face, at recognising him as Jim Stuart, the man, as they supposed, who had just been sentenced to be hanged at Marysville. He was taken to the committee-rooms, and an agent immediately despatched up the river. He was even more surprised, upon reaching Marysville, to learn that Jim Stuart, *alias* Berdue, was still there, safe in custody, and was to be duly hanged on the following Friday. He had interview with the condemned man, and returned to San Francisco, convinced that he held the key to all this mystery, and that Berdue was innocent. Ere his return, however, the whole mystery was explained. Stuart—the real Stuart—in the hands of the San Francisco Committee, had made a full confession. He acknowledged the murder of the sheriff of Yuba, acknowledged the robbery of Jansen's shop, and acquitted Wildred of any participation or connection with him. The governor of the state, happening to be in San Francisco at the time, after an interview with Stuart, immediately forwarded a full pardon to Berdue. It arrived two days before the one set for the execution, and immediately on receiving it he took the boat for San Francisco.

The real Jim Stuart was hanged by the Vigilance committee on the day which had been fixed for the execution of the man to whom his name and crime had been attributed, and Berdue was present at his execution. The hanging took

place at California Street Wharf, and the gallows was a derrick erected there for hoisting merchandise in and out of vessels. At a given signal, in the presence of four or five thousand people, the wretched man was "run up" and strangled. After hanging half-an-hour, the body was cut down, and dropped from the derrick into a boat. The committee's surgeon, the coroner, and myself, were the only persons beside the oarsmen permitted to enter it. We rowed over to an engine-house near by, where we deposited the body, and where the coroner, with an eye to his fee, proposed holding an inquest. Upon our arrival, two more surgeons were admitted, and a superficial medical examination of the body made. The neck was not broken, and upon lancing a vein the blood flowed freely. The physicians all agreed, that with a good galvanic battery, they could have restored life to the inanimate body of the murderer and robber.

I am fond of dramatic situations, and I suggested that we should send for P-rduc. In half an hour he arrived. He stood quietly for several minutes by the table on which Stuart was lying, and gazed upon his fixed features. It was like a living man looking at his own corpse. I never before or since, saw such a resemblance between two men. Stuart was perhaps a trifle the stouter, but having seen either one, I should have unhesitatingly sworn at any future time to the other as that one.

Next day the coroner summoned six "good men and true," and held his inquest, and the "intelligent jury" returned for their verdict that Stuart "died of strangulation at the hand of some person or persons unknown," and the coroner received thirty dollars from the county for the registration of the verdict, and, in the fulness of his heart, "treated" the jury to biscuit and beer. A purse was raised for Berdue and Wildred, who had also been pardoned, and neither of them being willing to risk the possibility of another such misadventure, both returned to Australia.

Was it mere chance which lead the steps of the detective to Jim Stuart's burrow among the sand-hills? Was not the life of an innocent man, even one so poor and humble as Berdue, worth more than that of "many sparrows?" and are we not assured that the Guide and Orderer of all things suffers not one of those to fall to the ground without His notice?

### MISERY.

In my heart there burns a fire,  
At my heart there gnaws a worm,  
Through my heart an awful storm  
Rages with unceasing ire!

Floods of mercy, drown this fire!  
Kindly lightning, scorch this worm!  
Gentle peace, allay this storm,  
Lest I perish in their ire!

Vainly, vainly, night and day,  
For a moment's pause I pray;  
Rest is ever far away.

Fire, burn out this worm and me,  
Sweep the ashes to the sea,  
Storm, and end this misery!

J. R.

### BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 163.

Book the Fifth.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

CHAPTER IV.—GLIMPSES OF A BYGONE LIFE.

October 10th. I found the villa inhabited by Miss Hezekiah Judson very easily, and found it one of those stiff square dwelling-houses with brass curtain-rods, prim flour-beds, and vivid green palings, only to be discovered in full perfection in the choicer suburb of a country town.

I had heard enough during my brief residence in Ullerton to understand that to live in the Lancaster Road was to possess a diploma of respectability not easily vitiated by individual

conduct. No disreputable persons had ever yet set up their unholy Lares and Penates in one of those new slack-baked villas; and that person must have been very bold who, conscious of moral unfitness or pecuniary shortcoming, should have ventured to pitch his tent in that sacred locality.

Miss Hezekiah Judson was one of the individuals whose shining sanctity of life and comfortable income lent a reflected brightness to the irreproachable suburb. I was admitted to her abode by an elderly woman of starched demeanour but agreeable visage, who ushered me into a spotless parlour whereof the atmosphere was of that vault-like coldness peculiar to a room which is only inhabited on state occasions. Here the starched domestic left me while she carried my letter of introduction to her mistress. In her absence I had leisure to form some idea of Miss Judson's character on the mute evidence of Miss Judson's surroundings. From the fact that there were books of a sentimental and poetical tenor amongst the religious works ranged at mathematically correct distances upon the dark-green table-cover—from the presence of three twittering canaries in a large brass cage—from the evidence of a stuffed Blenheim spaniel with intensely brown eyes reclining on a crimson velvet cushion under a glass-shade, I opined that Miss Judson's piety was pleasantly leavened by sentiment, and that her Wesleyanism was agreeably tempered by that womanly tenderness which, failing more legitimate outlets, will waste itself upon twittering canaries and plethoric spaniels.

I was not mistaken. Miss Judson appeared presently, followed by the servant bearing a tray of cake and wine. This was the first occasion on which I had been offered refreshment by any person to whom I had presented myself. I argued, therefore, that Miss Judson was the weakest person with whom I had yet had to deal; and I flattered myself with the hope that from Miss Judson's amiable weakness, sentimentality, and womanly tenderness, I should obtain better aid than from more business-like and practical people.

I fancied that with this lady it would be necessary to adopt a certain air of candour. I therefore did not conceal from her the fact that my business had something to do with that Haygarthian fortune awaiting a claimant.

"The person for whom you are concerned is not Mr Theodore Judson?" she asked, with some asperity.

I assured her that I had never seen Theodore Judson, and that I was in no manner interested in his success.

"In that case I shall be happy to assist you as far as lies in my power, but I can do nothing to advance the interests of Theodore Judson junior. I venture to hope that I am a Christian, and if Theodore Judson junior were to come here to me and ask my forgiveness, I should accord that forgiveness as a Christian, but I cannot and will not lend myself to the furtherance of Theodore Judson's avaricious designs. I cannot lend myself to the suppression of truth or the assertion of falsehood. Theodore Judson senior is not the rightful heir to the late John Haygarth's fortune, though I am bound to acknowledge that his claim would be prior to my brother's. There is a man who stands before the Theodore Judsons, and the Theodore Judsons know it. But were they the rightful claimants, I should still consider them most unfitted to enjoy superior fortune. If that dog could speak, he would be able to testify to ill-usage received from Theodore Judson junior at his own garden-gate which would bespeak the character of the man to every thoughtful mind. A young man who could indulge his spiteful feelings against an elderly kinswoman at the expense of an unoffending animal is not the man to make a worthy use of fortune."

I expressed my acquiescence with this view of the subject, and I was glad to perceive that with Miss Judson, as with her brother, the obnoxious Theodores would stand me in good stead. The lady was only two years younger than her brother, and even more inclined to be communitative. I made the most of my opportunity,

and sat in the vault-like parlour listening respectfully to her discourse, and from time to time hazarding a leading question, as long as it pleased her to converse; although it seemed to me as if a perennial spring of cold water were trickling slowly down my back and pervading my system during the entire period.

As the reward of my fortitude I obtained Miss Judson's promise to send me any letters or papers she might find amongst her store of old documents relating to the personal history of Matthew Haygarth.

"I know I have a whole packet of letters in Matthew's own hand amongst my grandmother's papers," said Miss Judson. "I was a great favourite with my grandmother, and used to spend a good deal of my time with her before she died—which she did while I was in pinafores; but young people wore pinafores much longer in my time than they do now; and I was getting on for fourteen years of age when my grandmother departed this life. I've often heard her talk of her brother Matthew, who had been dead some years when I was born. She was very fond of him, and he of her, I've heard her say; and she used often to tell me how handsome he was in his youth, and how well he used to look in a chocolate and gold-laced riding-coat just after the victory of Culloden, when he came to Ullerton in secret, to pay her a visit—not being on friendly terms with his father."

I asked Miss Judson if she had ever read Matthew Haygarth's letters.

"No," she said; "I look at them sometimes when I'm tidying the drawer in which I keep them, and I have sometimes stopped to read a word here and there, but no more. I keep them out of respect to the dead; but I think it would make me unhappy to read them. The thoughts and the feelings in old letters seem so fresh that it brings our poor mortality too closely home to us when we remember how little except those faded letters remains of those who wrote them. It is well for us to remember that we are only travellers and wayfarers on this earth, but sometimes it seems just a little hard to think how few traces of our footsteps we leave behind when the journey is finished."

The canaries seemed to answer Miss Judson with a feeble twitter of assent; and I took my leave, with a feeling of compassion in my heart. I the scamp—I Robert Macaire the younger—had pity upon the caged canaries, and the lonely old woman whose narrow life was drawing to its close, and who began to feel how very poor a thing it had been after all.

