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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 98. FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 20, 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 287.

CHAPTER VII. THE STORMY PETREL OF PRIVATE LIFE.

A day or two subsequent to Mrs. Saxelby's visit to her daughter at Eastfield, the family at Bramley Manor was visited by a domestic storm, which, tho' leading to no serious immediate result, was the cause of a great deal of pain and anger, and left behind it an amount of heart-burning and soreness, which only a family quarrel can produce.

The Honourable Arthur Skidley's regiment being ordered away from Hammerham, and that gentleman's consequent departure being imminent, it became necessary for Walter Charlewood to reveal to his father the amount of the debt he had incurred, and to prefer a request for a considerable sum of money. Mr. Charlewood was a very wealthy man, and—as may usually be observed of men whose business renders their income more or less elastic—he spent his wealth with a liberal hand. Among the luxuries he desired for himself and his children, was the society of persons superior by birth or rank to themselves. And he had an unexpressed but decided notion that this, like other good things, was to be attained by a judicious expenditure of cash. Still, the magnitude of the sum he was now called on to advance, so far exceeded his estimate of the value received, that he began to discover that the acquaintance of even so dashing and aristocratic a personage as the younger son of Lord Higsworth might be purchased too dearly.

"I won't pay it, sir," he had said in the first moment of his anger and surprise. "I won't advance a farthing."

"It's a debt of honour, father. I shall be disgraced."

"Then *be* disgraced," Mr. Charlewood had retorted, adding, in the heat of his wrath, a recommendation to his son to be something else also for his folly. But, of course, he knew very well that he must and that he would pay Walter's debts for him. He grumbled to his wife, telling her that Watty's reckless and selfish extravagance was all owing to her weak indulgence. He scolded Augusta into a fit of the sulks, when she ventured to ask some question as to the offence her brother had committed, he even snubbed his favourite Penelope, in the extremity of his ill-humour and vexation. In short, for more than a week, black looks and sharp speeches were very rife in Bramley Manor, and Walter—his jaunty self confidence utterly subdued for once—sneaked about the house like a whipped schoolboy, avoiding his father's eye, and creeping surreptitiously at unaccustomed hours into his mother's boudoir to be petted and consoled, and to have the ruffled plumes of his self-love gently smoothed by caressing fingers.

It was a peculiarity of Miss Fluke that she invariably appeared among her friends whenever foul weather seemed to be imminent in the domestic sky, scenting the approach of tempest by some fine instinct, and hovering over the angry billows like a stormy petrel.

Miss Fluke came to Bramley Manor, and had not been closeted ten minutes with Mrs. Charlewood before the latter had revealed to her, with many lamentations, and considerable use of her pocket-handkerchief, the story of Walter's troubles, and his father's stern displeasure.

"Charlewood was 'arsh, I consider. Very 'arsh. Of course I know Watty ought to have spoken sooner. But law, there! Who can wonder? Young men will be young men, and Watty has never been accustomed to think anything about money. 'Owever, 'is father 'as paid the debt, and I suppose he'll come round in time. A 'undered or two. Nothing to Charlewood. He'll never miss 'em."

Miss Fluke shook her head with much severity.

"*Dear* Mrs. Charlewood," she said, "ought we not to look upon this in the light of a judgment?"

"A judgment! Goodness me, Miss Fluke!"

"Yes, it shows what comes of worldliness, and pleasure-seeking, and the society of the ungodly. I have a very interesting little tract here which is full of precious experiences. Do you think Walter would read it, if I left it for him?"

"I—don't—know," said Mrs. Charlewood, doubtfully.

"Well, there it is, at all events. I'll put it on your table. The incidents relate to a little boy of five years old (the child of a drunken cobbler), who got conversion and became quite a little saint on earth. It is called The Little Soul's Punctuation, or A Full-Stop for Small Sinners. It applies very well indeed to Walter's case, and would do him great good if he'd be persuaded to read it in a proper spirit."

"Thank you, Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Charlewood, with a shade of offence in her manner, "but I think you make rather too much of Watty's little error. He has a lively disposition, has Watty. Quite lively. 'Igh his spirit may be, and 'aughty. But his 'art is right."

To do Miss Fluke justice, she was no respecter of persons, and had no more idea of sparing the rich Mrs. Charlewood than the poorest inhabitant of her father's parish. She therefore at once opened fire, bringing all her big guns to bear on her hostess, and sending such a broadside of texts about her ears, that poor Mrs. Charlewood's round red cheek grew pale as she listened, and she was thankful when Augusta's entrance into the room created a diversion.

"*Have* you heard," said Miss Fluke, turning to Augusta with a sudden pouncing movement, "*have* you heard about Mabel Earnshaw?" Miss Fluke's eyes were opened to their full extent and she glared ominously, first at Mrs. Charlewood and then at her daughter.

"No," replied Augusta, languidly sticking a needle into some wool-work, and apparently finding it necessary to repose a while before pulling it out again, "I never hear anything about her now."

"What is it about Mabel?" asked Mrs. Charlewood. "No bad news, I 'ope."

"*Awful*," returned Miss Fluke, concentrating an incredible amount of moral reprobation into her utterance of the word, and performing an elaborate and vigorous shudder: "*most* awful."

"Lord bless my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood.

"Oh, if it's anything horrid, don't tell *me*, please," said Augusta, putting her jewelled fingers in her ears. "I can't bear hearing horrid things."

"As any accident 'appened?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Unless a merciful Providence turns her heart, Mabel Earnshaw is going to perdition headlong," was Miss Fluke's alarming reply. To go headlong to perdition did not, however, appear to belong, in Miss Augusta's estimation, to the category of "horrid things." She immediately took her fingers out of her ears, and prepared herself to listen with composure.

"Dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Charlewood, with her hand on her side, "I declare you've given me quite a turn. Well, there! I should be awfully sorry if any 'arm 'appened to Mabel Earnshaw. She used to be a great favourite of mine; and I can't abear to drop folks, and turn my back on 'em so coolly as some people."

Augusta faintly raised her handsome eyebrows, and tossed her head, but took no further notice of her mother's implied rebuke.

"Well," said Miss Fluke, "I have to tell you what you'll hardly credit, but what is true. Mabel Earnshaw is going——" here Miss Fluke suddenly changed her tone, and uttered the three last words of her speech very rapidly in a loud distinct whisper, "going—ON THE STAGE."

Then she sat back in her chair, and contemplated her hearers, with her arms folded tightly across her breast.

"No?" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. Miss Fluke made no verbal reply, but nodded five or six times with extraordinary vehemence.

"How absurd," said Miss Augusta. "But I don't know that I'm very much surprised. Mabel was getting queerer and queerer lately, and besides, you know, she never *was* quite like other people."

"Dear me! How I should like to have known her, whoever she was," cried Penelope, appearing at the door, attired for walking, and accompanied by her brother Walter. "How d'ye do, Miss Fluke? Do tell me, Gussy, who was that delightful individual who 'never was quite like other people.' She—I think I heard *you* say *she*—must have been a refreshing creature."

"Oh, I dare say *you*'ll think her latest craze all right and charming. Very likely. I was speaking of Mabel Earnshaw, and she is going on the stage, that's all," rejoined Augusta, coolly.

"What! cried Miss Charlewood, fairly startled, for the instant, out of her self-possession (a rare circumstance with her), and dropping into a chair. "Mabel going on the stage! I don't believe it."

"I grieve to assure you that it is too, too, too, too true," said Miss Fluke. "I know it for a fact, on the best authority."

"Oh, that of course," replied Penelope, with very unceremonious brusquerie. "People always know things on the best authority. But who told you?"

"Well, Miss Charlewood, *since* you ask me, I am bound to tell you that it was—her own mother!" Miss Fluke brought out this last revelation as if it were the crowning horror of the business.

"I wonder why in the world Mrs. Saxelby should have thought of telling *you* such a thing?" said Penelope.

The speech was not a polite one; but Miss Fluke was quite impervious to its discourtesy.

"The fact is," she replied, looking round with severe gravity upon her auditors, "I asked her."

Miss Fluke *had* asked Mrs. Saxelby as to her daughter's intention of becoming an actress, and had, moreover, made a pilgrimage to Hazlehurst for the express purpose of so doing. Mrs. Hutchins, by dint of prying and listening to her lodgers' conversation, had arrived at some suspicion of the truth. She had discovered from Corda that Miss Earnshaw had relatives on the stage. She had concluded at once that the letter with the Eastfield post-mark, addressed to Mr. Trescott, was from Miss Earnshaw. And partly for the gratification of her own curiosity, and partly to curry favour with Miss Fluke, had revealed to that lady most of what she knew and guessed.

Miss Fluke's account of Mrs. Saxelby's full admission of her daughter's intention, filled the

Charlewoods with surprise: though each member of the family received the news in a different manner, according to his or her peculiar character. Mrs. Charlewood, as became a devout Flukeite, expressed much grief and horror; though the real, kind motherly heart of the woman occasionally asserted itself in such exclamations as, "Well, I do 'ope Mabel may think better of it in time, and find a good 'usband to take care of her!" or, "There! I don't know whether it's wicked, but I can't 'elp wishing her success. 'Eaven forgive me!" Augusta professed languidly that, though of course it was very shocking, she for her part was not so much astonished as the rest, and that she had long been of opinion that such outrageous and improper conduct must be the natural result of strong-mindedness, and the setting up of one's own judgment against that of the people whose legitimate business it was to do all the thinking. Walter shrugged his shoulder at his sister, and lounging out of the room, opined that Miss Earnshaw would make a "stunning actress," and that he would certainly go and see her, if ever he had the opportunity. Whereupon Miss Fluke groaned audibly

Penelope always found Miss Fluke intensely irritating, and it seemed as if Miss Fluke's presence excited her scornful spirit of contradiction to its highest pitch. Albeit, she remained quite silent during Miss Fluke's very long and elaborate description of her interview with Mrs. Saxelby at Hazlehurst, and her solemn and emphatic announcement of the appalling fact that Mabel "actually had an aunt who was a player, and that she had been brought up amongst those kind of people from childhood!"

"What a shame of Mrs. Saxelby to keep it so quiet! She never used to say a word about her family," exclaimed Augusta. "I call it getting into people's houses on false pretences."

Penelope turned on her sister with a sudden flash that was like the dart of a panther. "Mrs. Saxelby would probably have had no objection to speak of the position of her family connexions, Augusta, had she not thought it might have seemed like boasting, to us."

"Boasting?"

"Certainly. Mrs Saxelby was always very nice and good natured; but she knew perfectly well that our revered grandfather had carried a hod."

Augusta coloured high with spite and vexation.

"Really, Penny," she said, flouncing up from her chair, "you are too absurd. Comparing *us* with——I won't stay to hear such things said!" Miss Augusta's rich silk dress trailed and rustled out of the room.

"Umph!" said Penelope, contemplatively leaning her chin on her hand. "How queer it all is, ain't it? Augusta is haughty enough for a duchess, and handsome enough for two duchesses. I'd back her for beauty and impertinence against Lady Clara Vere de Vere herself. And yet, you know, our grandfather *did* carry a hod, Miss Fluke!"

At dinner that evening none of the family alluded to the news. The cloud had not yet sufficiently cleared from Mr. Charlewood's brow to make his wife and children as much at their ease in his presence as formerly; and what little conversation passed between them was carried on almost in whispers. Clement, too, looked ill and anxious; and Penelope wondered in her own mind, as she observed his pale face and abstracted manner, whether he had heard of Mabel's design and whether his dejection might not possible be traceable to his knowledge of it. "I can't quite make Clement out," said Miss Charlewood to herself, as she watched her brother across the dinner-table. "At one time I thought it was a mere passing fancy that would die a natural death very comfortably; but now—I don't know—I'm afraid there's something more in it. Poor dear old Clem."

If Penelope Charlewood had what is called a soft place in her heart at all, it was occupied by her brother Clement. Later in the evening, when tea was brought into the drawing-room, and he had seated himself apart from the rest in a secluded corner of the large room, with a book in his hand, Penelope brought him a cup of tea, and then seating herself beside him, said in a low voice:

"We have heard some odd news to-day, Clem. Perhaps you know it already. Mabel Earnshaw is going on the stage."

Clement looked up, and the colour mounted to his brow, as he asked sharply.

"Who says so?"

"Miss Fluke says so. She came here to-day, fully primed and loaded with the tidings."

"Confound that woman! She is the most intolerable and meddlesome fool in Hammerham. I wish to God some man would marry her, and take her away!"

"Oh, Clem!" cried his sister. "What an awful wish against some man! But is it true about Mabel?"

"I wish with all my soul, I could say no, Penny. But I by no means tell you that is a certain fact. Will you, to oblige me, refrain from repeating this tattle—at all events, until it is confirmed past doubt."

For once in her life, Penelope checked the sharp speech that rose to the tip of her tongue. Clement's earnest pleading look went to her heart, and called up a remembrance of some childish trouble they had shared and surmounted together. She gave him her hand, and watched him, as he left the room, with eyes that were veiled with unaccustomed moisture.

"Poor Clem! Poor dear old boy! He is the very best fellow in all the world; and if it could make him happy, I almost wish——"

What Miss Charlewood almost wished, she did not distinctly tell herself on that occasion, for she brought her meditations to an abrupt termination with an impatient shake of her head; and, opening the piano, rattled off a brilliant set of variations with a clear metallic touch and a rapid finger.

CHAPTER VIII. CLEMENT COMES FOR HIS ANSWER.

A first declaration of love! Whenever Mabel had indulged in day-dreams, it had always seemed to her that the first utterance of words of love in her ear, must surely fill the whole world with a sort of glamour; that some mysterious and delightful revolution would take place in her being; and that, as the poets sing, the sky would appear bluer, the sun brighter, and all the world more beautiful.

These marvels were to come to pass of course, on the hypothesis that she too would love, and that her maiden affection, lying coyly within her heart of hearts, like a shut lily, would give forth all its hidden sweetness at the warm pleading of the beloved one, even as a bud is wooed by the sunbeams into a perfect flower.

Mabel was only seventeen, and the practical good sense and clear-sightedness of her character were oddly blended with an innocent romance, such has might have belonged to a princess in a fairy tale. Poor Mabel!

When she awoke on the morning after her mother's visit to Eastfield, roused by the toneless clangour of a cracked bell, she found no magic glamour on the earth, no deeper azure in the sky, no added glory in the sunshine. There was the mean bare breakfast room. There was the morning psalm read aloud by Mrs. Hatchett, on a system of punctuation peculiar to herself, which consisted in making a full stop at the end of each verse, whatever its sense might be. There was Miss Dobbin; there was the ugly Swiss governess; there was the same old dreary round to toil through, that there had been yesterday, and that there would be to-morrow.

Stay though! Not quite the same, for to-day was Sunday, and though Mabel had to accompany the children to church in the morning and afternoon, the evening hours would be her own. None but those who have been subjected, perforce, to the close companionship of utterly uncongenial minds, can conceive the sense of positive refreshment that fell upon Mabel when she found herself alone: alone and unmolested, in her bedroom, with two clear hours before her to employ as she would.

"Is it all real?" she said to herself, as she sat down on her bed in the chill garret, with a shawl wrapped round her. "*Is* it real? I must think."

Her interview with Clement had been so strange and hurried, his declaration so unexpected, and her own agitation so excessive that at first she had only felt stunned and bewildered, and, as she had told Clement, "very sorry." But by degrees a clear remembrance of what had passed came into her mind. His look, his words, the touch of his hand—she recalled them all vividly.

"He said, 'I love you. I love you with my whole heart!'"

She whispered the words in the silence of the room; but, softly as she breathed them out, their sound made the eloquent blood rise in her cheek, and she put her hands before her face, as though there were a prying witness present.

If she believed Clement's words, she owed it to him to examine her own heart and give him the innermost truth that it contained. But to find that truth! Ah, that was difficult. How different it all was from any love-story she had ever pictured to herself.

Suddenly a thought pierced her heart like a swift sharp knife, What would Mr. Charlewood say? What would Penelope say? They would accuse her of having sought Clement, or laid traps for him, or of stooping to scheme and plot for the honour of an alliance with the Charlewood family. Mabel sprang to her feet, and paced up and down the room.

"I will go to my own people. I will follow my own path. I will show that I can reject vulgar wealth, and despise vulgar pride. There is a world outside their narrow limits—a world of art and poetry and imagination, which they can none of them conceive or comprehend. *He* is good and kind, but he cannot understand me." The hot tears were streaming unchecked down her face. "I do not love him. I am sure now, that I do not love him. I will work and strive for mamma and Dooley; and, if I fail, they will not love me the less."

Penelope had been thoroughly right in her judgment, when she counselled her father to rely on Mabel Earnshaw's pride as his surest ally.

Mabel stopped at length in her restless pacing, and, going to her trunk, unlocked it, and drew forth a dingy, battered, precious little Shakespeare.

At first, she could scarcely fix her attention on the words before her. But soon the spell mastered her. She yielded herself up to it with all the enthusiasm of a nature peculiarly susceptible of such influences. And the spirit of poetry bore her up on its strong wings, above the dust and clash and turmoil of this work-a-day world. She came back with a mind refreshed and strengthened, as a healthy intellect must ever be by the legitimate exercise of its imaginative faculties, and with a spirit calmed and braced. She wrote to her aunt Mary, and despatched the letter to the care of the person mentioned by Mr. Trescott, and then waited with what patience she might for the result.

A week, which seemed to Clement the longest he had ever passed in his life, went by before he was able to return to Eastfield. But at length one morning Mabel was summoned from her post beside the jingling superannuated pianoforte, to Mrs. Hatchett's private parlour. She knew perfectly well who had come to speak with her; and though she had been preparing herself for the interview, and had conjured up a hundred times in her own mind the words that she would say, yet she felt as she approached the parlour that her thoughts were scattered, and that her spirits were as much agitated as on that memorable night.

"Come in, Miss Earnshaw, if you please. Here is a gentleman who desires to speak with you."

Mr. Hatchett waved her hand towards Clement Charlewood, who stood beside the fireplace.

Mabel was white, but betrayed no other sign of emotion, and greeted Clement quietly.

"Mr. Charlewood," continued Mrs. Hatchett, referring ostentatiously to a card she held in her hand, "tells me that he is an old friend of your

family. I have told him that as a general rule I do not approve of young persons in my employ receiving visits from gentlemen. However, in this case——" Mrs. Hatchett finished her speech by a dingified inclination of the head, and walked slowly out of the room. The good lady was, in fact, considerably impressed by Mabel's receiving a visit from a member of the rich Charlewood family.

