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The Saturday Reader.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I. A DRIVE IN HAMMERHAM.

A BRIGHT September sun was shinin over the great midland town of Hammerham. Every dingy brick and grey flagstone reflected back an oven-like heat. The shining brass plates on the shop-fronts and office-doors dazzled the spectator's eyes like so many burning-glasses, and polished bell-handles and brazen knockers were hot enough to scorch any ungloved fingers that might be applied to them. Notwithstanding the heat and the glare, however, the streets of Hammerham had been thronged from an early hour in the morning by the people of all ranks and classes; and the pavement of the principal thoroughfares was polished by the tread of innumerable feet.

Hammerham was (and is) a great working town. Its tall chimneys puffed forth their clouds of smoke into the upper air as usual; the clang and whirr of wheels had not ceased, and the long rows of factory windows (conventionally called there "shop" windows) still trembled and vibrated to the metallic pulse of machinery. But a stranger, who should have stood at the central point of the town, where several principal streets converge towards the spot on which stands some of its chief public buildings, might have fancied that the busy hives of labour had been emptied of their occupants, and that men, women, and children had unanimously taken holiday and abandoned their toils for the day. Though it was now late in the afternoon, crowds still lingered, with the inexplicable patience that belongs to an assemblage of idle people, outside the wooden barriers erected opposite to the principal entrance of arge building, from the open windows of which rich waves of sound rolled forth into the still autumn air. It was the last day of t' e great Music Meeting at Hammerham, and the concluding chorus of Handel's Messiah was being sung in presence of a densely packed audience, which filled the spacious hall from floor to ceiling. In their appointed sequence the various instruments and voices took up the noble theme of the final fugue, succeeding each other with an irresistible force and majesty that left an impression on the mind of power and vastness, such as is made by an Atlantic tide rolling grandly in upon some western shore. Peal after peal of harmony shook the air. Higher and higher rose the soaring voices. Fuller and fuller swelled the tones of the instruments until they all met and blended in the massive final chords with an overwhelming volume of sound, through which the mighty pulse of the great organ throbbed tumultuously. There was a moment's silence, then a long-continued hurricane of applause, and the Music Meeting was over. And now the long line of carriages in waiting began to move, and the policemen on duty in the roadway waved their white-gloved hands to bewildered coachmen, and shouted hoarse injunctions to them to "move on," or to "pull up there," or to "keep the line." Behind the barriers erected to prevent the pressure of the crowd from obstructing the approaches to the hall, a sudden movement took place also. The closely packed multitude, who had been standing there for several hours without any symptom of impatience, all at once appeared to be possessed with an overpowering sense of the value of time, and an unanimous desire to get away from the spot without losing an instant. They consequently hustled, pushed, and struggled, the stronger making their way through the the throng by dint of ruthless elbowing and foot-crushing, while the weaker or more timid (a category which in a Hammerham crowd by no means includes a majority of women) were driven hither and thither wavering and staggering, and uttering loud remonstrances against the roughness of their neighbours, but all equally intent on getting away with the greatest possible speed.

A sudden check to the movement of the front ranks of the crowd forced those behind back upon the barriers, at the moment when a lame man, holding by the hand a little girl of some nine or ten years old, made a dart across the roadway from the hall, and endeavoured to dive under the horizontal timbers. He had succeeded in getting just within the paling, dragging the little girl after him, when he was met by the receding wave of crowd, and the child, forcibly separated from him by the pressure, was pushed back into the road, and fell under the wheels of a handsome carriage drawn by two spirited horses.

A cry of horror rose from all who saw the little creature drop. The coachman pulled up with all the force he could, nearly throwing the horses on their haunches, but unable to stop them before one of the front wheels had passed over the child, who lay motionless, close to the hoofs of the plunging and frightened beasts.

A young gentleman instantly sprang down from the box, but before he could reach the child, she had been lifted up in the strong arms of a stalwart policeman, who held her with great gentleness, though in a sort of cool official manner, devoid of any excitement whatsoever.

"Good God!" exclaimed the young gentleman, making his way through the throng, "I hope it's nothing serious. She's—she s not killed, is she?"

For the child's face was still as marble, and almost as white. It was a pretty little face, with delicate features and a mass of thick gold-brown curls falling back from the forehead, as she lay with her head drooping over the policeman's shoulder.

"No, no, sir," rejoined the man who held her "Not *killed* certainly. She has fainted away. She'd best be took to the hospital at once. A doctor 'ud soon say whether there's any bones broke or not."

Meanwhile the lame man, who had been separated from the child in the crowd, and had been vainly seeeking for her, perceived nothing of the accident until he heard the pitying exclamations of the bystanders, and saw the little white face raised up above the crowd. He turned and made for the spot where the child was, with frantic haste, limping along at a surprising speed, and making his way through the thickest of the throng, which opened for him to pass, as though informed by some mysterious means that the child who had been run over belonged to him. He arrived in time to hear the policeman's recommendation. "No!" he panted speaking in a thick voice, and labouring painfully for breath. "No, never! Take her home. Give her to me. She shall not go to the hospital. Corda, Corda, my pretty one! My poor darling!"

Then turning to the late occupant of the carriage, the lame man shook his fist in his face with a frightful oath, and cried frantically that he had murdered the child, and should be brought to justice. And then he fell to moaning and whimpering over the impassive little face that lay still and piteous on the policeman's dark-blue breast.

"Come," said the constable, sternly, "none o' that. The accident's nobody's fault but yours, for leaving a little child like that in such a crowd. I seen the 'ole affair. If the coachman hadn't pulled up when he did, she'd have been cut in two by the wheels. If you won't let her go to the hospital, you'd better take her home at once and send for a doctor, instead of blubbering and blustering here."

"I am deeply distressed," said the young gentleman, whom the lame man had assailed with such fury, "I am deeply distressed that the accident should have happened; though I cannot think my man to blame. He was not driving carelessly, and the poor little thing was thrown almost under the wheels. But if you will tell me your address, I will put her into the carriage and have her driven home quickly and smoothly."

"Oh yes, yes; let me get out, pray, and put the child in my place," said a sweet trembling voice. The young girl to whom the voice belonged leaned eagerly forward, and made as though she would have opened the carriage door. Two other ladies sat within the vehicle, one, a hard featured, richly dressed young woman, sat very quiet and observant of the scene, the other had thrown herself back in her seat, and put up a pair of daintily gloved hands so as to conceal her face.

The lame man looked from one to another in a helpless way, seeming to be divided between anger against the occupants of the carriage, and apprehension for his daughter. But the policeman, with a muttered expression of his opinion that enough time had been wasted in "jaw" settled the matter by lifting the still insensible child into the carriage, and laying her on the cushions, with her head resting on the lap of the young girl who had spoken. "Now," said he with a highly disapproving glance at the child's father, "look sharp and tell the gentleman's coachman where to drive, and move on there, will you? You're stopping all the line." With these words the guardian of public security resumed his post amidst plunging horses and rolling wheels, directing the confusion with imperturbable self-possession.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lady who had hidden her face, revealing, as she removed her hands, a countenance of striking beauty; "good Heavens, Penny, what are they doing? Jackson is positively driving off. And this unfortunate but dreadful child! Suppose she should die here! Oh, it's too terrible. Where is Clement? What *shall* we do?"

"Don't be a fool," rejoined the elder lady, dryly. "Of course Jackson must drive off. We couldn't stay here all day. I suppose they have told him where the child's house is. Some back slum, no doubt. I don't understand why they could not have put her into a cab. But it's one of Clem's ideas."

She spoke with a hard repulsive manner, and her small steel-bright eyes and projecting chin were not pleasant to look upon. Nevertheless, she bent forward and spread her handkerchief over the little curly head that lay bare to the scorching sunshine.

The young girl on whose knees the child rested looked up with eyes full of tears. She was a very young girl, not more, apparently, than sixteen years of age, and she was trembling and pale. "Oh, poor little dear," she said, softly. "Is she not a sweet-looking little creature, Miss Charlewood? Look at her poor pretty curls all soiled with dust. Oh, I do hope she is not seriously hurt."

The carriage had now got clear of the crush of other vehicles, and the coachman was urging his horses on at a smart pace. Suddenly the beautiful young lady stood up in the carriage, balancing herself with difficulty, and exclaimed imperiously, "Jackson. Stop! stop! Do you hear me? Where are you taking us to? Penny,

do you see this? We're getting into a frightful neighbourhood. Stop this moment, Jackson."

The man touched his hat, and glanced down over his shoulder into the carriage, but without slackening speed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Augusta," he said, "but Mr. Clement ordered me to drive as quick as possible to No. 23, New Bridge-street. Him and the lame party went round afoot the short way, to fetch Doctor Brett. We shall be there in a moment, miss."

He spoke to the handsome lady, but looked appealingly towards that other lady whom the young girl had addressed as Miss Charlewood.

"It's quite right, Jackson," said the latter, sharply. "There's my brother with the child's father and Mr. Brett at a door on the left-hand side of the way. Pull up, man. Where are your eyes? I could see the number, 23, half a mile off."

In truth, the little steel-bright eyes looked as if they had considerable seeing power. When the carriage stopped, the lame man, shaking violently, and in a state of uncontrollable excitement, came forward to lift out his little girl. But the surgeon put him gently aside, and took the light form in his own arms. The child's eyelids quivered, and she uttered a faint moan. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Miss Augusta, putting her fingers into her ears and closing her eyes tightly. "This is *too* dreadful." And she remained motionless shutting out sight and sound as much as possible.

"I suppose we can't do any good here, Clem?" said Miss Charlewood, with an impatient shrug.

"No; none whatever. You had better drive home at once. My mother will be getting uneasy."

"Won't you come with us?"

"I will only wait to hear Brett's report. That lame man, the father, is too scared to be of much use. It is a thousand pities that he didn't let her go to the hospital. If anything happened to myself, it is where I would beg to be taken to."

"Do you think, Mr. Charlewood, it is a very bad accident?" asked the young girl who had held the child. The tears were running down her face, and she was still trembling very much.

"I hope not. I trust not," he answered, advancing to the door of the carriage; "but I will bring you a true report presently. You are going to lunch with our people, are you not? Home Jackson!"

"Really," said Miss Charlewood, when the carriage had quitted the stones, and was rolling smoothly along a suburban road, bordered by handsome villas, "really, I must appear a horrid monster beside you two sensitive young ladies. Mabel's sensibilities have quite overcome her, and Augusta is only just not fainting."

The young girl whom she called Mabel coloured deeply, and hastily dried her wet eyes.

"I'm very sorry, Penelope, that my nerves are not made of cast iron, like yours," retorted the fair Augusta, laughingly; "but I confess I *have* a horror of scenes, and I cannot help it. It is far from pleasant to be so sensitive as I am, I assure you; but I should hardly suppose that *you* found it very agreeable to have to penetrate into that abominable den. Ugh! I felt quite sick."

"Abominable den? Oh, New Bridge-street Ah! it is coaly."

"Coaly! And the canal full of dead cats and dogs! And the filthy people! And the foul smells! I should not be at all surprised if I were to have a fever. It was most inconsiderate of Clement to make us go to such a place in a broiling heat like this."

"Yes; and most inconsiderate and selfish in the little girl," returned Miss Charlewood, "not to choose a cool day on which to get herself run over. But here we are at home, and here is mamma flattening her nose against the dining-room window. I suppose *her* sensitiveness will take the form of scolding us all round for having caused her paroxysms of anxiety by our delay. Jump out, Mabel, my dear, I shall put you in the van."

CHAPTER II. THE CHARLEWOODS.

The Charlewoods were rich people. Very rich people, even in that rich town. The firm of Gondry and Charlewood, great builders and contractors, was known all over the world. Gandry had ceased to exist (at least, so far as the business was concerned) years ago, having been bought out by the junior partner; but his name had never been cancelled from the firm. Since his day, the tide of affairs had set steadily in favour of old Luke Charlewood, and had carried him on to fortune. He had been a very, very poor man once, his father having been an Irish labourer under a bricklayer; and there were those who professed to remember Luke himself, with a hod on his shoulder, working hard for eighteenpence a day. Fiction or fact, however, those days were long ago, and were unknown to, or forgotten by, nearly all who now came into communication with the wealthy Mr. Charlewood. Such reminiscences as I speak of were usually uttered in public-house parlours of very humble pretensions, where the poorer sort of tradesmen or artisans congregated on Saturday evenings, to smoke and drink, and discuss the state of the body politic, or the affairs of their neighbours. The distinction which unfortunately exists between theory and practice was frequently exemplified at these gatherings in a very striking manner; it being observable that those persons who had proved to be the most incompetent and unsuccessful in their own conduct of life, were ready, at a moment's notice, with infallible methods for the improvement and correction of the rest of the world, from kings and cabinet ministers downward. Certain it is that, when all accounts were balanced, no man could bring any more specific accusation against Luke Charlewood than that he had been poor and now was rich, and that from being rich, he had always grown still richer. He had lived single to a much later period in life than is common in the class whence he sprang, as he was already a thriving man when he married the daughter of a prosperous timber-merchant, with whom he had business relations. His wife had borne him many children, but they lost several in early infancy, and, at the time when this story opens, their family consisted of two sons and two daughters. Penelope, aged twenty-seven, was the eldest of these; her brother, Clement, was a year and a half younger, and the remaining two, Walter and Augusta, were aged respectively seventeen and twenty.

Clement had for some time taken an active share in his father's business, and during the past year the style and title of the great firm had been changed to Charlewood and Son; though it continued to be known and spoken of as Gandry and Charlewood. Clement Charlewood threw all the strength of a strong character into his daily pursuits. The vastness of the operations undertaken by the firm, and the wide and various portions of the civilized—nay, for that matter, and uncivilised—world, over which they extended, had to the young man's imagination an element of wonder and grandeur which redeemed them in his mind from mere hard prosaic money-grinding. He would have said to others, and even perhaps to himself, that no human being ever existed who more heartily despised the unpractical and romantic than he. Nevertheless, Clement Charlewood had his ideal. Such a standard of inflexible and spotless integrity, unwearying industry, and enlightened progress, as he carried in his mind, no business house in Hammerham or elsewhere had ever reached.

The youngest son, Walter, the spoiled idol and darling of his mother, was as frivolous, vain, and idle, as his brother was earnest, proud, and energetic. The lad was not, without some lovable qualities, having, at times, impulses of generosity, and a womanish emotional kind of tenderness. But he had been humoured, petted, and flattered, until nearly all that was good in him was hidden under a mass of selfishness. Of the two daughters, Penelope and Augusta, the reader has already seen somewhat.

The house this family inhabited was a handsome and luxurious one. A substantial red-brick mansion, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, and surrounded by gardens. If the house had been a little farther from the road, and the lodge a little further from the house, the general effect of the approach would have been better. But the house, when first built, had been surrounded by wide meadows, stretching far beyond the garden fence. The modern increase of Hammerham, and the spread of wealth, had occasioned a mushroom growth of villa residences all around the old mansion. The soil, plentifully manured with bright new coin of the realm, had brought forth an abundant crop of fantastic dwellings. There were stucco houses, stone houses, timber houses, brick houses, iron houses. Houses built in the Italian style, the Swiss style, the French style, the Chinese style. Châlets and pagodas, campaniles and châteaus, bearing much such resemblance to the original edifices they professed to imitate, as the animals in a toy Noah's Ark bear to real live beasts, birds, and fishes. One generally knew what they were meant for, as one generally can distinguish the scarlet lion from the orange tiger in the toy box. But there was a class of houses (the Hammerham people were fond of designating them as Elizabethian cottages) which proved a snare and a pitfall to the unwary stranger; so frequent was their tendency to run into the pagoda on the one hand, and the Swiss cow-house on the other. To none of these varieties, however, did the dwelling of the Charlewoods belong. It was known as Bramley Manor, and was, as has been said, a fine substantial family mansion, boasting a long terrace-walk shaded by noble old elm-trees, on the garden side of the house. The elms and the terrace-walk could scarcely have been had ready-made for money. But, assuredly, few things were wanting within or without Bramley Manor, that money *could* purchase. The gardens were cultivated with exquisite skill and care; the hothouses were filled with choice and rare plants; the stables with costly horses. Every latest patented improvement in the way of household comfort or luxury which Hammerham produced from its thousand dingy resounding workshops, found a place in Bramley Manor.

Indeed, its interior brightness and splendour harmonised but little with the quaint sobriety of its outward aspect, which, save for the mellowing touch of time, and the plate-glass that glittered in the long narrow casements, was but little altered from that which it originally wore a century and a half ago. There was only one apartment that seemed properly to belong, by the antique fashion of it, to the old house. This was the dining-room, a somewhat low-pitched but spacious room, lined with a very finely carved oak wainscot. Before Mr. Charlewood's time this had been barbarously covered with a thick coating of whitewash, picked out with blue. But that had now been removed, and the dark wood was again revealed in all its sombre richness. Mrs. Charlewood, indeed, complained that no amount of wax candles could light up her dining-room, and that, do what she would, it remained gloomy. But then Mrs. Charlewood had no sense of the picturesque, and would, in her heart, have preferred the whitewash picked out with blue—if only she might have been permitted to add plenty of gilding.

It was in this room that the good lady had been standing, flattening her nose against the window, as Penelope had remarked, and looking out anxiously for her children's return from the Music Meeting. As the carriage stopped, she came hurrying and panting into the entrance hall, her gold and scarlet head-dress trembling, and the thick folds of her black satin dress sweeping over the marble floor, and raising quite a little simoom in the still sultry air. Mrs. Charlewood had once been pretty, with a pink and white face of irregular outline, and a soft thought scanty crop of light hair. She had now grown immensely stout, and the blush roses on her cheeks had deepened and widened into crimson peonies. But she still affected a little languishing lachrymose manner, which, to say truth, was less suited to her present matronly appearance than it had been to the delicate prettiness and drooping curls of her maidendays.

"Where in 'Eaven's namo have you been?" she cried. "What 'as detained you?"

Mrs. Charlewood could scarcely be said to *drop* her *h's*, for she had a peculiar habit of making a determined pause before words beginning with that ill-used consonant, as though to call attention to the fact of her ignoring it altogether. In short, there was the same distinction between her omission of the aspirate and other p ople's, as exists between simply overlooking a friend in the street and cutting him dead. Mrs. Charlewood cut her *h's* dead.

"The oratorio must 'ave been over an hour ago, at least," continued the good lady, "for I saw the carriages coming up from town by dozens."

"We have been to New Bridge-street, mamma. An uncomfortable little girl tumbled under our wheels. But suppose we impart all particulars over luncheon? We have brought you Mabel Earnshaw quite exhausted with excitement; and I profess myself hungry, with an an utterly uninteresting and common-place appetite."