Oct. 11th. I have paid the penalty of my temerity in enduring the vault-like chilliness of Miss Hezekiah Judson's parlour, and am suffering to-day from a sharp attack of influenza; that complaint which of all others tends to render a man a burden to himself, and a nuisance to his fellow-creatures. Under these circumstances I have ordered a fire in my own room—a personal indulgence scarcely warranted by Sheldon's stipend—and I sit by my own fire pondering over the story of Matthew Haygarth's life.

On the table by my side are scattered more than a hundred letters, all in Matthew's bold hand, but even yet, after a most careful study of those letters, the story of the man's existence is far from clear to me. The letters are full of hints and indications, but they tell so little plainly. They deal in enigmas, and disguise names under the mask of initials.

There is much in these letters which relates to the secret history of Matthew's life. They were written to the only creature amongst his kindred in whom he fully confided. This fact transpires more than once, as will be seen anon by the extracts I shall proceed to make; if my influenza—which causes me to shed involuntary tears that give me the appearance of a drivelling idiot, and which jerks me nearly out of my chair every now and then with a convulsive sneeze—will permit me to do anything rational or useful.

I have sorted and classified the letters, first upon one plan, then upon another, until I have classified and sorted them into chaos. Having done this, my only chance is to abandon all

idea of classification, and go quietly through them in consecutive order according to their dates, jotting down whatever strikes me as significant. George Sheldon's acumen must do the rest.

Thus I begin my notes, with an extract from the fourth letter in the series. Mem. I preserve Matthew's own orthography, which is the most eccentric it was ever my lot to contemplate.

"December 14, '42. Indeed, my dear Ruth, I am ventursum wear you are concern'd, and w<sup>d</sup> tell you that I w<sup>d</sup> take pines to kepe fromm another. I saw y<sup>e</sup> same girl w<sup>b</sup> it was my good fortun to saive from y<sup>e</sup> molestashun of raketters and mohoks at Smithfelo in September last past. She is y<sup>e</sup> derest and prittiest creture you ever saw, and as elegant and genteel in her speche and maner as a Corte lady, or as y<sup>e</sup> best bredd person in Ullerton. I met her in y<sup>e</sup> nayborhood of y<sup>e</sup> Marchalsee prison wear her father is at this present time a prisener, and had som pleassant 'alke with her. She remember'd me at once and seme'd initly gladd to see me. Mem. Her pritty blue eys wear fill'd with teares wen she thank'd me for having studd up to be her chappymun at y<sup>e</sup> Fare. So you see, Mrs. Ruth, y<sup>e</sup> brotherr is more thort off in London than with them w<sup>ich</sup> hav y<sup>e</sup> rite to regard him best. If you had seen y<sup>e</sup> pore simpel childeish creetur and heard her tell her arteless tale, I think y<sup>e</sup> kinde hart w<sup>d</sup> have been sore to consider so much unmirited misfortun; y<sup>e</sup> father is in pore helth, a captiv, y<sup>e</sup> mother has binn dedd thro yeres, and y<sup>e</sup> pore orfann girl, Mollie, has to mentane y<sup>e</sup> burden of y<sup>e</sup> sick father, and a yung helpes sister. Think of this, kinde Mrs. Ruth, in y<sup>e</sup> weltho home. Mem. Pore Mrs. Mollie is prittier than y<sup>e</sup> finerst ladies wear to be sene at y<sup>e</sup> opening of y<sup>e</sup> grand new room at Ranellar this spring last past, wear I sor y<sup>e</sup> too Miss Gunnings and Lady Harvey, wich is also accounted a grate buty."

I think this extract goes very far to prove that my friend Matthew was considerably smitten by the pretty young woman whose champion he had been in some row at Bartholomew Fair. This fits into one of the scraps of information afforded by my ancient inhabitant in Ullerton Alms-houses, who remembers having heard his grandfather talk of Mat Haygarth's part in some fight or disturbance at the great Smithfield festival.

My next extract treats again of Mollie, after an interval of four months. It seems as if Matthew had confided in his sister so far as to betray his tenderness for the poor player girl of the London Booths; but I can find no such letter amongst those in my hands. Such an epistle may have been considered by Mrs. Ruth too dangerous to be kept where the parental eye might in some evil hour discover it. Matthew's sister was unmarried at this date, and lived within the range of that stern paternal eye. Matthew's letter appears to me to have been written in reply to some solemn warning from Ruth.

"April 12, 1743. Sure, my dear sister cannot think me so baize a retch as to Injoore a pore simpel girl hoo confides in me as y<sup>e</sup> best and trocest of mortals, wich for her dere saik I will strive to be. If so be my sister cou'd think so ill of me, it wou'd amost tempt me to think amiss of her wich cou'd imagen so vile a hort. You tel me that Mrs. Rebecca Caulfeld is mor than ever esteemed by my fa ther; but, Ruth, I am bounde to say, my father's esteem is not to be y<sup>e</sup> rule of my ackshuns thro' life, for it semes to me their is no worsor tyrannie than y<sup>e</sup> wich fathers do striv to impose on thare children, and I do account that a kind of barbarity wich wou'd compel y<sup>e</sup> hart of youth to gute y<sup>e</sup> proodense of age. I do not dout but Mrs. Rebecca is a mitey proper and well natur'd person, tho' taken upp with this new sekt of methodys, or ns sum do call them in derission swaddlers and jumpers, set afoot by y<sup>e</sup> madbrain'd young man, Wesley, and one that is still madder, Witfelde. Thear ar I dare sware many men in Ullerton wich wou'd be gladd to obtane Mrs. Rebecca's hand and fortun; but if y<sup>e</sup> fortun wear ten times more, I wou'd not pretend to oferr my harte to herr w<sup>b</sup> can never be its mistress. Now, my dearsister, having gone

as farr towards satisficing all y<sup>r</sup> queerys as my paper would wello permitt, I will say no more but to begg you to send me all y<sup>e</sup> knews, and to believe that none can be more affectionately y<sup>e</sup> humble servant then your brother,

"MATHEW HAYGARTH."

In this extract we have strong ground for supposing that our Matthew truly loved the player-girl, and meant honestly by his sweet-heart. There is a noble indignation in his re-putation of his sisters doubts, and a manly determination not to marry Mrs Rebecca's comfortable fortune. I begin to think that Sheldon's theory of an early and secret marriage will turn up a trump card; but heaven only knows how slow or how difficult may be the labour of proving such a marriage. And then, even if we can find documentary evidence of such an event, we shall have but advanced one step in our obscure path, and should have yet to discover the issue of that union, and to trace the footsteps of Matthew's unknown descendants during the period of a century.

I wonder how Sisyphus felt when the stone kept rolling back upon him. Did he ever look up to the top of the mountain and calculate the distance he must needs trav'rise before his task should be done?

The next letter in which I find a passage worth transcribing is of much later date, and abounds in initials. The post-mark is illegible but I can just make out the letters P.O. and L. The two first close together, the third after an interval; and there is internal evidence to show that the letter was written from some dull country place. Might not that place have been Spotswood? the P.O. and the L. of the post-mark would fit very well into the name of that village. Again I leave this question to the astute Sheldon.

The date is March 1749.

"M. is but porely. Sumtimes I am pain'd to believe this quiett life is not well suted to herr disposishun, having bin accustomed to so much liveliness and nois. I hav reproached her with this, but she tolde me with teres in her eyes, and y<sup>e</sup> it is il helth onke wich is y<sup>e</sup> cause of y<sup>e</sup> sadnesse. I pray heaven M's helth may be on y<sup>e</sup> mending hand soone. Little M. grows more butifull every day; and indede, my dear sisterr, if you cou'd stele another visitt this waye, and oblige y<sup>r</sup> affectionat brother, you wou'd consider him y<sup>e</sup> moste butifull creetur ever scene. So much entelligence with sich ingaging temper endears him to all hartes. Mrs. J. says she adors him, and is a most afraide to be thort a Paygann for bestoeing so much affection on a crthly creetur, and thus to oure good parson who cou'd find no reproche for her pleasant folly.

"We hav had heavy razes all y<sup>e</sup> week last past. Sech wether can but serve to hinderr M's recovery. The fysichion at G., wear I tooke her, saies she shou'd hav much fresh aire every day—if not asoot, to be carrid in a chaire or cotche; but in this wether, and in a plaice wear neither chaire nor cotche can be had, she must needs step in doors. I hav begg'd her to lett me carry her to G., but she will not, and says in y<sup>e</sup> summerr she will be as strong as evert. I pray God she may be so. Butt there are times when my hart is sore and heavy; and the rane beeting agens the winder semes lik dropps of cold worter falling uponn my pore aking harte. If you cou'd stele a visitt you wou'd see wether she semes worse than when you sor her last ortumm; she is trieing y<sup>e</sup> tansy tea; and begg's her service to you, and greatful thanks for y<sup>r</sup> remembrance of her. I dare to say you E. re splended accounts of my doins in London—at cok sies and theaters, dansing at Voxhall, and beeting y<sup>e</sup> wotch in Govin Garden. Does my F. still use to speke harsh agens me, or has he ni forgott their is sech a creetur living? If he has so, I hope you will kepe him in sech forgetfulnessse,—and obllige

"y<sup>r</sup> loving brother and obedient servant,

"MATHEW HAYGARTH."

(To be continued.)

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MENDELSSOHN.

By PROFESSOR LOBE, OF VIENNA.

I.—AT GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR, 1821.