Mabel sat down by the round centre table covered with tawdry books, and Clement remained standing opposite to her. For a minute or two, neither spoke. At length Mabel said: "Have you been to Hazlehurst lately, Mr. Charlewood? Have you seen mamma and Julian?"

"No. Had I gone to Hazlehurst, I could not have refrained from speaking of—of you; and until I had seen you again, I resolved to keep my secret in my own heart."

There was silence again for a space.

"I have come for my answer, Mabel. But before you give it to me, let me repeat my solemn promise to be your friend through all chances and changes. It may be that I shall never have the power to serve you, but at least believe that I shall ever have the will."

She raised her head and thanked him by a look.

"Tell me, Mabel, that you have thought of the words I said to you that night."

"I have thought of them; and I wish to answer them kindly and—and gratefully. I know I ought to be grateful for such words, so spoken. But I cannot answer them as you would have me."

"There is no question of gratitude, Mabel. Why should you be grateful to me? I could not help loving you."

"Mr. Charlewood, I am very sorry."

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" cried the young man, passionately, "you cannot know how it cuts me to the heart to hear you say so. Mabel, dear Mabel, I know that in many ways I am not worthy of you, but I believe that I could make you happy, if you could bring yourself to love and trust me. I spoke too suddenly the other night, but I was hurried away by the thought of losing you, and by the prospect of your going away to embrace the career you contemplate. I knew for the first time how dear you were to me, by the pang of my heart when your mother told me of your project. Let me save you from it, Mabel, my beloved!"

He had taken her hand, which she had suffered to lie unresistingly in his; but at his last words she withdrew it, and looked up at him.

"Save me, Mr. Charlewood? I do not understand you."

"Forgive me, Mabel, if I offend you, but this is too serious a matter for polite commonplaces that mean nothing. God knows I am actuated by no selfish motive. If I knew I never were to see your dear face again, I would still urge you to abandon this scheme."

"And I would still reply that on this matter your mind and mine are as far asunder as the poles. We cannot see it in the same light, Mr. Charlewood. How should you, who have been born and educated in the midst of Hammerham millionaries, be able to conceive the true life of an artist? Pardon me; but you have rightly said this is not a matter for polite commonplaces."

Clement had fallen back a pace or two, and stood regarding her with a look of surprise.

"Mabel, you are angry, and your anger makes you a little unjust, I think."

"I am not doing injustice to your motive," she answered, quietly. "I know you speak the truth exactly as you see it, and in all singleness of mind; but do you not perceive how impossible it would be for us ever to agree on this matter?"

"Be my wife, Mabel, and the question will be set at rest for ever."

"That question, yes, perhaps," she answered, with a vivid blush, "but there would be a thousand other questions on which we should be at issue. And then your family——"

"My family?"

"Yes; do you think they would be willing to receive a penniless teacher out of Mrs. Hatchett's school, and welcome her as your bride?"

Clement's face brightened suddenly.

"Is it possible that you have been allowing such a thought to weigh with you? My child, you would not surely sacrifice my happiness, and perhaps your own, to a foolish pride? You *are* proud, Mabel; very proud. I did not know it till to-day; but if the thought of what my family might say is troubling you——"

"It is not at all troubling me."

"Well—if it is present to your mind—dismiss it. My people love you very much, Mabel; but even though it were otherwise, I say not only that I do not think you ought to heed their disapproval, but that I am very sure you ought not to do so. If that is the only obstacle——"

"No Mr. Charlewood, that is not the only obstacle. I—do not love you."

"Mabel!"

"Hear me out. I have thought of the words you said to me very deeply. I have tried to find the truth of my own heart. It was due to you that I should so try. I have told myself that if I loved you—loved you with such love as a girl should bear towards her future husband—surely I should be willing and happy to give up all other plans and projects for your sake. You would be the dearest thing on earth to me Well! That is not so. I love my mother and my brother better. I love my own people who were good to us when we were helpless and desolate, better. I love my plans and dreams, the path that I can cleave for myself, the chances of it, the hopes of it, the risks of it, if you will—I love all these with independence and freedom, better than I love you. You, who are true and good, will not tell me that I ought, so feeling, to accept your love."

She had spoken rapidly in her excitement, and now paused almost breathless, with her flushed face raised to his, and her clear child-like eyes bright with latent tears.

He looked at her for a moment, and then, turning away, dropped his face upon his hands, and leaned against the mantelpiece. When he raised his head after a while, he was deadly pale, and his face wore a look of suffering that touched Mabel's heart.

"I am trying to do right," she said, in a softer voice. "I am grieved, sorely grieved, if I give you pain."

"*If* you give me pain! No matter, Mabel; no matter for my pain; but can nothing turn you from this accursed project? Good God! it drives me almost mad to think of your leaving home, friends, everything, to cast in your lot with a set of strolling players."

The change in her countenance, as he said the words, was as though a mask of stone had been placed over it.

"I think you forget, Mr. Charlewood, that you are speaking of my father's nearest and dearest relatives. It is useless to prolong this interview. We only drift further and further asunder. Good-bye, Mr. Charlewood. Forgive me, if you can, for the sorrow I have innocently caused you. You will forget it—and me."

She held out her hand, but he did not take it.

"Are you so obdurate? Must we part so, Mabel?"

"It is better. Some day—years hence, perhaps—we may meet as friends. I shall always be grateful for your goodness to us. Good-bye. God bless you!"

She still held out her hand, but he did not seem to see or heed it. In another moment the door was gently closed, and she was gone.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER IX.—A LETTER FROM AUNT MARY.

The steady-flowing stream of time, that will neither hurry nor slacken its course for any mortal of us all, brought, in due season, the spring to earth, and the Easter holidays to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment. Mabel had been looking and longing for an answer to her letter to her aunt, but it was not until about a week before the breaking up that the wished-for letter arrived. As, however, Mabel did not deem it right to take Mrs. Hatchett by surprise, she had given her notice of her intention to leave Eastfield at Easter. "I am cutting myself adrift," she thought; "but, come what may, I will not remain here. I would rather wear out my muscles than my heart-strings; if the worst comes to the worst, and Aunt Mary does not answer my letter, I can take Betty's place at Hazlehurst. It is better to do honest work with one's hands than dishonest work with one's head."

From which it may be seen that Mabel was quite insensible to the advantage of Mrs. Hatchett's school being conducted on the strictest principles of gentility.

Mrs. Hatchett, on the other hand, was sufficiently alive to her own interest to regret Mabel's departure, and even threw out, in a ruminating way, which recalled the old grey pony more vividly than ever, vague hints of a possible rise of salary and diminution of labour, if she would consent to remain.

At last came the letter from Aunt Mary. And here it is:

"Dublin, April 9th.

"My darling Child. I cried with joy to get your letter, and with sorrow over the news it contained. We all feel very much, dear Mabel, for your mother in her bereavement, and for you, and for the little boy. You know very well that Mr. Saxelby never quite understood us, but we have never felt any rancour against him. I'm quite sure he was a good conscientious man, who tried to do his duty, and sometimes I fear that I may have been a little hard upon him in my thoughts. God forgive me, if it is so. Your letter was forwarded to here by my old friend Richard Price, of the York Circuit. It followed me from place to place for a long time, so that will account for the delay in answering it. You ask a great deal about ourselves, but I must first speak of you, darling Mabel, and get that off my mind. You say you have firmly resolved to go on the stage. Uncle John and I have talked it all over together very anxiously. If your prospects were better, or if you thought you could make up your mind to your present life, I would say, 'Don't try a theatrical life.' Not that I ought to speak ill of the bridge that has carried me safely over. God knows I have many times thanked Him with all my heart that I had the power to earn my bread by my profession, but then, you see, my dear child, I know all the ins and outs of it; all the little troubles—and sometimes the big troubles too!—and trials, and heart-burnings. However, Uncle John says that no calling in life is free from them, and that the reason why professional men so often wish their sons to follow any other profession than their own is, that every man knows his own troubles much better than he knows his neighbours, and I dare say that's very true, Mabel. Shoes that look very pretty pinch very hard sometimes; but who can tell that, except the wearer? Well, now, I mustn't scribble on all day, but come to the point. Uncle John and I send you our dear love, and if you will come to us, Mabel, and share our home, as in the old days—happy days they were, dear, in spite of all, at least they were so to us—we will try to put you in the way of making a beginning. I suppose you don't expect to come out in Lady Macbeth, or anything of that sort? And then, you know, dear Mabel, it remains to be proved whether you have any real—I was going to say talent, but Uncle John, to whom I am reading aloud what I have written, makes me say—*aptitude* for the stage. You were always very clever and sensible as a child. But so many clever and sensible people are so very stupid behind the footlights. Not that I think you would be stupid anywhere, only, you know, it is *not* quite as easy as some folks fancy it to be. For my part, I have always been very glad to know that acting does not quite 'come by nature,' as Dogberry says reading and writing do. Uncle John says that is the real artist's feeling, but I think it is only because I like to be sure that I earn my money honestly. I don't express myself very clearly, dear Mabel, but I dare say you will understand what I mean. My poor child, how I cried over the picture of you sitting up in

that lonely garret all the holiday time, studying Shakespeare! By-the-by, your studying will be of hardly any use to you, because the acting editions are quite different. As to ourselves, you will see by the date of this that we are in Ireland. I have been settled here now for three seasons, and Jack is engaged as second scene-painter, and we are doing well and are very comfortable. Dear me, I have not told you the great news of all. We have spoken and thought of you so constantly, that I forget how far apart you have been in reality from me and mine all these years. Polly is married! Married very well, indeed, to a teacher of music here, and she has one little girl, and is very happy. Janet is at home with us still, and grown such a sweet creature. Not pretty, Mabel—at least they say not. *I* think she has the loveliest face in the world. We have not let her do anything, because, as perhaps you remember, she was always rather delicate from a baby. But she is such a comfort to her father! He often says that he forgets his blindness, so thoroughly does Janet make her eyes his own. Oh, Mabel, I have covered eight pages, and have not yet said half I wanted to say. I must, however, before I conclude, explain that during the summer vacation here we always go to Kilclare, in the south of Ireland, for a short season. The manager is an old acquaintance of ours, and we think it would be a very favourable opportunity for you to make a beginning. It's a little out-of-the-way nook—very pretty, very pleasant, and the people are so nice and kind. We leave Dublin for Kilclare in about two months from this date. But come to us as soon as you can. There will be much to do, and many things to settle. Of course you have no wardrobe or anything of that sort; but—see how lucky it falls out!—there are nearly all Polly's stage dresses just as she left them. You won't mind using them, dear, just at first. Give my kind love to my sister-in-law, and uncle John's too. Kiss your dear little brother for me My dear child, I long to see you again. I suppose I shall hardly know you. But whatever else is changed, there will be our own Mabel's loving heart; that, I found by your letter, is unaltered. Ever your affectionate Aunt,

"MARY WALTON EARNSHAW

"P.S. The enclosed is to help your journey. *You won't scruple to take it from Uncle John.* He says you must consider that he stands in the place of a father to you now. If you will let us know when you are coming, Jack shall meet you at Kingstown. I wish he could go across and bring you all the way, but I'm afraid we can't manage that. "M. W.'

When Mabel first opened the letter, there had dropped out of it a five-pound note.

SCOTLAND FROM AGRICOLA'S INVASION TO 1688.

THE following notice of Mr. Burton's work is taken from *Chambers's Journal*:

The four volumes now published of Mr. John Hill Burton's work* are so many-sided that they furnish food for the taste of numerous readers to whom ordinary "history" offers little attraction. The author is a powerful, though not a picturesque writer; and on whatever portion of his wide-ranging and complicated subject he is employed, he compels the attention and the interest of his readers to his labours. In the well-trodden field of national controversy, he "sets his foot down" with vigorous insistance; he is not, indeed, violent or impetuous, but he relies confidently on the strength of the testimony he has to support his opinions withal, and uses it strongly. That Scotland was peopled from Ireland—that the Scoti were Irish, and Scotia a name imported from the civilized West to the wild regions lying within a little distance, easily traversed by the adventurers in their boats, are, he holds, proven; and he finds it as difficult to understand reluctance in the admission as it is impossible to shake the evidence of the fact. His patriotic zeal, though it does not outrun discretion—though it is not extravagant, is very decidedly outspoken, and he denounces Edward I. with a candour and force which will surprise that bloody-minded, vindictive, and treacherous monarch's admirers not a little, especially if, as is generally the case, they have learned Scotch history from an English point of view. The Union has been for so long a happily accomplished fact, that it is not easy to regard, in a fair and dispassionate spirit, th historic ages throughout which England and Scotland were not only separate, but bitter and determined enemies. The long and animated story of the contests between the two countries, and the alliances between Scotland and France against their common and detested foe, has never been told with such detail and sequence as by Mr. Burton; and the period of Scotland's glory while England declined from her position of power and majesty, under the feeble son of the Black Prince, is chronicled after a fashion which must arouse exultation in every truly Scottish breast. The intensity of the writer's national sympathies, while so governed by justice and prudence as not to take from his trustworthiness as a historian, lend his work a characteristic literary charm which is all-pervading. The history of the war of independance which ensued on the disputed succession caused by the extinction of the line of Alexander III., by the death of the "Maid of Norway," is one of the most exhaustive narratives ever produced by any chronicler, and no less remarkable for the elaboration of its details, and its close reasoning on results, than for the salient distinctness with which certain individuals are brought before the mind's eye, with reality all the more remarkable because, as we have said, Mr. Burton is not a picturesque writer. There is no pictorial grouping in his style, a deficiency peculiarly noticeable when he has to deal with the great tragedy and mystery of Scottish story, the reign of Mary Stewart, but he picks out certain individuals, and forces the reader to see them Bruce, Baliol, and, in particular, Wallace and John Knox, are examples of this faculty

When the author enters upon the task of tracing the origin and condition of the several populations inhabiting Scotland about the time when Honorius wrote his celebrated letter to the cities of Britain, telling them that in future they must look to themselves for protection—that is, in the year 410—he comes at once into the area of the Pict and Scot controversy, which he handles most fully, most ably, and with the result before mentioned. He maintains that the Picts were simply the independant northern tribes, not included in the Roman province of Britain, and so called because they retained the custom of painting themselves, long abandoned by the South Britains; and that the Scots, or Scoti, were immigrant Irish tribes, far in advance of the Picts in civilisation, and who rapidly gained all the advantages which such superiority would naturally secure. In the time of Columba, the Irish colony of Scots did not spread beyond Iona, and the country northward was still part of the dominion of the king of the Picts. How the colony grew—how its language spread, and absorbed the Norse tongue—how group after group of Norse invaders were absorbed into the Irish-speaking population—how Scottish Dalriada became a powerful state, while Irish Dalriada became divided and disintegrated—how the term Scotia gradually loosened its hold on the old country, and attaching itself to the new, gave it the name by which it is known in history, is all eloquently and convincingly told.

Mr. Burton is sceptical about Druidism, which he considers is far too easily accepted as a solution of the difficulties attending a proper comprehension of the ante-Christian history of Scotland and England. His sketch of the discrepancies between the plentiful statements which are made concerning the Druidical system, and the very little that is really known or proved about it, is one of his most remarkable achievements; he points out the briefness and uncertainty of Cæsar's account of the Druids, the undue importance attached to it, the faintness of other ancient references, and the highly significant absence of any organised opposition to the early saints and Christian missionaries on the part of any priesthood which can be identified with that of the Druids. 'The contest of conversion,' says the author, 'lasted from the days of Constantine the Great till long after the days of Charlemagne.

'The larger features of the contest are told by the ecclesiastical historians; the individual triumphs of the missionaries are to be found in the ample volumes of the Lives of the Saints. If, then, there had been a heathen hierarchy holding spiritual rule over the greater part of Europe, to find nothing about it in the annals of the early church, would be as anomalous as to read a History of the Reformation which says nothing of the popedom, the Romish hierarchy, and the Council of Trent Yet on Druidism, its hierarchy and creed, these annals of the early church are dumb. It has yet to be discovered that they speak of heathendom as represented by any general hierarchy or system. A local idol, the temple in which it is preserved, and a heathen priest, or Magus, taking charge of the temple—such are usually the nature of the impediment with which the early saint has to deal, when he penetrates the territories of the unconverted'

The national history of Scotland, properly so called, begins at the period when the Britons continued to maintain an independent territory in the west, from the Solway to the Clyde; and northward, the country was divided between the Picts on the north and east, and the Irish Scots on the west. Stirring, wild, and romantic is the story of the strife between them, and the constant war waged by the savage and desperate Norsemen on both. The story reads like pages from some grand old epic, until, between 840-860, the superior civilisation of the Irish-derived race, their literature, and their language, finally prevailed, and the union of the Picts and Scots took place. To the intelligence and clearness with which the author puts forth the conclusions at which he has arrived must be added their novelty. He has enriched history with a chapter as novel as it seems incontrovertible.

The legends of the early kings, some of which are accepted, some rejected, bring us to the relations of the Scots and Saxon kings, to the reigns of Duncan, Malcolm, and MacBeda, or Macbeth, important, not alone in regard to the character of the king, but because with his reign ended the mixed or alternative succession, and the rule of hereditary succession was established. Just nine years after the accession of Malcolm Canmore, came the Norman Conquest of England. No section of Mr. Burton's work shews more remarkable ability than that in which he discusses its nature, its results, its collateral effects on Scotland, and the marvellous system of organisation which served to make the conquest so complete. The marriage of the heir of the Saxon kings to King Malcom's sister, made Malcolm the natural enemy of the Conqueror, an enmity from which much misery resulted; but when Edgar, his son, and the son of St. Margaret, had fought his way to his fathers throne, he married his sister Matilda to Henry, king of England, in the year 1100. Until the Wars of the Roses terminated in the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York, no more important alliance than this, which united the heir to the conquest of the Normans with the daughter of the old Saxon kings, ever took place. With prospects of peace, and the death of King Alexander I., Edgar's brother, in 1124, the first volume terminates.

A period, long in duration, and of vast importance, is contained in the second volume, which carries the narrative of Scottish history from the accession of King David, the third son of St Margaret, in 1124, to the death of Bruce in 1329, after the grand achievement of the famous Treaty of Northampton, and includes among its chapters several treatises, according to the lucid and comprehensive arrangement adopted by the author, which supply a complete statement of the moral, material, and economical condition and progress of the kingdom during the lapse of two centuries. This volume is the

* *The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of* 1688 By John Hill Burton. William Blackwood and Sons Edinburgh

most brilliant and the most instructive of the four, containing, as it does, several personal sketches of consummate interest, and dealing with the most momentous periods of the political and national history of Scotland. The plan of the work is so thorough, that as the historical narrative progresses, as its larger, bolder outlines take form, and its great events of war, conquest, victory, dynastic changes, and political relations are detailed, the building up of the body politic, the internal conditions of life, the progress of the state, its statistics, its material prosperity, the advance of law and liberty, the growth of its institutions, all its interior interests and characteristics are as carefully narrated. They are kept apart, but the recital of them follows the narative of the great events which are formally denominated history; and the two streams of information are combined when results have to be told, the rate of progress stated, or epochs measured and defined.