Mrs. Charlewood kissed her young guest, and led the way into the dining-room. She would have liked to put many more questions, and to have had her curiosity gratified without delay. But, in truth, she stood very considerably in awe of her eldest daughter, and thought it wise to wait with outward patience until it should please Penelope to speak. Augusta had pleaded fatigue, and had retired to her own room, there to partake of a very substantial cold collation. She was averse to taking her meals with the rest of the family, always excepting dinner, which was a form and a ceremony, and admitted of a brilliant toilet.

"Well, Mabel," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated at table, "I 'ope you enjoyed the concert? Penelope don't seem inclined to give me any news, so I must look to you to do it, my dear."

"It was very fine," answered Mabel, "and I am very much obliged to you all for giving me such a great pleasure. I hope you don't think me ungrateful, Mrs. Charlewood, but the accident drove away the impression of the music for a time."

Then Miss Charlewood being restored with meat and wine, unlocked her lips, and began to relate the story of the little girl. She was in the midst of her recital, when Clement entered, having evidently hastened. Mrs. Charlewood assailed him with a torrent of questions. She had a great respect for her son, but she was not afraid of him. She had an instinctive knowledge that Clement would never permit himself the sharp speeches at his mother's expense which Penelope ruthlessly indulged in.

Mabel Earnshaw sat silent, listening earnestly to what he told them. She was not a beautiful girl, except in so far as the first fresh bloom of healthy youth is beautiful; but her face was full of intellect, and capable of a singular expression of concentration. Her forehead was wide and well developed and her eyes of a changing grey, shaded by short thick dark lashes. These eyes, bright and liquid, though not especially large, made the chief charm of her face. But it was in the mouth that all its characteristic expression lay. It was a delicately cut, sensitive mouth, but with a capacity for locking itself into a fixed frozen scorn, that changed and aged the whole countenance. The soft lips, when smiling or speaking, were flexible and tender, but once shut, they conveyed in some indefinable way a strange indomitable power of silence. They were not locked now, however, but slightly parted, as she listened to Clement's news of the little girl, and the bright eyes, full of candour, were raised with an entire absence of self-consciousness to the speaker's face.

"I am heartily glad to be able to say that there is nothing serious to be apprehended," said Clement. "The collar-bone is broken, but Brett assures me that she will be as well as ever in a few weeks."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. "But, dear me, how careless to take a little girl like that out in such a crowd, and him a lame man, too. But there! Those kind of people have no more forethought than anything."

"What *is* the kind of these people, Clem?" asked Miss Charlewood. "The child had not the usual look of a New Bridge-street aboriginal."

"No, indeed," Mabel eagerly struck in; "I have never seen a more refined little face."

"Well," said Clement, "I believe the man is a fiddler. He had been to the hall to speak to some of the musicians, he told me. He's a shiftless, scampish kind of fellow, I fancy. Altogether, he impressed me unfavourably."

"But he seemed very fond of the child," said Mabel.

"Oh yes; fond of the child, no doubt. He blew me up furiously at first, and said I had murdered her."

"New Bridge-street," said Mrs. Charlewood, musingly. "Law! Why that's a very wretched neighbourhood. Down by the canal. I know just where it is, because I remember very well——"

Mrs. Charlewood's reminiscences—which related to her childish days when she lived in her father's house on the canal wharf, and played see-saw on a stack of fragrant pine planks in the timber-yard—were cut short by her catching Penelope's glittering eye fixed upon her in decided disapproval. The poor lady stopped in some confusion, and added abruptly, "I mean to say, I've always understood it was a 'orrid part of the town."

"Yes," said Miss Charlewood, "you should have seen Augusta's horror at having only to drive through it. I wonder *why* people live in New Bridge-street!"

"I scarcely think you do wonder, Penny," said her brother. "They live there because they can't afford to live in a better place."

"But then," said Mabel, timidly, "if these people are so poor, will they be able to——I mean, won't this accident be a—a terrible expense to them?"

"Oh, I don't think they are in destitution. The father—he told me his name is Trescott—has a weekly engagement to play in the orchestra of the theatre."

At the word Mrs. Charlewood raised her eyebrows and shut her eyes, shaking her head slightly from side to side, and uttering a stifled moan, under cover of which demonstration Clement added hurriedly, in a low voice, meant only for Mabel's ear, "I have begged Brett to pay her every attention, and have desired the woman with whom they lodge to see that she wants for nothing. You know I feel in a measure responsible, though really the accident was in no way Jackson's fault."

"It is very good of you," said Mabel, softly.

Mrs. Charlewood, finding that Clement had been saying something that she could not catch, stopped midway in another moan, and opened her eyes. "Ah, dear me!" she said. "What a sad thing! How dreadful for the little girl to be mixed up with such people! Think, only think, of her poor soul."

"No doubt that is the thing to do, mamma," remarked her eldest daughter; "but I think Clement has been so absurd as to think of her poor body first. Perhaps one *might* be weak enough to like that best, oneself, if one's collar-bone were broken."

She had partly heard, and wholly understood, Clement's whispered speech. Few things said or done in Penelope Charlewood's presence escaped her observation.

Mabel rose and drew the light cape of her simple muslin dress round her shoulders.

"You're not going, my dear?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Not going, Mabel?" echoed Penelope.

Mabel was a great favourite at Bramley Manor. Even Miss Charlewood had been known on several occasions to speak with unalloyed praise of Mabel Earnshaw. None the less did she make sharp stinging speeches to her face. But these Miss Charlewood lavished on friend and foe with absolute impartiality.

"Yes, if you please, Mrs. Charlewood," said Mabel. "I promised mamma to go home directly after lunch."

"Oh, but, my dear, we'll send and tell your mamma, if you'll stay. Mr. Charlewood will be disappointed not to see you when he comes in."

"Thank you, but I don't think he will care very much," said Mabel, smiling. "Besides, I promised."

"Never mind——" Mrs. Charlewood was beginning; but Penelope interrupted her.

"Never mind, mamma? I'm astonished at you. A promise is a promise. Think of Mabel's poor soul!" Whereupon Mrs. Charlewood said no further word.

"If you don't mind walking, I will see you to your own door, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, rising too. "I have business that will take me to Fitzhenry's road."

So Miss Earnshaw went her way accompanied by Mr. Clement Charlewood. They passed out of the hall door together on to the drive, and Penelope, watching them from the dining-room, heard through the window Mabel's sweet voice saying, as she shily took Clement's offered arm: "Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood?"

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

(CONCLUDED.)

From this room we went into one occupied by the unfortunate lunatics who ramble about our streets during the summer months, and whom the police keep from perishing during the intense severity of the winter by sending them to prison, in default of an asylum, an institution we do not yet possess. This assemblage was the most affecting and repulsive in the building, bearing upon it the impress of misery and degradation. The Baron Van Koring—the King of Scotland—Paddy the Chanter, and many other of our public notabilities were in this department.

Having inspected every quarter of the prison, one after the other, we at last arrived at the cell of the condemned. We perceived four men stretched on a miserable pallet all under sentence of death. Above them swung a solitary lamp which emitted a dim sepulchral light, and the pale yellow walls of the cell imparted their sickly hue to the care-worn features of the inmates—a soldier named Gillan, who had killed one of his companions, Cambray and Matthieu, for burglary, and Gagnon for the robbery of the Congregational Chapel.

The cell was so low, dark, and small that it seemed scarcely able to contain us. Before us lay the four figures of the inmates, so still that one might have believed them dead; in perceiving us, however, Cambray raised himself and invited us to a seat on the bench beside him—the unique furniture of the apartment.

To our first question he made no answer except by lamentations upon the state of his health; his manner was subdued as if by affliction, and he spoke in a low and broken tone of voice. He asked us what news there was respecting the circulation of his petition, and whether there was any probability of his obtaining his pardon. "It is not," said he "that I place much reliance upon the petition. I am quite resigned, and, as die we must, it matters little whether it comes sooner or later; however, my friends have urged me to try it as a last chance, but there is little hope I believe."

"Have you heard anything about my sister?" interrupted Mathieu, "I have just learned that she was found dead upon the ice. I know her disposition so well. She came from the country to ascertain how things went, and when she found me embroiled in this affair she poisoned herself."

"They have got up a petition for me in my parish, but it's quite useless; by my faith, I'd as soon die now as not. Yesterday I saw a priest for about a quarter of an hour; my affairs are well settled, and I am quite ready. I fear death no more than that," he added, puffing a cloud of smoke from his pipe, that unrolled itself in long spiral curves around his hideous person.

"Mathieu's a queer fellow," said Cambray, "he looks very simple, but he is *deep*—he looks far ahead of him. It's a singular truth that he

steals from pure pleasure; with him it is a passion, an impulse, dating from infancy; and provided he steals, he concerns himself little about the booty." "You understand me Mathieu, is not that the case?"

"No! I don't know what you mean. It had never cost me a thought. I would not trouble myself to reason upon the matter."

"It is, as with the youngsters who are sentenced to transportation," said Cambray, "they are inborn thieves, and can follow no other occupation. They are a pretty set; the captain who is to conduct them to their place of destination will have occasion to be constantly on his guard. Amongst them all there are perhaps two or three possessed of sufficient courage to mutiny, but the cowardice of their companions (for thieves are nearly always cowards) will prevent anything of the kind; for my part I would not enter into any compact with them under any circumstances; they are too treacherous and too timid. Since I have been in prison, each time I attempted to escape I was betrayed, abandoned, even by those who had proposed the scheme. Ah, they have made me pay dearly for their treason; they might organize a thousand conspiracies now, I would never join one of them. During the entire winter they have been making false keys to open all the doors, and yet they have not dared to make a single attempt to regain their freedom."

"O yes!" said Mathieu, "wooden keys; they accused me of making them, but without reason. I will not deny that I have frequently made them, but the merit of doing so on that occasion does not belong to me, there are many others who work at the trade besides myself. What a splendid exit we would have made last winter had not that infamous Provost sold the secret for a few favours; his nature was too irresolute for a *coup de main* like that. The greater part of the prisoners we have with us are fit for nothing; five or six had found the means of opening their doors, and of descending nightly into the yard; at last they were discovered, chained, and thrown into cells; they were not sufficiently punished for their cowardice. What! descended every night to tremble in the yard, to gaze upon the moon, count the stars, without sufficient courage to scale the wall and escape; then return to their rooms chilled, with insipid excuses in their mouths, such as, 'it was too cold—we saw the guard—we did not know where to go to—to-morrow we will be braver.' Such cowardice merits the lock-up a dozen times over. I regret that I took no part in the scheme to desert, had I only known how this affair would have ended."

"If Waterworth," said Cambray "had not led me to hope that he would have united with me in that affair of Sivrac's, my trial would not have come off during the last Term. I would have taken care to have made myself ill. He played me a cruel trick, the infamous wretch, Waterworth; he's the most abject being within the prison walls."

"Yes, the accursed," added Mathieu, "he it was who got us into this scrape, but the devil will broil him for that trick."

"But Waterworth says," said I to Cambray "that it was you who first offered to turn king's evidence."

"No, no, no, it was proposed to me, but I would not; if Waterworth betrayed us, it is because he has no conscience, he has not the bump of honesty, and so Dr. B——— told him a few months ago. Waterworth has no excuse; he was actuated by wickedness, by fear; he ought to be hung twenty times over. To make believe that he is innocent he represents himself as a coward; yes, he is a coward, and one of the vilest rascals into the bargain, there was no fear of his compromising Norris and the others."

"I do not blame him," said Mathieu, "but he should not have put us in their stead; that was not well done, that. Do you know it's dangerous to take the evidence of such as we are; it should not be done; to escape six months' imprisonment we could say anything. Waterworth had better leave Quebec, his days are not insured to him here; we have associates who will avenge our fate."

"Nobody will speak to him," said Cambray, "he will never be received anywhere, the traitor. Ah! if I could only meet him, I'd—yes—but I do not wish to see him—no, I would do him no injury."

It would be necessary to have heard the accents in which these words were delivered, and to have seen the expression that accompanied them; to understand and appreciate the full force of their hidden strength.

"I would not wish to be in his place," added Cambray, "though it is very hard to be condemned to die for having committed theft only. In the United States they hang only for murder, and it seems to me much more rational; the best punishment is transportation. Penitentiaries do not inspire much terror, but transportation, ah, it is desolate indeed; a man loves his native country for ever. The court has adopted a wise measure in transporting all the young thieves; it saves them from the gallows and frightens the rest. You will soon see brigandage on the decrease!"

"But, I think transportation should be the uniform punishment imposed by law, a commutation of sentence has not the same effect."

"For a man who walks on the edge of a precipice, ordinary danger is of no account, it leaves no impression on their minds. To the criminal condemned to death, exportation offers a consolation, a plank of salvation. Confined in his cell, cast down in despair, awaiting with horror the hour of the scaffold approaching, the knell to eternity—the door opens, he trembles in every limb, but no, he is assured of life, and falls joyously upon his pallet—he will not die on the scaffold—how sweet the transition—he is the happiest of criminals; exile presents nothing frightful to him who has been face to face with death."

"Cambray!" said the turnkey, "you saw a priest yesterday; they say that you have been converted, that you have turned Catholic, that you have been baptised."

"Yes, it is true to a certain extent. Oh! I do not know yet, it is not quite settled—these things require time—I am not yet decided—I have still doubts!"

"Ah, Cambray," said Mathieu, "do not speak in that way in the hour you have come to; is it possible you possess such sentiments?"

"Mathieu! I know what I've done, and what I have to do; mind your own affairs, or it will be I who will teach you. With me it was not to change a faith, but to choose one. I think, however, I would have believed in God had I reflected upon the subject."

"There are few who do not believe," observed Mathieu, "but people like us never think of him. Waterworth has often said to me, 'look here, Mathieu, after we are dead everything will be dead to us—take your course and fear nothing.' The miserable wretch, see what he has brought us to."

During this gabble between Cambray and Mathieu, Gagnon remained perfectly quiet and passive, holding a book (the lives of Martyrs) in his hand, reading from time to time a few lines and casting side-long glances at us; he was silent, pensive, impatient of conversation, and appeared desirous of seeing our visit abridged. There was nothing in the appearance of this man to indicate the injustice of his sentence; on the contrary, the gallows and he appeared made for each other. But amidst these vile wretches how great was the contrast in favour of Gillan the murderer. Gillan raising his hands to heaven, deeply moved in spirit, rolling in mental agony upon his couch, striking his breast, his eyes filling with tears, his breath choking with sighs and remorse, Gillan alone indicated true fervent grief; alone was able to say "I am innocent." When we spoke to him "Yes," said he "I am a murderer, the murderer of my best friend. I was drunk, exasperated, furious; we were on the same guard, without a light, unknown to each other. I was unconscious of what I was doing. A knife fell into my hand and I struck—killed my best friend. Oh! what misfortune, what misfortune! To live in a cell with felons, and die with them in three days time. It is horrible, horrible. Oh! accursed drink, to me you have been fatal indeed."

The next day Cambray, Gillan, and Mathieu were informed that their sentence of death had been commuted to one of transportation, and that in two months they would accompany the others to new South Wales. From that moment there was nothing further of conversion. Mathieu and several others attempted to make their escape by a sewer. Cambray tried to make himself sick by swallowing tobacco, but the visiting physician divining his object, recommended a sea voyage to re establish his health. At last, on the 29th of May, 1837, about ten o'clock in the morning, thirty-nine criminals, chained two and two, left the prison. Cambray and Mathieu at their head. Arriving beneath the gibbet, they simultaneously burst forth in loud and repeated hurrahs, and then marched joyously towards the gate, saluting this one and calling to that, like old soldiers leaving for the army. They were placed on board the brig Ceres, Captain Squire commanding, and that evening they set sail for the Antipodes.

THE END.

ROGÈR BONTEMPS.

Translated from Beranger for the Saturday Reader.

To set a good example
To bilious men forlorn,
On discontent to trample,
Was Rogèr Bontemps born;
To live above vain passion,
Endure mischance and wrong;
Ha! ha! this was the fashion
Of stout Rogèr Bontemps—

His father's cast-off Castors
On festal days he wore,
Which, to hide torn disasters,
Ivy or roses bore;
A frieze coat without loathing
Clad him for ten years long—
Ha! ha! this was the clothing
Of stout Rogèr Bontemps—

He owned within his Cottage
A table, stool, and bed,
A flute, and cards, and pottage,
And when God pleased he fed;
A portrait of his Molly,
A box and an old song—
More wealth appeared like folly
To stout Rogèr Bontemps—

To children of the City
Their little games he'd teach,
Or sing some funny ditty
That would not do to preach—
He loved to chat of dancing,
Of Almanachs in song,
Such science was entrancing
To stout Rogèr Bontemps—

Too poor for Port or Claret
He drank "vin ordinaire,"
And better liked old Marg'ret
Than fashionable fair—
With joy, and song, and laughter,
His days were never long—
Such wisdom he sought after
This stout Rogèr Bontemps—

To say to Heav'n, "I'm living
With constant trust in thee—
Oh! Father, be forgiven
My idle gaiety—
Till my last expiration
My gay spring-tide prolong—
This is the supplication
Of stout Rogèr Bontemps—

Ye poor who chafe at scourges,
Ye rich men, full of strife,
If your car the least diverges
After a prosp'rous life,—
Ye, who by some disaster
Have rank or wealth forgone,
Come all, and take for master
This stout Rogèr Bontemps.

C. H. S.

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

Continued from page 161.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

"Eh, bairn, but you's a lovely woman!" said Elspie, as she hugged me on the stairs. "I lit a wee bit fire in your ain room, and put her in there. She might ha' given us a word o' warnin' to have anither ready."

I had thought of that before, but I had no time to reflect upon it now. It was quite late in the summer evening; darkness was beginning to chase the yellow dusk from the passages, and there was a slight chill in the air. My room was shining with firelight when I entered, and a white figure sitting by the hearth, the face bowed down in the hands. This was Sylvia; but the picture presented was so like the vision of my mother, that had shocked me so sorely some months ago, that a little cry broke from my lips. The first motion of her hand of course dispelled the illusion, but my superstitious fancy associated thenceforth a feeling of dread with my first glimpse of Sylvia Ashenhurst.

A blithe laugh answered my scream. "Did I frighten you," she said, "sitting at your fireside like a ghost?" She was quite at home at once. I knew that she was a good many years older than me—four or five at least—but I was not prepared for the motherly manner which she assumed towards me from the first. Her sweet petting way was very grateful to me, who never had had a mother nor a sister.

"Pretty, pretty Mattie!" said she, passing her soft slim hand round my cheek. "Luke told me you were small and plain, but that is two years ago. One does not see such bright eyes and wanton curls in London. You are of a piece with the delicious whiteness and lavender scent of your room, a perfect incarnation of the fresh pure country air."