IT was in the early part of November, 1821, that the writer of this account and two other members of the Court-band of Weimar, called by invitation on the Geheimrath von Goethe, and were ushered by his servant into the well-known room looking out on the Frauenplan. The piano stood open, with three music-stands ready by its side, and upon it lay a parcel of manuscript music-books. With the curiosity which I always have had and shall have in musical matters I looked into the parcel, and found on one book "Studies in Double Counterpoint;" on another, "Fugues;" on a third "Canons." After these I came to a "Quartett, with accompaniment for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello." Each book bore the name "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy"—a name I had never before heard in connection with music. The music was written in a firm neat hand, and as far as I could tell on so hasty a glance, the contents betokened an able and practised artist. While we were tuning our instruments, a tall man entered the room with an erect, military look, like that of a retired cavalry officer. We had met in Berlin, the year before, and I therefore recognised him at once as Professor Zelter, the well-known director of the Singakademie at Berlin, and the intimate friend and companion of Goethe. He greeted us all cordially, and addressed me as "my old acquaintance." "I came on before the others," said he, "that I might put to you a little preliminary request. You are going to make the acquaintance of a pupil of mine, a boy of twelve. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy by name. His ability as a player and his great talent for composition, will probably astonish you somewhat. But the boy is of a peculiar nature. For the ecstasies of amateurs he cares nothing, but he listens eagerly to the remarks of professional musicians, and takes every thing they say about him for gospel, being naturally unable as a mere inexperienced child to discriminate real deserved praise from kindly encouragement. Therefore, gentlemen, if you should be tempted to praise him—as I partly hope and partly fear you may—please to do it *moderato* and *piano*, in the matter-of-fact key of C. natural. I have always warned him against conceit and vanity as the worst enemies an artist can have."

We had hardly time to reply, before Felix himself ran in—a sweet, bright-faced boy, with a decided Jewish countenance, slim and active, and with thick black curls reaching to his shoulders. His eyes were particularly lively and bright. He threw an inquisitive look at us on coming in, and then shook hands with each as if we were old friends. Goethe entered at the same moment, and received our respectful salutations with a friendly greeting.

"My friend," said he, pointing to Zelter, "has brought us a little Berliner, who has already astonished me very much by his playing. But I also want to know what he can do as a composer, and it is for this that I have asked your assistance. And now, my child, let us hear what your young head is able to produce." And as he said it he stroked his hand over the long curls.

Felix went at once to the music, laid our parts on the desk, and took his place at the piano. Zelter stood behind him to turn over, Goethe a step or two on one side, with his hands behind him. The little composer looked sharply at us, we raised our bows, he gave a nod, shaking his curls, and off we went. Goethe listened to every movement with the closest attention, but without saying more than an occasional "good" or "bravo," at the same time nodding cheerfully. We ourselves, mindful of Zelter's request, showed our feelings only by looking as pleased as we could; while the colour mounted more into the boy's face as the piece proceeded. At the last chord of the finale he sprang up and looked eagerly round at us all. He wanted to hear

something about his work, Goethe, however, probably taking the hint from Zelter, said: "Excellent, my boy! you have only to look at the faces of these gentlemen to see that your piece has pleased them—but they are waiting for you in the garden, so be off and get cool, for your cheeks are all in a flame!" Without another word the boy jumped out through the door. We looked at Goethe as much as to ask if we were required any longer, to which he replied: "Wait a little, gentlemen, if you please; my friend and I desire your opinion on the composition of this young gentleman." On which ensued a long conversation, the exact course of which I can hardly give after so long an interval, since I unfortunately find no record of it in my journal. A few of the points, however, remain fixed in my memory, because my subsequent close relations with Mendelssohn often caused me to remember this our first meeting.

Goethe maintained that beyond his quartett playing we knew nothing as yet of our little friend.

"Musical prodigies," said he, "are now-a-days common enough, as far as technical display goes, but the powers of this little fellow in extempore and sight-playing are something marvellous, and such as I never believed possible in one of his age."

"And yet you heard Mozart at Frankfort in his seventh year," said Zelter.

"Yes," said Goethe, "I was myself just twelve, and like everybody else was immensely astonished at his extraordinary cleverness. But what this pupil of yours accomplishes bears the same relation to the little Mozart that the perfect speech of a grown man does to the prattle of a child."

Zelter laughed. "Certainly," replied he, "as far as mere execution goes, my Felix plays those very concertos with which Mozart turned the world upside down, absolutely at first sight, as mere trifles, and without missing a note. And for the matter of that so can many more besides. But the thing that interests me is the creative power of the boy"—and then turning to us, "what do you think of his quartett as a composition?" We said—what we certainly felt—that Felix had produced more independent ideas than Mozart had done at his time of life, when he really did little more than make clever imitations of his predecessors, and that it was therefore allowable to conclude that in this boy the world might look for a second and improved edition of Mozart, the more so as his health was excellent and his circumstances most favourable.

"Possibly," said Goethe, "still, who can predict how such an intellect may develop? How many a youth of the greatest promise takes the wrong road and disappoints the fondest hopes? From this, however, our young friend will be preserved by his teacher, since he has had the good fortune to get into the hands of Zelter."

"I am thoroughly in earnest with the boy," returned Zelter; "and while I do not forbid his working after his own fancy, I keep him pretty closely to strict exercises in counterpoint. But that won't last for ever, sooner or later he will escape me—indeed, even now I have really nothing more to teach him—and once free, he will soon show whether his own inclinations lead him."

"Yes," said Goethe; "and indeed the influence of a teacher is always more or less a matter of chance. No artist can do anything great and original except out of himself. Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Haydn, Mozart, and all the great geniuses—to what teacher can you give the credit of their immortal works?"

"True," returned Zelter; "many have begun like Mozart, but he has hitherto had no successor." (Beethoven was not mentioned, and we therefore did not venture to name him.) "Felix has imagination, feeling, and technical power, each to the highest degree; his ideas are always sound, often charming, and anything but childish; but still (and in this I feel sure I am right) it is as yet nothing more than pretty music, keeping close to the ground, and not yet

soaring with the wing of genius—don't you think so, my friends?"

We were obliged to confess that we agreed with him, and I ventured to add that even in Mozart's youthful compositions it was difficult to recognize the presence of genius.

At this point I found an opportunity to ask whether the quartet before us, as we had played it, was entirely the boy's work?

"Most certainly," answered Zelter. "Entirely the work of his own hands and his own mind—I repeat, his own mind. What you have heard is his own production, without the least assistance. I am well aware of the practice of most teachers. In order to glorify their calling they touch up the works of their pupils to such a degree that little or nothing remains of the original ideas, and then they exhibit the result as the pupils' work. This I consider as most dishonest humbug, for in so doing they deceive not only the public and the friends of their pupils, but the pupils themselves, who very soon get to believe that they did it all themselves. This pernicious custom has ruined and crippled the ultimate development of many a fine mind. With regard to Felix, I can let him alone to do exactly as he likes, he takes a constantly fresh delight in composing, because he is content with what he does, and his pleasure in his success is not damped by any adverse criticism of mine. The critics will trouble him quite soon enough. As his intelligence increases, he feels the necessity of making something newer and better than before. Thus it happens that this lad, though but twelve years old, has already written more than many a man of thirty. However that may be, it is a step on the ladder which not even the very highest genius can avoid. Heaven defend this rare plant from all harmful influences, in which case it will certainly grow into a splendid specimen."

This is all that I can recollect of the conversation.

II.—1838.

Seventeen years had passed, and the boy had become a man. During the whole of this interval I had not once beheld him, though I had followed his rising reputation with interest, and welcomed his works with increased enjoyment as they appeared, each more important and more carefully treated than the last. At this time he was well-known as the conductor of the Leipzig *Gewandhaus* concerts, which, by his spirited and intelligent direction, had reached the height of perfection, and were universally spoken of as having, under his *bâton*, attained a degree of accuracy, fire, and refinement hitherto unknown. It is easy to understand my wish to participate for once in the enjoyment of such performances. I therefore composed a piece for full orchestra, and wrote to Mendelssohn asking if it might be performed at the *Gewandhaus*. Of pecuniary terms I said nothing, but merely expressed a desire to be allowed myself to conduct the rehearsals and performance. In a few days I received a cordial reply, assuring me that my piece was accepted with pleasure, and that the committee would gladly permit me to conduct its performance. I mention this letter more especially for the sake of one passage very characteristic of the noble, gentle, delicate, sympathetic kindness which he always bestowed on artists. It was as follows:—

"It appears to me desirable, though you do not mention it, that an *honorarium* should be offered you, which would at any rate cover some part of the cost of your journey. Our means are very limited, but I thought that the proposal might not be unacceptable, and indeed I hear that the directors have already resolved upon it."

This was in November. Shortly after I reached Leipzig with my composition, and was received by Mendelssohn in the most frank and cordial manner. At the rehearsal, he showed the greatest eagerness to assist me in every way that could improve the performance; and on the eventful evening, being in the orchestra and seeing my anxious look, he said:

"Are you nervous?"

" Dreadful," said I.

"Bah!" retorted he, "not the least occasion

—your work is good, as you can't help knowing; but what does it matter how the public may take it? You must not expect to fare better than the greatest masters have often fared with their best things."