The year 1309 saw Scotland so far consolidated as to be getting into a place in European diplomacy. From that time forth, the distant northern kingdom has a history whose events have extraneous importance, and whose results re-act upon the course of affairs in the larger and wider arena of the continent. The internal condition of the country has been elaborately explained, the power and position of the church fully defined, the spread and consolidation of social institutions and political rights made clear, before we reach the stirring narrative of the glorious battle of Bannockburn. The following passage is one of the most eloquent and spirited in the book:

'Besides the inferiority of the victorious army, Bannockburn is exceptional among battles by the utter helplessness of the defeated. There seems to have been no rallying-point anywhere. There was enough of material to have made two or three armies capable, in strong positions, of making a troublesome stand, and at all results, of good terms. But none of the parts of that mighty host could keep together, and the very chaos among the multitudes around seems to have perplexed the orderly army of the Scots. The foot-soldiers of the English army seem simply to have dispersed at all points, and the little said of them is painfully suggestive of the wanderers having to face the alternatives—starvation in the wilds, or death at the hands of the peasantry. The cavalry fled right out towards England. Why men with English manhood should have done so, is a mystery. It was like the Scripture saying, that the wicked flee when no man pursueth; for the little band of Scots mounted men were far too small for pursuit, and could not be let loose by any prudent commander among the vast mass of cavalry breaking away. Perhaps this helplessness in flight may be attributed to the command being taken by the king himself, with his utter incapacity for the task. The only little gathering, out of the dispersal of that huge army, seems to have been a body of five hundred knights who rallied round the king, but it was only to attend him in his headlong flight. To the Lothian peasant, the mighty king of England galloping past like a criminal fleeing from justice, must have been a sight not to be presently forgotten. The king reached Dunbar, a fortress still in his own hands, and took shipping for Berwick. The camp-apparel left behind by the fugitives made a booty so extensive and so costly as to astound its captors. Scotland, as we have seen, was not an abjectly poor country at the commencement of the war, there evidently was a considerable body living in comfort; but the splendour then coming into vogue in such countries as those of France, Burgundy, and England, seems hardly to have been known in the land. The costly stuffs and valuables of many kinds found in the English camp became long a tradition in Scotland; indeed, the very articles themselves turn up centuries afterwards, as remarkable possessions.' There are records of many battles in this book, but none to match with the great victory of Bannockburn, with which, the Scottish dealings with the papal court, the death of King Robert, and that of Douglas, while carrying with him the sovereign's heart, the second volume ends.

From the accession of David Bruce, when a child of eight years old, to the accession of the ill-fated House of Stewart, the history of Scotland is complicated, momentous, and full of romantic vicissitude. Mr. Burton's narrative, though rapid and concise, is full, and eminently lucid and satisfactory. The Baliol drama succeeds that of the Bruce, and we have the story of his claims, his invasion, the battle of Duplin, the English invasion, the battle of Halidon Hill, Baliol's successes and reverses, his homage done for Scotland, the English invasion, and the relief afforded to Scotland by its connection with France, and the opening of a new field to the restless English enterprise in that direction. A portion of this stirring narrative over which the reader feels inclined to linger long, is that which tells of the battle of Neville's Cross, the capture of King David, with its signal political effects, his ransom, and the sacrifices by which it was effected; the swiftly following English invasion, the desecration of the religious houses, and the proceedings of the parliament at this momentous period King David died in 1370, and was succeeded by his cousin Robert Fitz-Allan, the High Steward, from whose office his dynasty took the famous fatal name. Now Mr. Burton is on better-trodden ground, and one follows him not indeed with diminished interest, but with less sense of strangeness, as he tells of a splendid period in Scottish history: of the famous league with France, and the obstinate gallant strife with England—of the Percies, and the Douglas—of the battle of Otterburn; as he rapidly sketches the history of the Highland clans, and the battle of the North Inch of Perth; as he tells the story of the Duke of Rothesay and Sir John Ramorey, and how the old king's younger son was taken by the English on his way to the protection of the French court, and Albany's ascendency was complete. In this portion of the work may be found a very interesting and able sketch of the unfortunate Richard II. of England, and the notion popularly entertained that he was alive in Scotland long after his reputed death. 'We must be content,' says Mr. Burton, 'to accept of the affair as one of the unsolved mysteries of history. The populace of London were, we know, invited to behold the body of King Richard, publicly shewn to them in St. Paul's Cathedral. Thus the statecraft of the times leaves us the alternative, either that Henry of Lancaster produced a spurious dead Richard in St. Paul's, or that Albany kept a spurious live Richard in Scotland.'

The accession of the captive child-king, James I., did but establish the power of Robert of Albany more firmly. He really ruled Scotland until his death, a period marked by the first beginnings of the cruel religious persecution which so long disgraced Christendom and belied Christianity. The history of the strife between the Highland and Lowland populations is very interesting, and Mr. Burton puts the famous battle of Harlaw, largely celebrated in northern minstrelsy and tradition, in a very new and striking light. 'It will be difficult,' he says, 'to make those not familiar with the tone of feeling in Lowland Scotland at that time believe that the defeat of Donald of the Isles was felt as a more memorable deliverance even than that of Bannockburn. What it was to be subject to England, the country knew, and disliked, to be subdued by their savage enemies of the mountains, opened to them sources of terror of unknown character and extent.' One of the most touching of historical romances is the story of the young king's captivity in England, of the training of him there, to be the chivalrous, poetic, and yet practical man he was, of his marriage with Jane Beaufort, the fair White Rose of Somerset. Of this marriage, in which policy and inclination alike concurred, Mr. Burton says: 'It was a destiny uncommon among kings to fall in love with a fair unknown damsel casually seen, to wed her as the one whose descent marked her to the politicians as the proper queen to bring with him to his kingdom; and finally, to tell the story of his love in sweet verse worthy of a true poet.' So the young king, concluding a seven years truce with England, and paying that sharp practising nation L.40,000 for his maintenance, of which they remitted a fourth part as Jane Beaufort's modest portion, took his wife home, and was crowned at Scone with great pomp in 1424. Very great internal progress, in laws, in social usages, in military organisation, and in the treatment of the poor, marked the reign of James I. The Highlanders were again troublesome, and this time they defeated Mar, the conqueror at Harlaw; but the king made a great progress amongst his 'rebellers,' and they submitted, and did him homage. The Scottish alliance with France was cemented by the marriage of the baby princess, first-born to King James, with the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. The peaceful and prosperous portion of this reign contrasts strangely with its disastrous and cruel end. With the murder of the king, and the horrible fate of his slayers, the sad destiny of their House, which so often placed a sceptre in baby fingers, and struck it by violence from a strong man's grasp, was thenceforth upon the Stewarts, and the history of Scotland, like that of France in the days of the Valois, is but a succession of scenes in a long tragedy, sometimes brilliant, sometimes pitiful, but always melancholy. The history of the little king is for some years rather that of others than his own, but as it includes the story of the rise of Crichton, the treacherous murder of the Douglas, and the grand story of the elevation to power of that superb House, told in a tone of unusual warmth for Mr. Burton, it does not lack individual interest. The renewed strife with England is doubly memorable at this time, from the king's accidental death at the siege of Roxburgh. He was killed by the explosion of one of the monster guns, bought in Flanders by James I., but seldom used. Thus he 'dree'd the weird,' dying young, by a violent death, and being succeeded by a child.

His noble widowed mother brought James III. to the spot, and urged on the siege, which was successful, and so Berwick was the last of the English possessions on the north side of the border. It is strange to think how, as the years were going over, and the blows of fate were falling heavily upon the Stewarts, as Scotland was driving away English encroachments, or reluctantly admitting English alliances, events were steadily marching to the solution of it all, to the time when the crown of England was to fall by right to a Scottish prince, and the destiny of the Stewarts was to cross the border in his train. Only a short chapter is devoted to James III.; but a glance at its contents reveals its importance. The fate of the king's brothers, Mar's murder, and Albany's flight to France, the English intrigues, the tragedy of the Bridge of Lauder, and the fight at Sauchieburn between the king and the barons, which ended in the ignominious murder of the king, fill up a story which does not differ in strain or hue from those which had preceded, or were destined to follow it. Telling of the murder of the king, Mr. Burton says: 'This wretched business came to pass in a place crowded with heroic memories. The king fled over the field of Bannockburn, and through his flight could look upon that in which Wallace had conquered Warenne.'

The first years of the reign of James IV. beheld the Scottish monarchy in a position of much security. The king was married to an English princess, Margaret Tudor (a lady in every way worthy of being sister to Henry VIII.), the league with France was maintained unbroken, Spain sought the alliance of Scotland, and as Mr. Burton justly remarks: 'Henry VII. was a pretty safe neighbour. Though he reigned till the natural end of his days, and founded a dynasty, few reigns were more precarious and uneasy than his. He had been glad, when the powerful Scottish king took up Perkin Warbeck's cause, to secure his friendship by giving him that dubious present, his daughter; and he had enough to do to mind his own affairs afterwards. During this period, the ecclesiastical history of Scotland is of the deepest interest and importance. With the accession of Henry VIII., the face of affairs changed; Henry went to war with France, and Scotland must back her ancient ally. Besides, Albany was there, a brilliant intriguer, full of the spirit of his adopt-

ed country. Henry robbed his sister, the queen of Scotland, of jewels that were her right, and James could not stand that tamely, so Scotland armed, and the spirits of the great League were assured and buoyant. How hard and sad it is to read the story of Flodden Field, with all its ghastly portents, with all its gallant, useless deeds, with its grand story of the splendid king, who fell fighting in the front, happier than his fathers, though in failure and calamity, surrounded by the flower of his nobles, all hewn down like him, and the best and bravest of his gallant army. He had brought trouble on his kingdom by his folly, he was a libertine, and unwise; he was eccentric, and not very royal in his ways betimes, but there were none to remember all this when the gallant king of Scots fell as he did in the hopeless battle. 'O what a noble and triumphant courage was this,' says the English chronicler of that fatal day. Mr. Burton gives most interesting details of the life and character of James IV., and concludes the story of Flodden Field thus 'From other battles, Scotland has suffered more unhappy political results, but this was the most disastrous of all in immediate loss. As a calamity rather than as a disgrace, it has ever been spoken of with a mournful pride for the unavailing devotedness which it called out. It was reported to the court of England, that of the Scots army but one man of note—the Lord Home—remained alive; and long afterwards it was said that you could not point to a worshipful family in Scotland that did not own a grave on Brankstone Moor' This time the heir was unborn, and for many years Scottish independence was lost. The destinies of the country under the nominal rule of the king's posthumous child, James V, himself destined to be the father of a daughter whom he was never to see, the most hapless of her doomed line, were continually swayed by the English king Queen Margaret's hasty marriage with Angus—the Regency of Albany, whose chief anxiety, whenever he was out of France, was to get back there as soon as possible—the unscrupulous villainy of Henry VIII.—the strange, but, on the whole, estimable character of the Scottish king—the gallant and patriotic resistance of the Scottish lords to the robbery and guile of Henry and the English party (conduct in which Mr Froude discovers true statesmanship, as clearly as he espies enlightened morality in the king's domestic relations)—and the career of Beaton, handled by Mr. Burton with scrupulous fairness, contrasting remarkably with the English historian's method, bring the reader to the verge of that portion of Scottish history which has the same sort of irresistible, inexhaustible interest which attaches to the first French Revolution. When James V., 'weary of spirit and infirm of mind,' died at Caerlaverock, after the affair of Solway Moss, 14th December 1542, the people grieved for him as 'the King of the Commons,' and 'the People's Poet,' and the nobles and statesmen, the churchmen and the army, looked gloomily into the future, charged with the destinies of a girl-babe, one week old In her person, the traditional alliance was doubly assured; the blood of the Guises was in her veins, and she was an object of great political importance at home and abroad. Henry would have betrothed the infant queen to his son Edward; but the determined hatred of England entertained by the Scottish nation outdid all his craft, after long negotiation, and an elaborate, ineffective treaty. Then came more fighting, but no great result, and then we have the story of Arran's Regency, during which the author turns aside from the weary, ceaseless chronicle of armed strife, to the more momentous tumult of religious disturbance, and the fierce influx of the Reformation movement into Scotland Still, the Scotch were busy in driving, with French assistance, the English off their soil; and the little queen, despite an English attempt to kidnap her, was safely conveyed to the country in which she was to pass the only happy years of her doomed, persecuted life. Mary of Guise made one visit to France, and saw her young daughter once more, when Edward VI. did her great honour as she passed through England, where Elizabeth was afterwards to refuse a safe-conduct to the queen of Scots. The third volume terminates with the establishment of the queen-mother as her daughter's regent.

A large portion of the fourth volume is devoted to the history of the Reformation in Scotland, a subject which the writer treats lucidly, laboriously, and in elaborate detail, as he subsequently treats the material condition of the nation, literature, the universities, the economical progress of Scotland, and the condition of the arts. When he has handled all these matters in his exhaustive style, he takes up the story of the queen of Scotland, queen-dowager of France. He tells it plainly, impartially, perhaps coldly, but as it is a case in which almost every reader is a partisan of one side or the other of the many questions which it raises, never to be answered to their true solution or silencing, each will find in his tone and temper what each seeks in it. He at least paints the wretched queen's enemies as fairly as he paints herself, and does not gloss over their brutality. Indeed, the character of Darnley has never been so well or fairly set forth by any writer, nor has Mary ever had a more candid expositor of her wrongs. He believes in the authenticity of 'the casket letters,' and therefore in the queen's guilt, which they go to prove, but he places them apart, as it is fair to do, and lets the reader see them in what light his reason shews them in, not bringing them in as admitted evidence, after the fashion of some writers who claim to be impartial. Only Buchanan, the most inveterate of those who hunted down the queen, could have forged the letters, says Mr. Burton, but he did not. Who can assert that? Is it outrageously impossible, seeing that he was of a sufficiently unscrupulously inventive turn, to furnish history with a whole gallery of mythical kings? Mr. Burton does not solve the mystery, he does not silence the dispute, but his story of Queen Mary's life is deeply interesting, and the succeeding volumes of his work will be looked for with impatient expectation.

MRS. WANG.

AN ADVENTURE IN CHINESE WATERS.

SOME five years ago I was serving in Her Majesty's gunboat Havock, stationed on the coast of China. We had been sent to Hankow, an important trading-place some six hundred miles inland on a large river, to protect the merchants resident there from the incursions of the Celestials, who regarded the "foreign devils," as they called us, with considerable disfavour. No sooner had the gunboat been absent for a few days, settling some disturbances further down the river, than the Hankow merchants got into trouble. It appeared that an army of eight hundred Braves, or Imperial soldiers, had passed down the river in a fleet of boats, and, finding themselves inconveniently crowded, had seized and made off with one of Messrs. Dent and Company's large roomy trading junks. Having been put in possession of these facts, we immediately got up steam and went in pursuit. Two hour's hard steaming with the swift current brought us up with them. The fleet had anchored in the mouth of a creek and there, sure enough, was the trading junk towering above them all. We came to an anchor off the mouth of the creek in such a position that nothing could escape us.

Just at this time a very stately-looking mandarin junk was coming down the river with great parade, and making for the entrance of the creek. A crowd of men were rowing her very swiftly, and enormous banners floated from her mast-head, whilst a profusion of gaudy flags trailed in the water from the spears that were thickly planted around her bow and stern The gong that had been clanging furiously suddenly ceased as our two boats dashed alongside and we boarded her. After a short scuffle we were in full possession of the vessel, almost before the crew had recovered from their first surprise. We now turned the junk's head round, and made the rowers get their long sweeps out and pull her alongside the Havock. Our movements had not been unnoticed in the creek. The Braves were literally howling with rage, trumpets were braying, and the men, stripped for fighting, were rushing about for their arms in the wildest hurry and confusion. Meanwhile no time was lost in bringing our guns to bear; the ponderous sixty-eight pounder trained slowly round, received its charge, and the Havock showed her teeth.

We waited for the first volley, but our ugly appearance seemed to damp their courage very considerably. I have always noticed that the cool, deliberate way in which our guns are run out and loaded has an astonishing influence on the Celestial mind, it is so different from their furious, bombastic way of fighting. It was, perhaps, just as well for us that they did cool down, for there would have been more than eight hundred opposed to our forty men, whilst we had the additional inconvenience of having just captured a larger number of the enemy than our own ship's company. Failing to perceive their advantage, they released the trading junk and pushed her out into the stream, and our boats soon towed her alongside.

A boat was then sent in with a gentleman named Doyle, who acted as interpreter for Messrs. Dent and Company, to offer to exchange the mandarin junk and crew for the men who had seized the trading junk. This they refused. As it was now near sunset we shifted our position farther out into the middle of the river, for it would have been most imprudent to have remained within pistol-shot of so numerous and skilful an enemy throughout the darkness of the night. The mandarin's retainers and crew now transferred from their vessel to ours, and a search was commenced for the mandarin himself, whose euphonious name, Wang, was emblazoned in huge characters on all the banners and everything else in the vessel. It seemed that this Wang was the very gentleman that we most wanted, for he was the general in command of this division of the army.

All the doors of the cabin were strongly barred up from the inside, and for a time defied our attempts to enter. "Now, we have you, General Wang!" as the door burst open, and, accompanied by another officer and Doyle, I rushed in. Judge of our astonishment when, instead of the old mandarin skulking in a corner in a state of abject terror, as we had expected, we found two of the loveliest girls and the ugliest old woman that it is possible to imagine.

The elder girl stood up boldly, her fine face white with rage, and her lustrous black eyes flashing and giving full effect to the volley of curses that she hissed at us through her white and firmly clenched teeth. She was indeed a beautiful girl—such a profusion of glossy black hair, such firmly pencilled eyebrows strongly arched, and, in her calmer moments, such a sweet little red mouth. Her figure was good, her hands, too, were of the smallest, and fingers the most delicately tapered, whilst her feet must have been to a Chinaman something maddening, they were so incredibly small. The dress that she wore suited her admirably, it was of a rich dark purple satin, lined with white fur, and embroidered round the edges with gold and bright colours.