I drank this sweet praise, and received her warm kiss with delight, proud of winning admiration from any one so lovely as Sylvia herself. But when I had time to think, I found my head spinning with wonder. I had not known that Sylvia and Luke had ever met, yet she spoke of him familiarly by his christian name, and two years ago he had spoken to her about me. And I remembered slowly, when I was free of the enchantment of her presence, that she was not the sort of Sylvia I had looked to see at all. From what I knew of her story, I had expected some one drooping and sad, who would require to be cheered and cherished. I still wore my black gown for my brother, and the soberness of spirit which I had put on with it I had never quite shaken off. But Sylvia looked and spoke as if the path from her cradle had been one track of sunshine. I felt some indignation at her brightness, till I saw her again.

She was sitting in the parlour window with her back to the sun when Luke came in to breakfast the next morning. She was dressed in a thick white wrapper girdled with blue, and in fun had hung some ripe cherries pendent from her brooch. The sun fell on the golden ball of hair on the crown of her head, and strayed round with loving touches to the light ripples on her forehead. There was a luxurious grace about all the outlines of her fair soft face and splendid figure, and much picturesque feeling in her attitude. She fascinated me with every look and word. My father surveyed her over the edge of his morning paper, and I knew that it took him longer than usual to ascertain the exact price of yarn from its columns, because Slyvia was sitting there, so charming. I fidgeted about the breakfast-table, keeping my face to the door that I might see the meeting between her and Luke. It puzzled me to think that he should have known her all this time and not have fallen in love with her instead of me. But when Luke came in there was nothing for jealous eyes to discern. There was a cool polite greeting, after which Sylvia sparkled the whole of breakfast-time. I never had seen my father so amused before, but Luke was almost grim. Why, I kept wondering, had he never mentioned her name to me?

The whole household was the better of Sylvia's coming. My father, who did not often take much heed of women, was amused in spite of himself by her liveliness, which was never noisy or obtrusive, but had a knack of coming behind dulness unawares, and tripping up its heels, to the delight of every one. The servants, the farm-labourers, even the dogs and cows, liked her; for her petting touch, mesmerised the animals as much as her words and smiles did human beings. For me, she amused and 'bewitched me from morning till night. I thought the sun shone on the Mill-house as it had never shone before. Only Elspie held aloof from her, and eyed her with distrust.

"Keep a sharp eye on Luke, Mattie," said my old nurse, "for it's my mind if himself were far awa frae the Mill-house you yellow-haired lassie wouldna tak' the trouble to set the house ageo as she's doin'!"

No one else could have ventured to speak to me so, but Elspie had dried my tears too often not to know that she might say what she pleased. I could not see with her eyes, however. Indeed I thought Luke seemed to have conceived an uncomfortable dislike to Sylvia, and I more than suspected that she saw it. I chid him for it one day. My intercourse with him had been so slight since Sylvia's coming, that I had to make an opportunity, by taking my hat one morning, and forcing my escort upon him as far towards the mill as the wooden bridge.

"You might try to be kinder," I said, "for Dick's sake!"

"For Dick's sake!" he echoed, bitterly. "I wonder if she remembers whether he had red hair or black."

I was surprised at this burst, for there had never been much friendship between Luke and my brother.

"In Dick's time," he went on, "she could speak to one without a grimace. Now I am sickened by her perpetual frivolity."

"You knew her in Dick's time, then?" I asked, quietly.

"Did she never tell you so?" he asked in surprise.

I said "No, she had never told me anything concerning herself;" which was true. He coloured up and was silent. I had never seen him guilty of a blush before.

"I used to go with Dick to visit her when I happened to be in London doing commissions for your father," he said, presently. "That was when I was a penniless devil, just apprenticed to the mill, whom Miss Ashenhurst does not condescend to remember."

"She remembers," I said, "for she mentioned once that you told her I was small and plain."

"Oh! she recollects that, does she?" he said, with a laugh that had an unpleasant ring. "Well, does she think you answer to the description, I wonder? She did not expect to find you an engaged woman, Mattie."

"She does not know anything about that," I said. "Indeed, you have been so little at the Mill-house since she came, that nothing of the kind has occurred to her; and I have never made occasion to tell her," said I, blushing to think of the exceeding dislike I always felt of thrusting the information upon any one. I thought that Luke would see this and resent it, and I gave a very troubled glance upward. But he was not looking at me.

"Don't tell her, then," he said, turning to me with that narrow look across his eyes and brows which often spoiled his face. "Promise that you will not tell her till I give you leave."

I was pleased to be able to comply willingly, for he had often found me stubborn enough, and just now I was trying to do my duty. I promised on the impulse of the moment, without stopping to wonder about his motive.

And yet, many a time after this, I longed to open my heart to Sylvia, and tell her all my trouble. I longed for some one to mourn over me, and chide me for wishing that I was buried with my mother in the Streamstown churchyard. I longed to pour out the rebellion in my heart, and be answered by some other monitor than the rebukes of my own conscience. And still I was thankful on the whole to the promise I had given Luke for obliging me to keep my own counsel on the subject. I could scarcely have told Sylvia of my engagement without letting her know, or at least guess, my unhappiness. And where would have been the use of that? Since for my father's good I had bound myself to Luke Elphinstone, I was also bound to be a true wife to him, and, both for my own sake and his, it were a bad way to begin by revealing to a third person the repugnance with which my heart turned from the life that lay before me. For there was no escape from it that I could see. My father was getting an old man, and his health was failing; he had never been the same since those days when ruin had stared him in the face. His head grew confused now over the details of business. He was nervous and timorous, where he had formerly been bold and sanguine. He leaned upon Luke, and as his powers failed he clung to and loved, in his undemonstrative way, the youth and strength, the industry and long-headedness, that carried his younger partner from beginning to end of whatever undertaking he engaged in. I felt this when the little book full of grim figures, over which it had been his custom to pore with energy the livelong evening, was handed over to Luke, while my father himself lay back in his chair and slept, like a man whose age was assured of ease, whose house was well propped and guarded, and whose fireside was free of care. He already counted Luke as his son, and me he treated with indulgence; for by me he had gained that son. And meanwhile the days were lengthening, the summer deepened, roses increased and multiplied, and the hay was sweet in the meadows. My year was passing away.

That book of figures above mentioned was an excuse for Luke remaining in the dining-room almost the whole of the long light evenings. My father liked his doing so, liked to rouse up now and again and see the younger, stronger man thus alive to the interest of business; it was a sign of thrift that pleased his eyes, just as his waking ears were also charmed by the recurrence of the homely, monotonous purring that sounded drowsily from the distant beetling-house, whose wheel turned night and day. Sylvia and I were busy contriving baby clothes for a poor woman in one of the cottages, and we made tea for ourselves at an end window in the drawing-room, which commanded a view of the mill-settlement. From thence we could see the sun setting redly behind a hill covered with dark firs, dashing the sycamores near us with ruddy gold, hanging a lustrous haze over the little wooden bridge till it looked like a bridge in a dream, and opening up wonderful chambers of colour in the smooth deep tide of the river. Luke sometimes came in for a cup of tea. He and Sylvia got on so badly together, however, that we had pleasanter times when he stayed away. At first I had thought she seemed bent on charming him, as it was her nature to love to please every one; but her efforts had been so clearly thrown away, that of late she had given them up. As the time went on, her bright spirits fell away; she grew silent and sad, sometimes even discontented and pettish; she ceased to take any interest in the things that at first delighted her. I thought she was tired of the dulness of the Mill-house, and longed to get back to London. Nor did I wonder at this, when I, who should have loved the Mill-house as my home, felt the chill of its atmosphere even in the hot, bright days of summer with Sylvia's companionship. Outside all nature was gay; fields ripened, and garden flaunted with flowers; but within, the spell of melancholy that belonged to the house never had hung so heavily as it did now, when Sylvia had been about three weeks our guest. Gradually this conviction dawned upon me, that we were worse now, as we formerly had been better, for Sylvia's presence amongst us.

One day I had coaxed Luke into a promise to take an afternoon's holiday from his eternal plodding at the mill, and to give Sylvia and me a drive. When the time came, we two girls sat waiting under the sycamores, beside the river, Sylvia was more carefully dressed than usual, and all her gay spirits had revived. Instead of Luke, however, there came a note, saying that pressure of business prevented his fulfilling his promise. Sylvia's eyes flashed as she read the note which I gave her. It was addressed to us

jointly and began, "Fair ladies!" Sylvia crushed the paper in her hand and tossed it into the river, then she threw off her hat and lay back in the long dry grass, covering her face with the shawl. Once or twice I heard a little moan come from her as I sat musing on the strangeness that had come over Luke's behaviour of late. He had used to be too watchfully attentive. Many a time I had sighed, seeing him coming over the bridge, and wished that he would leave me more to myself. He had disapproved of many of my ways and fancies, and given much of his time to the task of converting me to his own habits and likings. Now, when for Sylvia's sake I could have wished him to be attentive, he showed no interest in my proceedings. I could not but think that this was owing to his absurd prejudice against Sylvia, and I pondered, wondering what could have been the origin of this prejudice, which must have taken root long ago, in the days when he went with my brother Dick to see her in London. I thought of his odd desire that she should be kept ignorant of our engagement. He certainly was taking especial care that no action of his should cause suspicion to cross her mind. It flashed upon me now that perhaps he was looking forward to breaking off that engagement, hence his wish to kept it secret, and the sparks of light on the river danced madly before my eyes as I strove to stifle the pang of joy that thrilled through me at the thought. But a moment's reflection assured me that Luke had no wish to release me. In many little ways he daily let me know that he meant to hold me to my word. It were running headlong into danger to believe anything but this. "God deliver me from temptation!" I murmured, as I rose and locked my arms over my breast, while for a minute the birds seemed like to turn my brain with the sudden ecstasy of their singing.

I sat down besides Sylvia, and drew back the shawl from her beautiful flushed face. Her eyelashes were wet with tears.

"Sylvia," I said, sadly, "you are fretted with the weariness of this place. Do not hesitate about leaving me whenever you wish to go." And I thought heavily that, with Luke and me for master and mistress the Mill-house was never likely to be a pleasant place of sojourn for any one.

Sylvia sat up quickly, and, winding her arm round my neck, said, in her low, wailing, passionate way

"Never say that again, Mattie. Were it as dull as a cavern, there is no place so dear to me as the Mill-house. When I have to leave it, I shall be banished out of heaven!"

I started at her vehemence, but recollected murmuring:

"Ah, yes! that is because it was Dick's home!" and I felt a pang of conscience for ever having resented her gaiety, for ever having imagined that she had ceased to mourn for her loss and mine. She gave me a little thoughtful stare out of her soft grey eyes, and then gazed down past the trees after the current of the river, as if fascinated by those sparks of light that had danced so madly before my eyes a few minutes ago.

"Ah!" she repeated, absently "of course, because it was Dick's home."

I loved her better at that moment than I had ever loved her before, and I felt indignant at Luke for having balked her of a little pleasure. I went straight to the house and ordered my own pony to be harnessed to the phaeton which I had sometimes driven under Luke's guidance. I had never cared much for driving myself, but Luke liked ladies to be a little dashing. I was determined now to turn my accomplishment to account.

I said to Sylvia, "if we cannot find a cavalier gallant enough to be our charioteer, I do not see why we should not help ourselves. I can manage Frisky pretty well."

We drove down the pleasant summer lanes into Streamstown, and stopped at the best shop while I bought some green and white muslin to make myself a frock, having promised Elspie to leave off my sad black gown by Midsummer's-day. Then we bowled on, along the white roads, chatting our women's chat, and each, I believe, doing her best to hide from the other that there was any troubling cloud hanging between her and the blue sky that brooded over our heads.

We had got quite out in the country, and were breathing exhilarating air, and getting glimpses of hills and sea. I was driving cautiously, and was rather proud of my first independent essay. Turning a corner of the road, we saw a figure on horseback riding towards us. Sylvia sat forward, gazed intently at the figure, and turned red and then pale. Surely enough the figure was familiar.

"Why, it is Luke Elphinstone!" cried I.

Pressure of business had not kept him from taking a solitary ride. His neglect of us was deliberate, his apology untrue. Sylvia, by the changes of her face, was quicker than I at seeing this.

"Let me drive," said she, suddenly, snatching the reins from my hands. The whip began to dangle in the air, and we were flying along the road at a break-neck pace.

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "Frisky will not bear to be whipped like that!" But Sylvia, with blazing eyes and flushed cheeks, was lashing his sides without pity, and the insulted little pony dashed on. We passed Luke with the swiftness of lightning. I heard him call after us, Sylvia tried to check our speed, but it was too late. She threw the reins from her in dismay, and they trailed on the road. The fields and hedges spun round us in a dizzy green ring. Then there was a crash, and I found myself lying on the ground in great agony. Luke picked us up. Sylvia escaped unhurt, but the phaeton was smashed, and my leg was broken.

CHAPTER V.

Sylvia moaned so bitterly over my sufferings, that even Elspie, who had never liked her, was softened somewhat, and I heard her muttering to herself that "yon wheedlin' hizzie had a bit heart after all." No one but Luke knew that she was the cause of the accident. My father scolded me for being so rash as to attempt to drive without assistance. Sylvia never spoke, and I had to take the blame on myself.

At the first, Sylvia was a capital nurse. She herself brought my breakfast-tray every morning, and I had to warn her that my father and Luke must be waiting for their second cups of tea before I could get her to leave me and return to the breakfast-table, over which she had now to preside. She would spend her day reading and talking to me, learning old Border songs from Elspie, who was in this way much conciliated. More than I loved to see her gliding about the room. Dr. Strong, our Streamstown physician, who came, of course, to mend my broken bones, was completely captivated by her ready hand and light step, even more by her beauty and radiant health, which last advantage has always an especial charm for a doctor. I soon saw that, conscientious as I knew him to be, he took on this occasion more interest in the nurse than in the patient.

But very soon Sylvia left off her nursing, and let me gradually drop wholly into the hands of faithful Elspie and my kind little friend Miss Pollard, whose name I think I have before mentioned at the beginning of this history, and who came often now to beguile my pains by reading aloud her favourite poems in her chirping little voice, or detailing to me the gossip of the village and country-side, while she sewed indefatigably at wonderful prodigies of fancy-work, which were destined for remote bazaars. She was not so pleasant a companion as Sylvia. It was not so delightful to look at her or hear her talk. But her voice had a tremulous echo that reminded you of a child or a bird, and her simple face was not uncomely. Albeit a spinster, she wore a widow's cap over her smooth, sand-coloured hair.

"It looks more comfortable, my dear," she said to me once, in an explanatory way, "much more comfortable, when a single woman begins to get a little in years."

She could only have been forty, or thereabouts, though I had long looked upon her as a perfect rock of ages. Her eyes were very mild and kind, and her mouth had shaped itself into a little round button, by dint, I always thought, of chirping to the canaries that lived with her at home.

Sylvia gradually gave me up. Where she passed her time, or what she did with herself, I could not guess. Instead of bringing my breakfast she would just flash in on me for a minute in the morning, looking lovelier and gladder than I had ever seen her, shake out her fresh cambrics before my glass, and rearrange the moss-rosebud in her bosom, then wander to my bedside, give me an absent kiss, and slip out again before I had more than time to say good morrow.

At different times during the day she would come in again, but she was restless while she stayed, moving about the room like something caged, and scarcely seeming to breathe freely till she got away again. Once she did bring out a child's frock, that we had left unfinished, and began to sew, but after stitching the hem of the skirt on to the waist she bundled it away impatiently, and it saw the light no more. Another time she opened a book to read to me as of old, but she made so many ridiculous blunders, that at last she laughingly shut the book, saying, "I really do not know what I am reading." One evening she slipped into the room, knelt beside my couch, laid her head on my pillow, and lay gazing up at the ceiling, with a blissful light on her face, every now and then giving a long-drawn sigh.

Sylvia dear, said I, "what can be making you so happy in this lonely place? What are you doing with yourself?"

"Doing?" she echoed, starting up with a little warbling laugh. "Mattie, I am doing a great deal."

Then she suddenly began to talk to me about her own past life. She spoke of the bitterness of the four years that had gone over her head since her father's death, not since Dick's death; she did not mention him. Since her father's death. She described to me the happy life she led in her cottage home at Richmond, where Dick and others came and wooed her, then in her nineteenth year. She was vain, she said, and worldly, deserved no better fate than befel her. Her father, a veteran officer, died, and left her destitute. No strong hand was near to help her. Nothing was left her but such wit and good looks as she had, whereby to win a dependent's bread at a stranger's table. She opened a little pocket-book and showed me a lock of her father's grey hair, and a dried vine-leaf off her cottage walls.

"Poor Sylvia!" said I, as she stroked the little treasures in her lap, and I felt puzzled the while in my own mind.

"Not so poor!" said she softly, looking as happy as a queen, and then my words had to come out.

"Sylvia!" said I, "will you answer me one question truly? Did you ever love my brother Dick?"

She glanced away startled for a moment, and then, after a long pause, turned her shining grey eyes upon my face, and said:

"I shall have to make you another confession before long, and I had better make this one beforehand. I never did love your brother; not as I could love my husband. I liked him, for he was a kind good fellow; but at the time I promised to marry him I loved another better. Ay, you may turn from me in disgust, Mattie. I told you before that I was vain and worldly; but at least I was an obedient daughter to my father, who liked your brother, and who considered him a better match, as they say, than the person I cared for more. Such things as this are not uncommon, Mattie."

I shrank a little, feeling as if the bright grey eyes pierced me through with these words. Truly such things were not uncommon. I gave a sigh to my dead brother, and Sylvia went on talking.

"I should have been a good wife to Dick if he had lived. I could not marry any one unless I were prepared to be the best wife in the world, but I should like better to marry some one I could love. I have learned that it is easier for a woman to live without riches than without a heart. Ah, if you knew how I have starved for a little love! I have done hard penance for my mistake. Poor old Lady Durden! I was very submissive to her whims. She made a white slave of me at the beginning. Could not take

her breakfast of a morning without first putting her foot upon my neck; but that was before she knew how necessary I should become to her. She did not guess that I had promised myself she should prize me, sue me, miss me, before I had done with her. In nine months she had had three companions before I went to her; and I remained with her nearly four years. She raised my wages and gave me pretty dresses. She cried when I was leaving her, and begged me to come back."

Sylvia sat on the floor, with her cheek luxuriously dipped in her hand, and her face bathed in a smile of delicious complaisance, while all this ran trippingly from her tongue.

"But you will not go back, Sylvia, you will never starve any more for love," said I, thinking I had guessed her secret very shrewdly; and at this moment the doctor was announced, who blushed as he shook hands with her. After him quickly came Miss Pollard, more blooming and lively than usual, with whom Sylvia immediately began a mischievous skirmishing of words, for there was a perpetual war going on between these two. We had tea in my room all together, and Miss Pollard put off her bonnet and filled the cups, producing a dish of spongecake which she had made with her own hands for my use, though the fairest and largest she placed on a plate by the doctor.