My composition obtained, according to the critics, a mere *succès d'estime*. I was terribly cast down, and from that time bade farewell to composition. Indeed, I only mention the circumstances because it formed the introduction to a friendly connection with Mendelssohn, who evidently liked my music better than the public, since from that time forward he evinced a strong and lasting regard for me. That this is not exaggerated will be seen from the following letter of his, written in 1813. What my wish was, to which he refers, I can't remember, but it is of no importance.

"DEAR MR. LOBE.—You know well how cheerfully I would fulfil any wish of yours. But at this moment I am really not in a position to copy the subjects and the working out for which you ask, because I am extremely occupied by a mass of work and business, and more especially because I believe that, to serve your purpose, you must do them for yourself. I send herewith the score of a quartet and of my new symphony, which pray accept in remembrance of me. Perhaps you may find what you want in these; but if not, you will doubtless be able to borrow the scores of my other four quartets (all published by Breitkopf and Härtel) at one of your music-shops, or if they make any difficulty I will myself speak to Breitkopf's. I hope (or fear?), however, that you will have had enough, and too much, in the two I send. The symphony I should have sent you sooner or later, or brought myself when passing by you, for I love it, and you know how important it is to me that a musician like you should be satisfied with a piece which I am myself satisfied with. Make haste and finish your opera, for there is a great want of them everywhere. I wish to goodness that our circumstances here were such as to put us in a position to fix you here, without the risk of your ever repenting having made a sacrifice for us. I don't give up the hope that this may be somehow managed in the course of a year or two, though I should prefer it at once. But, whenever it be, no one will rejoice more, or labour with more pleasure to such an end than

Yours sincerely and devotedly,  
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

Since that time I have passed many a happy hour with my much-loved friend. He frequently came to Weimar, and would play his newest compositions to us and a few other favourites, either at my house or that of Montag, our then professor of music. But he never would allow any people to be collected on these occasions. "We will make some music this evening," was his common expression: "but quite between ourselves. We must be able to take off our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves, if necessary." One night I came home at ten from the rehearsal of an opera, and was met by my wife with an excited face. "Who do you think has been here? Mendelssohn! He was kept here on his journey (I fancy *en route* to his *fiancée* at Frankfurt), and regretted extremely not seeing you. 'What do you think, dear Mrs. Lobe,' said he; 'I have to wait an hour or two till the mail goes, and if you will allow me I am come to stay with you and play you something.' Upon which he seated himself at the piano, and for two good hours played me the loveliest things without ever stopping—as well as extemporised in divine style." That my wife never forgets that evening, and is very proud of the recollection, is easy to be believed. On another occasion he was at Montag's, and played his D minor trio. After this a string quartet of mine was tried, in which he played second viola very accurately and cleverly. When he had an opportunity of seeing me in other ways, he always did his best to be kind or useful. As an instance, he spoke very warmly of the quartet just mentioned to my noble patroness and frequent benefactor, the Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, in consequence of which I received a handsome present from that lady, the result, as she was good enough to say, of the fa-

vourable way in which Dr. Mendelssohn had spoken of my artistic endeavours.

III.—1846.

My next and last recollection is ten years later still. But few, probably know that, with all his strength, and health, and remarkable vigour, —so cheerful, so fortunate in all his relations, and so ready to acknowledge his good fortune, —Mendelssohn was often a prey to the fear of death. At the time of the performance of "St. Paul" at Weimar, we were sitting together after one of the rehearsals, in his room at the "Erb-Prinz," and in answer to a remark of mine (I myself being a martyr to hypochondria), that I should not live long enough to enjoy many of his later works, he said, "O, my dear fellow, you'll long outlive me." I was going to make a joke of the idea, when he said, with the strongest emphasis, "I shall not live to be old." But then, as if regretting the words, his countenance lighted up with a peculiarly happy expression, he began again about the recent rehearsal, and praised particularly the readiness and cordiality with which he was met by all concerned. How was it possible for me to tell that the man then sitting before me, comparatively young and in all the fullness of life, would in a very few years, fulfil his own prediction.

I had been in Leipzig in 1846, and found him fresh and cheerful, and untiringly busy in every direction. At this time I had the pleasure of many intellectual and instructive conversations with him, one of which I have described at length in my "Fliegende Blätter für Musik." Only a twelvemonth later—on the 7th November, 1847, in his thirty-eighth year—six-and twenty years after my first encounter with the bright and beautiful boy at Goethe's, the great musician was borne to his last home in the Pauliner Kirche at Berlin. Among the many who followed his bier, there was no one more full of sorrow than the writer who inscribes these lines to his memory.

## GABRIELLE OF ZERMATT.

### CHAPTER I.

GABRIELLE stood, as was her custom, about four feet back from the beaten pathway, poised on a low rock, listening to the sound of the muleteer's voice, or the step of the traveller on foot. She looked brilliant this morning, for the breeze was just fresh enough to heighten her colour, and raise her fluctuating spirits, giving her hope that the cloudless sky and the exhilarating air might bring many purchasers for her mountain wares of cream and strawberries, or for little Henrich's craft of curiously-carved wooden ornaments or chalets.

Gabrielle is known by no other name than "Gabrielle the beautiful," that is to say, in the auberges, and mountain chalets, and at the table d'hôte in the valley, when admiring tourists question their hosts. But the guides, among themselves, the hardy mountain muleteers, who earn their bread by honest toil, give her another name, equally truthful, "Gabrielle the coquette."

There is scarcely a guide over that jagged mountain path whose heart she has not broken, with her eyes so blue beguiling as day by day she has stood on the same morsel of rock, since she was seven years old, with the same lovely eyes and waving, unbound hair, asking so sweetly, with such courteous grace, "Who will buy my sweet strawberries—my sweet strawberries and cream?"

They made poor Gabrielle what she is, these foolish mountain boors, with their great soft hearts; they told her, when she was six, seven, eight, nine, how beautiful she was; they gathered her strawberries on their early morning walks, and gave her rides in the evening on their mules. They caressed her playfully, and laughed at her air of childish pride and early assumption of dignity; and now they are reaping, in pain, jealousy, and heart-burnings, the fruit of the poisonous seed their own clumsy hands planted in her heart.

But Gabrielle has a better nature, and it is the very knowledge of this which drives them wild, makes them envy even to hatred Ulrich

Valpel, who, they fear, comes first in her sickle favour.

There is not one of these hardy muleteers who has not heard of Gabrielle as a daughter, and Gabrielle as a sister. "On the mountain," they say, "she is a queen," and in the home chalet beneath the pines "she is a slave."

It is not, then, for herself poor Gabrielle stands all the day on the hill-side, till her cheek pales and her hands hang limp by her side; it is not to buy costly combs for her hair or silver chains for her bodice. It is for old Michel Macquinet, brooding over the kitchen fire within, with pinched nose, long grey beard, and trembling hands. Macquinet, who, when he was young, blew the great horn on the hill-side, leaped the blue chasms in the glaciers, and cut in the ice-walls footsteps for inexperienced travellers; Macquinet, who brought his gains home in the evening and poured them into the lap of Madeline—wife Madeline, rocking poor Heinrich to sleep in her bosom, or listening to the prattle of Gabrielle.

Now the old horn is rotting among the moss and fallen pines, wife Madeline lies in her grave in Zermatt, the hatchet is on the shelf, the guide-ropes hangs useless on its peg, and Michel, old and decrepit, warms his shivering limbs in the chimney-corner, and babbles of the blue sky and God's holy angels.

But it is not for the sake of her father alone Gabrielle stands all day on the hill-side; it is for Heinrich, the guileless brother in the chalet-ingle; Heinrich, the love of whom keeps all that is fair and pure alive in her heart—a love born of pity, pity for the poor crippled limbs, which must never know the feel of the springing heather,—for the beautiful eyes, blue as her own, but larger still, and with that peculiar tearful purity which tells us plainly of a heaven near at hand,—pity for the frail blue veined hands which with such unceasing industry carve the sweet-smelling pine-wood.

But we must leave Gabrielle "the slave" now, and return to Gabrielle "the coquette, standing so jauntily this morning, poised on her ledge of flower-crowned rock.

She has heard the song of the muleteer coming round the hill, fresh and joyous for a fine bright day and work early begun. The colour has come and gone twenty times since she heard it first, she has even wavered whether she will descend and look beneath; but now they are quite close, and the coquette heart is all astir.

Here they come round the corner; Gabrielle lifts her painted tray, and puts on her sweetest smile. A gentleman walking foremost, with knapsack, knickerbockers, and alpenstock, straining up the path with unnecessary zeal. "He is a novice in climbing," thinks Gabrielle, with a little scornful smile, as she steps forward. Here comes a mule's head, heralded by a pair of bald brown ears—the colour mounts again—nay, it is only old Gobemouche with the broken knees, staggering beneath his female burden. Frantz is the guide—Frantz the miser, who does not give his beasts sufficient food. But Frantz knows his business well; he is ruled by a glance of Gabrielle's; he restrains his mule doggedly till the bargain is ended, and then, with an appealing glance for gratitude, he gives the signal for advance.

Here are more tourists; two elderly gentlemen, with blue spectacles and walking-sticks. They do not even listen to her. They pass on, talking of plants and flowers, foreign and indigenous. Gabrielle laughs, but there is just the faintest echo of a sigh as she folds her hands patiently on her velvet bodice.