Close behind her stood the other girl. She was apparently a year or so younger, and was a faint reflection of her companion. She in the bud was the promise of as fair a flower as the other, and was wonderfully pretty. Her dress was not so magnificent as her sister's—for they evidently were sisters—but was still exceedingly handsome. She, though in very great terror, seemed to have unbounded confidence in her elder sister, to whom she clung as though for protection. The old woman sat muttering in the corner, and groaned out the direst imprecations on us and our fathers before us, but of these, since they amused her without affecting us, we took no notice. She would have been at any time ugly enough, but her impotent rage now rendered her doubly hideous. We searched every part of the vessel but were unable to find Wang. It appeared that he had indeed come

down in the junk, but during the hurry and confusion of the capture, had managed to jump overboard and get away.

As I have said, we were accompanied by Doyle, and by his aid we began a conversation with Mrs. Wang, with a view to pacifying her and the other ladies. At first she was frantic, and would listen to nothing, but gradually she became more reasonable.

Here it is necessary to digress slightly to say a little about Doyle, for otherwise his interpretation of the conversation would appear eccentric.

Doyle was a man who had been educated for a missionary, had mastered the Chinese language solely with that object, and had commenced his duties in China. He was a good fellow on the whole, but a very peculiar one, and his stories savoured strongly of the Munchausen school. Every one in China knew Doyle and his stories. But the peculiarity with which we have to deal was somewhat amusing. In interpreting or relating any conversation, he invariably represented every one as producing sentences with "Look here," and it was droll to hear him invest everybody with this his idiosyncracy. As, for instance, in our conversation with this lady, which ran thus :—

"Now, Doyle, tell her not to be afraid, for she shall not be molested in any way."

After a deal of talking he manages to make her understand this, but she evidently does not believe a word of it, and so we ask Doyle what she says.

"Oh," he replies, "she says, 'Look here, why do you come here, you red-haired barbarians? You will not dare to touch me, the wife of his Excellency Wang. There are my handmaidens, take them if you will, but immediately quit my centre chamber.'"

"And so then," said Doyle, "I replied, 'Look here, we respect your ladyship's most excellent greatness, and we will do nothing that shall be unpleasant to you nor to your ladies.'"

"Well Doyle, and then?"

"Look here," he answered. "She is still very abusive, for this is what she said to me in reply: 'Look here, you white-faced dog, who alone appear to understand the flowery language. Say, what further insult will you offer me? Tell me, where is my Lord Wang? Have you killed him, or do you reserve him for the tseen tsee?' This signifies "the thousand cuttings," the mode of executing state criminals. They are tied to stakes, and slowly hacked to pieces the executioners contriving, with horrible ingenuity, to defer the fatal stroke as long as possible.

"And so," he continued, "I said to her, 'Look here; we do not fight with pretty women, and as for Wang, he has deserted you and escaped, but you will doubtless see him before the end of this moon.'"

This conversation continued for some time, much in the same strain, but occasionally interrupted by a prolonged howl from the old woman in the corner.

Having thus endeavoured, with but little success, to reassure these unhappy ladies, we returned and attended to our other prisoners. They were huddled together on the quarter-deck, vainly trying to keep themselves warm, for the night wind was very cold. At first they were in a great state of terror, but now seemed more resigned to the horrible fate that they had no doubt was to await them.

Sails were brought to cover them, but these they vigorously rejected, thinking that we meant to smother them. With great difficulty, and to their vast astonishment, they were made to understand that our only object was to make them comfortable and not to torture them. Treatment such as this they had never heard of captives receiving, still less could they believe it possible at the hands of the West devils, who are naturally considered to be seven times more malignant than devils are wont to be. When at last they did understand our motives, it was pleasant to see how gratefully they stowed themselves away under the sails.

I then sent for a stiff glass of grog and offered it to them, telling them that it was the "yung shoo," the foreign wine. Until they saw me taste it no one would touch it, and then one ventured. He was delighted; his little black eyes twinkled and opened wide with astonishment. The glass was passed round, and they all said, "It is good, it is good, his Foreign Excellency's wine is very good."

About this time a boat was seen approaching through the darkness. The sentries hailed, and the men in the boat answered, according to Doyle, "Look here; we want to come alongside, we have something of importance to communicate." Three or four miserable-looking Chinamen came on board, and this is Doyle's account of his conversation with them.

"'Look here,' said I; "what do you want?'

"And they said, 'Look here; we are the men who took the foreigners' junk, and we have come to give ourselves up to you in order that the general's vessel may be released.'"

"'Look here,' I replied, 'you are not the men. I don't believe a word you have said. Why have you endeavoured thus to deceive his Foreign Excellency?'

"'Oh, great teacher, be not too angry with us,' they answered. 'For look here, we are not indeed the men who stole the junk. We are simply poor rice-planters who live on yonder bank, and the Braves came to us and said, Look here, if you will not go on board that barbarian ship we will kill you and your wives and children, and burn your farms and lay waste your fields. And so we took counsel together amongst ourselves, and we said, Look here; it will be better for us to trust ourselves in the hands of the chiefs of the great English nation, for they can but take our lives, and if we refuse to go our wives and children will be murdered too. Now, therefore, we beseech you, Oh, ever-to-be venerated teacher, ask his Foreign Excellency not to deal too hardly with us.'

"And so I said, 'Why, look here, as you certainly are not the men who took the junk, you may go. When you get on shore, go to the chiefs of the Braves, and say to them, Look here; these foreigners are wise beyond measure, their eyes are as hawks' eyes, and it is useless to practice deceits. Send off no more false messensengers, for it will avail you nothing.'"

These poor fellows were overjoyed at their escape. The Braves could hardly have been a blessing to them. In about an hour some more men came with the very same story. They were soon found out, and allowed to return with a similar message. During the night a third came, with a like result, this time, however, the story had been varied a little.

On the following morning a fighting boat was coming down the river to join the fleet. It was determined to intercept her. With this object we weighed anchor and stood in close to the mouth of the creek, where we stopped, and manned and armed boats. We remained close alongside hidden by the gunboat, until the report of one of the howitzers gave us the signal to start. The fighting junk then being within easy distance, we were quickly alongside her, and without much difficulty we made ourselves masters of the vessel. She was brought alongside, her crew transferred, and a search of the vessel was made. We were in luck again, for there was half-a-million of copper cash on board. This, it appeared, was for the pay of the army.

We then returned to Hankow with our prizes in tow, and restored the merchant's junk to her owners; the other two, with the prisoners, we kept for about a week.

Every morning and evening we visited the ladies to ask if they wanted anything. At first they were as wild as possible, and Mrs. Wang used frequently to start up and call out in a commanding tone, "Ho, there, guards, take away these barbarians!" but by degrees they got tamer, and a circumstance occurred which made us all great friends. After this we used to supply her with wine, lend her illustrated books, and amuse her with our epaulettes, gold lace, swords, and everything else that we could think of.

The circumstance to which I have alluded was this: One day the ladies complained that they were very unwell. It seemed that since their lord and master had deserted, the servants all refused to work, and the ladies could get nothing cooked, and they were consequently in a very low condition simply from want of food. This deficiency of course was speedily remedied, and then we set ourselves to find out all the circumstances of the case. The servants evidently thought that they would extort large sums of money in this way from the ladies. They were mistaken, however. The matter was summarily disposed of by sending for them and explaining to them that in consequence of their gross misbehaviour we had determined on beheading them all.

It astonished us no little to see their calm resignation when they received their sentence. They simply said, "Well, if you will, you must!" or something of that sort, I never could have believed their stoicism to be possible, and should always have thought that they doubted the sincerity of our purpose, had I not seen their frantic joy when they were told that they would be allowed another chance of life, provided they returned to their duties; they were as though they had veritably arisen from the dead, and we had been the authors of the change. Suffice it to say that their gratitude knew no bounds, and there were no more complaints.

When it was reported that the men who were implicated in the junk's seizure had been delivered up and punished, the two imperial vessels and their crews were released.

Our men had fraternised very considerably with their Celestial brother-sailors—so much so, indeed, that on leaving the ship they were so drunk that their efforts to row their vessels to the land were truly ridiculous.

We parted from the ladies with much regret, for I, for one, had learned the truth of the old adage, "Dum capimus capimur." They took with them many mementoes of their captivity mongst the fierce Western barbarians, and with other things, I hope, the lesson that the "foreign devil" is not so black as he is painted.

THE IRON SAFE.

Our Burgomaster needs a safe to keep
The charters and the archives of the city,
Like that I finished for the emperor,
When he went forth on his Italian wars,
To hold the rare insignia of the crown.
Though I am old, and thrift hath made me rich,
Yet for the honour of our noble craft
I gave my word to undertake the work.
Hark, Kaspar, stout of heart, but weak of will,
I know that thou canst do it well as I,
And I would prove thee as I prove my locks;
A month I give thee—if 'tis deftly done,
She shall be thine, and thou shalt be my son."
Thus spake the master-smith of Nuremburg—
Hans Eisenfest—well-skilled to make and break
All save a promise to a customer.
But yesterday a fair Franconian knight,
Karl, son of Romadin von Hohenstein,
Had pressed her father for his Lottchen's hand;
And though he rode away with angry spur
To feel his grace trumped by a guildsman's pride,
He swore he would return with next new moon.
Kaspar, the journeyman, was dumb—a lad,
In days when towns and barons had their wars,
As strong as Vulcan, and as straight as Mars:
But better loved he sword-and-buckler play,
And shooting with the cross-bow at the butts,
And, less for liquor than good-fellowship,
The Golden Eagle, than his iron trade.
So Kaspar idled, but as time wore on,
Better than cross-bow, sword-and-buckler play,
Or Golden Eagle, golden Lottchen pleased,
The child who once had sat upon his knee,
When she would sit upon his knee no more.
And Hans loved Kaspar well, nor trusted all,
So when he pleaded, met with banter cold,
That locks of steel must win the locks of gold.
And he would give his daughter safe to keep,
Alone to him who could make treasure safe.
The weeks passed on, but Kaspar mutely wrought,
All day, save measured minutes, lost to sight,
For with the first morn of the Lenten fast
His term of grace should end. Shrovetide was come,
The folk was merry with the carnival,
And he and Lottchen kept the house alone;

It was the hour before the midnight chime
When Lotchen heard his voice, "Come, see the work!"
He led her down a stair to where beneath
The workshop lay a vault,—the work was there,—
A goodly press, with front of polished steel,
Without a chink, save where a cunning tongue
Gave entrance to the key. They scanned it well—
The lantern-light revealed nor fault nor flaw
In back or front; "but I will look within,"
Said Kaspar: "for the master never slurs
The hidden work, nor may one cheat his eye."
And then he stepped within and searched it o'er
With raised or lowered light, and shut the door,
Proving the hasps and springs; fond Lottchen turned
The key in sport—too willing shot the bolt—
"Ah, I have limed my roving bird at last!"
Then struck with sudden fear, she would unlock,
But could not move the key; then trembling more
She passed a file as lever through the ring,—
The key broke in the wards. "Help, father, help!"
She shrieked, "or Kaspar dies—I've killed my love,"
But Kaspar murmured low, "Quick, Lottchen, run,
And seek thy father mid the carnival,
And bid him bring his tools and ope the door,
He only can." She darted to the street
And wildly sought her father to and fro
Among the masks and mummers; when she looked
At Turk, or Greek, or bright-eyed Blackamoor,
Her gaze was paid with compound interest,
Or from the muzzle of some monstrous beast
Strange compliments came gruffly to her ears;
At last a Sultan caught her in his arms,
"Bismillah, thou art mine, and by this kiss,
The loveliest odalisque in my serai!"
Felled by the huge paw of a Polar Bear,
The Sultan loosed the maid,
"My Lottchen here,
Barefaced among the maskers!"
"Father, dear,
Come home this instant! Come, or Kaspar dies!"

Meanwhile to Kaspar in that airless shrine
Minutes were years; in vain he groped and peered.
"Mocked by the creature of my hand! poor fool!
The lock's a miracle of workmanship,
The screws as fast as death; oh, horrible!
Thus at the threshold of my heaven to die!"
Then bent his brawny back against the door;
But weight and force could move it not a line.
And then his breath came hard, and on his brow
Cold damps broke out,—low burned the lamp and low,
Then fluttered into darkness. Now he plies
Flint, steel, and tinder. There's a spark! a match!
The sulphur kindles into jets of blue,
But on the dead wick powerlessly expires,
And leaves the void infect with breath of hell.
And then he gasped and swooned.

"Say, dost thou live,
My Kaspar?" heard he true? then she is there,
Her father surely follows with his tools.
"He comes, my Kasper: oh, that he were here!"
She had not seen that when she broke away,
That Sultan, by the sudden buffet stunned,
Had come to life, and gained the Polar Bear,
And in a moment barred his path with steel.
Then there was parry, thrust and counter-thrust,
Till the impatience of the veteran smith
Struck down his guard and pinned him to the wall.
"Ho! lights, and help to lift a wounded man.
Yet not so fast—he groans—straight to my house!"

"My Lottchen, 'twill be over soon. I choke
In brimstone fumes. The foul fiend——"
"Kasper, h—!
Thou art not wont to pray, but pray with me,
As I to Mary, thou to Mary's son,
That help may come, or if not help, that I
May die with thee in prayer, and save thy soul."
So she knelt down without, and he within;
But as he dropt on his right knee, he felt
The blunt impression of an implement
That lay upon the floor. "Oh! Heaven be praised,
A chisel!" he cried. Fear lent him sleight of hand,
Hope just enough of life to draw the screws,
Down dropt the lock, the door wide open flew,
And Lottchen caught him fainting in her arms,

What mean those lights and voices in the house?
The master meets them,—"Safe and sound, 'tis well,
Lottchen with Kaspar tell your tale anon;
But here's a mask who would not let me pass,
And much I fear I've pricked him in the lung."
They laid that Sultan on a bed, and then—
Unmasked the Junker Karl von Hohenstein,
The same who swore to come with next new moon.
They sprinkled his wan face, then came the leech
And felt the pulse; the hurt man oped his eyes,
And sadly smiling, "I have kept my vow.
I swore I would return with the new moon,
I thought to win her by fair means or foul,
And in that thought I foully wronged the fair.
I was unworthy,—but the leech may go,
And fetch the priest, and when the priest is come,
He may perform two offices in one,—
Shrive my poor soul, and join their loved hands."

Thus Lottchen came to keep her Kaspar's keys,
But never trifled with his locks again.

GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

A TALE OF ST. PETERSBURG IN 1796.

St. Petersburg was in consternation; for the Czar had that morning degraded his favourite Cabinet Minister, and sentenced him to exile in the mines of Siberia. Count S—— had been the emperor's most honest adviser; and, with the exception of a few persons who detested him for his sincerity and his improviousness to a bribe, was universally beloved by the people. His fall therefore came on them like a thunderbolt; the more so, as no assignable cause for his degradation could be hazarded.

Even the Count himself was astounded. Accustomed as he had been to the wayward caprice of a despotic ruler, and knowing that in the eyes of such, even the honestest action may be constructed into a treasonable design, he still felt the consciousness that he had ever served his country faithfully, and to the best of his ability, and therefore felt that his degradation was as unjust, as his sentence was cruel. But it was not so much for himself that he grieved. He had been a widower many years, and of all his children none were left to him save one daughter, Katinka, the flower of his old age. It was for her that he felt heart-broken. She was the cause that his tears flowed fast down his furrowed cheeks, and that his silvered head was bowed down to the ground.

"If I were quite alone in the world, it would matter little; there are not so many years in store for me," he muttered to himself.

"But, dear father," said a soft voice in his ear; "you are not alone, and will not be alone. See! there is even yet a bright spot among the dark clouds overhead;" and with these words, his daughter placed in his hand a royal mandate which empowered the exile to take with him his daughter and a servant into banishment.

"My child! what have you done? you sacrifice your young days among those bleak and barren steppes! No—no, it cannot be."

But we will draw a veil over the out-pourings of the father's and daughter's hearts. Suffice it only to say, that Katinka by her tears and entreaties at last wrung a reluctant consent from her father that she should accompany him into exile.

"But whom shall we take with us?" she asked presently, in a cheerful and confident voice.

"You may well ask, whom?" he answered sadly—"you will not find one among all my dependants who would follow in my service. No—no," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm, "they will prefer to quaff the tokay of my rival successor, to drinking the icy cold water of Jensei."

With a confident step Katinka sped away on her errand, feeling sure that some one at least among the numerous dependants of the family, who owed fortune, fame, and may be life to her father, would now be willing to show his gratitude by accompanying him in his dreary exile.

In a humble cottage on the outskirts of the city an old man was kneeling before an image of his patron saint. But his devotions were disturbed by a loud knocking at the door, which he arose from his bended knees to open. It was his only child—his son Feodore.

"Is it then true, my father, that our beloved master is sentenced to banishment; and that he is to set out to-morrow?"

"Alas! my son—it is too true!"

"And will the city, the nobility, the towns-people, look on in silence while the benefactor of their country is cast out from home and hearth?" inquired the youth impetuously. "And what is to become of his daughter?" he resumed, not waiting for any answer, "and who is to accompany him into his banishment?"

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and Katinka herself stood before them.

"Good Nicholas!" she began, addressing the old man, "are none of my father's servants here?"

"None, noble lady!"

"Alas! then are we forsaken indeed! But to think that not one of those who used to kneel down before him, and call him their saviour, can be found ready and willing to offer him this last service!"

"What!" interrupted the old man, "do you mean, noble lady, to say, that they could follow him but will not?"

"Even so," was the sad reply.

"Then will I!" and he knelt down before the young girl, and respectfully kissed her hand. "Then will I, old as I be, with the help of my patron saint St. Stephen, share evil and good with him. For twenty years have I lived under him in this cottage. Here I married, and hence I carried out my wife when struck down by fever. Yes! I will follow him!"

"Nay, good friend," replied Katinka, in a tone of gratitude; "you are too old—too infirm to undertake such a toilsome journey. I did not refer to you. No! your age and failing strength would prove a burden rather than a comfort to my father."

"True! lady, I forget that," interrupted the old man; "but I will go out myself and speak with the ungrateful hinds."

"It seems derogatory to my father's honour to have to ask twice," answered the lady, proudly. "Maybe, I yet may be able to find one, sufficiently miserable to consider it no further addition to his misery to follow my father, though it be into exile."

"Yes—surely you will find one," now cried Feodore, emerging from the corner of the room where he had been standing, unperceived by Katinka. "I will go! you do not remember me, lady, but he," pointing to his father, "will be my guarantee that I speak truly and from my heart."

"I not know you, Feodore!" exclaimed Katinka; "think you I can so readily forget him who saved my life from drowning when but a child? And you will accompany us?"