Dr. Strong was a stout little elderly man—clever, kind, and a trifle pompous. He had a pleasant rosy face, and the baldness of his head was quite made up for by his handsome whiskers, which were still untouched by grey. He had a simple fondness for fine English, a tender heart, which often supplied the place of a fee in his dealings with the poor, a good income, and a handsome house, a little way out of the village. He might not be all a pretty maiden's fancy, but a woman might choose for herself a worse staff to lean upon through life. I had not been used to think much upon his virtues or himself, but of late he had inspired me with new interest. I had trained myself to be very prosaic on the subject of matrimony, and I thought it would be better for Sylvia to grace a good man's home in the quiet sunshine of Streamstown than to fade into lonely dependent old maidenhood in some dreary London mansion. I did wonder at her excessive happiness and her little rhapsody about love, which I thought rather out of place. But her character had sunk in my esteem since I heard her declare that she had never loved my brother. The imaginary link that had bound my sympathy to hers had disappeared before the truth from her lips. I no longer looked upon her as a sister. An admiring friendship for her I must still preserve, but the romance that had hung about her was gone.

Somehow our little tea party went wrong that night, though Sylvia had adorned the room prettily with flowers, and the sponge-cakes were good, and the sunshine came pleasantly through the open window. Luke refused to come up to join us, though specially invited. The doctor blushed by Sylvia's mocking merriment, and Miss Pollard alarmed us all by pouring the tea into the sugar-basin. Our two friends went away together.

"Just like man and wife!" Sylvia said, laughingly, afterwards; "the little spinster on tiptoe with delight. It is unreasonable for anything so antiquated to have a heart."

"Why, you are surely not jealous of Miss Pollard," I said, smiling in her face.

"Jealous!" she echoed, with an astonished stare; then laughed heartily to herself, as if at some secret fun.

"I only mean to say," she said, "that when the tea poured into the sugar-basin it was the overflow of the tide of Miss Pollard's feelings, which sets in the direction of Dr. Strong."

"Nonsense," I said; but by-and-by began to think that Sylvia was more shrewd than I. She had walked with them that evening as far as the gates across the burn. I limped to the window and saw her coming back alone, sauntering along the gravel by the garden wall, her head on a level with the wallflowers that grew above it. She had on a light-blue dress and a pink rose in her hair, her hat in her hand, and walked in the mellow harvest light of the setting sun.

A group of haymakers going home gazed at her in shy admiration. Dreamy and pleasant came the plash of the wheels from beyond the river. How sweet the hay smelt, and over in the direction of Eldergown the woods were wrapped in purple and gold. I looked at a bunch of flowers which Mark Hatteraick had left at the door for me that morning. All the beauty of the summer evening could not make me glad, and it struck me sharply at the moment that I was very young to have given all the joy out of my life.

I saw Luke emerge from somewhere and join Sylvia, and the two came slowly together towards the house, then turned and got lost to sight among the lilac-trees along the burn. I was surprised and pleased to see them such good friends. I wondered that Sylvia had not told me about it.

(To be continued.)

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

"To be hanged without benefit of clergy!" The first three words of the sentence seem severe enough, but the last part of it conveys to many minds an idea that the intention of the legislature was to increase indefinitely the punishment of the culprit by sending him,

> Cut off even in the blossom of his sin,
> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,

to the other world, after breaking his neck with a halter in this one.

Such, however, was not the design of the framers of the sentence, nor did "benefit of clergy" refer in any way to those spiritual ministrations which the coldest form of charity would not deny to the condemned. Benefit of clergy was a privilege founded upon the exemption which clerks in orders originally claimed from the jurisdiction of secular judges. Basing their claim upon the text, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," and theoretically, perhaps, on the presumed impossibility of men whose calling it was "to wait upon God continually" committing any serious crime, the clergy, in the days when justice was hampered by superstition, procured that, no matter how heinous the offence of which they had been accused, they were to be answerable to their own ordinary only, and not to the king's justices. A clerk arraigned or convicted before a secular judge, had but to declare who and what he was, his declaration being backed up, if necessary, by the demand of his bishop, and he was discharged into the custody of the ordinary, who was supposed to provide some sufficient punishment for him, or else to deliver him "purgation." The latter process was most frequently adopted; it consisted in the accused taking oath before the ordinary that he was innocent, and a certain number of other people asserting, also upon oath, that they believed his statement.

In this way the clergy enjoyed an almost complete immunity from punishment for their crimes, and as these were neither few nor slight, their privilege gave rise to much complaint by those who had to smart where the clergy were set free, and still more by those whom the clerical delinquents had outraged. The offensive assertion of the privilege in the case of the clergyman whom A Becket refused to allow to be tried at common law, brought about the Constitution of Clarendon, and ultimately the death of the archbishop.

The Constitution of Clarendon, by which the clergy were admitted to be liable to process at common law, became in this respect a dead-letter, and the benefit of clergy survived and increased in the blood of "St. Thomas of Canterbury." It was now extended to laymen who chose to claim it, and no further evidence of clerkship was necessary than that the claimant should be able to read or write. If he gave these proofs, he was given over to the ordinary, who put him to his purgation, or laid upon him some ecclesiastical penance, as in the case of real clerks. As this privilege was applicable in all cases of capital felony, and there was no limit to the number of times it might be enjoyed, the worst evil-doers in the country got off scot-free—at all events, they saved their necks—and the peace of the community was disturbed accordingly. The solemn farce of purgation became, in many cases, too ridiculous to be gone through, or else the ordinary would not give himself the trouble to witness it; and as the alternative punishment he was empowered to award was for the offences of actual clerks, it followed, as a matter of practice, that a layruffian on receiving benefit of clergy was *ipso facto* discharged of his crime and its consequences.

This abuse of the privilege became so flagrant that a statute of Edward I., called the Statute of Westminster the First, provided that clerks convicted of felony, and delivered to the ordinary, were not to be allowed to go free without purgation, "so that the king shall not need to provide any other remedy therein." A statute in the 25 Edward III. recites the complaints of sundry prelates that the secular judges had actually hanged clerks, "in prejudice of the franchises, and in depression of the jurisdiction of Holy Church," and goes on to direct that "all manner of clerks," convicted before the secular judges of treason or felony touching any other than the king, shall have the "privilege of Holy Church," and be given up to the ordinary. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, promised at the same time safely to keep and duly to punish such clerks, "so that no clerk shall take courage so to offend for default of correction;" a promise reiterated by another primate to Henry IV.

It may easily be imagined, however, that this promise was evaded. Not only did the ordinary *ex officio* incline to the merciful side, but he found it no light matter to receive, punish, maintain, and keep all the scoundrels that were "admitted to clergy." Favouritism had also free scope, and the worst criminals might be abroad with impunity, while offenders in smaller things were undergoing punishment. By 4 Henry VII. c. 13, it was ordered that clergy should be allowed but once to persons not in orders; and all who receive the benefit were to be branded with a hot iron on the brawn of the thumb with the letter M if they were murderers, and T if they were felons of a less degree. This branding was to be done by the jailer in open court, before the convict was delivered to the ordinary. Eight years afterwards, when a master was murdered by his servant under circumstances that excited much popular indignation, advantage was taken to pass an act to deprive all laymen who should thereafter murder their masters of the benefit of clergy.

Henry VIII. dealt the hardest blows that the institution received until quite modern times. A statute passed in the fourth year of his reign took away clergy from all murderers, and from certain felons, unless they were actual clerks. "They bear them bold of their clergy, and live in manner without fear or dread," is the excuse made in the preamble for interfering. The clergy sniffed the breeze that was ultimately to blow down many more of their privileges besides "the privilege of Holy Church;" and they strenuously opposed the passing of this act, and fiercely denounced it when it actually was passed. The 23 Henry VIII. c. 1, recites the statute of Edward III., and the frequent promises, consistently broken, which the prelates had given, that persons admitted to clergy should not go free without purgation or some kind of punishment; and, observing that the existing state of things could not be tolerated, goes on to take away clergy in all kinds of *petit* treason, in murder, robbery from the person, and arson, unless the offenders be actual clerks of the rank of subdeacon and upwards. If they were clerks of these degrees, they were to be given to the ordinary; but instead of being admitted to purgation, they were to be imprisoned for life in the ordinary's prison. To help this statute, another was passed immediately afterwards, declaring it to be felony without benefit of clergy for any one to break out and escape from the prison. Power was also given to the ordinary, if he chose to exercise it, to degrade the criminal from his ecclesiastical rank, and to send him to the King's Bench, where he might be dealt with as one

whom the church refused to shield, and be hanged accordingly.

By a series of statutes from Henry VIII. to George I., benefit of clergy was taken away from the more atrocious offenders, from horse-stealers, burglars, housebreakers by day, forcible abducers of women, "from a certain kind of evil-disposed persons, commonly called Cut-purses or Pick-purses," from men who stabbed others who were not prepared for defence, from bullies who made men drunk, quarrelled with them, and killed them for what they had about them; from such as steal cloth from the ho iers' drying-racks; and from such as steal his Majesty's ammunition-stores. One statute was passed in Charles II.'s time, expressly to take away benefit of clergy from "notorious thieves in Northumberland and Cumberland," men who were well known for spoilers, and apt to "drive a prey," but who could not be punished under the existing law. Elizabeth followed in her father's wake in clipping the wings of such birds of prey. Under her, it became law that when clergy was allowed to a man for an offence which was clergyable, it was not to free him from punishment for an unclergyable offence committed before, but not known at the time of his trial for the second. She also ordered that such persons as were admitted to the benefit should not be given over to the ordinary, nor go through the mockery of purgation, but she gave the magistrates power to imprison them for a year, the ancient ordinance of branding them on the thumb not being revoked. Later statutes ordered the punishment of whipping and fining as an alternative or an addition to imprisonment, and for certain felonies, transportation. Philip and Mary took away clergy from accessories in murder, and several other crimes, so that, by the time the institution was near its end (*temp.* George IV.), the worst ruffians received no protection from it; and it exercised an influence rather beneficial than otherwise, by tempering the savage ferocity of the criminal law then in force, by which, according to Blackstone, no less than one hundred and sixty of the offences which might be committed in a day were punishable by death.

A statute of Edward VI., while taking away clergy from many offenders, clerical and lay, granted it as a right to a lord of parliament, for his first felo y, though he could not read. He was also excused from the branding in the hand. Women appear not to have the benefit of clergy until James I. gave it to them. The 21 Jac. I. c. 6, recites that, "whereas by the laws of this realm, the benefit of clergy is not allowed to women convicted of felony, by reason whereof many women do suffer death for small causes," and then goes on to give them the same privilege as men, subject to the like conditions as to branding, &c.

Benefit of clergy might be pleaded in bar of an indictment, but more frequently it was brought forward after trial, at least with persons who were not really clerks, in arrest of judgment. A clerk might, if he choose, waive his clergy, "and note," says Lord Coke, "when he knew himself free and innocent, then hee would be tryed by the common law; but when hee found himselfe fowle and guilty, then would hee shelter himselfe under the priviledge of his clergy."

Circumscribed within limits which rendered impossible the harm it once did, the privilege of Benefit of Clergy operated to mitigate the severity of the law which provided the punishment of death for so many offences, including thefts of articles exceeding twelvepence in value. But in 1827, it was deemed, along with the law which it tempered, too extravagant for a civilised people. In that year, benefit of clergy was utterly taken away and abolished, and the criminal law itself transformed into something less Draconic. By the 7 and 8 George IV. c. 28, transportation, imprisonment, and whipping are the punishments provided for offences hitherto clergyable; and "the privilege of Holy Church" is now, equally with that of sanctuary, only knows as a curious historical relic of barbarous times.

A GANTLET OF FIRE.

It is now several years since that I was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and located at their trading-station of Hemlock Bend, on the banks of the Great Snake River. A wild desolate spot it was, surrounded by dreary pine-forests, and yet more dreary swamps, and with its double cordon of tall stockade, and a long swivel-gun crowning its central warehouse, more resembling a military post than a commercial dépôt.

Most lonely was our life in that distant factory, with the fierce blasts from the great bay sweeping down upon us in almost polar cold and furious snow-storms during more than half the year, while our brief summer was cheered by no more pleasant visitants than the rugged voyageurs of the bateaux which brought our merchandise, and the grave Indian hunters who came to barter their winter's take of furs for our powder, cloth, and brazen ornaments.

My range of society, however, was somewhat greater, for as assistant-factor, it was my duty, during the summer months, to visit our different out-stations; and not only singular were the characters with which I thus made acquaintance, but wild and sometimes perilous the adventures I encountered.

On one occasion, I remember being bound to Sandy's Bluff, beyond Loon Lake, one of my most distant charges. In those thickly-wooded regions, the rivers and creeks form the only highway, and with the usual farewell cheer given and returned, my Indian crew and I in our large nor-west canoe, started on our expedition. A pleasant mid-summer voyage it promised, leading along gentle rivers, bordered by young green foliage; across bright breezy lakes, and through the windings of narrow creeks, fringed with countless blossoms. When night came, we drew our light boat to land, and wrapped in our blankets, slept soundly beneath its shelter until daylight called us to resume our journey.

Two and a half days had been thus occupied, and the afternoon of the third saw us entering right fork, Kaskongshadi, or broken water, a stream noted even in that wild country for its rugged gorges of arrowy rapid, and its alternate broader stretches of rippling, sunny, pale-green water, which tinted the hue of every fish within its depths, and of every rock and lichen along its borders.

But the ready philosophy of the Indians was equal to every exigence as it appeared, the light, graceful action with which their ten easily-wielded paddles sent our canoe skimming along the stream, gradually changing, as the adverse current quickened, into a fierce, rapid movement, capable of making head against the wild, leaping, foaming torrent which surged down on us, or if the rush of the steep incline defied the power of paddles, the dauntless rowers leaped out into the foaming flood, and girding themselves with ropes, took their canoe in tow, pressing on from rock to rock along the shallower margin of the river, but still waist-deep in the roaring, raging, tumultuous race of waters which almost swept them from their feet. But with yells and whoops, as against a human enemy, the brave fellows battled on, until at last, breathless and well-nigh exhausted, they emerged from the watery ordeal, and with a final yell of triumph, which quivered through the surrounding woods, leaped again into their places, until new rapids should call them to fresh exertions; except on one occasion, when a cataract compelled them to make a portage, when canoe and cargo were planted on their ready shoulders, and carried overland to the next smooth water.

At length, but one more rapid rolled between us and Loon Lake, and a murmur of pleasure broke from the Indians' lips as they saw the broad sunlit space beyond. But the race was the worst upon our route, a veritable hill of surging waves, crowned by a powerful sweep, as the waters of the lake rushed over into the twin-forks of the Kaskongshadi, while to add to the difficulties of the ascent, the water was too deep to admit of wading, the banks on either side too abrupt for even Indian feet to scale.

The men, however, had many times before achieved this rapid, and they doubted not of doing it again; and dashing their paddles into the foaming flood, with every nerve strung to the uttermost, strongly, eagerly, impetuously, they plied their blades, almost burying their slight vessel in the white sea of breakers, which seethed in a wild shrieking tumult round us, and almost blinded us by the clouds of spray which dashed full into our faces.

Ten anxious arduous minutes, and the topmost wave alone remained before us, and every hand took a firmer hold, every paddle a longer sweep, for that last mighty effort. At last, the steep ascent was gained; and as the shallop swayed upon its crest, the well-known whoop of victory resounded through the wilds. But a cry of blank dismay quickly followed, as the steersman's paddle, strained by the pressure, snapped off above the blade; while the unguided canoe, yielding to the rushing current, broached to on the watery brink, and ere any could control her, swayed completely round, and passing the intervening point of land, shot like an arrow into the left fork of the Kaskongshadi, and began to leap down the surging breakers and steep cascades of the companion-rapid to that which we had just so laboriously ascended.

Suddenly a new and fearful horror came over us as we swept into the wild descent; scarce a rood below us there flashed upon our eyes a great glare of fire, while a sharp, crackling noise broke upon the silence, and at once we comprehended the fearful truth, that one of those terrific conflagrations, which, lit by a spark from a hunter's rifle, an unextinguished Indian fire, or some other trivial cause, occasionally devastate the sun-dried American wilds, was raging in our front. It was an appalling discovery, and instantly every paddle was at work to try and win our way back from those deadly precincts. But our boat had received an impetus with whose first force no power of ours could cope, and despite our utmost efforts, she still plunged madly on.

Fearful was the scene to which she brought us. Fire on either side, as the fierce element wrapped the lofty forest trees in sheets of flame; fire above, as the overhanging branches joined together in a burning arch; nay, it seemed even fire below, as the boiling waves which raged around us caught the red reflection, and flashed it back in a thousand broken rays.

Though momentarily overpowered, we were not discouraged, and again we strove to stem both flood and impetus, but all in vain; faster and faster surged the waves over the bristling rocks, until it became evident that all the last and steepest rapids of the neighbouring fork were on this unknown stream united into one long and insurmountable river-race.

Meanwhile, on we sped, amid air which grew each moment hotter as we passed deeper into the burning region, while the flames around us raged with a wilder fury, and the voice of the destroyer took a more threatening tone. Yet it was a magnificent sight, that dark primeval forest ablaze with one great rolling mass of fire, its mighty trees glowing redly amid the fiery radiance, as the flaming streamers wrapped them round, its jets of fire leaping high into the air, now darkened by night; while the rush and roar of those tumultuous flames grew well-nigh deafening; and louder still the thunderous reverberations with which, at intervals, some forest-giant crashed down to the ground, sending up into the sky great clouds of sparks.

Strange and gorgeous were the various hues in which the different trees yielded up their summer foliage; and yet stranger, when this brief glory had passed, was the aspect of their tall, gaunt forms changed to flaming pinnacles or masses of glowing embers. Every now and then, piercing shrieks, which made us shiver, rose above the tumult of the flames, telling of wild animals overtaken in their flight, while scorched and terrified birds fell thickly round us, to die by an easier death. Each moment, too, our own fate appeared more imminent as the hot furnace-like air made us faint and pant

for breath, and our strength wither like grass beneath its blighting influence; while, as we passed, the overhanging trees swept their long-flaming boughs across our faces, or strewed the stream and us with burning brands; and worse than all, far as the keen-eyed red men could penetrate the ruddy haze, stretched the fiery gantlet we were compelled to run.