Now, hark! you may know again the advent of a young, fresh life and a loving heart. Gabrielle smooths back her wind-ruffled hair, and listens with a blushing pleasure. That song is for her: it is the voice of Wilhelm Swartz—handsome and brave. Wilhelm has broken hearts, too, in his time, but not Gabrielle's. She admires him for his fine athletic figure—for his lion courage. She is proud, too, to be the object of his fiery love, but she has heard stories in the valley beneath, which make her doubt his truth.

Here he comes—not round the hill by the

beaten path, but over its heathy shoulder; he has no mules this morning; he is going up hill to the mountain inn, to arrange for an early start in the morning, on an expedition fraught with exciting danger.

"Good morning, Gabrielle."

"Good morning, Wilhelm."

"You will be rich, to-day, ma belle; the inn beneath is swarming with the insolent English and their pale-faced wives and daughters. There is not a mule to be had in the town; they are sending up the valley for more."

"That is well," replied Gabrielle, with a blush, as handsome Wilhelm kissed her hand; "and where hast thou been these three days past, Wilhelm?"

"Where have I been?—ha! ha!" he looked across at the giant Mont Cervin, and laughed loudly and long. "I have been cutting steps with my hatchet in the ice for cowards. I have been tied to a rope's end by my waist, to drag the inglorious up to fame. I have been carrying provender for asses. But, see—" he suddenly stopped, and, looking with a curious pride into Gabrielle's eyes, lifted his cap from his head, "see, my beautiful one! what I have brought thee home—a trophy fit for a queen." He took a bunch of bright blue gentian from his cap, and placed it in her hand.

"Bah! is that all—is that all?" cried Gabrielle, with a scornful toss of the head, these blue thags, which grow beside every common pathway?"

"Ay," replied Wilhelm, in some anger, as Gabrielle tossed the flowers on the grass at her side; "but those flowers grew by no common pathway. Human foot never trod before, and never will tread again, the path where these were gathered. Ah, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, if those dainty feet of thine could have followed me over the glaciers,—if those blue eyes of thine could have watched me scale the slope beneath the black wall of the Matterhorn, and snatch them out of the very mouth of death, ma belle, thou wouldst not laugh so scornfully."

"Didst thou gather them for me?" asked Gabrielle, looking up under her eye-lids at the tall Swiss, so handsome in his anger.

"Have I not told thee so?"

"Good Wilhelm, thou must not risk thy life for me again."

"Ay, a thousand times, and again a thousand times, were it only to hear thee say, so softly, 'Good Wilhelm.' Gabrielle, why dost thou seek to torture me? must I for ever ask an answer to the one straight question, Canst thou love me, Gabrielle?"

"What answer did Marie Bauman give thee to the same question, Wilhelm?—poor Marie Bauman, so good and gentle; or Lucine Heller, in the valley, what did she say?"

"Gabrielle, thou lookest like an angel, but thou speakest like a true fiend!" cried Wilhelm, in white anger, as he turned down the hill.

"Wilhelm Swartz, stay a moment," cried Gabrielle, softly.

"Well, what dost thou want now?"

"Hast thou seen Ulrich this morning in Zermatt?"

"Which Ulrich?" is it he with the dark face and the white heart?"

"It is Ulrich Valpen I ask for," replied Gabrielle, proudly.

"The same. Nay, I have not seen him since the morning he refused seventy francs to climb the Cima di Jazi—a hill a baby might crawl up without leading-strings! base coward as he is!"

"Ulrich is no coward," cried Gabrielle, hotly; but when he was out of sight, and she stood on her dais again, her cheek burned, and tears of mortification gathered thickly in her eyes.

Wilhelm had said right. All the long morning the mules with their human burdens crept round the hill-side till the strawberries were all sold, the cream all drunk, and Heinrich's wares disposed of.

Then Gabrielle went home to the chalet beneath the pines to prepare the midday meal for her father and brother, to change her rôle of queen for that of slave, to lift the heavy pinelogs, to stoop over the crackling fire, and spread the humble board.

"Gabrielle," asked Heinrich, wearily, "hast thou seen Ulrich to-day?"

"No, not to-day; but he may yet go up the hill this evening."

"It is a week to-day since he has come to see me," continued Heinrich, plaintively; "my store of good wood is nearly out. He promised he would bring me some. Dost thou think Gabrielle he has forgotten?"

"He is too sluggish, perhaps, to drag his long legs up the hill," replied Gabrielle, half beneath her breath.

"Gabrielle, what dost thou say? dost thou not love Ulrich, who is so kind and gentle?"

"Good Heinrich," said Gabrielle, softly, and she put her arms round her brother's neck and kissed him.

When the midday heat was over, and the dinner in the chalet ended, Gabrielle sallied forth again laden with fresh stores; but her step was less springing than in the early morning, and her manner betrayed a secret discontent.

Wilhelm had called Ulrich a coward, and the scornful epithet was ranking in her heart. Nor was this all. Heinrich had spoken the truth; it was a full week to-day since he had visited their chalet, or driven his mules up the hill.

"He thinks he is sure of me, and that he may treat me as he likes," Gabrielle said to herself, angrily, as she climbed the slippery heather; "but I may show him the difference some day; while he loiters in his careless assurance another may bear off his prize, *qui s'ait!*"

It was true, Ulrich might have married her long ago, if he had wished it—if he had chosen, like other guides, to risk his life on the slopes of the Matterhorn or the frozen precipices of the Jumeaux, but no; he preferred to drive his sober mules day by day over the safe and beaten pathway, and to receive in return a meagre payment—to meagre to enable him to marry Gabrielle, the mountain queen; therefore, those who would have laid down their lives for Gabrielle called him, in their jealous anger, a coward.

But Gabrielle knew in her secret heart that he was no coward. She knew well the cause of his apparently sluggish indifference. In a chalet almost on the glacier's brink, lived the mother who had given Ulrich birth—blind, decrepit, and exacting. While she lived, he must live too. For a handful of shining gold, for the pride of a darling exploit, he could not willingly risk the life which God had given him for her support. She knew all this, and yet the coquette nature was so strong this afternoon within her, she could see nothing but his faults and shortcomings.

Gabrielle found plenty of customers again for her fruit and cream, and by eight in the evening the painted tray was empty, the last chalet sold, and Gabrielle had sat down to rest; then round the hill, leading his patient mule, came Pierre Garten, slowly and sadly. He had spare limbs, a sunken face, weak eyes, and a crooked frame, but a heart full of a love as intense as Wilhelm's.

Gabrielle was ever good to him; for when she saw him she thought always of Heinrich in the chalet-ingle. She did not tease or wound him, as she did the others, for her pleasure. She spoke gently but pitifully.

"Well, poor Pierre, hast thou had no work to-day, that thy mule walks riderless?"

"Nay; but she is tired, poor thing, and so am I, for that matter."

"Well, sit thee down here and rest." She pointed to the grass at her side. "Tell me, my poor Pierre, hast thou seen Ulrich Vapel to-day in the valley?" Gabrielle did not mean to wound him, but Pierre started aside from her question.

"Nay; what should I know of Ulrich Vapel?"

"He has not come up the hill with his mule these eight days. Perhaps he has gone over the St. Théodule."

"Fear not, mademoiselle, laughed Pierre, contemptuously; "Ulrich Valpel is not likely to place any of his bones in danger;" and loosening his mule's reins from the rock round which he had tied them, he dragged it sullenly up the hill.

Gabrielle turned aside with an impatient sigh. The evening closed in calmly. The stars were

beginning to shine in the pale blue sky, as she descended the hill towards the chalet beneath the pines.

She had reached the small bridge over the stream. Her foot was touching the first mossy plank, when she heard a voice calling her, and, looking across, she saw stout, sturdy Ulrich Valpel standing on the opposite bank.

Her face had been pale, almost sad, as she came down the slope. Now—true to her coquette nature—it changed. Her colour rose, her lips pouted, her head was held proudly, and she hesitated to advance.

Ulrich would have crossed over to meet her, but, as he stepped upon the bridge, she cried, loudly, in feigned terror—

"Ah, miserable! Why wilt thou seek to cross? Art thou not afraid that the planks may give way, and precipitate thee in the roaring water?"

"Gabrielle!"

"Ay. If seventy furies will not tempt the to climb the Cima, why risk thy precious life for me?"

"Gabrielle, what dost thou mean?"

"I mean that thou art a true coward, Ulrich. Afraid of wolves in the pine-forests, of the cows in the pastures, of the grasshoppers in the field, of a girl selling fruit on the hill-side? Which or all of these great fears have kept thee from our house so long?"

"Gabrielle, thou art not kind."

She had crossed the bridge now, and was moving on; but, standing with his arms folded on his breast, looking down in the puny stream, which she had called a torrent, Ulrich made no offer to follow her.

So broad and stalwart a figure, so manly and generous a face, so true and firm an eye, could scarcely cover a coward's heart.

Gabrielle halted for a moment and looked back.

"Wilhelm Swartz is brave," she cried passionately. "See what he gave me." She tore the blue gentian from her bosom and hair. "There, when thy coward feet have followed him to the slopes beneath the black Matterhorn: when thy coward hands have plucked flowers such as these out of the very jaws of death, thou mayest see Gabrielle again, but not till then."

Without once looking round Ulrich crossed the bridge, and passed through the pine-trees out of sight.