"Yes, lady, that will he," said Feodore's father, answering for him. "He will discharge his new duties as faithfully as he has his old ones."

"Then may God and all his saints bless you both!" exclaimed Katinka, as her tears fell fast down her cheeks. A hectic blush passed over the young man's face as he knelt down on one knee and fervently kissed the hem of the lady's dress.

"My son," said the old man, when the two were once more alone; "you have said you will go with him, and you have said well and nobly."

"With him, father?" interrupted Feodore. "Did she not say 'with us'? Does not she then accompany the Count into exile?"

"Yes, truly! but it is a great sacrifice you have made; and yet my loss is ten times greater;" and the old man wept bitterly.

"Us! yes, she said 'us'!" continued Feodore, heedless of his father's tears.

Just then a man entered with a request that they should at once repair to the palace of the Count, a request which they immediately obeyed.

"My children," said the Count as they entered the apartment, "I have sent for you to learn from your own lips whether it is true what my daughter has just told me. For no one shall sacrifice himself for me against his own will. Let me then hear, good Nicholas, first from your lips, whether your son's determination to accompany me into exile meets with your sanction?"

"Yes, gracious master, the lad is but discharging his duty; and even though none are left to tend my dying bed, I bless him for it."

"And you, Feodore," resumed the Count, turning to the young man, "pause, reflect well. You are leaving life, a good position, wealth, an aged and beloved father, for a living death, a miserable existence—for slavery. Better stay with him! What, no! Then accept my thanks —my blessing—for your noble conduct. See, my friends, let us drink together, us three, a parting goblet," and with these words he filled a silver beaker with sparkling wine, and handed it to Nicholas.

"To the due fulfilment of your duties, my son," said the old man, turning towards Feodore, as he drained the goblet to the dregs.

Again the Count filled it, and handed it to Feodore; who, sinking on his knees and raising the cup aloft, said in solemn tones—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I swear to be a true and faithful servant to you and your daughter."

"Then to-morrow at day-break I rob you of your dearest treasure on earth, old friend," said the Count, much moved at the affecting scene. "Till then, farewell! I have much to arrange."

When the father and son had once more returned to their humble dwelling, Feodore, who had been wrapt in deep thought, suddenly exclaimed—

"You are witness, father, that I consented to follow them before she said 'us,' did I not?"

"Doubtless; but why this question? it was not the daughter surely you would follow?"

"Enough, enough! you are witness that I pressed the thorn to my bosom before I perceived that there was a rose budding on its stem. Alas, father, I love her!"

"You dream, Feodore," replied his father, amazed; "remember, though in Siberia, she will still be a countess, and you but a goldsmith's apprentice. Beware, lest you change her father's blessing into a curse; yours she can never be."

"Mine!" answered Feodore, amazed; "how can you think I ever presumed so far? To live for her, to die for her, will be my highest happiness."

* * * *

A strange and awful occurrence took place that night in St. Petersburg. When the sun arose the next morning, its rays shone on Emperor Paul's murdered body. Of course, in the tumult that ensued but little heed was given to the fulfilment or revocation of the late Czar's commands. There was a new master to please now; even Count S—— forgot his own sorrows in the whirl of excitement. That very day he was summoned to appear at court: he obeyed, and to his surprise, instead of finding that his sentence of banishment was to be carried into effect, the Emperor bade him draw near, and graciously offered his hand to kiss. The Count's colourless lips trembled as they touched it, for it seemed just as if a bloodstain were upon it.

"You will remain in my service, Count?" asked Alexander, courteously.

"Gracious sire, I trust you will pardon me. Yesterday I was an old man; but the last night has added many years to my age. With one foot already in the grave, my only wish is to seek for peace. I would fain, with your royal permission, retire to my country estate, there to await the hour which cannot be far distant."

"Your wish is granted. But is there naught else I can do? you have but to ask."

"If I might venture to ask a boon," replied the Count, "I would beg your Majesty to sanction the union of my daughter with—Feodore Solkow, the—the goldsmith's apprentice."

The Emperor raised his eyes in astonishment, as he regarded the Count, who still remained kneeling.

"A strange request, Count. Reflect on the different conditions of the young people!"

"Pardon me, gracious sire," interrupted the Count; "though of humble origin, he is noble at heart, and deserves this, aye, and more than this, from me. When all the world turned their backs on me, when the butterflies of fashion that had flitted in my salons, and had professed their willingness to go through fire and water to gain if it were but an approving word from my daughter's lips—when amongst all my dependants not one was willing to share their master's fate, this youth came forward; he gave up all for me. What I had thought to see accomplished on the banks of the Jenisei, I now pray your Majesty may be celebrated in this your royal city."

"Be it so," answered the Emperor, waving his hand.

Next day Katinka and Feodore kneeled together at the altar of the Orthodox Church of Russia as man and wife.

"WHO HATH BEGOTTEN THE DROPS OF DEW?"

JOB. xxxviii. 28.

I.

Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Tell, if you can, the tale of their birth;
Have the stars from heaven come down to woo
The flowers, the beautiful children of earth?

II.

Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Have angels opened the pearly doors,
And, leaving their streets of golden hue,
Blessed with their footsteps our grassy floors?

III.

Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Doth not each orb in its bosom bear
Ruby and topaz and sapphire blue
And all the colours that angels wear?

IV.

Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Are they the tears of the saints above,
Returned to visit the scenes they knew,
And to whisper in dreams to the friends they love?

V.

Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Who, the good that in all things lies?
Who, the primal beauty that grew
Into myriad forms in Paradise?

VI.

Who hath begotten the drops of dew?
Tell, if you can, the tale of their birth:
Are they not, children of men, like you,
Sons of the Lord of Heaven and Earth?

JOHN READE.

CIVILISATION.

MR. FROUDE has just published two volumes of what he calls "Short Studies on Great Subjects." Some of them are lectures, some review articles, and all of them are exceedingly interesting—in fact, what we might have expected from so accomplished a writer. They are not only interesting, but they suggest a great many practical questions which it would be better for all of us to try to answer. Among the rest, they suggest these questions: Are we really any better than our fathers? Is the progress of which we are constantly boasting, a real progress, or only a sham progress? Are we in fact, and on the average, as brave, or even as clever, as the people who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth? Some of us, no doubt, are, in some respects, a great deal cleverer. Nobody in Queen Elizabeth's reign could have sent a telegraphic message from London to Dublin, or travelled from Liverpool to New York in a fortnight. The troops of Queen Bess were not armed with needle-guns; and even her cannon—what the Scotch called the "Queen of England's peacemakers"—would be considered mere toys in modern warfare. But it is surely obvious that, though it needs a very clever man to invent a telegraph, a very commonplace man may work it; and when you have once got your steam-engine, a coward may get to New York as quickly as a hero.

Mr. Froude seems to think that we are a poor degenerate race; that we are not at all brave; and that our boasted progress consists chiefly of a great increase of material comfort. For this he thinks that we have had to pay a very heavy price. So much is done for us that we scarcely know how to do anything for ourselves. If any of us were thrown upon a desert island, we should die of starvation, because we should never be able to light a fire for want of a lucifer match. All our self-reliance, having been rendered unnecessary by the innumerable appliances of mechanical skill, has become starved and dwarfed, like the wings of those birds who never take the trouble to fly.

Perhaps we are better than Mr. Froude thinks we are, but it is most certain that the growth of civilisation is by no means an unmixed good. It may increase the general average of comfort; it may even obliterate the grosser forms of vice; it will unquestionably lessen those cruelties which are loathsome and disgusting; but, on the other hand, it will leave far less room for individual superiority—for the force of personal character. The commerce of England now is probably immeasurably greater than any human being dreamed of in the time of Elizabeth; but where are the great captains that can match her heroic adventurers?

To compare, for instance, the adventurous spirit of our own seamen, and the captains and mariners of Elizabeth's reign. Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from Dartmouth in June, 1583, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45 to 50 degrees north. His fleet consisted of five vessels—it would be ridiculous to call them ships—of which the largest, the *Raleigh*, 200 tons, deserted off the Land's End. Sir Humphrey's own ship, the *Squirrel*, was called "the frigate," and was *ten* tons. The expedition reached Newfoundland safely, took possession of St. John's, and left a colony there; and then Sir Humphrey himself went exploring southwards along the American coast in his little ten-ton frigate. Now compare this little ten-ton vessel with the *Great Eastern*; the difference indeed is enormous, but scarcely altogether to the advantage of modern civilisation. The superiority of the *Great Eastern* is material and mechanical; the chances of loss are reduced to their very lowest; and, in a word, the human element also is reduced to its lowest. There are many men who would be proud to command the *Great Eastern*; but is there one man left in all England who would be willing to take the command of the little ten-ton *Squirrel* from Dartmouth to St. John's? We have big steam-engines and big ships, but have we, in the same proportion, great men?

Modes of warfare are so much altered, that the difference between a coward and a brave man seems of much less importance than the difference between an old musket and a breach-loading rifle. But if we did happen to need courage, are we quite sure that we have not got out of the way of it? Of course, it is no use fighting cannon-balls with your fists. But take another of the Elizabeth stories. Is there pluck enough left in all England to do the like of this?

"It was a deed," Mr. Froude says, which "dealt a more deadly blow upon the frame and moral strength of the Spanish people than the destruction of the Armada itself."

A small fleet of twelve English ships was surprised, while lying at anchor under the island of Florez, by a Spanish fleet, consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve were able to make their escape. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was, for the moment, unable to follow. She was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford; her crew consisted of 190 men, and ninety of these were sick on shore, and there was some difficulty and delay in getting them on board. Nevertheless, with only 100 men left to fight and work the ship, "Sir Richard," says his cousin Raleigh, "utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her majesty's ship." The fight began at three o'clock in the afternoon and lasted all that night. "At last," says Mr. Froude, following Raleigh's narrative, "all the powder in the *Revenge* was spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight, and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while at-

tending on him, the masts were lying over the side; the rigging cut or broken, the upper parts all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and having by estimation 800 shot of great artillery through him, commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above 10,000 men, and fifty three men-of-war to perform it withal, and persuaded the company, or as many of them as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else, but as they had, like valiant and resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own live for a few hours or a few days.

This however was not to be. The little ship was surrendered, and immediately after the battle a fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada, making in all 140 sail. A great storm arose, and of those 140 only thirty-two were saved. "The *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete her own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's."

Sailors, however, are always a brave and hardy race, and not even the biggest ship in the world can take the terror and danger out of a storm at sea. But seamanship is now rather a matter of business than of adventure. Men work ships just as other men enlist for soldiers, not for glory but for pay. But in other regions one finds a similar disinclination to anything like an adventurous life. We are so used to innumerable comforts, that even the most moderate self-denial, or the slightest change in our circumstances, is becoming more and more repulsive. Hence it follows that when the spirit of adventure might fairly hope to be strengthened by the very highest motives, or perhaps we should say rather, when the noblest of all works requires for its performance an adventurous spirit, the work cannot get done at all.

This seems to be the reason, though not perhaps the only reasom, why it is becoming daily more difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, to obtain missionaries, not only for new fields of labour, but for the superintendence of those which have already been brought under Christian cultivation. All missionary societies are complaining, not so much for want of funds, as for want of men. Such missionaries as Moffat and Livingstone will always be brilliant exceptions, even when the average of merit is much higher than it is now. But the average itself has been lowered of late years, and still the men are not forthcoming who can reach even that lower standard. The fact is, that the contrast between home life and missionary life is enormously greater then it ever was before; and even the less wealthy of the middle class are every day in the enjoyment of innumerable comforts, which Queen Elizabeth herself would have been unable to purchase with the whole wealth of her kingdom.

Another effect of our modern civilisation, or at any rate of the form which it has assumed, is that mad race after riches which is characteristic of the English and American people, combined with the excessive dislike of coming into personal contact with the miseries and misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. Hence it comes to pass that, while England is the wealthiest country in the world, it is also disgraced by the ghastliest poverty that the world has ever known. Such men as Mr. Froude and Mr. Ruskin seem often inclined to blame even political economy itself as being the cause of so dreadful a mischief. In fact, we can no more escape the laws of political economy, than we can escape the law of gravitation. If a man has only a certain amount of wealth to spend upon labour; if, for instance, he had £10,000 to lay out in wages for a single year, and if 200 workmen applied to him for employment, he might give each of them £50 a year, and employ them all, but, if he fancied that £50 a year was not enough for a working man and his family, he might offer £100 a year to each of those whom he employed, but he could not by any chance divide £10,000 into 200 portions of £100 each. The workmen who got £2 a week would, of course, be delighted with the liberality of their employer, but, in order that they might receive such high wages, half the 200 workmen would get nothing at all.

What is true on this small scale is equally true on a large scale, and so long as the people who want employment are so exceedingly numerous, the amount of remuneration which each of them will receive must necessarily be small. When the effect of civilisation is to produce an enormous amount of wealth, and at the same time to distribute it so unequally that gigantic fortunes shall *seem*, at any rate, to be secured at the cost of beggary and starvation, there will always be the deepest discontent, and we shall always be on the verge of a social war, in which no quarter will be given.

It is obvious, also, that the mechanical inventions of our time—the innumerable applications of chemistry to the ordinary purposes of life, and, indeed the utilisation, of almost all the physical sciences,—all this has rendered easy an infinite amount of sham and make-believe, which even in the last generation would simply have been impossible. To a certain extent, no doubt, the wide-spread social deception that scarcely anybody will be found to deny, is no more than the abuse of what is really good and genuinely useful. Indeed it is by no means a crime to secure, as far as we can, that our common every-day life shall as much as possible be made beautiful and graceful. There is no moral necessity for fastening a shawl with a skewer; and if a girl cannot afford a very costly brooch, there is no reason why she could not have her cheap brooch made as pretty as possible. Sham jewellery, and gold lever watches that can be brought for thirty shillings, must certainly be considered follies, but may, perhaps, also be considered harmless follies. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that everything you pay for the prettiness of an article must be deducted from its strength or solidity. But, apart from the silliness of wasting money upon mere appearances, there is often a dishonesty, which is even worse than the silliness. People imitate "their betters"—by which they generally mean those who are richer than themselves—with the deliberate intention of deceiving. They want to appear rich, when they know that they are not; and it is impossible to imagine a meaner ambition. It is also impossible to imagine a more galling slavery. A lady may have pinched and saved for months to buy, for instance, a showy pair of bracelets, or whatever other kind of vanity may chance to be in the fashion; the bracelets may be very good of their kind, very showy, and not without an appearance of solidity. But suppose, after all the wearer should chance to hear one of those amiable whispers, that are by no means uncommon, even among the most intimate friends. "What a lovely pair of bracelets Annie has on to-night! somebody must have made her a present of them." "Yes, my dear, they do look well; don't they? but I happened to examine one of them up stairs, and they're not *real*." That is the sort of mortification for which innumerable "Annies" are sacrificing the solid happiness of life.

Well, well, it's no use grumbing. If people choose to be fools, of course they will be fools; and if people think more of a silver fork, than of the meat which it is to take to their mouths, well and good. But, after all, it's a pity; we may reach a point of effeminacy which can bear no rough handling, not even that vigorous restorative treatment which might restore a manly tone. We may become like hardy plants grown in hothouses; and by the unnecessary indulgence become so weak that the first frost will kill us.

And in spite of all our modern civilisation we have not yet attained the power to control the weather.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 296.

Book the Sixth.

THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTHS.

I asked if there was any official in the way of a registrar to be found in the village, and found that there was no one more important than an old man who kept the keys of the church. The registers were kept in the vestry, my landlady believed, and the old man was called Jonas Gorles, and lived half a mile off, at the homestead of his son-in-law. But my landlady said she would send for him immediately, and pledged herself to produce him in the course of an hour.

I told her that I would find my way to the churchyard in the mean time, whither Mr. Gorles could follow me as soon as convenient.

The autumnal morning was fresh and bright as spring, and Huxter's Cross seemed the most delightful place on earth to me, though it is only a cluster of cottages, relieved by one farmhouse of moderate pretensions, my hostelry of the Magpie, a general shop, which is also the post-office, and a fine old Norman church, which lies away from the village, and bears upon it the traces of better days. Near the church there is an old granite cross, around which the wild flowers and grasses grow rank and high. It marks the spot where there was once a flourishing market-place; but all mortal habitations have vanished, and the Huxter's Cross of the past has now no other memorial than this crumbling stone.

The churchyard was unutterably still and solitary. A robin was perched on the topmost bar of the old wooden gate, singing his joyous carol. As I approached, he hopped from the gate to the low moss-grown wall, and went on singing as I passed him. I was in the humour to apostrophise skylark or donkey, or to be sentimental about anything in creation, just then; so I told my robin what a pretty creature he was, and that I would sooner perish than hurt him by so much as the tip of a feather.

Being bound to remember my Sheldon even when most sentimental, I endeavoured to combine the meditative mode of a Hervey with the business-like sharpness of a lawyer's-clerk; and while musing on the common lot of a man in general, I did not omit to search the mouldering tombstones for some record of the Meynells in particular.

I found none; and yet, if the daughter of Christian Meynell had been buried in that churchyard, the name of her father would surely have been inscribed upon her tombstone. I had read all the epitaphs, when the wooden gate creaked on its hinges, and admitted a wizen little old man—one of those ancient meanderers who seem to have been created on purpose to fill the post of sexton.

With this elderly individual I entered the church of Huxter's Cross, which had the same mouldy atmosphere as the church at Spotswold. The vestry was an icy little chamber, which had once been a family vault; but it was not much colder than Miss Judson's best parlour; and I endured the cold bravely while I searched the registries of the last sixty years.

I searched in vain. After groping amongst the names of all the nonentities who had been married at Huxter's Cross since the beginning of the century, I found myself no nearer the secret of Charlotte Meynell's marriage. And then I reflected upon all the uncertanties surrounding that marriage. Miss Meynell had gone to Yorkshire to visit her mother's relations, and had married in Yorkshire; and the place which Anthony Sparsfield remembered having heard of in connection with that marriage was Huxter's Cross. But it did not by any means follow that the marriage had taken place at that obscure village. Miss Meynell might have been married at Hull, or York, or Leeds, or at any of the principal places of the county. With that citizen class of people marriage was a grand event, a solemn festivity; and Miss Meynell and her

friends would have been likely to prefer that so festive an occasion should be celebrated anywhere rather than at that forgotten old church among the hills.

"I shall have to search every register in Yorkshire till I light upon the record I want," I thought to myself, "unless Sheldon will consent to advertise for the Meynell marriage certificate. There could scarcely be danger in such an advertisement, as the connection between the name of Meynell and the Haygarth estate is only known to ourselves." Acting upon this idea, I wrote to George Sheldon by that afternoon's post, urging him to advertise for descendants of Miss Charlotte Meynell.