Never shall I forget what we endured as, with wetted blankets casing both the lofty ends of our canoe, with similar coverings wrapped around ourselves—our slight but only shield—we swept along that fearful avenue, our breath more and more laboured, our dazzled and fire-scorched eyes more dim. Hopeless, helpless, and suffering, we sped on to certain death, which each prepared to meet as best he might; some with the proud stoicism of their race, others with the Cross-sign taught them by the earliest missionaries; while a pang of inexpressible anguish for the dear ones left desolate in that wild land divided my own last thoughts.

It was an interval of unutterable misery, passed amid a wild, roaring, leaping rush of flames, and a scarce less wildly-leaping rush of waters.

At length the measure of their endurance was complete, and one by one the stricken Indians sank beneath their fiery trial; some, it seemed, happily unconscious of their dreadful doom, others moaning in their suffocating agony. As my own stronger organisation slowly yielded to the deadly breath of the overheated air, and a faint bewildering exhaustion crept over me, paralysing every faculty, I closed my bleared and aching eyes, as I believed for ever, with a murmured prayer that our fiery passage might be short as terrible.

But when hope was gone, and life had almost passed, an overruling Providence guided us to safety. Within an hour, that narrow gorge widened into a lake-like reach, among whose placid waters our canoe at length found rest, while the cooler air fanning our brows recalled our all but departed spirits. Thence in safety, and deeply thankful for our unhoped-for escape, for two days we watched the progress of the forest conflagration; and on the third, when it had passed away, we bore our little bark across the devastated country, and remounting successfully the right fork of the Kaskongshadi, at length reached our destination. But neither time, nor the chances and changes of life in the wilds, can banish the haunting memory of that most fearful night, when my Indians and I ran that gantlet of fire.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

I.

Oh! the green things growing! the green things growing!
The fresh sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

II.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
Talking each to each when no man's knowing,
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the grey dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

III.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false shewing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

IV.

And in the full wealth of their blossom's glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;
Ah! I should like to see, if God's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

V.

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing—
Sleep out of sight awhile—like the green things growing;
Though earth to earth return, I think I shall not mourn,
If I may change into green things growing.

P. M. C

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MAY 25, 1867.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Covers for binding the third volume of the READER are now ready, and may be obtained from the publisher; also, the first, second and third volumes, bound in an elegant and uniform style. Subscribers who did not receive the index to the *second* volume of the READER, can now be supplied upon application to the Publisher.

A NEW STORY.

MABEL'S PROGRESS,

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

We commence in the present number the republication of the above story from *All the Year Round*, in which periodical it occupies the post of honour. It is needless, perhaps, to say that we confidently expect this tale will prove a great attraction to our readers, for its appearance in a periodical conducted by Charles Dickens is evidence sufficient that it possess merit of a very high order. Will our readers oblige us by making the substance of this announcement known to their friends.

THE ART OF MISREPRESENTATION.

This is an age which plumes itself upon the possession of superior morality. The boast is not without justification by the facts, for the grosser forms of vice no longer receive the sanction, or even the indulgence of society. The semi-barbarous indifference to human life, which prevailed in days gone by, has almost disappeared. Men no longer connive at assassination, much less applaud it, cruelty, perpetrated under a flimsy covering of law, has ceased to be in fashion, the ingenious diabolism which contrived the rack, the thumb-screw and the boots is sunk in the Tophet, reserved for blood-thirsty devices; and, within the memory of some still living, duelling, that last relic of the sanguinary patrimony bequeathed by our ancestors, has been deprived of its romance and entered in the list of felonies. Highway robbery is not now supposed to be a fitting amusement for the ingenuous youth of England. Time was when it passed for an evidence of spirit in a young patrician to be able to boast of the purses he had taken on Hounslow or Hampstead Heath by the magical words "Stand and deliver," backed by the sharp cocking of a pistol. It is not likely that we shall again hear of a Lord Chief Justice, like one whose character has been limned by Lord Campbell,—a learned judge who was in his youth "a gentleman of the road," but passed the evenings of his days in sentencing his brother highwaymen to Tyburn tree. The occupation which diverted Prince Hal, Falstaff and their vular associates Pistol and Bardolph, is irrevocably gone.

Then again the open and unblushing profligacy we associate with the times of Louis XV. of France, Charles II., the first two and the last of the Georges in England, has been either "stamped out" by the indignant virtue of our age or compelled to court the darkness to which it is akin. Drunkenness is no longer a fashionable vice or a proof of a strong mind and a convivial soul. Princes, prime ministers and statesmen do not think it a point of honour to sink beneath the festive-board, without the use either of brains or legs. Nor can our country-gentleman be described as "a drunken landlord who," as Junius says "will suffer no man to leave his table either sorrowful or sober." A novelist would find himself hard put to it, to find now-a-days the counterpart of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone; the race of three-bottle men, has passed into oblivion with those feebler topers they left to snore off the fumes of their wine under the table.

It is not merely in negative morality that the men of to-day are superior to their ancestors. Positive duty is more correctly understood, and its applications to the varied concerns of life are more searchingly investigated, and enforced by public opinion. The relations between man and man, and those also between man and woman, as well as the mutual obligations of class to class, receive more earnest attention. Charity which, being dependant on individual caprice, was incapable of any sustained or continuous effort, has become regular and methodical.

But although in its onward and upward growth, society has brought forth good fruit, there is a vast underbrush of petty vice still encumbering the soil. Careful to insist on the greater moralities, we are apt to become careless regarding the less. The worst of it is that minor derelictions of duty are often the outgrowth of the very civilization which trains the age in discountenancing graver sins. To take an example or two before proceeding to the subject we have in hand:—we pride ourselves on our benevolence. But this virtue does not consist merely in donations of money or even the expenditure of labour or life for one's fellow-men. It means good-will, good-nature, kindliness in word and behaviour. Hence courtesy is a minor and subordinate branch of it, yet how often do we see those who would fain scale the ramparts of heaven by heading a succession of subscription-lists, treat their fellows in social life as if there were no kinship or bond of sympathy between them. Witness the *hauteur* which sometimes characterizes the titled and wealthy, and the *brusquerie* or downright rudeness which passes amongst the vulgar for manly independence.

We preach honesty and send the thief to the hulks, but what of that spirit of over-reaching, and that callous disregard of the interests of others which pass unchallenged? What of the adulteration of food, the disingenuous tricks of trade, and the down-right knavery of some stock-exchanges whose names we might mention? Patriotism is much lauded, and yet it is considered rather a proof of laudable "smartness" in a patriot to defraud the revenue, evade the payment of a tax, or cheat upon a contract. So with regard to truth; a direct falsehood in public life makes a man a social pariah, but how many petty breaches of veracity meet with no condemnation, and are regarded either as venial or as not faults at all. The untruthful puffing of merchandize, lands, and other vendible property is an instance of this, yet everyone seems to think it not incompatible with great pretensions to virtue and even to religion. Many other transgressions of the laws of minor ethics will readily occur to the reader, but it is time for us to pass to the topic more immediately under consideration.

We have ventured to call misrepresentation an art, and there is ample reason for doing so. It is true that most people denounce it as a sort of vice, somewhat akin to falsehood, whenever its name is brought before them. They are anxious to repudiate it, in its undisguised form; nevertheless it is systematically employed, whenever men's minds come into collision on any topic of absorbing interest. In controversial rhetoric, it forms in our day an important element; and the study of its method, which may be sketched and of its rules which are capable of being accurately laid down, justifies our employment of the term *art* in regard to it. The first step towards closing the ears of others against the arguments of an opponent is to arouse their prejudices. This is generally a surer way to carry them with us than the use of

strictly logical argumentation. Misrepresentation, whether designed or not, affords the best means of compassing this end, and thus it is that in religious and philosophical polemics, as well as in the dexterous manœuvres of political strategy, it is so often resorted to, and with such potent effect. Satire is always more agreeable to the mass of men than argument. The former dazzles by the glitter of its weapons and the dash of its onset. It may be unscrupulous in its assertions, unjust in its irony and dissatisfying to those who reflect, but what matters it to the majority who are convinced an opponent has been slain, that they have been merely tilting at the sails of a wind-mill? Argument, on the other hand, is subject to inexorable rules; it requires coolness of brain, a careful investigation of the reasons which may be advanced on both sides and a freedom from the illogical bias of pre-conceived opinion. Hence satire, and its handmaid, misrepresentation, are too often the most effective weapons in the armoury of the rhetorician.

It is not necessary that the misrepresentation be consciously employed, it is sometimes the result of blind zeal, or as is often the case, of sheer ignorance. The moment a man is so far carried away by the fanaticism of cherished opinion as to be unable to appreciate the standpoint of an opponent, he will inevitably misrepresent, whether designedly or not.

In theological controversy this is peculiarly the case. At first sight misrepresentation seems so alien from the spirit of religion, that we are surprised at its prevalence. It might reasonably be supposed that as we must search for the truth by interpreting the sacred books, the differences arising from the diverse constitutions of individual minds would teach men charity one toward another. But it is not so; the fervid zeal which animates the champion of a particular creed blinds him to any argument which may have carried conviction to the mind of his opponent. Hence the ugly names with which controversalists pelt each other, and the thorough want of consideration they display. They have no idea of "trying all things" as a necessary preliminary to "holding forth that which is good,' and they pass through life ignorant, self-satisfied and opinionative.

In philosophy, again, the case is very little better. It never seems to strike the sensationalist, the idealist, or the mystic, that each of them may possess only a part of the truth. It seems to be considered perfectly legitimate to force adverse views to the rage of extravagance, and attribute to the mildest disciples of a school the opinions of the most extreme. Thus Locke has been misrepresented as a naturalist, and Descartes as a pantheist. Byron, from mere ignorance, wrote, "When Berkeley said there was no matter, it was no matter what he said," and some sage critics advised the reverend prelate to test his theory by running his head against a post. These men misrepresented the philosopher, because they did not understand him at all.

It is in the political warfare, however, that the art has reached the highest state of polish. Misrepresentation seems to be the pivot on which the whole system of party turns. Sometimes we find it faintly censured as unfair, but no one appears to deem it a gross breach of veracity. It is taken as a matter of course in political contests, and people generally regard it rather as an evidence of cleverness and ingenuity than as a detestable vice. We cannot give instances of it without hazarding our neutral position, but they are not far to seek by anybody who thinks it worth while.

It is scarcely likely that misrepresentation will ever be banished from the field of controversy, until the intellect of mankind is sharpened and tempered by a sounder training. This will include a disposition to consider calmly and fairly the opinions of an opponent, not in the shape of burlesque, but in the strongest light he could himself put them. Thus only can truth be eliminated, and a kindly feeling cherished for those with whom we feel compelled to differ. Then only will misrepresentation sink to its proper place, as the enemy of truth, of charity, and of justice.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is, we believe, the third volume of the Diamond Edition of Dickens' works now in course of issue by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. It contains sixteen original illustrations by S. Eytinge, jr., and is in every respect equal to either of the former volumes of this already favourite edition. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have, we are glad to observe, remitted Mr. Dickens two hundred pounds sterling as his share of the profits of the issue thus far. American publishers generally should ponder the example set them.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Complete Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This edition of Longfellow is elegantly bound in green morocco cloth, uniform with the Diamond Tennyson, and comprises all the author's poetical works. It is printed on toned paper, and, for compactness and cheapness, leaves little to be desired.

GOSSIP.

The "Poetry of the Seven Dials" will be thought rather a curious subject by those of our readers who are familiar with this celebrated district of London, but it has suggested a very readable article in the last number of the Quarterly Review. The most important and popular of the halfpenny ballads which have been published in London, from the year 1854 down to the effusion suggested by the lions in Trafalgar-square, are the subject of the article. Most of the ballads, and nearly all the dying speeches, are rather oddly produced. Of the latter we learn that:—

"Many of these are clearly by the same hand, probably one of the five or six well-known authors, who also chant their own verses in the streets. 'I gets,' says one of the fraternity, 'I gets a shilling a copy for the verses *written by the wretched culprit* the night previous to his execution.' 'And I,' says another, 'did the helegy on Rush. I didn't write it to horder; I knew that they would want a copy of verses from the wretched culprit. And when the publisher (Mr. Catnach) read it, "that's the thing for the streets," he says. But I only got a shilling for it.' 'It's the same poet as does 'em all,' says a third authority, 'and the same tip; *no more nor a bob for nothing.*'"

The publishers, however, with that good fortune which seems to wait upon publishers, had less reason to complain. Concerning one of these gentlemen, Mr. Catnach, we are told—

A discussion has taken place on the question as to who is to be considered the originator of the volunteer movement. The honour is generally assigned to Mr. Tennyson, on account of his famous doggrel verses (for they deserve no better name), "Form, form, riflemen form!" But another claimant has appeared in Colonel Richards, the author of a volume of poems, and the Laureate seems to have yielded the point, and has written to Colonel Richards himself as follows:—"Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, April 19.—I most heartily congratulate you on your having been able to do so much for your country, and I hope that you will not cease from your labours, until it is the law of the land that every man child in it shall be trained to the use of arms.—I have the honour to be yours faithfully, A. TENNYSON."

The old Académie des Jeux Floraux, at Toulouse, last year, received no less than 638 poetical works of various kinds, in competition for the curious gold and silver flower prizes offered by the Academy. The poems which carried off the highest prizes were, 'La France Méridionale, by the Abbé Lacadeé of Bordeaux, 'Le Vieux Fauteuil,' by M. Malaton, of Marseilles, and 'L'Homme de Lettres Charlatan,' by M. Groc, of Toulouse. These compositions will be published, as for the rest, they will probably meet the fate which they merit—speedy oblivion; but it is evident from the great numbers of competitors that the laurel wreaths of the Jeux Floraux of Toulouse are still greatly coveted.

The *Caledonian Mercury*, which claimed to be the oldest newspaper in the kingdom, and which for some months past was issued in the form of an evening halfpenny paper, ceased recently to be published, after an existence (since 1662) of more than two centuries.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 169.

Book the Fifth.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

"As I have suffered by the absence of any witness to our negotiation, I may as well profit by the absence of any witness to our interview. You are a cheat and a trickster, Mr. Goodge, and I have the honour to wish you good afternoon!"

"Go forth, young man," cried the infuriated Jonah, whose fat round face became beet-root colour with rage, and who involuntarily extended his hand to the poker—for the purpose of defence and not defiance, I believe. "Go forth, young man, I say unto you, as Abimelech said unto Jedediah, go forth."

I am not quite clear as to the two scriptural proper names with which the Rev. Jonah embellished his discourse on this occasion; but I know that sort of man always has a leaning to the Abimelechs and Jedediahs of biblical history, solely, I believe, because the names have a sonorous roll with them that is pleasant in the mouth of the charlatan.

As I was in the act of going forth—quite at my leisure; for I had no fear of the clerical poker—my eye happened to alight on a small side-table, covered with a chessboard-patterned cloth in gaudy colours, and adorned with some of those sombre volumes which seem like an outward evidence of the sober piety of their possessor. Among the sombre volumes lay something which savoured of another hemisphere than that to which those brown leather-bound books belonged. It was a glove—a gentleman's glove, of pale lavender kid; small in size for a masculine glove, and bearing upon it the evidence of the cleaner's art. Such might be the glove of an exiled Brummel, but could never have encased the squat paw of a Jonah Goodge. It was as if the *point d'Alençon* ruffle of Chesterfield had been dropped in the study of John Wesley.

In a moment there flashed into my mind an idea which has haunted me ever since. That glove had belonged to my respected patron, Horatio Paget, and it was for his benefit the letters had been abstracted from the packet. He had been with Jonah Goodge in the course of that day, and had bought him over to cheat me.

And then I was obliged to go back to the old question, Was it possible that the Captain could have any inkling of my business? Who could have told him? Who could have betrayed a secret which was known only to George Sheldon and myself?

After all, are there not other people than Horatio Paget who wear cleaned lavender gloves? But it always has been a habit with the Captain to leave one loose glove behind him; and I daresay it was the recollection of this which suggested the idea of his interference in the Goodge business.

I devoted my evening to the perusal of Mrs Rebecca Haygarth's letters. The pale ink, the quaint cramped hand, the old-fashioned abbreviations and very doubtful orthography, rendered the task laborious; but I stuck to my work bravely, and the old clock in the market-place struck two as I began the last letter. As I get deeper into this business I find my interest in it growing day by day; an interest *sui generis*, apart from all personal gain—apart even from the consideration that by means of this investigation I am obtaining a living which is earned *almost* honestly; for if I tell an occa-

sional falsehood or act an occasional hypocrisy, I am no worse than a secretary of legation or an Old Bailey barrister.

The pleasure which I now take in the progress of this research is a pleasure that is new to me; it is the stimulus which makes a break-neck gallop across dreary fields gridironed with dykes and stone walls so delicious to the sportsman; it is the stimulus which makes the task of the mathematician sweet to him when he devotes laborious days to the solution of an abstruse problem; it is the stimulus that sustains the Indian trapper against all the miseries of cold and hunger, foul weather, and aching limbs; it is the fever of the chase,—that inextinguishable fire which, once lighted in the human breast, is not to be quenched until the hunt is ended.

I should like to earn three thousand pounds; but if I were to be none the richer for my trouble, I think, now that I am so deeply involved in this business, I should still go on. I want to fathom the mystery of that midnight interment at Dewsdale; I want to know the story of that Mary Haygarth who lies under the old yew-tree at Spotswold, and for whose loss some one sorrowed without hope of consolation.

Was that a widower's commonplace, I wonder, and did the unknown mourner console himself ultimately with a new wife? Who knows? as my Italian friends say when they discuss the future of France. Shall I ever penetrate that mystery of the past? My task seems to me almost as hopeless as if George Sheldon had set me to hunt up the descendants of King Solomon's ninety-ninth wife. A hundred years ago seems as far away, for all practical purposes, as if it were on the other side of the flood.

The letters are worth very little. They are prim and measured epistles, and they relate much more to spiritual matters than to temporal business. Mrs. Rebecca seems to have been so much concerned for the health of her soul that she had very little leisure to think of anything so insignificant as the bodies of other people. The letters are filled with discourses upon her own state of mind, and the tone of them reveals not a little of that pride whose character it is to stimulate humility. Mrs. Rebecca is always casting ashes on her head, but she takes care to let her friend and pastor know what a saintly head it is notwithstanding.

I have laid aside three of the most secular letters, which I selected after wading through unnumbered pages of bewailings in the strain of a Wesleyan Madame Guyon. These throw some little light upon the character of Matthew Haygarth, but do not afford much information of a tangible kind.

I have transcribed the letters verbatim, adhering even to certain eccentricities of orthography which were by no means unusual in an age when the Pretender to the crown of Great Britain wrote of his father as *Gems*.

The first letter bears the date of August 30th, 1773, one week after the marriage of the lady to our friend Matthew.