## II.—AMONG THE GLACIERS.

Gabrielle did not return immediately to her home beneath the pines; her hasty passion was not over; the coquette fever had not cooled down. She could not go in and sit by Heinrich's bed, while her head felt so feverish and her heart so full of pain. She must wait and seek to justify in her own mind the bitter words she had spoken; and yet, where was this justification to be found? She walked round the brow of the hill, and sat down on a grass plateau overlooking the glacier in the valley. She knew well how Ulrich loved his mother—the feeble, complaining Marie Valpel; how, twice a day, were he ever so weary, he turned his mule's head down the glacier road, to give her with his own hands her morning and evening meal, and how even Gabrielle's love could not tempt him to let the poor blind mother spend the comfortless evening alone. She knew all this; and yet to-night, with her own lips, which ought to have spoken words of gentle sympathy, she had taunted him almost to despair—perhaps even, foolish girl, to worse.

Gabrielle, after a time, rose from the plateau and turned homewards; but her cheek was still hot, her eyes still angrily bright, when she lifted the latch and walked in.

Old Michel Macquinet was asleep: his head was drooping forward on his breast, his gray beard reaching almost to his knees; the fire-light shone red on one cheek, giving it a false appearance of freshness and youth; while starlight, cold and true, falling on the other side, painted with pale blue shadows the wrinkles of decay and time.

Heinrich was not asleep—he was sitting upright in his bed, and through the gloom and the

flashing log-light Gabrielle saw tears upon his cheeks and in his eyes. Instantly the passion of the moment disappeared, and crossing the room, she laid her cheek against his caressingly.

"Heinrich, dearest Heinrich, has Gabrielle left thee too long alone? Hast thou been waiting sadly for her return?"

"Nay, I have not been alone—Ulrich has been here; he sat by me for two long hours. Poor Ulrich!"

"Why dost thou call him poor Ulrich? He is only poor because he chooses to be so."

"Gabrielle, did he not tell thee?"

"Tell me what?" asked Gabrielle, quickly.

"Did he not tell thee poor Marie Valpel is dead?"

"Marie Valpel, his mother!"

"Yes. Ulrich went down to meet thee at the bridge, to tell thee all."

Then Gabrielle, rising suddenly to her feet, opened the chalet door, and went out. She stood on the same plateau of rock overlooking the glacier valley. All was serenely still, as a moment ago; but now she cried loudly, down into the silence and star-light—

"Ulrich! Ulrich! Ulrich come back!" "Come back," cried the distant glaciers, taking up her words. "Come back to me!" but he whom she summoned with such piercing accents to her side, gave no answer.

It was too late to go down to the valley, even had she wished to follow him to the chalet, where Ulrich and death were keeping to-night their silent vigil. No; she must return to her home and bear for a long night, the pangs of a miserable remorse.

Slowly she went into the chalet again, and drew her spinning-wheel beside Heinrich's bed: she let its drone serve for a conversation, which she had not the heart to sustain. She could not explain to guileless Heinrich the thoughts which were causing her such pain; nor could he understand a love which could prompt Gabrielle's sweet tongue to wound, and sting, and torture—to drive almost to madness—him whom she loved the best.

That night Gabrielle slept little, for "her heart was disquieted within her." The creaking of the panes outside made her start and tremble, and she felt oppressed with a sense of solitude and distance. At midnight, she had a short dream of horror, from which she started with a cry. She had been witness in her sleep to a quarrel between man and man—a wrestle for life and death between Ulrich Valpel and Wilhelm Swartz; a struggle all the more fearful as they strove on the edge of the precipice as straight and high as the black wall of Matterhorn. In vain, with spell-bound lips, she had striven to speak words of peace, or loosen the clasp of death; till, with a cry which shattered the delusion of her dream, she beheld Ulrich cast headlong from the height into the abyss.

Gabrielle could sleep no more. She watched by the window till the stars began to fade out of the sky, and the mountain-tops to enter their brief period of rosy sun-light; till the cows with their tinkling bells came down the pasture to the chalet door, and the goats bleated lustily outside for the hands of their mistress. Then with a listless, sad gait, she rose and dressed for the day's work. She milked the cows and the goats, but this morning they missed her joyous song, or the handful of welcome provender. When the frugal meal was ended—when her father was seated again by the log-fire and Heinrich had been lifted to his corner in the ingle—when the cream had been gathered from the dairy and the fruit from the hill-side—Gabrielle, with face pale as the now fainting snow slopes, and eyes red with weeping, took her usual place on the rock by the way-side.

Pierre Graten came down first this morning from the inn on the summit of the hill: the mule not riderless to-day, but picking its way carefully over loose stones and red earth, till it halted, as was its custom, at Gabrielle's feet.

But Pierre was surly this morning, he struck the poor beast with his thick staff and bade it move on; he would have not looked up at her, but that Gabrielle called him, softly—

"Pierre."

Pierre Garten had a kind heart and a quick eye; he noticed at once the pale cheek and the fast rising tears.

"Well, mademoiselle, what ails thee? how is the boy in the chalet, and thy father yonder. Neither ill, I hope?"

"No, good Pierre; but if thou couldst find it in thy heart to render me a service—"

"Ay, can I? The greater the service the greater the pleasure to me. Speak only ma belle, and it is done."

Gabriele hesitated. She knew her message would give pain. She was seeking for the best words to convey it.

"Pierre, if thou shouldst see Ulrich Valpel in the valley, tell him I would speak a few words with him—a few words before the evening."

Pierre's countenance fell; he looked on the ground gloomily. "Nay, nay, I did not bargain for such an errand, Mademoiselle Macquinet; I doubt that my tongue would prove a false messenger. Good morning, ma reine," and Pierre followed his mule sulkily round the corner. But Gabrielle knew Pierre's kind heart, and trusted that he would fulfil her errand.

How wearily the sun crept up this morning, each hour seeming longer and longer, as no answer came to her message. At length it seemed to stand still in the heavens above her head, while the grass scorched, and the grasshoppers sung, and the tourists swarmed round the hill-side, uttering compliments into her ears which to-day sounded foolish and fulsome.

Ulrich did not come.

Those who knew Gabrielle well saw that to-day there was something much amiss; there were no sly glances watching them coming up the hill, or following them as they descended; no tossing of dainty head or pouting of the lip. Subdued, unexcited, even mournfully, she sold her wares, now and then casting frightened glances towards the glacier valley.

Again, in the afternoon, she went home to the chalet, and prepared the dinner for Heinrich and her father, returning even sadder and paler.

In the evening, when the last tourist had gone up the hill, and again the stars were creeping into the primrose sky, she heard a voice calling her, and looking round, saw Pierre Graten coming over the brow of the hill, red and heated, mopping his gaunt face with his yellow handkerchief.

"Well, good Pierre, what news?"

"Yes, I am good, no doubt, mademoiselle; but my news is bad enough, so far as thou art concerned."

"How so? he has refused to come?"

Gabriele's cheek burned with a momentary shame.

"Nay, not so fast; thy thoughts run swifter than my mule to her oats. Thou must have patience, and give me time to breathe; I have come up the hill at double speed to please thee."

"Yes, good Pierre; sit thee down and rest. but tell me only what answer gave Ulrich to my message?"

"Well, since thou wilt know the truth, there is no need to garble it. I saw not Ulrich Valpel. His mother is dead; the door is locked; the house is silent; and Ulrich is gone since night-fall."

"Where?" asked Gabrielle, between her white lips.

"Nay, how can I tell? They know nought in the valley, save that he stopped at Kirkman's door, by the inn, and giving him the key of his house and some money, said, should aught prevent him from returning, he desired they would give his mother a decent burial."

"Pierre, lend me thy arm," cried Gabrielle, faintly.

What an evening walk that was for poor Pierre, down the burnished slopes and beneath the pine shadows, with the mountain queen leaning like a tired child confidently upon his arm! but the pleasure was not unmingled with the acrid heartburn of jealousy. Gabrielle bid him good evening at the chalet door, with a sad humility which made his rough heart ache, but she did not invite him to enter, or rest his tired limbs by the fireside.

Heinrich saw plainly to-night that his sister was miserable. He watched tear after tear drop on her velvet bodice; but still with her foot she kept up the monotonous drone of the wheel, and he knew it was again to avoid conversation. Only once he sought to probe her grief.

"Gabrielle, hast thou seen poor Ulrich today? or has aught happened to grieve thee?"

Gabrielle started back from the wheel, and said, impatiently, "Heinrich, canst thou not leave me in peace?"

She had never spoken so roughly to him before, and Heinrich lay back on his pillows silently.

But at night, when the chalet was still, when her father and brother were both sleeping, Gabrielle, filled with a sudden resolution, rose from her bed, and, dressing herself, went into the empty kitchen. She hastily struck a light. She took down Michel Macquinet's hatchet from the shelf, the old guide-rope from the peg, and the lantern from the pine-wood press. For one moment she seemed to hesitate as she placed her fingers on the latch; her eyes dilated in a sudden pain; she laid down the hatchet and rope, and turned towards Heinrich's room.

"Heinrich, dearest Heinrich, say good night to Gabrielle."

"Good night," answered her brother, sleepily. "Say God bless thee, Gabrielle, and watch over thee."

"God bless thee, dear Gabrielle, and watch over thee"; and with this charm in her ears, she went out through the chalet door, and began the rapid descent towards the valley.