Charlotte! dear name, which is a kind of music for me. It was almost a pleasure to write that letter, because of the repetition of that delightful noun.

The next day I devoted to a drive round the neighbourhood in a smart little dogcart, hired on very moderate terms from mine host. I had acquainted myself with the geography of the surrounding country; and I contrived to visit every village-church within a certain radius of Huxter's Cross. But my inspection of mildewed old books, and my heroic endurance of cold and damp in mouldy old churches, resulted in nothing but disappointment.

I returned to my "Magpie" after dark, a little disheartened and thoroughly tired, but still very well pleased with my rustic quarters and my adopted county. My landlord's horse had shown himself a very model of equine perfection.

Candles were lighted and curtains drawn in my cosy little chamber, and the table creaked beneath one of those luxurious Yorkshire teas which might wean an alderman from the coarser delights of turtle or conger-eel soup and venison.

At noon the following day a very primitive kind of postman brought me a letter from Sheldon. That astute individual told me that he declined to advertise, or to give any kind of publicity to his requirements.

"If I were not afraid of publicity, I should not be obliged to pay you a pound a week," he remarked with pleasing candour, "since advertisements would get me more information in a week than you may scrape together in a twelvemonth. But I happen to know the danger of publicity, and that many a good thing has been snatched out of a man's hands just as he was working it into shape. I don't say that this could be done in my case, and you know very well that it could not be done, as I hold papers which are essential to the very first move in the business."

I perfectly understand the meaning of these remarks, and I am inclined to doubt the existence of those important papers. Suspicion is a fundamental principle in the Sheldon mind. My friend George trusts me because he is obliged to trust me,—and only so far as he is obliged,—and is tormented more or less by the idea that I may at any moment attempt to steal a march upon him.

But to return to his letter:

"I should recommend you to examine the registries of every town or village within, say, thirty miles of Huxter's Cross. If you find nothing in such registries, we must fall back upon the larger towns, beginning with Hull, as being nearest to our starting-point. The work will, I fear, be slow, and very expensive for me. I need scarcely again urge upon you the necessity of confining your outlay to the minimum, as you know that my affairs are desperate. It couldn't well be lower water than it is with me, in a pecuniary sense; and I expect every day to find myself aground.

"And now for my news. I have discovered the burial-place of Samuel Meynell, after no end of trouble, the details of which I needn't bore you with, since you are now pretty well up in that sort of work. I am thankful to say I have secured the evidence that settles for Samuel, and ascertained by tradition that he died unmarried.

"The *onus probandi* would fall upon any one purporting to be descended from the said Samuel, and we know how uncommonly difficult said person would find it to prove anything.

"So having disposed of Samuel, I came back to London by the next mail; Calais in the month of November not being one of those wildly gay watering-places which tempt the idler. I arrived just in time to catch this afternoon's post; and now I look impatiently to your Miss Charlotte Meynell of Huxter's Cross.—Yours, &c.
G. S."

I obeyed my employer to the letter, hired my landlord's dogcart for another day's exploration, and went further afield in search of Miss Charlotte's marriage-lines. I came home late at night,—this time thoroughly worn out,—studied a railway-guide with a view to my departure, and decided on starting for Hull by a train that would leave Hidling station at four o'clock on the following afternoon.

I went to bed tired in body and depressed in spirit. Why was I so sorry to leave Huxter's Cross? What subtle instinct of the brain or heart made me aware that the desert region amongst the hills held earth's highest felicity for me?

The next morning was bright and clear. I heard the guns of sportsmen popping merrily in the still air as I breakfasted before an open window, while a noble sea-coal fire blazed on the hearth opposite me. There is no stint of fuel at the Magpie. Everything in Yorkshire seems to be done with a lavish hand. I have heard Yorkshiremen called mean. As if meanness could exist in the hearts of my Charlotte's countrymen?

My own experience of the county is brief, but I can only say that my friends of the Magpie are liberality itself, and that a Yorkshire tea is the very acme of unsophisticated bliss in the way of eating and drinking. I have dined at Philippe's; I know every dish in the *menu* of the Maison Dorée; but if I am to make my life a burden beneath the dark sway of the demon dyspepsia, let my destruction arrive in the shape of the ham and eggs, the crisp golden brown cakes and undefiled honey, of this northern Arcadia.

I told my friendly hostess that I was going to leave her, and she was sorry. She was sorry for me, the wanderer. I can picture to myself the countenance of a London landlady if informed thus suddenly of her lodger's departure, and her suppressed mutterings about the ill-convenience of such a proceeding.

After breakfast I went out to take my own pleasure. I had done my duty in the matter of mouldy churches and mildewed registries; and I considered myself entitled to a holiday during the few hours that must elapse before the starting of the hybrid vehicle for Hidling.

I sauntered past the little cluster of cottages, admiring their primitive aspect, the stone-crop on the red-tiled roofs, that had sunk under the weight of years. All was unspeakably fresh and bright; the tiny panes of the casements twinkled in the autumn sunlight, birds sang, and hardy red geraniums bloomed in the cottage windows. What pleasure or distraction had the good housewives of Huxter's Cross to lure them from the domestic delights of scrubbing and polishing? I saw young faces peeping at me from between snow-white muslin curtains, and felt that I was a personage for once in my life, and it was pleasant to feel oneself of some importance even in the eyes of Huxter's Cross.

Beyond the cottages and the post-office there were three roads stretching far away over hill and moorland. With two of those roads I had made myself thoroughly familiar; but the third remained to be explored.

"So now for 'fresh fields and pastures new,'" I said to myself as I quickened my pace, and walked briskly along my unknown road.

Ah, surely there is some meaning in the fluctuations of the mental barometer. What but an instinctive consciousness of approaching happiness could have made me so light-hearted that morning? I sang as I hastened along that undiscovered road. Fragments of old Italian serenades and barcarolles came back to me as if I had heard them yesterday for the first time. The perfume of the few lingering wild-flowers, the odour of burning weeds in the distance, the fresh autumn breeze, the clear cold blue sky,—all were intensely delicious to me; and I felt as if this one lovely walk were a kind of renovating process, from which my soul would emerge cleansed of all its stains.

"I have to thank George Sheldon for a great deal," I said to myself, "since through him I have been obliged to educate myself in the school of man's best schoolmaster, Solitude. I do not think I can ever be a thorough Bohemian again. These lonely wanderings have led me to discover a vein of seriousness in my nature which I was ignorant of until now. How thoroughly some men are the creatures of their surroundings! With Paget I have been a Paget. But a few hours' *tête-à-tête* with Nature renders one averse from the society of Pagets, be they never so brilliant."

From moralising thus, I fell into a delicious day-dream. All my dreams of late had moved to the same music. How happy I could be if Fate gave me Charlotte and three hundred a year! In sober moods I asked for this much of worldly wealth, just to furnish a nest for my bird. In my wilder moments I asked Fate for nothing but Charlotte.

"Give me the bird without the nest," I cried to Fortune; "and we will take wing to some trackless forest where there are shelter and berries for nestless birds. We will imitate that delightful bride and bridegroom of Parisian Bohemia, who married and settled in an attic, and when their stock of fuel was gone fell foul of the staircase that led to their bower, and so supplied themselves merrily enough till the staircase was all consumed, and the poor little bride, peeping out of her door one morning, found herself upon the verge of an abyss."

And then came the furious landlord, demanding restitution. But close behind the landlord came the good fairy of all love-stories, with all the sands of Pactolus in her pockets. Ah, yes, there is always a providence for true lovers.

I had passed away by this time from the barren moor to the regions of cultivation. The trimly-cut hedges on each side of the way showed me that my road lay between farm lands. I was outside the boundary of some upland farm. I saw sheep cropping trefoil in a wide field on the other side of the neat brown hedgerow, and at a distance I saw the red-tiled roof of a farmhouse.

I looked at my watch, and found that I had still half-an-hour to spare; so I went on towards the farmhouse, bent upon seeing what sort of habitation it was. In a solitary landscape like this, every dwelling-place has a kind of attraction to the wayfarer.

I went on till I came to a white gate, upon the upper rail of which a girlish figure was leaning.

It was a graceful figure, dressed in that semi-picturesque costume which has been adopted by women of late years. The vivid blue of a bodice was tempered by the sober gray of a skirt, and a bright-hued ribbon gleamed among the rich tresses of brown hair.

The damsel's face was turned away from me, but there was something in the carriage of the head, something in the moulding of the firm full throat, which reminded me of——

But then, when a man is over head and ears in love, everything in creation reminds him more or less of his idol. Your pious Catholic gives all his goods for the adornment of a church; your true lover devotes his every thought to the dressing up of one dear image.

The damsel turned as my steps drew near, loud on the crisp gravel. She turned, and showed me the face of Charlotte Halliday.

I must entreat posterity to forgive me, if I leave a blank at this stage of my story. "There are chords in the human heart which had better not be wibrated," said Sim Tappertit. There are emotions which can only be described by the pen of a poet. I am not a poet; and if my diary is so happy as to be of some use to posterity as a picture of the manners of a repentant Bohemian, posterity must not quarrel with my shortcomings in the way of sentimental description.

CHAPTER IV.—IN PARADISE.

We stood at the white gate talking to each other, my Charlotte and I. The old red-tiled

roof which I had seen in the distance sheltered the girl I love. The solitary farmhouse which it had been my whim to examine was the house in which my dear love made her home. It was here—to this untrodden hillside—that my darling had come from the prim modern villa at Bayswater. Ah, what happiness to find her here, far away from all those stockbroking surroundings—here, where our hearts expanded beneath the divine influence of Nature!

I fear that I was coxcomb enough to fancy myself beloved that day we parted in Kensington Gardens. A look, a tone—too subtle for definition—thrilled me with a sudden hope so bright, that I would not trust myself to believe it could be realised.

"She is a coquette," I said to myself. "Coquetry is one of the graces which Nature bestows upon these bewitching creatures. That little conscious look, which stirred this weak heart so tumultuously, is no doubt common to her when she knows herself beloved and admired, and has no meaning that can flatter my foolish hopes."

This is how I had reasoned with myself again and again during the dreary interval in which Miss Halliday and I had been separated. But, O, what a hardy perennial blossom hope must be! The tender buds were not to be crushed by the pelting hailstones of hard common sense. They had survived all my philosophical reflections, and burst into sudden flower to-day at sight of Charlotte's face. She loved me, and she was delighted to see me. That was what her radient face told me, and could I do less than believe the sweet confession? For the first few moments we could scarcely speak to each other, and then we began to converse in the usual commonplace strain.

She told me of her astonishment on seeing me in that remote spot. I could hardly confess to having business at Hnxter's Cross, so I was fain to tell my dear love a falsehood, and declare that I was taking a holiday "up the hills."

"And how did you come to choose Huxter's Cross for your holiday?" she asked naively.

I told her that I had heard the place spoken of by a person in the city,—my simple-minded Sparsfield to wit.

"And you could not have come to a better place," she cried, "though people do call it the very dullest spot in the world. This was my dear aunt Mary's house—papa's sister, you know. Grandpapa Halliday had two farms. This was one, and Hiley farm the other. Hiley was much larger and better than this, you know, and was left to poor papa, who sold it just before he died."

Her face clouded as she spoke of her father's death.

"I can't speak about that without pain even now," she said softly, "though I was only nine years old when it happened. But one can suffer a great deal at nine years old."

And then, after a little pause, she went on to speak of her Yorkshire home.

"My aunt and uncle Mercer are so kind to me, and yet they are neither of them really related to me. My aunt Mary died very young, when her first baby was born, and the poor little baby died too, and uncle Mercer inherited the property from his wife, you see. He married again after two years, and his second wife is the dearest, kindest, creature in the world. I always call her aunt, for I don't remember poor papa's sister at all, and no aunt that ever lived could be kinder to me than aunt Dorothy. I am always so happy here," she said, "and it seems such a treat to get away from the Lawn—of course I am sorry to leave mamma, you know," she added, parenthetically—"and the stiff breakfasts, and Mr. Sheldon's newspapers that crackle, crackle, crackle so shockingly all breakfast-time, and the stiff dinners, with a prim parlour-maid staring at one all the time, and bringing one vegetables that one doesn't want if one only ventures to breathe a little louder than usual. Here it is Liberty Hall. Uncle Joe—he is aunt Dorothy's husband—is the most good-natured of beings, just the very reverse of Mr. Sheldon in everything. I don't mean that my step-father is unkind, you know. O, no, he has always been very good to me—much kinder than I have deserved that he should be. But uncle Joe's ways are *so* different. I am sure you will like him; and I am sure he will like you, for he likes every body, dear thing. And you must come and see us very often, please, for Newall farm is open house, you know, and the stranger within the gates is always welcome."

Now my duty to my Sheldon demanded that I should scamper back to Huxter's Cross as fast as my legs would carry me, in order to be in time for the hybrid vehicle that was to convey me to Hidling station, and here was this dear girl inviting me to linger, and promising me a welcome to the house which was made a paradise by her presence.

I looked at my watch. It would have been impossible for me to reach Huxter's Cross in time for the vehicle. Conscience whispered that I could hire my landlord's dogcart and a boy to drive me to Hidling; but the whispers of conscience are very faint, and love cried aloud, "Stay with Charlotte. supreme happiness is offered to you for the first time in your life. Fool that would reject so rare a gift!"

It was to this latter counsellor I gave my ear. My Sheldon's interests went overboard, and I stayed by the white gate, talking to Charlotte, till it was quite too late to heed the reproachful grumblings of conscience about that dogcart.

My Charlotte—yes, I boldly call her mine now—my dear is great in agriculture. She enlightened my cockney mind on the subject of upland farms, telling me how uncle and aunt Mercer's land is poor and sandy, requiring very little in the way of draining, but producing by no means luxuriant crops. It is a very picturesque place, and has a certain gentlemanlike air with it pleasing to my snobbish taste. The house lies in a tract of open grass-land, dotted here and there by trees, and altogether of a park-like appearance. True that the mild and useful sheep rather than the stately stag browses on that greensward, and few carriages roll along the winding gravel road that leads to the house.

I felt a rapturous thirst for agricultural knowledge as I listened to my Charlotte. Was there a vacancy for hind or herdsman on Newhall farm? I wondered. What is the office so humble I would not fill for her dear sake? O, how I sighed for the days of Jacob, that first distinguished usurer, so that I might serve seven years and again seven years for my darling!

I stayed by the white gate, abandoning all thought of my employer's behests, unconscious of time—unconscious of everything except that I was with Charlotte Halliday, and would not have resigned my position to be made Lord Chancellor of England.

Anon came uncle Joe, with a pleasant rubicund visage beaming under a felt hat, to tell Lottie that dinner was ready. To him I was immediately presented.

"Mr. Mercer, my dear uncle Joseph — Mr. Hawkehurst, a friend of my stepfather's," said Charlotte.

Two or three minutes afterwards we were all three walking across the park-like sward to the hospitable farm-house, for the idea of my departing before dinner seemed utterly preposterous to this friendly farmer.

Considered apart from the glamour that for my eyes must needs shine over any dwelling inhabited by Charlotte Halliday, I will venture to say that Newhall farm-house is the dearest old place in the world. Such delightful old rooms, with the deepest window-seats, the highest mantelpieces, the widest fireplaces possible in domestic architecture, such mysterious closets and uncanny passages; such pitfalls in the way of unexpected flights of stairs, such antiquated glazed corner-cupboards for the display of old china!—everything redolent of the past.

In one corner a spinning-wheel, so old that its spindle might be the identical weapon that pierced Princess Sleeping Beauty's soft white hand, in another corner an arm-chair that must have been old-fashioned in the days of Queen Anne, and O, what ancient flowered chintzes, what capacious sofas, what darling mahogany secretaries, and bureaus with gleaming brazen adornments in the way of handles!—and about everything the odour of rose-leaves and lavender.

I have grown familiar with every corner of the dear old place within the last few days, but on this first day I had only a general impression of antiquated aspect and homely comfort.

I stayed to dine at the same unpretending board at which my Charlotte had sat years ago, elevated on a high chair, and as yet new to the use of knives and forks. Uncle Joe and aunt Dorothy told me this in their plesant friendly way; while the young lady sat by, blushing and dimpling like a summer sea beneath the rosy flush of sunrise. No words can relate how delightful it was to me to hear them talk of my dear love's childhood; they dwelt so tenderly upon her sweetness, they dilated with such enthusiasm upon her "pretty ways. Her "pretty ways!" ah, how fatal a thing it is for mankind when Nature endows woman with those pretty ways! From the thrall of Grecian noses and Castilian eyes there may be hope of deliverance, but from the spell of that indescribable witchery there is none.

I whistled my Sheldon down the wind without remorse, and allowed myself to be as happy as if I had been the squire of valley and hillside, with ten thousand a year to offer my Charlotte with the heart that loves her so fondly. I have no idea what we had for dinner. I know only that the fare was plenteous, and the hospitality of my new friends unbounded. We were very much at ease with one another, and our laughter rang up to the stalwart beams that sustained the old ceiling. If I had possessed the smallest fragment of my heart, I should have delivered it over without hesitation to my aunt Dorothy —pardon!—my Charlotte's aunt Dorothy, who is the cheeriest, brightest, kindest matron I ever met, with a sweet unworldly spirit that beams out of her candid blue eyes.

Charlotte seems to have been tenderly attached to her father, the poor fellow who died in Philip Sheldon's house— uncomfortable for Sheldon, I should think. The Mercers talk a good deal of Thomas Halliday, for whom they appear to have entertained a very warm affection. They also spoke with considerable kindness of the two Sheldons, whom they knew as young men in the town of Barlingford; but I should not imagine either uncle Joseph or aunt Dorothy very well able to fathom the still waters of the Sheldon intellect.

After dinner uncle Joe took us round the farm. The last stack of corn had been thatched, and there was a peaceful lull in the agricultural world. We went into a quadrangle lined with poultry-sheds, where I saw more of the feathered race than I had ever in my life beheld congregated together; thence to the inspection of pigs —and it was agreeable to inspect even those vulgar querulous grunters with Charlotte by my side. Her brightness shed a light on all those common objects; and O, how I longed to be a farmer, like uncle Mercer, and devote my life to Charlotte and agriculture!

When uncle Joe had done the honours of his farm-yards and threshing-machinery, he left us to attend to his afternoon duties; and we wandered together over the breezy upland at our own sweet wills,—or at *her* sweet will rather, since what could I do but follow where she pleased to lead?