"Reverend Friend and Pastor,—On Monday seanite we arriv'd in London, wich seems to me a mighty bigg citty, but of no more meritt or piety than Babylon of old. My husband, who knows ye towne better than he knows those things with wich it would more become him to be familiar, was pleas'd to laugh mightily at that pious aversion wherewith I regarded some of ye most notable sights in this place. We went t'other night to a great garden called by some Spring Garden, by others Vauxhall,—as having been at one time ye residence or estate of that Arch Fiend and Papistical traitor Vaux, or Faux; but although I felt obligated to my husband for ye desire to entertain me with a fine sight, I could not but look with shame upon serious Christians disporting themselves like children amongst coloured lamps, and listening as if entrapped to profane music, when, at so much less cost of money or of health, they might have been assembled together to improve and edify one another.

"My obliging Mathew would have taken me to other places of the like character; but inspir'd, as I hope and believe, by ye direction of ye Spirit, I took upon myself to tell him what vain trifling is all such kind of pleasure. He argu'd with me stoutly, saying that ye King and Queen, who are both shining examples of goodness and piety, do attend Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and are to be seen there frequent, to the delight of their subjects. On which I told him that, much as I esteemed my sovereign and his respectable consort, I would compleat my existence without having seen them rather than I would seek to encounter them in a place of vain and frivolous diversion. He listen'd to my discourse in a kind and sober temper, but he was not convinc'd; for by and by he falls of a sudden to sighing and groaning, and cries out, 'O, I went to Vauxhall once when ye garden was not many years made, and O, how bright ye lamps shone, like ye stars of heaven fallen among bushes! and O, how sweet ye music sounded, like ye hymns of angels in the dewy evening! but that was nigh upon twenty years gone by, and all ye world is changed since then.'

"You will conceive, Reverend Sir, that I was scandalised by such a foolish rapsodie, and in plain words admonish'd my husband of his folly. Whereupon he speedily became sober, and asked my pardon; but for all that night continued of a gloomy countenance, ever and anon falling to sighing and groaning as before. Indeed, honour'd Sir, I have good need of a patient sperrit in my dealing with him; for altho' at times I think he is in a fair way to become a Christian, there are other times when I doubt Satan has still a hold upon him, and that all my prayers and admonitions have been in vaine.

"You, who know the wildness and wickedness of his past life—so far as that life was ever known to any but himself, who was ever of a secret and silent disposition concerning his own doings in this city, tho' free-spoken and frank in all common matters—you, honour'd sir, know with how serious an intention I have taken upon myself the burden of matrimony, hoping thereby to secure the compleat conversion of this waywarde soul. You are aware how it was ye earnest desire of my late respected father that Mathew Haygarth and I shou'd be man and wife, his father and my father haveing bin friends and companions in ye days of her most gracious majesty Queen Anne. You know how, after being lost to all decent company for many years, Mathew came back after his father's death, and lived a sober and serious life, attending amongst our community, and being seen to shed tears on more than one occasion while listening to the discourse of our revered and inspired founder. And you, my dear and honour'd pastor, will feel for me when I tell you how I am tormented by ye fear of backsliding in this soul which I have promised to restore to ye fold. It was but yesterday, when walking with him near St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, he came to a standstill all of a sudden, and cried in that impetuous manner which is even yet natural to him, 'Look ye now, Becky, wouldst like to see the house in which the happiest years of my life was spent?' And I making no answer, as thinking it was but some sudden freak, he points out a black dirty-looking dwelling-place, with overhanging windows and a wide gabled roof. 'Yonder it stands, Becky,' he cries; 'number seven John-street, Clerkenwell; a queer dingy box of four walls, my wench—a tumble-down kennel, with a staircase that 'twould break your neck to mount, being strange to it—and half-a-day's journey from the court-end of town. But that house was once paradise to me; and to look at it even now, though 'tis over eighteen years since I saw the inside of it, will bring the tears into these poor old eyes of mine.' And then he walk'd on so fast that I could scarce keep pace with him, till we came to Smithfield; and then he began to tell me about Bartholomew-fair and the brave sights he had seen, and must needs show me where had stood the booth of one Fielding—since infamously notorious as the writer of some trashy novels, the dulness whereof is only surpassed by their profligacy; and then he talks of Fawkes the conjuror, who made a great fortune, and of some humble person called 'Tiddy Doll,' a dealer in gingerbread and such foolish wares. But he could tell me nothing of those early preachings of our revered founder in Moorfields, which would have been more pleasant to me than all this vain babble about drolls and jesters, gingerbread bakers and showmen.

"When we had walked the round of the place, and it was time to take coach for our lodging at Chelsea—he having brought me thus far to see St. Paul's and the prison of Newgate, the Mint and Tower—the gloomy fit came on him again, and all that evening he was dull and sorrowful; though I read aloud to him from the printed sermon of a rising member of our community. So you will see, honour'd sir, how difficult it is for these children of Satan to withdraw themselves from that master they have once served; since at the sober age of fifty-three yeares my husband's weak heart yet yearns after profligate faires and foolish gardens lighted by color'd lampes.

"And now no more, my reverend friend, my paper being gone, and it being full time to reflect that y^r patience must be gone also. Service to Mrs. Goodge. I have no more room but to assure you that ye gayeties of this foolish and erring citty have no power to withdraw ye heart of her whose chief privilege it is to subscribe herself

"Your humble follower and servant,

"Rebecca Haygarth."

To my mind there seems just a shadowy hint of some by-gone romance in this letter. Why did the dingy house in John-street bring the tears into Matthew's eyes? and why did the memory of Vauxhall and Bartholomew Fair seem so sweet to him? And then that sighing and groaning and dolefulness of visage whenever the thought of the past came back to him?

What did it all mean, I wonder? Was it only his vanished youth which poor, sobered, converted, Wesleyanised Matthew regretted? or were there pensive memories of something even sweeter than youth associated with the coloured lamps of Vauxhall and the dinginess of Clarkenwell? Who shall sound the heart of a man who lived a hundred years ago? and where is the fathom-line which shall plumb its mysteries? I should need a stack of old letters before I could arrive at the secret of that man's life.

The two other letters, which I have selected after some deliberation, relate to the last few weeks of Matthew's existence; and in these again I fancy I see the trace of some domestic mystery, some sorrowful secret which this sober citizen kept hidden from his wife, but which he was on several occasions half inclined to reveal to her.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT-PASSENGER.

THE wilderness of vegetation that stretches for hundreds of miles in patches of forest, composed of gigantic gum trees, gnarled oaks, and feather-foliaged wattle, across a portion of the Australian continent, had not for many months been traversed by the rugged tracks that led to the mines of Mount Alexander and Bendigo, before Yankee enterprise reduced the distance to a two days' journey. The leathern-springed coaches of America, with their teams of active horses, soon reduced the then arduous pilgrimage to a very ordinary undertaking; and the emigrant who sought to reach the diggings quickly considered eight sovereigns economically spent in passing the weary miles of hills and ruts in well-driven and comfortably-appointed coaches. It was then regarded as a matter of course that there should be a stoppage at every place where water and brandy could be procured, where passengers might drink to new acquaintanceships, and horses be refreshed or changed. In the suffocating heat and thick dust of summer, or amid the plashing rains of winter, these coaches dashed on, piloted by men of much skill in the management of their teams. The speed rarely fell short of a sharp trot or canter, through passed mammoth trunks or beneath heavy branches, that rasped the roof from time to time with a sharp clawing sound. The passengers were safely driven—a cool Yankee driver always at the ribbons, prepared for every emergency of the

rough and dangerous road. By and by, as time grew more precious to the impatient spirits of the young metropolis, night-coaches were appointed to cover the distance while men slept, and land them in the golden districts with the least possible delay. Thus it was not long before "Cobb & Co." spanned the tracks to every settlement with their express wagons and troop of drivers. The night-coaches were driven by the most experienced, and usually fitted up with five large lamps, attached to that portion of the roof immediately above the driver's seat. It was curious to watch these conveyances careering through the darkness of the forest, like things of life, they could be seen for miles away glimmering and flitting among the boughs, or flashing their lamps upon the sombre tree-trunks, and laying a path of light before the horses in which every rut or fallen log became distinctly visible. The time to which I refer was the most stirring connected with the mines, bushrangers were frequent, and the shouts to the coachmen in the solitudes of the track were as likely to be followed by the presentation of revolvers as the money or gold dust of the traveller anxious for a seat. It is now nearly twelve years since the journey to Mount Alexander could be called difficult or dangerous; at the present day, every inch of the road is metalled, and cultivated paddocks stretch along nearly the whole route from the mines to the metropolis. Among the trees, or on the plains on every side, the farmhouses of the settlers have arisen; and instead of sombre lights and shadows filtered through the foliage, the sun falls unchequered on russet crops, or lights the labours of the husbandman.

Twelve years ago last July, the night came down murkily from Mount Macedon, and crept across the short twilight with a thick wintry mist that hung above the broad expanse of the Black Forest; away as far as the eye could penetrate, the rolling clouds might be seen gathering in folds above the foliage of the trees, while at far distances apart the broad plashy road was marked by the glimmering of camp-fires. Except the sounds of bullock-bells, there was no other noise that proclaimed the existence of human life, now and then, their tinklings crept faintly through the mist, but the sounds came with a wintry plaint that made the great silence the more oppressive.

I had travelled far, and was weary with constant stumbling on the uneven track. My swag had become burdensome, and I longed to hear the rattle of the night-coach and the cheerful canter of the hurrying team, sometimes I stood ankledeep in mud, trying to catch the noises that betokened its approach, sometimes a distant rustling of the trees startled me into a belief that I had caught the sound of the wheels; but these would die out, and the silence again creep around me with that vacant singing sound that betokens its very intensity. My purse had run low; but "Daddy Gardner" was the up-driver that night, and I knew he would give me a lift, and trust me for the money on my arrival at the diggings. It was considerably past sundown when I ceased from my halting walk, to seek rest and shelter beneath a grotesque-looking stringy-bark tree, that stretched out two gnarled, imprecating limbs, a considerable distance across the road; and in deep shadow I waited for the only sounds of life and civilization I would hear for that night. At first, there was nothing to be seen through the dark gray mist, deepening into blackness beyond, but small dots of fire at the various camping-places of the drays and diggers; then, after a long interval, two or three yellow stars crept between them, sometimes blinking through the trees, but always growing larger and brighter, and at length noises grew with them, till the sound of wheels and the clatter of iron fixings were distinctly heard, and the yellow stars flashed out to great goggle eyes, dimmed by the mist and hot steam of the sweltering horses, the crackings of the whip and the driver's voice had scarcely grown to an accompaniment, till the dancing eyes, the hurrying horses, and the dark building behind, dashed up to where I stood.

"Hollo! coo-e-e Gardner! pull up, don't you know me?" I cried in haste, and ran out into the lamplight. "Don't you know me?"

"No—darned if I do! What do you want?" he replied in a cool nasal tone to my earnestly emphasised words, as he slowly and cautiously placed his foot on the brake, and peered out at me from a mass of oilskins.

"Ned Scolon of Italian gully, Fryer's Creek," I answered breathlessly. "Walked from Gisborne to-day, and regularly knocked up. Got a seat?"

"Hollo, Ned!" said Gardner, with recognition in his voice, and sending down the brake with a jerk. "What the devil are you up to, a-humping of your swag like that? Down in luck, eh? All right! Git in; only one all-through passenger inside. Y'kin sit here or thar, whichever ye like. Stop a minute; jist look at the off-leader's blinkers fast."

I walked up in the glaring light, passed the heaving sides of the horses; and having ascertained that the portion of the harness he alluded to was all right, I returned and opened the coach-door, preferring the comforts of an inside seat to the driftings of the mist beside the driver.

"The cove inside won't kick up much of a barney," said Gardner, as I opened the door. "He's bin on the bust, and drank himself as tight as a bottle; least so they told me when they helped him in five miles back."

I remember taking one farewell glance at the night I was leaving · the big close trees were blurred in the darkness, and the still branches glittered a sickly green in the rays of the lamps, then I entered with a pleasant feeling of weariness, slamming the door behind me, and turning down the bolt, against the cold and drizzle outside. There was a dim oil-lamp swinging above my head, that partially revealed to me a huddled figure on the furthest seat, before I rested back on the dry cushions, and heard the swish of the whip. The joltings of the coach, and the guttering of the lamp, soon rendered everything indistinct, and I setted myself down, doggedly determined on sleeping away the journey. I saw dreamily the dim silent roads, and the darkening shadows of the forest I had left, as a drowsy feeling surged bewilderedly above the impressions of the day; but I could not sleep, weary though I was, for gradually, as the involuntary effort called up impressions in a kind of phantasmagoria, I became aware of another feeling that grew about me, as from a cold and cheerless atmosphere inside. It seemed as though, in opening the door, I had given ingress to the inclement night, and that it dwelt there, refusing any modification from the breathing of the inmates; my feet, too, were saturated with travelling on the soft roads, and it was some time before the wrappings which my swag contained lent me any warmth. At length, the dim lamp, the obscure coach-sides, and the huddled man, died out from my sight, and I dozed off in a kind of numb comfortlessness that was always present with me. I suppose I remained in one position about an hour, in that state that is forgetfulness, but not sleep, always labouring under a vague feeling that a cold oppressive presence was near me. By and by, this one predominating thought grew more vivid, and with such inexplicable suddenness at last that I almost feared to open my eyes. I remembered perfectly where I was, for I felt the continuous jolting, and heard as away beyond myself the rattle of springs and the monotonous tramp of horses. Sometimes a deeper rut would shake the coach, and stagger the paces of the team, and I would yield to it with a dull instinct. Yet "the presence," the cold oppressive something, gradually swept away the humming dreaminess, leaving my mind preternaturally active; though growing upon me with so much of the force of reality, that the beating of my heart became audible above the rattle and tramping outside. "What is it?" I thought, as I kept my eyes nervously closed. "Have I caught a fever from my long walk, or am I really dreaming?"

No, my hand was swaying about in the corner, I could feel the padding of the leathern sides, I felt myself give to every motion of the conveyance; even the voice of the driver reached me, and at times I could detect the fall of his whip-lash. I began to wonder if the lamp was yet burning, or if the inside of the coach was in darkness; but I was afraid to learn that the flame had left the blackened wick, that the miserable flicker was extinct, and that I should see nothing, but feel "the presence" still. A heavy lurch, and the sharp tones of Gardner, made me open my eyes almost unthinkingly. Pshaw! there was the draggled lamp sputtering out its little interjections of light, there was the glazed roof, the brass-headed nails; there the iron stanchions, the rattling windows, heavy with vapour, and there the——

The seat opposite was empty! What a throb! experienced when I learned this! I did not move in the very slightest from my position, but stared vacantly at the dim cushions, bobbing irritably to every jolt and lurch, and sending out malicious black glitters from the buttons that studded them. I lay with my back to the door, which I had firmly closed, and from the position of my legs, that on the other side could not have been opened without my knowing it. Where has the man gone, was my first thought? Has he been standing over me during my slumber, and managed to leave the coach? Has he paid his fare? Delirium tremens? But it was *impossible* he could go out. He could not have rolled into the floor, for there lay the wet straw, revealing its limp trampled stalks from time to time in the odd jerks of light that fell upon them. I started up, and managed to stagger to where the man had lain; and it was with a queer mixed feeling of fright and curiosity that I perceived the passenger's legs sticking out from beneath the seat, but nearly hidden by the straw that had been shaken to the front by the constant motion. At first I thought he had chosen his present position to avoid a leak in the roof, for there were dabbles of water on the cushions, but I remembered what the driver had said as to his sobriety, and I concluded that the heavings of the coach had unseated him, and eventually rolled him into his present position. I put one hand on the cushions, and stooped down to lift him to his place, till I bethought me that it would be better to let the drunkard sleep out his debauch where he was, rather than place him in a position from which he might be again thrown. I would just satisfy myself that he breathed easily, and return to my old position. I knelt down a second time, amid the rattlings of the coach, that now seemed to be jumping along the road like a thing possessed; but I could not hear him breathing; and for all the noise of rattling irons and galloping horses, I was convinced that I could have detected the faintest inspiration. Again irresolute and nervous, I rose and sat down, determined to convince myself fully before I called Gardner. I can remember how I dreaded to lift the deep valence that hung from the seat, and how I gradually came to notice the cold presence I had noticed a short time before. While thus sitting, I remarked that some of the water upon the cushions had been partially jolted off, and that it was falling slowly in thick drops. I cannot tell by what chain of reasoning I arrived at the conclusion, but the conviction forced itself upon me, that the pools upon the cushion were of blood. Truly enough it was so, for when I remembered placing my hand on the damp seat, as I first stooped above the man, I opened my hand to the light, and found it marked with red streaks. It is most difficult to analyse the feelings which stamp themselves on the minds of some who are placed in situations of this nature. I believe mine were much the same as would be felt by most men. My mind was active and speculating, albeit there was an overriding feeling of stupor and fright that was predominant, and it was at least a minute before I could draw my eyes from the hob-nailed lace-ups and the patched moleskin trousers. Sometimes the legs would move rigidly with the motion, or appear in the uncertain light to be drawn upwards, or the valence would sway as though the man was trying to creep from beneath the seat; and when I found that these fantasies were growing, I staggered hastily to the door, and twisting back the bolt, leaned forward, and shouted to the driver. There was no reply. I could hear him encouraging his horses, but the wind had risen fiercely, and it seemed to whisk

my voice away to the other sounds we were leaving with the echoes. Then I groped along the sides of the coach, and felt painfully with my feet for the little iron steps; from thence I raised myself, till I stood on a level with the box-seat. "Gardner, Gardner!"

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he turned round with a start, and a smart jerk of the reins; "you look scared to death. What's up?"

Battling with the wind for every word, I replied: "Passenger—dead man—killed—come down—for Heaven's sake, stop!"

Gardner gave a long low whistle, and almost immediately resuming his usual nonchalance, he pressed upon the brake, and peered silently into the darkness. After a pause, he said: "Wal, I guess this is an everlastin' fix.—Quiet, Buckjumper.—Jump down, Ned, and scotch the hind-wheels with that spar there, till we see who we've bin "toolin" this last couple of hours."

In a short time, the reins were tied firmly; and taking out one of the large lamps from the front, we proceeded to examine the body. Gardner entered first, and cast a glare of light over the interior, shewing the straw as though sopped in dark blood and mud. Seizing hold of the man's feet, he drew him from beneath the seat, and as he gradually appeared, I saw that his vest and a large muffler that he wore were also saturated and red. The face was intellectual and handsome, and it appeared to me as though the calmness of sleep had crept upon his features as death came. I also gathered from the rather delicate but white and muscular hand, that the unfortunate man had not long been in the humble station which his clothes indicated. There was to me much attraction in the face of the deceased, a firm sweep of the jaws, and a delicacy in the decided, almost patrician features, that riveted my observation. The hair and beard were soft and yellow, except where stained and crusted with blood. All the fear I had previously felt had now given place to a feeling of deep pity and commiseration for the untimely fate of him who, but a few hours before, must have possessed a splendid vitality.