It was at Pierre Garten's door she stopped and knocked—Pierre Garten's chalet by the brink of the torrent. He could not hear her at first for the noise of waters.

"Who is there?" cried the surly voice from within.

"It is Gabrielle—Gabrielle Macquinet."

A head, enveloped in a white cotton night-cap, peered for a moment through the window, and presently the door was opened.

"Gabrielle! nay, Gabrielle, ma pauvre, what brings thee here at this hour?"

"Pierre, listen to me, good Pierre. Thou must come with me, now at once, up the glacier. See, I have brought a rope, hatchet and lantern. We must not delay, or we shall be late."

"Up the glacier, my angel! surely thou art but awaking from thy first dream. Wouldst thou have me lead my beautiful queen to her death?"

"Yes," cried Gabrielle, "I would go to the same death to which I led Ulrich. Pierre, if thou wilt not come at once in search of him I go alone."

"To where—to which glacier? I know not in what direction to lead thee."

"To the snow slopes beneath the black wall of the Matterhorn."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Pierre Garten, as one would laugh at the prattle of a foolish child; "I have no regret to walk with thee a while beneath the stars, to carry thee over crevasses, to cut steps for thy pretty feet in the frozen snow, but after a while, little one, we shall turn back again."

Pierre busied himself making the necessary preparations within, and after a time, which seemed to Gabrielle a year long, they crossed the torrent together, and began the toilsome ascent.

Pierre soon found that Gabrielle was in earnest. She spoke not a word, but treasured her breath with a cautious zeal. She would answer no question, listen to no remonstrance, only follow doggedly where he led. The sky was perfectly cloudless, the stars unusually brilliant, and when they first stepped upon the snow they found it firm and hard from the sharp night frost.

Here Pierre made a valiant resistance against further progress, but Gabrielle treated him with scorn and with her own hands fastened the guide-rope round her waist. The first faint yellow glow of morning found poor Gabrielle struggling over the moraine, still full of a faithful courage, but weak and trembling. At four o'clock

when the crest of the towering Matterhorn was bathed in ruddy flame-light, she was upon the glaciers. The sunlit air had given her fresh vigour. She was leaping the narrow crevasses, or waiting impatiently for footsteps to be cut in the ice.

"We must be near the snow slope now," she cried, pointing to a vast white field of snow, seamed with the tracks of lately fallen avalanches. "Was it not to these Wilhelm Swartz led the English?"

"Ay; but midday will not find thee there, my pauvre, nor midnight, I fear. It is impracticable; the dangers are too great. Remember, thou riskest both our lives. Think of thy father, Gabrielle; think of poor Heinrich, so young and helpless!"

Gabrielle burst into tears. "Hast thou brought me so far, Pierre Garten, only to desert me now?"

Pierre never could withstand a woman's tears. "Courage!" he cried, "courage, ma belle!" and again they continued their perilous way.

It was midday when they reached the foot of the snow slopes. Gabrielle was growing faint, and her courage had almost failed her, when Pierre, suddenly crying, "Halt!" pointed with his finger before him. "There, yes, there truly is the mark of Ulrich's foot in the snow; I know it as well as I know my own mule's hoof. Alive or dead, we must find him presently. He has taken, poor fool, the track to the very spot where Wilhelm made his death-climb."

"Death-climb!" gasped Gabrielle.

"Ay, surely, for death kissed him almost on the cheek. Didst thou not hear how an avalanche wind carried the very cap from Wilhelm's head, as it swept past him in his mad folly?"

"Pierre, what is that?" asked Gabrielle, in a voice so strange and terror-stricken, it made him start aside. "What is that, Pierre—up yonder in the broken snow?"

"A rock fallen from the precipice," cried Pierre, shading his snow-blind eyes.

"Nay, but that blue thing yonder?"

"A bunch of flowers, ma belle. Why, Gabrielle, with thy voice and thy white face thou wilt rob me of the little strength I still possess. Thou must hasten on, wench; thou standest in the very track of the avalanche!"

But Gabrielle, hastily disentangling herself from the rope, and plunged into the crumbling snow, and down on her knees, with miserable cries of help, beside the dark mass which Pierre had called a rock, clasped to her bosom a hand, white, cold, and stiff, which held in its grasp a blue bunch of the fatal gentian.

"Ulrich! Ulrich! my beloved!"

The crest of the Matterhorn seemed to fall with a sullen blackness and roar into the glacier valley, the ground to glide from beneath her knees, the white hand to drag her down a blue abyss; but through the darkness and noise, and faintness, she heard Pierre's voice roughly kind in her ear.

"Nay, Gabrielle, my heart's love; thou must not die here in the cold snow. See! Ulrich, thy lover, still lives."

On the snow slopes beneath the black wall of the Matterhorn, in the presence of danger—almost of death—in the thankfulness for a great mercy shown to her, for a great love given back to her, the last spark of the coquette nature died in Gabrielle's heart; and in Zermatt Valley, in the red chalet, among the corn-fields, there is no happier wife, no more contented husband, than Gabrielle and Ulrich Valpel.

RETURNS TICKETS.—A decision of some importance was lately given in London upon the law of return tickets. The plaintiff lost the return half of his ticket from Boulogne to London by the boat of the General Steam Navigation Company, and, although his name was entered on the company's books as having taken a return ticket, they made him pay his fare back to London. The judge decided that it was a personal contract, that the tickets given to plaintiff when he paid the fare were merely proof that he had paid, and that the company must refund the second payment they had compelled him to make.

PASTIME.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A seaport in France
2. A country of Africa.
3. A river in Prussia.
4. A town in Kildare.
5. A range of mountains in North America.
6. A lake in England.
7. One of the Society Islands.
8. A city in Canada.
9. A town in Siberia.
10. A volcano in Europe.

The initials will name one of Napoleon's celebrated generals.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A landing place; a town in Holland; a deputy: a word denoting the letters and language of the ancient nations of Europe; to bring?
2. A seasoning; a tree; a misfortune; examination.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Of my whole you have more than one: transpose me and I become a border; behead and curtail me, I become circular: again behead and transpose me, and I become a liquid; behead me again, and I become a preposition.
2. If you touch me, take care of my mysting—transpose me, and beware of my claws—behead me, and I am more venomous still—cut off my tail and I cease to be!

CHARADES.

1. My 3, 9, 6, 5, 7, 6, 4, 10, is a woman's name. My 1, 4, 8, is a useful article. My 5, 11, 2, 6, 5, 4, is a man's name. My 1, 4, 11, 6, is a nobleman. My 2, 6, 7, 8, 5, 11, is a fruit. My 10, 6, 9, 1, is a snare. My whole is a fruit.

J. H., MONTREAL.

2. My first is a river in Europe; my second a habitation; my third what you did yesterday; and my whole is a monarch.

3. My first is what we ought to be  
To friend or foe 'tis true;  
My next a lake in Scotland is,  
And may be found by you;  
My whole doth wondrous powers possess.  
The answer please proceed to guess.

J. H. K

BATTLES AND SEIGES.

1. A liquid, two thirds of a succession of years, and a biped.
2. An article, a liquor, and a seat of justice.
3. Good fortune and the present time.
4. A place to train soldiers, two thirds of to mistake, and a county in Ireland.
5. Five sevenths of pleasure.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The difference between two numbers equals the remainder of the square of the greater divided by the square of the lesser. Required those numbers.

Astronomical Arithmorem—1. Copernicus; 2. Tycho Brahe; 3. Sir William Herschel; 4. Isaac Newton; 5. Edmund Halley; 6. James Ferguson.

Square Words—1. A T O M  
T O N E  
O N C E  
M E E D

2. B L A M E  
L A T I N  
A T O N E  
M I N I M  
E N E M Y

Decapitations—1. Ship-hip; 2. Cask-ask; 3. Eyes-yes, 4. Courage-our-age; 5. Oracle-clear-Lear-real-ear-ear.

Cross-Word Enigma—Dictionary.

Charades—1. Franchise; 2. Hare-bell.

Transpositions—1. The Cottage by the sea; 2. Gentle Annie; 3. Fading away; 4. The minute gun at sea; 5. The minstrel boy.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Astronomical Arithmorem—A. R. T., Camp, H. H. V., Ellen B., Argus, Bericus.

Square Words—Geo. B., Argus H. H. V., Camp, Niagara, Ellen B., Whitby.

Decapitations—Bericus, Argus, Ellen B., Niagara, Whitby, H. H. V., A. R. T.

Cross-Word Enigma—Bericus, H. H. V., Argus, A. R. T., Niagara, Whitby, Ellen B., G. B.

Charades—Ellen B., Argus, Bericus, A. R. T., Niagara.

Transpositions—Argus, A. R. T., Niagara, H. H. V.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLUR-DE-LIS.—Previous to the reign of Charles VI, the kings of France bore as their arms an indefinite number of golden lilies on a blue field. That king reduced the number to three, arranged two and one, some conjecture upon account of the Trinity. According to one writer, "the Franks of old had a custom at the proclamation of their king to elevate him upon a shield or target and place in his hand a reed or flag in blossom instead of a sceptre, and from thence the early kings of France are represented with sceptres in their hands like the flag with its flower, and which flowers became the armorial figures of France." Another legendary tale is to the effect that a blue banner embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lis came down from heaven and was given by an angel to King Clovis. Whatever may be the value of this latter story, there can be little doubt, but that from Clovis downwards the kings of France bore the fleur-de-lis as their arms.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.—The publisher will supply you with either of the bound volumes of the READER separately; the set comprises three volumes.