We talked of many things: of the father whom she had loved so dearly, whose memory was still so mournfully dear to her; of her old home at Hiley; of her visits to these dear Mercers; of her school-days, and her new unloved home in the smart Bayswater villa. She confided in me as she had never done before; and when we turned in the chill autumn gloaming, I had told her of my love, and had won from her the sweet confession of its return.

I have never known happiness so perfect as that which I felt as we walked home together—home; yes, that old farm-house must be my home as well as hers henceforward; for any habitation which she loved must be a kind of home for me. Sober reflection tells me how reckless and imprudent my whole conduct has been in this business; but when did ever love and prudence go hand-in-hand? We were children,

Charlotte and I, on that blessed afternoon; and we told each other our love as children might have told it, without thought of the future. We have both grown wiser since that time, and are quite agreed as to our imprudence and foolishness; but, though we endeavour to contemplate the future in the most serious manner, we are too happy in the present to be able to analyse the difficulties and dangers that lie in our pathway.

Surely there must be a providence for imprudent lovers.

The November dews fell thick, and the November air was chill, as we walked back to the homestead. I was sorry that there should be that creeping dampness in the atmosphere that night. It seemed out of harmony with the new warmth in my heart. I pressed my darling's little hand closer to my heart, and had no more consciousness of the existence of any impediments to my future bliss than I was of the ground on which I walked, and that seemed air.

We found our chairs waiting for us at aunt Dorothy's tea-table; and I enjoyed that aldermanic banquet, a Yorkshire tea, under circumstances that elevated it to an Olympian repast.

I thought of the Comic Latin Grammar:

> "Musa, musæ, the Gods were at tea,
> Musæ, musam, eating raspberry jam."

I was Jove, and my love was Juno. I looked at her athwart the misty clouds that issued from the hissing urn, and saw her beautified by a heightened bloom, and with a sweet shy conscious look in her eyes which made her indeed divine.

After tea we played whist; and I am bound to confess that my divinity played execrably, persistently disdaining to return her partner's lead, and putting mean little trumps upon her adversary's tricks, with a fatuous economy of resources which is always ruin.

I stayed till ten o'clock, reckless of the unknown country which separated me from the Magpie, and then walked home alone under the faint starlight, though my friendly host would fain have lent me a dogcart. The good people here lend one another dogcarts as freely as a cockney offers his umbrella. I went back to Huxter's Cross alone, and the long solitary walk was very pleasant to me.

Looking up at the stars as I tramped homeward, I could remember an old epigram:

> "Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
> My love should shine on you like to the sun.
> And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
> Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done"

I had ample leisure for reflection during that long night-walk, and found myself becoming a perfect Young—Hervey—Sturm—what you will, in the way of meditation. I could not choose but wonder at myself when I looked back to this time last year, and remembered my idle evenings in third rate *cafés*, on the *rive gauche*, playing dominoes, talking the foul slang of Parisian Bohemia, and poisoning my sytem with adulterated absinthe. And now I feast upon sweet cakes and honey, and think it paradise enjoyment to play whist—for love—in a farm-house parlour. I am younger by ten years than I was twelve months ago.

Ah, let me thank God, who has sent me my redemption.

I lifted my hat, and pronounced the thanksgiving softly under that tranquil sky. I was almost ashamed to hear the sound of my own voice. I was like some shy child who for the first time speaks his father's name.

MR. AND MRS. HOWE.

A STORY OF A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

THE reader who is acquainted with Nathaniel Hawthorne's delightful "Twice Told Tales" may bear in mind a curious little sketch included among them, and called "Wakefield." "In some old magazine or newspaper," wrote Hawthorne, "I recollect a story, told as truth, of a man—let us call him Wakefield—who absented himself for a long time from his wife." The fact, the writer goes on to say, thus abstractly stated, was not to be regarded as of an uncommon kind, nor, without a proper distinction of circumstances, to be condemned either as naughty or nonsensical. The case in question, however, he considered to be, though far from the most aggravated, yet perhaps the strangest record of marital delinquency, and, moreover, as remarkable a freak, as could be found in the whole list of human oddities.

The story referred to was first published in the year 1818, in a book called "Political and Literary Anecdotes of his Own Time," by Doctor William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxon. Doctor King's "Anecdotes," it may be noted, are chiefly memorable from the fact that they contain an interesting record of the secret visit to London paid by Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, in the month of September, 1750, and his presence in the house of Lady Primrose, where, indeed, Doctor King had an interview with him. In another portion of his book the doctor tells the story of "the man who absented himself for a long time from his wife;" this man not having any real right to the cognomen of Wakefield with which Hawthorne endowed him: for his proper name was Howe. We will proceed to put out readers in possession of the facts of the case as they are set forth by Doctor King.

Mr. Howe is described as a sensible, well-natured man, with an estate of some seven or eight hundred pounds a year, united to a young lady of agreeable person and manners, and in every respect an excellent wife, who came of a good family in the West of England, and whose maiden name was Mallet. Two children were born of this marriage, neither of whom, however, lived to attain the age of fifteen. Doctor King seems to have known Mr. and Mrs. Howe about the year 1706.

We pause a moment to state that the doctor's "Anecdotes" were not published until long after his death, which happened in 1763. They were written, nevertheless, it is evident, with a view to publication. In a preface he states that he was in his seventy-sixth year at the time of his jotting down the notes, memoranda, and detached pieces which constitute his book. Most of the "Anecdotes," he affirmed, were derived from his own knowledge, the rest were related to him by friends, upon whose honour and veracity he could depend.

The Howes lived in a house in Jermyn Street, near St. James's Church. They had been married some seven or eight years, and were generally regarded as a very happy and comfortable couple. One morning Mr. Howe rose early, and informed his wife that he was obliged to go as far as the Tower to transact some particular business. At noon the same day, Mrs. Howe received a note from her husband, apprising her that he was under the necessity of starting for Holland forthwith, and that he should probably be absent three weeks or a month. The month passed, two months—then three months—but no tidings were received from Mr. Howe. His wife grew seriously alarmed. She was at a loss to understand the meaning of his absence. His silence was still more inexplicable. She could only imagine that his abrupt departure might be due to pecuniary embarrassment. It was possible, of course—though from nothing he had ever said was she justified in such a suspicion—that he had, unknown to her, contracted some large debt, or incurred some serious liability, and had fled the country to be out of the way of his difficulties. For some time, in addition to her alarm at his absence, she lived in a fever of apprehension of the demands of creditors, of seizures, executions, etc. But nothing of this kind happened to trouble her. As time went on, it was thought advisable to inquire into the position of Mr. Howe's affairs. His estate was found to be perfectly free and unencumbered. Not only that, all the bills of the tradespeople with whom he had ever had any dealings were found to have been paid up to the time of his going away, and among his papers were discovered formal receipts and discharges from all persons with whom he had had any kind of monetary transactions. The months grew to years, yet still came no news of missing Mr. Howe. His wife was at length compelled to apply for a special Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, and under the uncertainty as to whether he was alive or dead. By-and-by the poor woman was to be still more sharply tried. Her children drooped and faded, and at last were taken from her. She then—left entirely alone—thought proper to reduce the number of her servants, and her housekeeping expenses. She removed from Jermyn Street, and became the tenant of a much smaller house in Brewer Street, Golden Square.

Seventeen years passed away. Mrs. Howe had long since mourned her husband as dead, and for ever lost to her. Late one evening, while she was at supper with certain of her friends and relations—Doctor Rose, a physician who had married her sister, being of the company—there was brought in and handed to her a letter, the writer of which, not subscribing his name, requested her to grant him the favour of a meeting upon the following evening in Birdcage Walk, St. James's Park. When she had read the note, Mrs. Howe, somewhat puzzled by the nature of its contents, passed it on to Doctor Rose, as she said with a laugh, "You see, brother, old as I am I have yet found an admirer." Doctor Rose examined the note. His face assumed a very grave expression. Then, after carefully studying the missive for some minutes, he announced his conviction that he knew the handwriting. He was persuaded the letter was written by no less a person than Mr. Howe. The company were greatly astounded. Mrs. Howe was so much alarmed and affected that she was seized with a fainting fit. Upon her recovery, however, shortly afterwards, it was resolved that she would at all events attend the proposed appointment in company with Doctor Rose and his wife, and the other ladies and gentlemen then present.

On the following evening, therefore, attended by her friends, Mrs. Howe presented herself in Birdcage Walk. The little party had not been at the appointed place more than five minutes when a stranger approached them, lifting his hat and bowing politely. He was at once recognised. He was certainly Mr. Howe. He embraced his wife, offered her his arm, walked home with her, and the reunited couple lived together in great harmony up to the day of Howe's death, which did not happen until many years afterwards.

What had he been doing? where had he been hidden during the long period of separation?

He had, it appeared, never quitted London. On his abrupt departure from Jermyn Street he had repaired to an obscure lodging-house in a small street in Westminster, and there had hired a room at the modest rental of five or six shillings a week. Changing his name and disguising himself in a black wig—for he was a man of fair complexion—he had remained in this secret retreat during the whole time of his absence from his wife. Frequenting a little coffee-house in the neighbourhood of his lodgings, he had enjoyed the curious pleasure of reading in the journals the progress through Parliament of the Act which his wife had applied for in order, on the supposition of his death, to obtain a legal settlement of his affairs, yet he had not been tempted even then to reveal the fact that he still existed.

Further than this, Howe had contrived to make the acquaintance of one Mr. Salt, a corn-chandler, who lived in Brewer Street, in a house opposite to that occupied by Mrs. Howe. At length he came to be on such friendly terms with Salt, that he usually dined with him in Brewer Street once or twice a week. From the windows of the room in which they dined, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's parlour, where she generally sat and received her friends. Salt, who all the time believed that his guest was a bachelor, frequently recommended him to pay his addresses to his own wife, describing Mrs. Howe as a well-to-do widow, and in every respect a suitable match. For seven years before Howe disclosed himself he was in the habit of attending service every Sunday at St. James's Church, and from his seat in Mr. Salt's pew he obtained a view of his wife, though he could not easily be seen by her;

The real cause of this most extraordinary conduct Howe would never confess, even to his most intimate friends. Doctor Rose was of opinion that Howe would never have returned to his wife at all, if he had not been, as it were, starved into surrender by the exhaustion of his means. It was supposed that he took with him, on his leaving Mrs. Howe, a sum of about two thousand pounds, and that living in a very frugal manner, he managed to subsist upon this during the whole period of his absence, his store decreasing every day as it became necessary to supply his recurring wants. Earning nothing, as his purse shrank, he was compelled to choose between starvation and return to his wife. He chose the latter alternative, after a struggle, perhaps, and some submission to the first approach of privation. Yet at any time during his seventeen years' seclusion, it had been open to him to quit his obscure lodging and solitary life in Westminster, and share the comparative affluence and comfortable home of his wife.

There is no hint that anything like incompatibility of temper had been the cause of Howe's abandonment of his spouse in so strange a way, and for so protracted a period. Reluctant as he had been to return, yet that step once taken Howe would not appear to have repented it. He never regarded Mrs. Howe as a shrew, to be dreaded and avoided, but much rather as a good wife to be cherished and loved. Doctor King relates that he had seen Howe after his return addressing his wife quite in the language of a young bridegroom; and the doctor had been assured by some of the most intimate friends of the married couple that the husband treated his spouse during the remainder of their joint lives with the greatest kindness and affection. But, of course, the inquiry is inevitable. If he was so very fond of her, why did he treat her so cruelly?

Any explanation of the matter can only be of a conjectural kind. It is possible that the wife, unknown to herself, had in some way offended or roused the jealousy of her husband, though he never afterwards thought it worth while to own as much, and that with the view of punishing by frightening her, he first schemed to absent himself for a short time from his home. The plan in its inception was easy enough, but how to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion was another and a more difficult matter to manage, because his return, while his absence was still a cause of uneasiness and surprise, must necessarily involve explanation or justification more or less explicit and complete. He kept on postponing, therefore, his return, until the exhaustion of his resources made postponement no longer possible. After his seventeen years' absence he must have seemed to his wife very much in the light of a stranger, of whom it was not easy to demand explanation, simply as a matter of course. He was not the same to her as a husband from whom she had recently been parted. She had become resigned and reconciled in a great measure to his disappearance, and the extent of her surprise at his return would, for a time, at any rate, absorb every other feeling. Yet be sure, that afterwards, and to the end of her days, Mrs. Howe—if she shrunk from questioning him—was nevertheless always wondering within herself why her husband had quitted her.

He was not in debt, as we have seen, and it is not probable that he was involved in any trouble of a political kind, or he would surely have quitted the country or hidden himself far more completely from the eyes of his fellows. Indeed, day after day he must have been in extreme danger of his secret being discovered. He was for ever haunting the neighbourhood in which his wife resided—as though curious to know how she bore his absence—how she supported her widowed condition; whether, by her conduct under her affliction, she gave proof of her worthiness to bear his name, of her title to the love he had once felt, or professed to feel for her. Yet, for long years, Mrs. Howe endured this inspection—patiently as Penelope: her Ulysses contemplating her the while—with this difference, that although disguised, he had never wandered. He had been absent most ingloriously—hiding himself, for no known reason, but a few streets off. If she had beaten him well on his return, who could have blamed her? Who (except perhaps her husband) would not have forgiven her? He had been guilty of wanton cruelty, and deserved punishment of a condign hand.

Hawthorne imagines the man to have been possessed of a curious selfishness, rusting in his inactive mind—of a peculiar sort of vanity, of a disposition to craft, which, up to the time of his going away, had seldom produced more positive effects than the keeping of petty secrets hardly worth revealing. Undoubtedly there are many people much enamoured of a mystery for its own sake—prone to set value upon a secret simply because it *is* a secret, and without any regard to its intrinsic worth, just as the thieving magpie in the old story hid the silver spoons—not because the spoons could be of the slightest use to it, but because its mischievous propensities found pleasure in hiding away all sorts of things. Mr. Howe may have been a man of this kind. it may have been a source of pleasure to him to reflect that he had securely hidden himself away from his wife and his friends.

It may be that the man was slightly mad. Over-indulgence in a crotchet may land many a man in an absolute craze. And those who are addicted to sowing whims should be counselled to take heed lest, as a consequence, they reap manias. Yet, if Howe was mad, there was certainly method in his madness, and it endured for seventeen years.

LEGEND OF LYNTON.

Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever.

So sings the poet, and so experience teaches each one of us, none more forcibly than the antiquarian, who sees the fairest works of man's wisdom and skill crumble and pass away beneath the hand of time.

Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before.
Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the Past for the Future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be,
What we have seen our sons shall see:—
Remnants of things that have passed away—
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay!

Hundreds of years have gone by since Lynton Castle served as a landmark to the navigators of the Bristol Channel—years which have swept away the very remembrance of the grim tower, and yet, in this bright Maytide of 1867, the fair scene lies before us virtually unchanged; the blue waters still rustle and chafe against the many-hued rocks, the same purple outline marks the Glamorganshire hills, and carries the mind away to the days of Celt and Norman, of Druid bard and Telgeth-Teg. Ships with their white sails waving in the wind still float onwards, happily now without fear of the false lights of Dunraven or the pirates of Ogmore. Nature is the same, but Dunraven's old towers are crumbling; Ogmore is a ruin; and of Lynton nothing remains, save the weird tale which accounts for the desolation reigning in the Valley of Rocks.

Far different was the valley on a May morning long ago, when standing upon the watchtower of the Castle the widowed Lady of Lynton looked forth frowningly, as the sweet, solemn sounds of praise swelled upwards from the chapel of St. John, which, bowered with green trees and gardens, looked the very abode of peace and love.

Gossip spoke truth when it asserted that the Lady of Lynton had scant sympathy with priestly ceremonies. Save on the occasion of a festival, she rarely bent head or knee beneath the holy roof. Slanderous tongues were not slow in assigning a reason for this aversion, and whispered a tale of early troth betrayed for a richer suitor; of a revengeful lover, who took by force what he had vainly sought in love; and of an angry husband, who, refusing to hear of his wife's innocence, fought the betrayer, and falling wounded unto death, died cursing the woman whose weakness had worked his destruction. They told, too, that the lover fled to the Holy Land, and there, while attempting to expiate his sins, fell into the power of Satan, and became the avenging agent of the curse pronounced by the man he had wronged and slain. The lady shut herself up in the lonely Castle, where, in due time, she bore twins, and where she stood upon the Mayday when our story begins.

Nothing could be fairer than the prospect that the lady gazed upon: above, a cloudless blue sky, below, the equally blue channel, sparkling and dancing in the sun-light, richly coloured rocks, peeping out of a white veil of mist, which hung across the opening to the valley of the Waters' Meet. Warm, still, and solemn lay land and ocean, nothing near showing the activity of life, save a heavily-laden merchantman, which was moving up channel, watched by greedy eyes from either shore,—eyes which brightened as the fair promise of calm weather became overcast, and the horizon grew murky with clouds. An hour later, and the waves were shaking their white crests in defiance at the tempest, which thundering through the chasms below the rock, wrangled and fought with the weather beaten tower, to the portal of which, when the storm was at the wildest, came a monk. Travel stained and weary, he begged shelter and food; but neither monk nor beggar were ever relieved at the Castle, so the porter bade him begone. Then, finding begging availed nothing, the monk changed his tone, and demanded admittance in a manner so peremptory that the lady herself came to the encounter.

The monk threw back his cowl, when by the open portal he saw the pale face of the mistress, a face which flushed red as the setting sun when his eyes met hers.

"I like him not," she said, drawing back; "bid him begone." And returning to her chamber, she knelt by the closed lattice, listening and watching eagerly for the monk's departure.

"Your lady is foolhardy," he replied, with a loud laugh. "Ten years ago she might have dared me—ten years ago she did dare me; it is my turn now. The church is near, and if I so wished, food and rest were mine; but I need neither. Tell the Lady of Lynton, that *all she calls her's is, and shall be mine until the day when a dead woman and child shall stand and beckon in yonder church porch!*"

Than gathering round him his dark garment the monk strode down the hill and disappeared in the mist and gathering darkness. Years went on; the Lady of Lynton was laid in the vault beside her lord, and her son reigned in her stead, ruling with a rod of iron; and seeming to be possessed with a very demon of gain, he laid acre unto acre, until he coveted even the lands belonging to the chapel of St. John, and under the pretence of rebuilding, pulled it down, constituting himself warden of the holy vessels, &c., while the timid monks fled to a neighbouring monastery. There was no expression of grief among his retainers or dependents when it was known that the miser lord was dying; and he shut himself into his strong room, among his bags of gold, as if he thought he could carry them to the land whence none returneth; and there, in the midst of his ill-acquired wealth, waiting for death, there came to him the Black Monk, who, passing page and porter, made his way to the chamber. No one else was admitted, but yells resounding through the Castle drove the frightened retainers to the furthest chamber, where, with closed windows and doors, they crept together and whispered terrible stories of the cruelty and sin wrought by the master they had served but too faithfully for their own peace.