I turned to look at Gardner, and was surprised to see that his countenance was ashy pale; the imperturbability that usually characterised him had fled, and his face seemed almost as white as that of the dead man. "Come out, Ned, for Heaven's sake!" he said, in answer to my look of surprise. "That's poor Medway, I know now how he met with his death," he said more slowly, as he knelt down and tenderly undid the heavy wrapper that was about the man's neck. "I knew his hunt for Black Douglas would end badly. Look ye're"—and he shewed me a large gash at the left side of the throat. "He got goss instead of his gold and the reward that government offered.—Black Douglas," he continued, speaking partly to me and partly to himself, while refastening the muffler, "stuck him up about three months ago, and eased him of ten pounds weight. 'Twas all the gold he had, and he worked harder for it than any man on Bendigo. He swore to me about five days ago he'd foller the nigger through creation to give him fits.—I'm scared more," he said, as he straightened the crumpled limbs, "for that unfortunate wife of his at the hotel beyond than I half like.—That 'll do; come out now."

I got up beside him, and we drove slowly through the storm. The coachman sat with his head leaning over on his breast. He spoke little during the next two miles, all his energies seemingly intent on avoiding any roughness of the bleak track. He told me that Medway had left his wife at the next stopping-place, while he went away armed, and desperately determined on finding or capturing Black Douglas, and if possible, getting some trace of the gold he had lost. Gardner and another were the only men to whom he revealed his intentions; and notwithstanding their efforts to dissuade him from the mad undertaking, he obstinately persisted in it. My informant knew nothing of the antecedents of the dead man or his wife, except that they were from some part of England, and that she was "a raal genu-ine lady." Now that the remembrance of the time when Medway was lifted into the coach came more forcibly back to my companion, it occurred to him that one of those of whom he caught a glimpse was like "the Bishop," a mulatto of the bushranger's gang, who from his cruelties was much more dreaded than Black Douglas; and he had no doubt that death had been inflicted by his hands. The funeral pace ended at length, and we stopped opposite a pleasant-looking public-house, through the window of which I could see bright fires, and from whence came sounds of laughter.

"Here, Ned," said the driver; "take the reins; guess you don't care to see the meetin'. I'll run in and git some help." In about five minutes, three or four men came out; I heard the door of the coach opening, and a few hushed whispers; then the grinding of iron-shod feet on the gritty road, and then the dark figures and the dark burden passed inside. There was a hush within, as though the silence of desertion had fallen upon the place, and then, after waiting a time, a wild shriek rang out upon the darkness and the storm. I used to think that descriptions in novels of sorrow and despair being concentrated in a cry like this, was mere word-painting: I don't think so now. While I write, I can recall the sound, as it seemed to sweep by me and mingle with the wind and the voices of the forest. I caught a glimpse of a slight, girlish figure being helped past the window, to face a new life in a new country alone. God help her!

Gardner came out slowly and drove away; he never spoke or altered his position at any of the intermediate stations, till a long line of tents told us we were entering Forest Creek.

Exactly twelve months after the above incident, the report of rich discoveries having been made at a diggings called the Alma, attracted me, together with thousands of others, to the place. The main portion of the place was a long array of canvas buildings, where miners bought, sold, and debauched; where the wild revel was still; where the worst vices were pandered to for gold; and where the most revolting excesses attracted the largest crowd. The industrious and orderly portion of the miners found it necessary to pitch their tents in little colonies, for mutual protection from the ruffianism that was rampant. I was induced one night, by the cries of the bellman, to see Miss Woolridge acting at a large temporary theatre that had been erected a short distance back from the street. The roof was formed of canvas, and the seats and stage were of the very roughest description, yet, notwithstanding, the place was filled by an audience that represented nearly every nation of the world, all pursuing one avocation, in their strife for speedy fortune. The marquee was filled with a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which the hissing naphtha lights scarcely dispelled. There was a perfect and admitted equality amongst all, that could only be disturbed by power of muscle and vigour of form. It was nothing that men possessed their hundredweights of gold; nothing that the chamois bags of one were swollen with gold, and "planted;" or that another was nigh starving: the potent power was not that of riches, it was the might of strength that prevailed. The broadest chested and the heaviest hitter was the man most respected; he made his way in the crowd, and won a quiet obeisance, that a prince of the blood would look for in vain amid such a gathering. There was the swarthy, keen face of the continental, with his secreted dagger; the open, saucy countenance of the runaway sailor, with his constant knife; the escaped convict, with his hard, rugged visage, and unpleasant smile; the aristocratic features, wearing that cold, unmoved look that indexed English breeding; and not least, there were those who sat with folded arms across their huge chests. These were the quietest of the whole assembly; confident in the vast strength and powerful thews that nature had given them, and enjoying the excitement and swaying of the audience, with that unmoved, self-reliant look that never fails to win respect. I sat immediately behind two men such as I have last described; they were both unusually tall, and powerfully built. One of them, whom I heard addressed by his companion as Scott, I found by his accent to be a Scotchman, the other was an American; I could tell that by his accent too, but principally by the long bowie-knife he wore in his crimson sash. Miss Woolridge had just brought down the house to a Highland fling, when the tumult of hundreds of voices, in excited dispute outside, surged in upon us, and in five minutes, half the seats were empty. Scott and the American walked through the crowd with a facility that amused me—they quietly put little men on one side, and shouldering others out of the way, strode along with a quickness that was surprising. I kept immediately in their wake; and in a shorter time than would be imagined, the three of us were picking our way over the deserted holes to the street, on the opposite side of which the principal hotel stood. I will not readily forget the wild scene that presented itself to me on that occasion. Opposite the front of the hotel, and inside the bar, about three hundred persons had assembled, all of whom seemed to be talking violently concerning some occurrence that had just taken place. The crowd swayed from side to side, clamouring for admittance, although the place seemed to be literally crammed with people. Bare brawny arms were raised, hustling those who stood in front, the owners of which were in turn hustled back, to make way for others stronger than they. Scott and the American, who seemed determined to learn the cause of the tumult, had, by dint of much exertion, made their way to a log near the door, on which they perched themselves, and looked in. A surge in the crowd favoured me, and I, too, gained the same elevation. The bar seemed to be paved with a shoal of human faces, where energy, excitement, debauch, and villainy were very legibly stamped. Apparently heedless of the uproar of argument and blasphemy, a negro stood at the corner of the counter, hobnobbing with a few chosen companions, each of whom seemed to regard the uproar as a matter of little moment. From the babel of words that were bandied about, I gathered that Black Douglas was inside, and that a portion of the crowd were indignant at his thus publicly shewing himself amongst them; whilst others, with a feeling of blackguard chivalry, sought to protect him.

Not far from where I stood, I remarked a knot of seven or eight men, who, notwithstanding the cries and movements of the crowd, stood silently together, apparently apathetic, but, in reality, intent on every feature of the disturbance. They wore long dark cloaks, and now and then the quick glitter of steel accoutrements told that they were constables. Indeed, to a close observer, it scarcely needed such evidence as this for the way in which they stood, shoulder to shoulder, quietly and firmly resisting the inroads of the crowds, was enough to identify them. I had barely noted these things, when I heard the American, who had been silently employed in keenly watching the negro, say; "Black Douglas, by God! Come on, Scott; I owe him one. Slip down; gently does it. Now, then, to the back like greased lightning." In a minute more the two men had mingled with the crowd, and were pressing round to the back portion of the house. Curious to see the result, I followed. The American ran quickly to the kitchen-door, but finding it secured, he put his shoulder to a large hinge-window and pressed it in, then springing over the sill, he unbarred the door to Scott. They shewed no desire to close it, and but little fear of the consequences, although any of the inmates would have been perfectly justified, in the eye of the law then ruling, in shooting both the intruders. I paused for a moment, and followed, guided by a distant light; and I had just emerged from a side-room into the bar, as I saw that Scott and the American had gained positions beside negro. The face of the American was very pale, but there was a determined look in the eyes and set of the mouth that augured unfavourably for the bushranger. For a moment, he seemed to consider the chances of his position; then, as though having made up his mind, he took a step nearer to the elbow of Black Douglas, and looked at him in such a way as to attract his attention. 'Hollo! mate,' said the latter in thick saucy tones; 'y' look at me 's if I owed yer summat. Wot d'yer want?'

'Forty odd pounds, mate,' returned the American, 'that you robbed me of in the Black Forest.'

'Yah, yah!' laughed the darkie; 'wish ye may git it.'

The interchange of words occupied less time than it takes me to write them; and before Douglas had fully concluded, the sinuous arms of the American had passed across his back and helplessly pinioned his elbows.

'You look out, Scott,' he said in a low distinct voice, 'and clear the galley: the traps are outside; I'll mind the nigger.'

Before the bound man had time to recover his surprise at the audacity of the attack, he was six feet across the floor, in the direction of the entrance; while the towering form of Scott might be seen working a passage with a determination that nothing seemed able to resist. Another moment, and a rush was made around Douglas by a party of blue-shirted, bare-breasted men, whose hardened, shaved faces proclaimed them to be convicts. Once the gleam of a knife flashed between Scott and me, but the armed man was stopped by a swift counter from the Scotchman, under which he sank like a stricken bullock. Another and another went down before his mighty blows, but the crowd thickened notwithstanding his exertions, and it seemed as though scores of bared arms were raised to clutch him. At one time, I saw a large brass candlestick uplifted by a broad hand, and had it fallen upon him, he would probably have struggled no more; but the American's eye was too quick, for with a rapid back-handed blow, he struck the man in the throat, and staggered him back stupefied, then he raised his voice and called 'Police!' In a second or two, there was a swaying at the door-way, and the darkly-clad men entered in a little compact body, that drove the crowd before them like sheep: then I saw the black caps distribute round the American and his prisoner; and I heard the sharp click of the manacles as Douglas, shouting for assistance, was literally swept out. Scott, whose great arms were stripped and bleeding, turned to the crowd on each side, and called upon 'all honest men to stand by them.' A hundred willing voices replied, and in a minute a body-guard was formed strong enough to defy any further attempt at a rescue. Knives and pistols were displayed as the *cortège* of determined men moved off to the lock-up. By the way, I heard one of the policemen say: 'all the others is nabbed;' and what seemed to afford him infinite satisfaction as it certainly did me, was the circumstance of 'Bishop' the mulatto being amongst them.

There was no delay on the part of the police; a chain was attached to the handcuffs of some half-dozen men, who were dragged from the rough prison, and half bundled, half-thrown into a bullock-dray that was in waiting. The word to start was given; and the crowd, which by this time numbered three hundred, followed the slow conveyance. We had got about twenty yards from the canvas street, when a stranger ran up breathlessly to where I walked beside the wheel, and asked if it were true that the 'Bishop' was of the number. There was an intense eager pleasure in his voice that told of some tale of past violence, yet unatoned for by the prisoner. I merely answered the man's question without making any inquiries. They were not needed; for during the journey to Maryboro'—a distance of three miles—I had ample opportunity of looking at the face of my companion, by the moonlight. It was pale and drawn, while the eyes seemed to glitter with a fierce vengeful feeling. Once he bent over and spoke to the mulatto, and then the dirty-white brutish face was raised in wonder, but he struck it such a heavy blow, that his features were covered with blood. Again and again he raised, and again and again he was mercilessly stricken back, till at last the man's fist fell with a slapping sound on the dabbled and cut flesh. Many a blow the wretch received that night, and his features were nearly bruised from the semblance of humanity; but all of us had heard of the mulatto; and although rather ashamed to say so, my heart went with every stroke that fell upon his heavy features, for I remembered poor Medway and his despairing wife. Five out of the six are now working on the hulks.

THE OLD KEEPER'S STORY.

It was a quaint room in which I sat, with the firelight flashing into each corner, and the stuffed birds, foxes, and polecats looking lifelike in the leaping blaze. A quaint cottage room, but the essence of comfort. As I pulled at the stiff glass of whisky-and-water and puffed my meerschaum, I felt excessively comfortable. I was in no hurry to get my wet water-boots dried, which lay streaming on the ample hearth.

My temporary host sat opposite; a fine, athletic old man, with snow-white hair and whiskers. The cut of his coat and the wary look on his weather-beaten, honest face, sufficiently told the ex-gamekeeper, had not the retriever pup at his feet and the gun behind him added evidence. A fine specimen of his class, he was well-knit and active, even at eighty years of age, and with a frank, cheery look in his eyes that told of straight-forward truth and worth.

I had been snipe-shooting on some marshes I rented of the lady of the manor, and having got soaked in a deep rivulet from a fall, had sought shelter in the keeper's cottage. To be a sportsman was, of course, a passport to his favour, added to which his grandson, Tom, was my invariable attendant and bag-carrier. The old man I had seen but once, save when on my renting the shooting from Lady Linwood, he, as her head-keeper, had shown me the boundaries. The great hall was closed, for Lady Linwood, a childless widow, lived permanently at Nice, and her fair estates were all let. She was the widow of a poor lieutenant-colonel, knighted for gallant service, and had succeeded to the property in lack of direct heirs.

Seaman, my host, was something more than head-keeper. Evidently he had been one of those trusted ancient servants, to whom the honour and welfare of a family are dear as to its own members. And by the sad look on his face whenever he spoke of the squires of Linwood I fancied some portion of the family history was mournful and unhappy.

"Do you see much of Lady Linwood?" I asked.

"Never, sir. She always is abroad. And there's never been a Linwood here since the last squire died."

"That was long ago?"

"Yes, sir, long ago. Five and forty year agone, sir," he said, musingly, his eyes fixed on the fire. "Five and forty year agone— and like yesterday."

I was interested. The keeper's manner, diction, and expression were all unlike his class, and I felt a curiosity, as we all do, when something tells us of a hidden history.

"I suppose the last squire had a good stock of game?" said I.

"Yes, sir. Hundreds of pheasants he turned out. I was a youngster then—under-keeper—and I used to fetch the sacks of barley for 'em."

"And was he much of a sportsman?"

"Yes sir; with gun, rod, and horse he wasn't equalled all the country round. He was a tall, fine man, with coal-black hair and whiskers, pleasant and kind to the tenants, but with a fearful temper if anything went wrong. He'd rave, and sware, and smash all round him in the room when he was in one of his storms. The only person who managed him was Miss Dora."

Here the keeper became silent, and a look of deep sadness came over his rugged face.

"You'll have to stay a longish time, sir, for your things are soaked. So, if you like to hear it, I'll tell you the story. I suppose I'm like old men, sir, and love to maunder," he added, with a smile of such natural dignity and courtesy, as might have befitted a prince.

"Mr. George Linwood five-and-forty years ago was the squire. He lived here with his mother, a gentle lady. She was always on her sofa and never well, but as kind as an angel to the poor. Miss Dora Maitland, her niece, came to stay up at the Hall with them. Her parents were very poor, and she'd six sisters; so they were glad—Miss Dora's parents, I mean—when Mrs. Linwood said she'd adopt her, as her daughter. I heard this you know, sir, from the lady's-maid at the Hall, who was afterwards my wife. She died years ago," and the old man sighed, and glanced at an empty chair near his own.

"Well, sir," he resumed; "Miss Dora came, and Mrs. Linwood was very fond of her. So was everybody, for she was so sweet and gentle, and her voice was like a blackbird's. Everybody about the estate knew Miss Dora, as she used to go about in her broad hat and carol her songs, for all the world like a blackbird in a holly. The cottagers used to know her, for whenever any one was ill there Miss Dora was, petting and cosseting them.

"So, sir," resumed the old man, after a pause; "by-and-by Mr. George became fond of Miss Dora. He used to follow her about and watch all her wishes. He broke her in a chestnut filly himself, and used to ride with her. But she seemed always shy of him. His temper was so shifty, and she'd heard his awful curses once when he was bitterly angry, though he didn't know she was in hearing; and she seemed to shrink from him. She was such a beauty—golden hair, and eyes, sir, just like the sky on a clear day, such a deep clear blue, while her complexion the village girls used to call roses and lilies. I've heard it said that a great portrait-painter came down to paint her face, and showed the sketch in London as that of the greatest beauty he'd seen anywhere.

"Mrs. Linwood, sir, the servants could see, was very anxious about Mr. George. She'd murmur to herself for hours about him, and she was always looking at him and Miss Dora, so wistful-like, as if she didn't dare say what was on her tongue. So things went on, till one day a company of soldiers marched into the village. The officer in command was invited by Mr. Linwood to dine and he did so, but he didn't see Mrs. Linwood or Miss Dora, for they were both ill with colds, and they stayed up-stairs. The officer was a handsome young gentleman, with keen grey eyes and a quiet manner, and a look like real honesty about him, sir. And Mr. Linwood asked him to come when he could get leave, and shoot.

"Well, by-and-by he came—Captain Calton was his name, and he wore the Waterloo medal, for he'd been in the thick of that; and he came late one night, and after dressing—(so Polly, my poor wife, then lady's-made, said)—he came into the drawing-room. There were Mrs. Linwood and Miss Dora. The Squire introduced him; when, suddenly, Captain Calton grew very agitated, and Miss Dora gave a little shriek, and then looked so charming, that half an eye might see, Polly said, where her heart was.

"The Squire didn't see this, and fortunate too, for only the day before he'd asked Miss Dora to marry him, and she'd cried bitterly and refused. And the Squire had gone off wild duck-shooting with me, but he laid his gun down in the punt, and kept staring sternly at the air, and muttering. You may guess sir, that I held my tongue.

"Well, sir, at dinner—so the butler said—nothing much was said, for Captain Calton seemed very silent, and so did Miss Dora. The Squire drank a good deal and talked about the shooting and fishing, but now and then he looked at his cousin with such a wild, eager, terrible look, and she blushed like a rose each time he caught her eye.

"After dinner, when Polly was putting some embroidery away in the cabinet at the end of the drawing-room, she heard Miss Dora tell Mrs. Linwood enough to find out that Captain Calton was her old lover whom she'd met at Bath with her family, and they were to be married when he was rich enough. Polly couldn't help hearing it, sir; all women are curious about lovers," continued the old man, smiling; "but she loved Miss Dora with all her heart, and wouldn't have said a word for the world.

"Several days went on, and the Squire and the Captain came out shooting, and Dick Smith, the head-keeper, and I used to go with 'em.

"One day, Miss Dora came down in a little pony-carriage with the luncheon. The Squire was just finishing his beat of a copse, but Captain Calton was outside. When Miss Dora came up he took her hand and kissed it. But I saw him, though I wasn't such a booby as to show myself. What was worse, sir, the Squire saw it through the hazel bushes, and her pretty face blushing and looking happy.