C. J. S.—Many thanks for your kind and appreciating letter.

E. E.—The British government has never offered any prize for the discovery of perpetual motion. We are aware that there is a popular belief to the contrary.

CEPHAS.—Our space will not permit us to give even a condensed sketch of the ritualistic movement in England, which dates from the publication of the Tracts for the Times. The object of the movement, as now avowed by its leaders, is to assimilate the services of the Church of England to those of the Church of Rome, and thus bring about a union between the two churches. The Church Times, the organ of the extreme ritualists, says in a recent article, that "the goal at which it aims is the union of Christendom," in other words unconditional surrender to Rome, for on no other terms is union with that church possible. It is difficult to believe that those who denounce the Reformation as a blunder, and its promoters as mistaken and mischievous men, can be honest members of the English Church. Such men are Roman Catholics in everything but name, and are labouring more effectually for the Church of Rome in England than all its recognized ministers. We cannot go so far with our correspondent as to believe that Father Ignatius is a Jesuit in disguise, but assuredly it would be well for the Church of England if the men who are troubling her peace would at once and openly transfer their allegiance to the Church of Rome.

UNKNOWN.—The lines are from Lalla Rookh, but are not quite correctly quoted; they should read as follows:

Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,  
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained  
The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal ever lost or gained,  
How many a spirit born to bliss,  
Has sunk beneath that withering name,  
Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
Had waited to eternal fame.

F. B. D.—We are happy to hear from you again, and to know that you still feel warmly interested in the success of the READER. The shorter of the two contributions will certainly appear.

ARTIST.—We regret to say the article to which you refer has been either mislaid or unwittingly destroyed.

CHESS.

Mr Howard Staunton, the well-known Chess player and author, has acquired a proprietary interest in The Chess Herald, an English Chess magazine

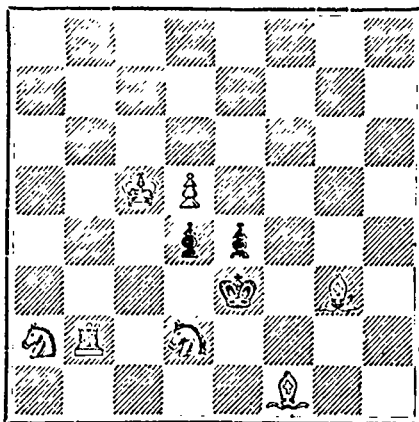
An interesting little match has lately transpired between Messrs. Zerega and Worrall, of the New-York

Chess Club, in which the former gentleman had succeeded in worsting his adversary at the rate of six games to five, with one draw. A return match, to be decided by the winning of six games, between the same gentlemen has been commenced, whereof Mr. Zerega has scored three games in succession.

PROBLEM, No. 71.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 69.

- BLACK. 1 R to K B 4 2 K to Q 7. 3 R to h 7. 4. B mates
- WHITE. P moves (either) P moves. Anything.

Game in the tournament at the Westminster Chess Club, between Messrs. Belaeff and Boden.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

- WHITE. (Mr. Belaeff.) 1 P to K 4. 2 P to Q 4. 3 B to Q B 4 4 P to K 5. 5 B to Q 3. 6 Kt to K B 3. 7 Q Kt to Q 2 8 Castles. 9 R to K sq. 10 Kt takes K Kt. 11 B takes P. 12 R takes B. 13 Q to h 2. 14 B to h B 4. 15 Q R to Q sq 16 B to K Kt 3. 17 P to K R 4 18 Kt to K sq. 19 P to Q Kt 3. 20 P to Q R 4. 21 Q R P takes P. 22 P takes P. 23 P to K B 3. 24 K to R 2. 25 K to Q Kt sq. 26 P takes P. 27 P takes Q P. 28 Q to Q R 2. 29 K to K B 4. 30 Kt to K B 3. 31 R to K B 6. 32 R takes R (ch.) 33 Kt to Q 2. 34 Q to Q R 3 (ch.) 35 Q to Q R sq. 36 Q takes R. 37 Q to Q Kt 5. 38 Q to K Kt 5. 39 Q to K Kt 5 (ch.) 40 B to K B 4 41 Q to K Kt 6 (ch.) 42 Q takes Kt (ch.) (d.) 43 B to Kt Kt 5. 44 P takes Q. 45 P to K Kt 6. 46 Kt to Q B 4. 47 R to Kt sq 48 Kt to Q Kt 2. 49 P to Kt 7. 50 K to B 2. 51 K to K 2 (c.)
- BLACK. (Mr. Boden.) 1 P to K 4. 2 P takes P. 3 Kt to K B 3 4 P to Q 4. 5 Kt to K 5. 6 P to Q B 4 (a.) 7 B to K B 4 8 B to K 2. 9 Kt to Q B 3. 10 P takes Kt. 11 B takes B. 12 Q to Q 4. 13 (Castles) Q R. 14 P to K R 3. 15 P to K Kt 4. 16 P to K R 4. 17 P to K Kt 5. 18 P to Q B 5. 19 P to Q Kt 4 (b.) 20 P to Q R 3. 21 Q R P takes P 22 P takes P. 23 B to Q B 4. 24 R to K R 3. 25 R to K 3. 26 P to Q 6. 27 P takes Q P. 28 K to Q 2. 29 K to R 2 (c.) 30 B to h 6. 31 P takes K Kt P. 32 P takes R 33 R to Q Kt sq. 34 B to Q B 4. 35 R takes R. 36 Kt takes K P. 37 Kt to Q 2. 38 Q to Q 5. 39 K to K sq. 40 Kt to K B 3. 41 K to Q sq. 42 Q takes Q. 43 Q takes R. 44 B to K 6. 45 K to K 2. 46 B to B 5 (ch.) 47 P to Q 7 48 K to B 3. 49 K takes P. 50 K to B 3. 51 K to B 4.

and Black eventually won the game. (a) Black has already the best of the opening. (b) This looks hazardous, but is the best move to prevent the development of White's game (c) Apparently his most judicious mode of play (d) This seems to be compulsory. (e) Mr. Belaeff, judging from the stubborn resistance he makes in this game, must be a player of very considerable strength.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

AN AWFUL SCREW.—A thumb-screw. STANDING DISH AT UTAH.—A spare rib. SOMETHING VERY LIKELY.—That the flowers of speech spring from the root of the tongue.

A BOY'S IDEA OF PULLING A TOOTH.—The doctor hatched on to me, pulled his best, and just before he killed me the tooth came out.

THE TWO ROADS.—"Dar are," said a sable orator, addressing his bretheren, "two roads tro dis world. De one am a broad and narrow road, dat leads to pridition, and de oder am a narrow and broad road dat leads to sure destruction."—"If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis culleder individual takes to de wood."

When is a shower like a piece of leather?—When it's a driving-rain.

People who travel in cannibal countries are apt to be turned into Indian meal.

In what head-dress is the wife of a smoker often seen at home.—in a wreath of smoke.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know how much the waste of time measures round.

WHY are good husbands like dough?—Because women need them.

WHAT IT WAS NEAR.—A gentleman, who had by a fall broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstance, and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon, who was present, asked him if the injury he sustained was near the vertebre?—No, sir," replied he, "it was within a few yards of the court house!"

Douglas Jerrold, at an evening party, was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with an extremely short lady, he observed to a friend, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

A New York police-officer, seeing a nigger whom he knew, exclaimed, "Ah, Sambo, you are an honest faithful fellow. I will give you a drink."—"Wid all my heart, sar," said Sambo; "wid all dis child's heart. Scme niggers are haudy and proud, and J won't stoop to drink wid a police-officer; but dat's wrong. I think a police-officer most, if not ebery way, as good as a nigger—specially when dat nigger's dry."

MISTAKE IN IDENTITY.—Old Mary describes an acquaintance on the opposite side of the street, she shouts across, and on attracting attention telegraphs with her umbrella for her friend to wait. Waddling across, after a quiet critical look, she observes; "Ye thowt it was me, and aw thowt it was me, and, gosh cab, it's nowther."

SINGLE BLESSIDNESS.—"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of matrimonial noose.—"I agree with you, madam," was the reply; "bachelorism is a great luxury."

Why is Amsterdam like a flat fish?—Because it's a Dutch place.

SPITEFUL WIT.—A witty lady the other evening, when the talk was running on the barbaric splendour of an Eastern who is millionairing it in Paris, said, "He would have been very well in the East, where, uncivilised, he would have been a wild boar, civilisation has made the wild boar a hog."

Among the traditions of Westminster Hall is one of a certain Serjeant Davy, who flourished some centuries back, in a darker ago than the present. He was accused, once upon a time, by his brethren of the coif, of having degraded their order by taking from a client a fee in copper. On being solemnly arraigned for his offence in the Common Hall, it appears, from the unprinted reports of Court of Common Pleas, that he defended himself by the following plea of confession and avoidance; "I fully admit that I took a fee from him in copper; and not only one but several; and not only fees in copper, but fees in silver. But I pledge my honour as a serjeant that I never took a single fee from him in silver until I had got all his gold, and that I never took a single fee from him in copper until I had got all his silver, and you don't call that a degradation of our order?"