When the night was over, and sunlight again lifted up their sinking hearts, they went in a body to the baron's room. The monk was gone, and the baron lay there a fearfully disfigured corpse, half buried in heaps of gold, which seemed to have been heated until it actually burnt him to death.

His son did not tarry in the Castle, which, when the circumstances of the Black Monk's visit were known, became of evil notoriety, but went forth with the king to Palestine. Knowing nothing of the evil spirit permitted to haunt

his family, the young baron had no misgivings about the friendship demonstrated for him by an acquaintance he made, so much so that the baron and the Black Monk became constant companions. Alas! oftener comrades in evil than in good.

King Richard liked the gallant young soldier, who also won his way among the fair dames who followed the camp of the monarch even to distant lands; and the baron, nothing loth, drank deeply of the cup which he sipped under the monk's guidance. Headlong was his downward course—honour, good name, even royal favour were forgotten. Lapped in debauchery, all that was pure and of good report grew stale and tasteless to him.

Richard returned to England; but not so the baron, who made some excuse that he might stay behind amongst the companions of his sin. At last, more in kindness than displeasure, the king despatched a royal order commanding his return. But too late; when the baron reached home the Lion-heart had ceased to beat, and John, urged on by the queen-mother, was making the whole land a scene of confusion and trouble.

With John, the Lord of Linton became a primo favourite, and no doubt would have remained so had they not both fallen in love with the Lady of Lee. The king, following the example of a love-sick monarch in golden days, despatched the dame's husband to the Border Country, under the pretence of keeping the Scotch in check; but the dame, loving the baron better than the king, set off at once for North Devon, where her home lay adjacent to the Castle of Lynton; nor did she go without making sure that her favoured lover would follow. So it needed but small persuasion from the never-absent monk to induce the baron to defy the royal command and set off for his long deserted home. Accordingly, the eve of St. John found him standing upon the same tower where, years before, stood the grandmother to whom he owed so little. It was a soft, warm evening, and from the newly-restored chapel came the vesper hymn. Long lost hopes, sallied and trampled upon, began to rise. Conscience awoke, and the voice long silent spoke out, at first feebly, then clearer, until, by God's grace, it filled his heart, and showed him the life of death he had been leading. Sweat-drops stood out upon the repentant sinner's forehead, and burning tears burst from his eyes, which wandering from spot to spot recalled the visionary forms of mother and infant sister long dead —a mother, too, whose life had ebbed away in ceaseless prayer for her prodigal. Thus the Black Monk found my lord, and mocking, said:

"What! weeping, my Lord of Lynton? Faith, we must send for my Lady of Lee to kiss the drops away!"

There was a devilish sneer in the monk's speech, but the baron resented it not; turning to the stairs he went to the room where the morning meal was spread, and where, taking up a tankard, he drank a deep draught: then, pulling his hat over his eyes, he left the table, heedless of the wondering whispers that crept round among his retainers.

"He is love sick," said the monk. "And my lady lies at Lee Abbey and the pathway is easily trod."

But along no pathway, and to no lady love went the young baron; his face was turned westwards, and beyond the drawbridge he stood, listening to the voices of prayer. Here, too came the monk, whispering:

"The hours fly, and love is easier lost than won. My lady has not lain down save to dream of you since she fled the court. A laggard in love is——"

"Peace, monk!" interrupted the baron. "You weary me with your counsel."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the monk, "The sword saith to the armourer I need thee not; but what if the sword say to the arm that wields it the like?"

The baron's eyes flashed. "By St. George, I'll put an end to this! You've outstayed your welcome, sir monk!"

"Fool!" hissed the other, bending his dark face to the baron's ear. "Thou art mine—all thine are mine! Come," he added softly, "the journey and drink have gone to thy brain, and I like not clash words."

As the baron listened his cheek grew paler, and a strange trembling seized his limbs, for in the porch of the chapel a misty shadow developed itself, and the figures of a woman and child became distinctly visible.

Slowly the woman raised her shadowy arm and beckoned. A cry broke from the baron's lips, and he sprang forward, but the monk's arms were round him.

"Remember Mira!—remember thy plighted love!" yelled the Black Monk.

"Mother! mother!" cried the baron, struggling; "I come! Christ forgive my sins!" And breaking from the monk's grasp, he was caught in the phantom arms, and a cloud hid them from sight.

Then there echoed through the valley a shock of thunder, the earth shook and trembled, darkness fell upon all; and when the cloud passed away, not a vestige of church or castle remained. The smiling valley had become a wilderness—chaos sat triumphant where Paradise had smiled; and the only living being in the desolate waste was the gaunt figure of the avenger—the Black Monk, who, looking round, cursed the ground; then climbing to the top of the rock upon which the Castle once stood, he plunged into the dark abyss below.

Whether the Lady of Lee took warning, and turned over a new leaf, or whether being off with an old love, she consoled herself with a new, legendary lore sayeth not. The Valley of Rocks remains, however, a scene of desolation, and the Castle rock frowns over the Channel. Since that time Lee Abbey has passed from hand to hand, and a story, sad and wild enough, has been enacted there in later days.

I. D. FENTON.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Dante's "Inferno" has been made to supply the materials for the libretto of a new opera by Gounod.

Mr. Robert Buchanan will shortly publish through the Messrs. Routledge a new volume entitled "North Coast Poems."

Mr. Sydney Whiting is about to publish "The Romance of a Garret; or, the Life of a Man of Letters, with his Misfortunes, Failures, Successes, Hopes, Fears, and Adventures.

A new novel, called "Carlyon's Year" by the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," is about to commence in *Once a Week*.

A new magazine, the *Broadway*, will appear in London in August, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Routledge. A list of contributors furnished promises good fare of the magazine kind. It appears some American authors are also to be engaged upon the venture. The *Broadway* will give eighty pages for sixpence, and a muscular novel by the author of "Guy Livingstone" is to form a leading feature. The new periodical will be illustrated.

According to the *Times of India*, of May 20th, a ship belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, which had recently arrived at Bombay, had brought further confirmation of the death of Dr. Livingstone in the way reported. "The Johanna men who had been in the doctor's service, and brought the news of his death, had been taken before the Sultan or Rajah of Johanna, and strictly cross-examined as to the route taken, and the events both before and after the doctor's death. They were also examined by Dr. Kirk, who found that the route they stated to have been taken was the same as that which Livingstone had marked out for himself before starting. Dr. Seward made every inquiry at Keelwah (Quiloa), but failed to obtain any other information." It will be as well, however, to suspend our judgment until the expedition now on its route shall have given the world the results of its inquiries; though it must be admitted that in the meanwhile the case does not look hopeful.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

1101 and of gain (a Venetian grandee.)
501 " O rat (dexterous.)
150 " has a (a covering for the head.)
601 " Anna Erb (a character in "measure for measure.")
50 " era (a nobleman.)
50 " eat (a wild fowl.)
1 " no hod (a native of Hindostan.)

The initials and finals, read downwards, will name two Shaksperian characters.

ENNIS KILLENER.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A leaden weight, a power; a part of the human body; a fruit, to mark.

2 A mechanical power, a reason; belonging to the country; a legal instrument spelt backwards; a town in England.

ENIGMA.

Within a wall as white as milk,
Behind a curtain soft as silk,
A golden apple doth appear
Bathed in a bath of crystal clear,
No door nor window you behold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

W. or S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Dominion.
2. A British possession.
3. A soothing drug.
4. A river in Spain.
5. A river in France.
6. An island famous in history.
7. To improve.
8. A cure.

The Finals name a Shaksperian actor, and the Initials, a character he represented. B. N. C.

CHARADE.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 9, 14, 21, 4, 25, 7, 12, 9, is an animal.
My 19, 2, 26, is a sprite.
My 16, 8, 23, 10, 7, 15, is a man's name.
My 24, 13, 17, 11, is a river in England.
My 6, 20, 3, 22, is a chief beauty in woman
My 1, 12. 21, 18, 5, is a stratagem.
And my whole is a proverb. B. N. C.

DECAPITATION.

909 There is in Europe a river of five letters; take two away, and one will remain.

G. W. G.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. The ages of John and Reginald are together equal to twice Walter's age, the united ages of the three amount to twenty-four years, the sum of the cubes of their ages to 2,304. Find the age of each.

1. At an evening party the number of the girls was as 3 to 2 of the boys, but when ten boys left, each with a sister, the proportion of the girls remaining was to the boys as 2 to 1. How many were there of each, when all were in the room?

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 96.

Arithmorem.—1. Oudenarde; 2. Murat; 3. Austerlitz; 4. Rodney, 5. Pictou; 6. Abercrombie; 7. Sadowa; 8. Halleck; 9. Alcantara.

Square Words.—1. L I L Y 2. S A L T
I D E A A V E R
L E E R L E V I
Y A R N T R I O

Charades.—1. Wormwood; 2. Sir Henry Havelock.

Logogriph.—Emit-time-mite-item.

Arithmetical Question.—A £15; B £32; C £56.

Answers received:—

Arithmorem.—B. N. C., Geo. B., H. H. V., G. S., Arctic.

Square Words.—Bericus, B. N. C., Arctic, Camp, Geo. B., W. H., Niagara.

Charades.—B. N. C., Arctic, Niagara, W. H., Bericus, Geo. B.

Logogriph.—Bericus, B N. C., Niagara, W. H., H. H. V.

Arithmetical Question.—B. N. C., Bericus, H. H. V., Niagara, Geo. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Query.—The letter in the earl's name is pronounced as "a" and in the town as "e.'

Alice B.—The wife of a baronet or knight is generally designed by Lady prefixed to her husband's surname, the proper legal design, however, is Dame, followed by her christian name and surname.

Emma, James M., and J. H.—We are unable to reply to your questions.

Juanita.—The initials at the end of a letter, R. S. V. P., mean *respondez sil vous plait*, "answer if you please." A lemon sliced in sugar or honey, or a new egg, will clear the voice previous to singing.

William W.—The seven days which precede and the seven which follow the shortest day were called by the ancients halcyon days, on account of a fable that during this time, while the halcyon bird or kingfisher was breeding, there always prevailed calms at sea. From this the phrase "halcyon days" has come to signify times of peace and tranquility.

C. L. C.—The verses are respectfully declined.

B. B.—We believe there are such laws in the statute book: but you would find it difficult and costly to apply them if resisted.

Frank.—The back numbers of the Reader (with one or two exceptions) are all in print. Send a list of the numbers you require to complete your sets.

Jessie L.—We read in the Pentateuch of mirrors of brass being used by the Hebrews, and bronze mirrors were in very common use amongst the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Mirrors of glass were first made at Venice in 1300, but they were very rude contrivances compared with modern ones. The making of mirrors was introduced into England in 1673, and soon became an important manufacture. Mirrors can be produced of any size to which plate glass can be cut, from eighteen days to a month are required to complete the process of manufacture.

Mr. Dickens has related in *All the Year Round* the story of a strange coincidence, having almost a supernatural character, which recently occurred to himself. It is contained in a note which he appends to an article by a contributor, who advances some new theories with regard to spectral appearances, and tells the famous stories of Lord Lyttelton (with some additions not hitherto published) and of Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford. Remarking on the latter, Mr. Dickens thinks that natural explanations are sufficient, and, in illustration of "the broad margin of allowance that must always be left for coincidence in these cases," relates the following singular anecdote:—"We dreamed that we were in a large assembly, and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being towards us, we touched her. On her looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on our apologizing, said pleasantly: 'I am Miss N——,' mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening, we recognized (with a strange feeling), coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N——, the name in the dream. No circumstance, near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on the real commonplace visit in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter, we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence."

A man who had been married twice to ladies both named Catherine, advised his friends against taking dupli-Kates.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C. B. Conajoharie, N. Y.—Although long past due, none the less welcome. The position, from a cursory examination, appears to be quite sound.

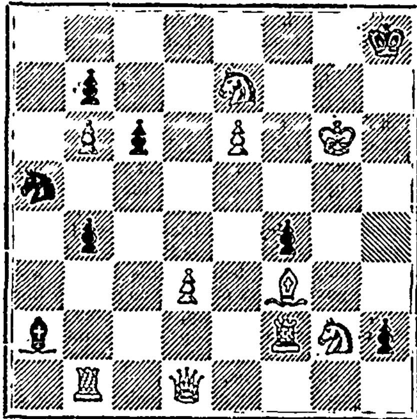
G. G. St. Catharines.—Thanks for your prompt compliance with our request. The Problem by E. H. C is certainly a hard nut, we have so far failed to crack it.

PROBLEM, No. 77.

By W. S. Pavitt.

(*From the "Chess World."*)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 75.

WHITE	BLACK.
1 R to K 4.	P to Q 3 or (a.)
2 Kt Mates.	
(a) 1 ———	P to K 4.
2 R takes P Mate.	

THE MACKENZIE AND REICHHELM MATCH.

THIRD GAME.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

White. (*Mr. Mackenzie.*)	Black. (*Mr. Reichhelm.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 3.
2 P to Q 4.	2 P to Q 4.
3 Q Kt to B 3.	3 P takes P
4 Kt takes P.	4 Kt to K B 3
5 Kt takes Kt.	5 Q takes Kt.
6 Kt to B 3.	6 P to K R 3.
7 B to Q 3.	7 B to Q 3.
8 Castles.	8 B to Q 2.
9 Q to K 2.	9 Kt to B 3.
10 P to B 3.	10 Castles (Q R)
11 P to Q Kt 4.	11 Kt to K 2.
12 Kt to K 5.	12 Kt to Q 4.
13 B to Q 2	13 Kt to B 5.
14 B takes Kt	14 Q takes B
15 P to Kt 3.	15 Q to B 3.
16 P to Q R 4.	16 B takes Kt.
17 P takes R.	17 Q to K 2
18 P to R 5	18 P to K B 3
19 P to R 6.	19 B to B 3.
20 P takes P (ch.)	20 K takes P.
21 P to Kt 5.	21 B to K sq
22 B to K 4 (ch)	22 K to Kt sq
23 R takes P.	23 K takes R.
24 R to R sq (ch.)	24 K to Kt 3.
25 R to R 6 (ch.)	25 K to B 4
26 Q to K 3 (ch)	26 K to B 5
27 Q to K 2 (ch.)	27 K to B 4.
28 Q to Kt 2.	28 R to Q 8 (ch.)
29 K to Kt 2, and Mr. Reichhelm resigns.	

FOURTH GAME.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White. (*Mr Reichhelm.*)	Black. (*Mr Mackenzie.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 K Kt to B 3.	2 Q Kt to B 3.
3 B to B 4.	3 B to B 4.
4 P to Q Kt 4.	4 B takes Kt P.
5 P to B 3.	5 B to B 4.
6 Castles.	6 P to Q 3.
7 P to Q 4.	7 P takes P.
8 P takes P.	8 B to Kt 3.
9 Kt to B 3.	9 Kt to R 4.
10 B to Q 3.	10 Kt to K 2.
11 Kt to K Kt 5.	11 P to K R 3.
12 Q to R 5.	12 Castles.
13 P to K 5.	13 B to K B 4.
14 B takes B.	14 Kt takes B.
15 K Kt to K 4.	15 P to K Kt 3.
16 Q to B 3.	16 B takes Q P.
17 Kt to B 6 (ch.)	17 K to Kt 2
18 P to K Kt 4.	18 B takes P (best)
19 K Kt to Q 5.	19 Kt to R 5.
20 Q to K 3.	20 P to K Kt 4.
21 P to B 4.	21 P takes P.
22 Kt takes P.	22 Q to K Kt 4.
23 Kt to R 5 (ch.)	23 K to R sq.
24 Q to R 3.	24 Q to Kt 3.
25 Q takes Kt.	25 B takes Kt.
26 Kt to B 6.	26 K to Kt 2.
27 Kt to R 5 (ch)	27 K to R 2.
28 Kt to B 6 (ch.)	28 K to Kt 2.
29 Kt to R 5 (ch.)	29 K to R 2.

And the game was abandoned as drawn.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.

Mock no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.

A correspondent writes to ask how much the waist of time measures round.

"Too much of a good thing," as the kitten said when she fell into a milk-pail.

Depraved Taste.—The small gentleman who indulged so freely in biting sarcasm has taken to swallowing affronts.

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

The best "Ladie's Companion"—Her Husband —*Judy*.

A clergyman who had been told that his sermons were too long, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

"Sirrah," said a justice to one brought before him, "you are an arrant knave."—"Just as your worship spoke," said the prisoner, "the clock struck two."

During the Louisiana campaign a party of soldiers, marching through a swamp, were ordered to form two deep, when a corporal exclaimed, "I'm too deep already—I'm up to my middle!"

Ocular Demonstration.—Winking.

Shakspearian Thought.—"When the brains are out, the Woman will dye."

"More or Less."—The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists was called Fifteen Acres. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, probably thought he was drawing a lease, and *invited his antagonist to meet him at "the place* called Fifteen Acres—be the same more or less.'

The First Wig.—St. Louis lost his hair in Palestine, and when Queen Bianca saw him thus denuded she was sorely vexed. However, she bethought herself of a remedy, which was to cut off a lock from the head of every courtier; these she sewed carefully together, and thus made the first wig!

Economical Birds.—A gentleman writing from Africa, and describing a lot of ostriches which he has on hand, says:—They are cheap birds to keep. They live on gun-flints and rusty nails. A fresh spike is a delicious morsel, while an old hinge, with a little oil on it, is fought for with as much eagerness as a pair of aldermen would exhibit over a bowl of green turtle."

A Scotch lady from a country town in the Highlands being taken to Edinburgh, and hearing modern singing in a church for the first time, was asked by the lady who took her there what she thought of the music. "It's verra bonny, verra bony, but oh, my leddy, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath."

An irritable tragedian was playing *Macbeth*, and had rushed off to kill *Duncan*, when there was no blood for the Thane to steep his hands in. The actor, however, not to disappoint the audience, clenched his fist, and striking the property man a violent blow on his nose, coolly daubed his hands with what flowed from it, and re-entered with the usual words, "I've done the deed—did'st thou not hear a noise?"

Punishment of Impudence.—A lawyer driving through the town of Worcester stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The woman of the house told him he must keep on straight for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if they had not come to the road he must take? "Oh yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back, but I thought bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."