"I heard him grind his teeth where I stood, and whisper a curse. Did you ever hear one *whispered*, sir? it makes a man creep all over!

"Presently he came out, with a very jolly air, and after luncheon he drank Miss Dora's health, and the Captain's. Afterwards, when he began beating, he told the Captain he wanted to speak to him. I was carrying the bag, and the Squire spoke in a bluff sort o' way, so I heard all.

"'My cousin's a pretty girl,' said he.

"'Yes,' said Captain Calton, nervously like, sir, and I could see his hand quiver.

"'Ah, well, said the Squire, heartily, 'I used to be jealous; for I always admired Dora; that I did. But what's the use *now?* Never mind, old fellow, I wish you joy of her; you must excuse my temper, it's a devilish bad one.'

"That was truer than he thought, sir," said the old man, musingly.

"Captain Calton answered him very friendly, and the matter seemed all right.

"The Squire was in a dreadful temper next day with Dick and me, because we hadn't killed some stray dogs that had been driving the woods.

"He was very savage against poachers, and swore he'd have spring-guns put for their dogs in all the open runs of the copses.

"So matters went on till just before Christmas, when a large party of neighbours of the Squire came up to shoot over the pheasant covers.

"We had no peace day or night. All the spring-guns and dog-traps were taken up; damaged raisins put in all the runs to toll* the pheasants there, and the woods watched every night. On the night before we met the Squire, who gave us a curse or two for running against him as he came round the copse. He'd been looking after the raisins, he said, for he was a good hand at seeing his orders carried out.

"The next day, all the party went from the Hall to the woods; only the Captain, he loitered to have a few words with Miss Dora. He drew her back into the hall, and kissed her; and I shall never forget the way she clasped his hands, and looked—not saying a word—into his eyes. The Squire saw it, and I saw his face. It was dreadful, sir, to see, for he had almost bitten his lower lip in two. He pretended not to see them, and walked on after the party.

"The Squire, sir, was very particular in his shooting parties about everyone going just where he wished. If you didn't, he'd let you know it in some way. So, now, he gave everybody their instructions where to go. And Captain Dalton he told to take a ride, which was narrow and through hollies, but a good one for woodcocks. He himself went into the centre of the copse with me, and Dick Smith headed the beaters at the end.

"Well, sir, the beating began, and the pheasants got up well, and there were several shots fired. 'Twas odd to me that the Squire never shot at anything, though, for all that, several birds went by him. I didn't dare to speak though, for he looked so stern.

"By-and-by, he turned and saw Captain Calton in another part. He swore, but that I took no notice of.

"'We'll beat this wood again before lunch,' he said; so of course, we all came out after an hour or two—during which the Squire missed everything. We went back to the wood."

Here the old keeper paused, and drew a deep breath.

"What's coming, sir," he said, "has never been out of my mind for nigh fifty years—no, sir, not day nor night, I assure you.

"We came back to the copse, and were all put into our old positions. And the Squire told Captain Calton to take Holly Ride again.

"'I suppose Dora will be here soon with luncheon,' he said, with a laugh.

"'Soon enough—soon enough,' said the Squire, with a dreadful sort of laugh, and his black eyes gleaming like coals.

"The shooting went on; suddenly a shot sounded from near the Holly Ride.

"'What's that?" said the Squire, suddenly.

"'Captain's shot a cock, sir, outside the copse,' said Dick Smith, quietly winking at me, for he knew how savage the Squire was at men changing positions.

"'Here comes Miss Dora,' said I; 'she's going through the Holly Ride.'

"'What!' screamed the Squire, as he wheeled round, and saw her. 'Dora! Dora! not there! Back, for heaven's sake, back!'

"But she didn't hear him, for the spaniels were in full cry, and the beaters' voices drowned the Squire's.

"He flung down his gun, and rushed towards her.

"'Dora!' he screamed, sir—that's the word—'stop you're——'

"Before he got the word out, sir, there was a little report like a pistol—a wreath of blue smoke curled upwards from Miss Maitland's feet, and she fell—fell, with her pretty white dress all streaked on the bosom with blood.

"Ah, sir," said the old man, shuddering, "it makes my heart cold even now.

"I ran up and lifted her; she never shrieked, only moaned once as we raised her. Her sweet face was all pinched and white with pain.

"But Captain Calton came up, like a man struck dumb. He knelt down, and drew her, poor girl, on his breast; and she laid her poor head there as if she was a tired child.

"The surgeon of the village was out with us. He came up, sir, as we stood round—rough fellows as we were, all sobbing—he knelt down, and looked at the wound, and then, sir, he shook his head.

"Meanwhile the Squire was being held by two men; cursing, raving, foaming, tearing at the grass, cursing himself and his birth, and calling on somebody to blow his brains out, they dragged him into the bushes so as not to be heard by the dying girl.

"She looked up once at her lover, with her sweet blue eyes all dim. Do you know, sir, the glazing, filmy look that creeps over the eyes of those dying from gunshots? h, it is enough to break one's heart!

"She caught her breath several times. Her lover kept his handkerchief on the wound, but the bleeding wasn't much outwardly; only you could see her going; and she looked so beautiful—like a wax mask, sir—white as a lily.

"'Poor, poor Freddy!' she murmured and put her little hand on his heart.

"'My darling!' he said; and then he gave a sob that seemed to tear his heart up, sir.

"'Kiss me, my own,' she said, as her beautiful dimming eyes, with their last look of love, were turned to his. 'I can't see—it's all dark; but I'm on your bosom, Freddy, dear—on—your bosom—love.'

"These words she murmured, one by one, and then she gave a long sigh; and it was all over.

"He took her up, sir, with such an awful look of grief on his face that he seemed turned to stone. He'd let no one touch her, and he carried her in his arms home.

"'She said she was on my bosom,' he said, in a voice you wouldn't have known for his; and then he went on like a man in a dream.'

"Well, sir, there's little more to tell. The Squire only lived two years, and died in a madhouse. He set a Spring-gun in the Ride, it was found meaning it for the Captain. As for the Captain, he went to the East Indies, I heard, and died there. That's my story, sir."

WM. READE, JUNR.

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* "Toll," a southern word for "to attract," used of game fly.

The Irish people ride so much in cars, that Ireland may be called the carnation.

PASTIMES.

ASTRONOMICAL ARITHMOREM.

EMINENT ASTRONOMERS

1. 201 and Super on
2. 100 " Hearth boy.
3. 253 " Marsh hewers.
4. 101 " Asa won ten.
5. 2100 " Y. Heenan.
6. 1000 " Jogs ran fusee.

CIVIS.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A part.
A sound.
Not often.
Reward.

2. To censure.
A language.
To satisfy.
A note in music.
A foe. BERICUS.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a vessel, and it is part of the body.
2. Behead a kind of barrel, and it is to inquire.
3. Behead what we all have, and it leaves an answer.
4. I am a quality possessed by many; behead me, and you have our age,
5. I am famed for wisdom, and when *beheaded* and *transposed* shall appear bright: again *beheaded*, and I am a Shaksperian character; *transpose*, and I am a Portuguese coin; *again*, I am a title; *curtail*, and I am part of your body.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cloudy, but not, in murky;
My second is in chicken, but not in turkey;
My third is in secret, but not in telling;
My fourth is in cottage, but not in dwelling;
My fifth is in sigh, but not in tear;
My sixth is in soup, but not in beer;
My seventh is in the sun, but not in light;
My eighth is in day, but not in night;
My ninth is in sour, but not in sweet;
My tenth is in dirty, but not in neat;
My whole is useful, you will find,
To you and all *your* thinking kind. M. K.

CHARADES.

1. I am a word of nine letters;
My 6, 7, 2, 9, is what we often engage for.
My 1, 3, 5, 9, is a part of the animal structure of
What my 5, 6, 7, 4, is a part.
My 8, 7, 4, has brought many troubles on the human race, and as a consequence they have cause to 1, 9, 3, 2.
My 5, 3, 2, and my 5, 6, 3, 7, 8, 9, are vehicles.
My 5, 3, 4, is a vessel, although of little use on my 3, 9, 8.
My 2, 3, 7, 4, is very essential to vegetation.
A goodly number, 2, 3, 4, in the 2, 3, 5, 9.
What pleases us we term 4, 7, 5, 9,.
My whole is causing a good deal of agitation throughout the mother country at the present time.

2. My *first* is an animal, timid and wild,
When rear'd in captivity, docile and mild·
The sound of my *second* is joyous and clear.
Yet oft it doth indicate death and despair;
My *whole* a wild flower of cerulean hue,
Well known, I believe, gentle reader, to you.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

FAVOURITE SONGS.

1. Yes T· get each to bathe.
2. Ten in a glee N.
3. Ay find a wag.
4. A tune tuneth images.
5. Best lot in rhyme.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, &c., No. 83.

Double Acrostic. Nelson. One arm.—1. Naxo. 2. Eton. 3. Loire, 4. Sumatra. 5. Oder. 6. Nottingham.

Decapitations.—1. Sample-ample. 2. Glass-lass-ass-gas.

Floral Anagram.—Marvel of Peru.

Square Words.—

S T A R.
T A R E.
A R E A.
R E A D.

Enigma.—Elf-self.

Charades.—1. Investigate. 2. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Problem.—Original capital $60.000.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double Acrostic.—Lericus, B. N. C., Niagara, H. H. V., Argus, Ellen B., Geo. B.

Decapitations—Both, Niagara, Argus, Geo. B., Delta, H. H. V. 2nd B. N. C. Bericus, Whitby.

Floral Anagram.—B. N. C., Niagara, Geo. B., Bericus, Delta, Argus.

Square Words.—Bericus, Argus, B. N. C., Ellen B., Geo. B., H. H. V., Delta.

Charades.—Delta, B. N. C., Niagara, Bericus, Argus, Whitby, Geo. B.

Problem.—B. N. C., H. H. V., Argus, Delta.

Received too late to acknowledge in our last, B. N. C. Alpha and D. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters addressed for the Editor should be addressed "Editor of Saturday Reader, Drawer 401," and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

GARTER.—The order of the Garter was instituted by King Edward III, and is said to have been devised for the purpose of attracting to the king's party, such soldiers of fortune as might be likely to aid in asserting the claim which he was then making to the crown of France. The date of the institution of the order is not absolutely known. one old writer fixes on St. George's day 1344, whilst others fix it six years later, viz., 1350. It is probable that though founded at the former period it was not till the latter that the order was formarly organised and the companions chosen. The well known story that the Countess of Salisbury let fall her garter when dancing with the king and that the king picked it up and tied it round his own leg; but that observing the jealous glances of the queen he restored it to its fair owner with the exclamation: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, has at least this in its favour that it accounts for the otherwise unaccountable emblem and motto of the order, Sir Harris Nicolas in his *Orders of Knighthood* says although the story has been treated with contempt by writers on the order they have neither succeeded in shewing its absurdity, nor suggested a more probable theory. The order was founded in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. Edward the Confessor, and St. George, but the last was considered its special patron. The original number of the knights of the Garter was twenty-five, his majesty himself making the twenty-sixth.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.—The authorship of the national anthem has been generally, but erroneously, attributed to Dr. John Bull, born 1563. About the period of the Gunpowder Plot he composed an ode begining with the words "God save great James our king," but neither this, or any other old composition of a similar title had any connection with that which we now possess. The honour of this great work must be given to Dr. Henry Carey, an English poet and musician born in London about 1696. The words and music were composed in honour of a birthday of George II, and performed for the first time at a dinner given on that occasion in 1740, by the Mercers Company of London.

WHITBY.—Covers for binding either volume of the READER, may be obtained from the publisher.

R. J. LOUIS.—You have not given a sufficient clue to the solution of the problem. Try again.

QUIZ.—Our correspondents' perplexities convince us that the crusade against chignons inaugurated by the scientific Russian ought to have been successful. We can only suggest that the prosecution of the work be deferred until fashion interposes to render an author's task less difficult.

BARBARA, J. P.—Respectfully declined.

DORA.—It is a matter of taste—our own opinion is that they should not.

DELTA.—We cannot give Delta any information on the subject of his letters.

BERICUS.—An occasional contribution will be very acceptable.

X. Y. Z.—We fear you will not find any one willing to incur the risk of publishing your poems in book form especially as the specimens sent us are not, in our judgment, up to publication standard.

A. M.—If you cannot obtain the Illustrated volume of the READER from your bookseller, the publisher will forward it free per book post upon receipt of two dollars.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A new electric machine has been constructed of such power, it is said, that its flame in the lighthouse on Cape Grisnez, on the French coast, will irradiate the whole Channel, and even prevade with a soft twilight the glades of the New Forest, on the opposite coast.

DISTILLATION OF PERFUMES.—It has recently been discovered in France that sulphuret of carbon is the best solvent of the essential oils of flowers. The sulphuret penetrates into the substance of the petals, expels the water, and when charged sufficiently with the essential oil, is evaporated.

A NEW MODIFICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—It has been suggested that the interior and exterior parts of complex objects, such as an instrument or a bodily organ, may be represented in their actual positions, by first photographing the exterior part, and before the image has been strongly impressed, subsitituting upon the camera the inner part. The latter will appear in the picture as behind, or enclosed in a transparent image of the former.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICO, WATERVILLE, C. E.—The Problem shall have early attention. Further contributions will be always welcome.

T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH, C.W.—How easily it is done when you know how; the last variation was a regular puzzlewit.

TYRO, QUEBEC.—You cannot Castle after having moved the King.

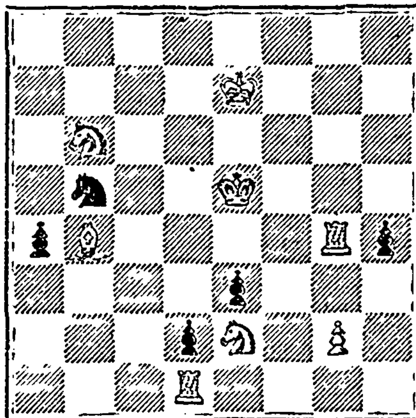
I. R. C., BRANTFORD, C.W.—Too easy and palpable; we would, however, recommend you to persevere, for a first effort it is very creditable.

PROBLEM, No. 67.—Correct solutions received from Medico; B N. C.; Tyro and J. McL.

PROBLEM, No. 69.

BY I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C.W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 67.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to Q Kt 3 (ch.)	K to R sq (best.)
2 Kt to K B 7 (ch.)	K to Kt sq.
3 Kt takes R P (dbl ch)	K to R sq (best.)
4 Q to Q Kt 8 (ch.)	R takes Q.
5 Kt to K B 7 Mate.	

Below we give the third game in a match by correspondence now in progress between the respective Chess Clubs of New York and Newburgh. Two games are still pending, No. 1 being in favor of Newburgh, and No. 2 of New York.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

WHITE, (*New York.*)	BLACK, (*Newburgh.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 Kt to K B 3.	2 P to Q 3.
3 P to Q 4.	3 P takes P.
4 Kt takes P.	4 P to Q 4.
5 P takes P.	5 Q takes P.
6 Q to K 2 (ch.)	6 B to K 2.
7 Kt to Q Kt 5	7 Q to Q sq
8 B to K B 4.	8 Kt to Q R 3.
9 Q Kt to B 3.	9 B to K 3.
10 Q R to Q sq.	10 Q to Q B sq.
11 Q Kt to Q 5	11 B takes Kt
12 R takes B.	12 Q to K 3
13 Q takes Q.	13 P takes Q.
14 R to K 5.	14 K to Q 2.
15 B to Q B 4.	15 Kt to B 4.
16 Kt takes Q B P.	16 R to K B sq.
17 Kt takes K P.	17 Kt takes Kt.
18 B takes Kt (ch.)	18 K to Q 3.
19 B to K Kt 3.	19 B to K B 3.
20 R to K 4 (dis ch.)	20 K to Q B 4.
21 R to Q B 4 (ch.)	21 K to Q Kt 4.
22 Castles.	22 Kt to K 2.
23 P to Q R 4 (ch.)	23 K to R 4.
24 R to Q B 7.	24 Kt to Q B 3.
25 R takes Q Kt P	25 Kt to Q 5
26 B to Q B 4.	26 B to Q sq
27 P to Q Kt 4 (ch.)	27 K takes P.
28 R mates.	

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE REAL CARTE DE VISITE.—A doctor's brougham.

"AGRICULTURAL HAULS."—Prizes at the Cattle Show.

WHAT A SEAMAN CAN'T DO.—Put a splice in a cord of wood.

TEETOTAL PEDESTRIANS.—Running Brooks and Leaping Fountains.

AN IRISH ABSENTEE.—One of these gentlemen is said to have sent this comforting message to his steward, "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—The active officer who recently arrested a savage blow has since further distinguished himself by stopping a flying report, and catching a violent cold.

"Ain't it wicked to rob this chicken roost, Dick?"—"Dar's a great moral question, Gumbo; and we ain't no time to arguefy it now; hand down anoder pullet."

A little girl who was lately admitted into the "Girls' Home" in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, in answer to the question, "Now, Polly, what do you call a blessing?" answered instantly, and with great unconscious pathos, "treacle."

"Pray, sir," and a young Singalese, learning English, to his tutor, "am I raw when my clothes are off?"—"Not unless you have rubbed your skin off. Tell me, why do you ask?" He opened a dictionary, and pointed to "*Raw*, undressed."

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a physician to a female patient; "a little further, ma'am, if you please—a little further still."—"Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

"My dear," said a lady to a little child, whose hands were filled with painted sweets, which some friend had given it, "those things are not good for you to eat."—"But, mamma," responded the child, "if they are not good to eat, may I take some for medicine?"

Why is a conundrum like a deformed optic?—Because it's a query (queer eye).

"Shure, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railway station the other day.

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

COMPLIMENTARY.—An erratic poetical genius was highly delighted by the editor's telling him he resembled Poe, the author of the "Raven."—"Do you really think so?" asked the moonstruck sonneteer in ecstacy; "pray in what respect?" "Why you wear your shirt-collar up side down, and get tipsy on gin and water!"—*American Paper.*

THE NEWEST THING OUT FROM JAMAICA.—A firm there prints at the head of its letter paper—"Excuses for non-payment of money due must be prepaid, or postage will be charged to the account."

A PRIVILEGE.—A proclamation was lately issued by the Queen of Madagascar, forbidding civilians to wear hats with brims. That privilege is restricted to the Government officers. The civilians are now wearing a kind of skull cap. Many wear their old hats with the brims torn off. The streets are strewed with the discarded brims.

A HINT.—If your sister, while engaged with a sweet-heart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little boys.

MISS ANNIE MOSITY and Mrs. Ann Tipathy are earnestly requested to call upon Miss Amy A. Billity, and remove the bad impression they left behind them on the occasion of their last call.